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PHOTOPLAY

January 25c 1924



Mary Pickford's Favorite Stars and Pictures
Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix tell "Why I Have Never Married"

The reading of this page will teach you the care of your gums and may prevent your toothbrush from ever "showing pink"



The soft modern food that tastes so delicious does not give the gums the stimulation that rough, coarse food once gave.



Hasty eating reduces the mechanical stimulation which food gives to the gums. Hasty eating is an enemy; proper mastication is a friend.

Soft foods and hasty eating are weakening gums and ruining teeth

THE GREATEST DANGERS with which the teeth are threatened today are the dangers which follow in the train of a weakened gum structure.

The records of the clinics and the daily experience of the dental profession show an alarming increase in the number of tooth troubles which have their source in

the *gingiva* (the gum structure) of the human mouth.

And the causes of this condition are not difficult to discover. Undoubtedly the greater nervous tension under which we live, and lack of sufficient exercise are, in many cases, contributing factors, but the source of most tooth troubles today can be traced to the modern diet.

How soft foods cause the toothbrush to "show pink"

LET'S FACE frankly the situation of your teeth and your gums. If you are an average person, you eat soft foods, with an undue amount of creamy substances and practically a total lack of roughage. Probably, too, you often eat it hastily; few people masticate their food one-tenth as much as is proper.

What is the result? Instead of stimulating the circulation of the blood in the gums, by the normal massage incident to proper mastication, gums get little or no "exercise." Pyorrhea, infected roots, diseased sockets and gingivitis are just the normal effects from the given causes.

How Ipana helps soft gums become healthy

Ipana is a tooth paste comparatively new.

Yet in the short time it has been before the profession, thousands of dentists have written us that they have adopted it in their practice, and prescribe it to patients, especially when those patients show signs of congested, soft or bleeding gums.

In stubborn cases they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana *after* the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush, thus helping to restore the circulation, to relieve the congestion, and to provide the gums with that exercise that they need so badly, and which our modern food does not give them naturally. Granted enough exercise, enough stimulation, just as an athlete's muscles develop under exercise and use, the gums will grow firm and healthy.

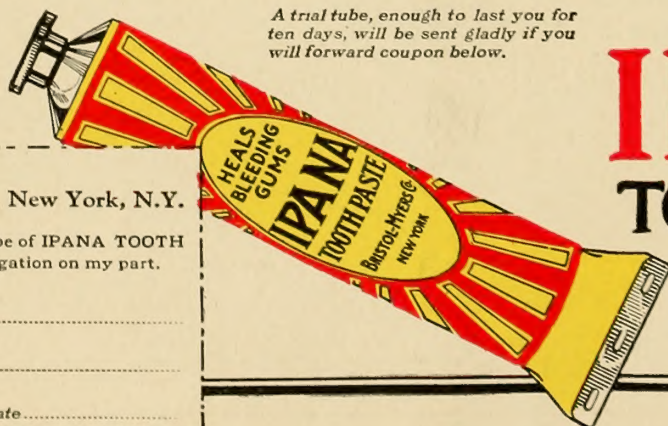
In strengthening soft gums and in healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific

virtue. It contains ziratol, a positive anti-septic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Dentists throughout the country use it after extraction to allay the bleeding of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and under-nourished gums, their normal tonicity.

Send for a Trial Tube of Ipana Tooth Paste

You can judge from the generous sample tube, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable cleaning power, but you can judge, too, its fine flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.



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City..... State.....

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for

George Fitzmaurice's

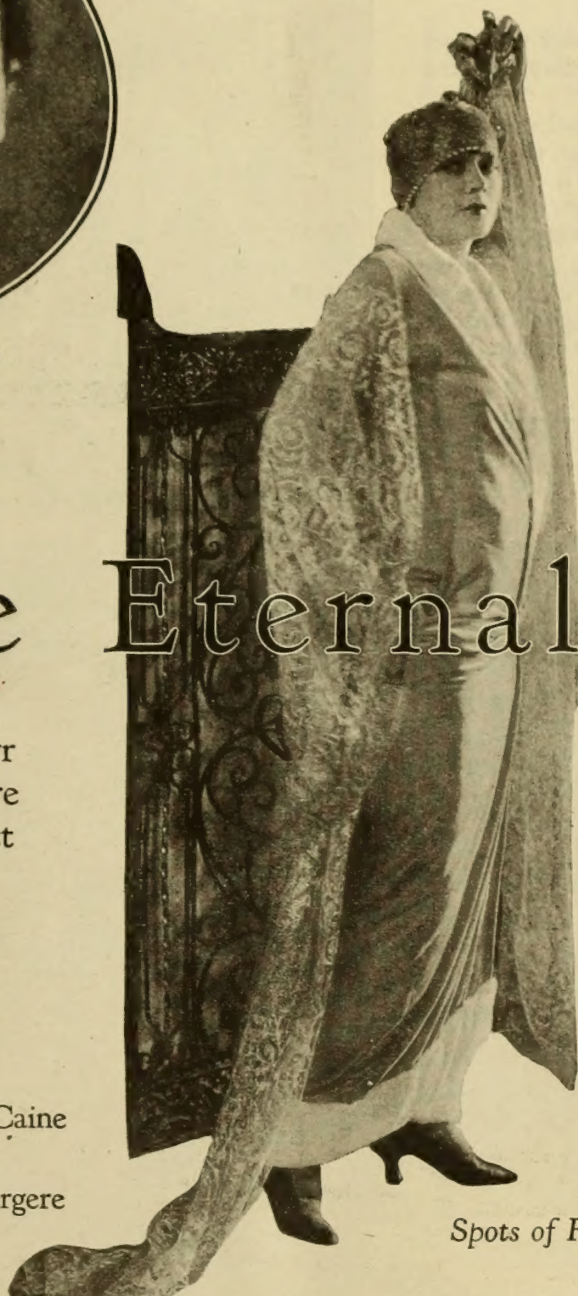


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Barbara La Marr
Lionel Barrymore
Richard Bennett
Montagu Love
Bert Lytell
and
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Sir Hall Caine

Adapted by
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Spots of Rome. A Tense Poignant Romance

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1924

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This is Paramount's gospel, the gospel that you work hard enough to deserve in your spare time the finest entertainment that all Paramount's unique resources can give—and plenty of it!

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The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FRANK T. POPE
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXV

No. 2

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What Kind of Women are Most Attractive to Men?

A remarkable analysis of feminine beauty and charm. What is it that attracts men most? Is it beauty? Is it charm? Or is it that intangible quality that we call personality?

Have you ever noticed that the demure little girl without beauty, but who has been gifted with or who has cultivated personality, is a social and business success, that men are attracted to her, while her beautiful, well-groomed sister is completely overshadowed?

Herbert Howe

who probably knows personally more screen stars than anyone else in the world, with the possible exception of Adela Rogers St. Johns, has written an article for the next issue of PHOTOPLAY, in which he analyzes the attractiveness of women, using as examples the outstanding feminine stars of the screen.

Next issue of

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Out January 15

Again She Orders — “A Chicken Salad, Please”

FOR him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. If only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only *she* could be so thoroughly at ease.

She pats the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands with pencil poised, to take the order.

“A chicken salad, please.” She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why *had* she ordered that again! This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew he must be noticing. She wasn't sure of herself, she didn't know. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But it is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

Every day in our contact with men and

women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are robbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says “Good manners make good mixers.” We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.

Do You Make Friends Easily?

By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a “better mixer.” This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If a Dinner Follows the Wedding

—Would you know exactly how to proceed to the dining room, when to seat yourself,

how to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take celery—asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment *cannot* be concealed.

Book of Etiquette Gives Lifelong Advice

Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help, advice and suggestion is required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems, answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, to avoid embarrassment and humiliation, send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer explained in the panel. Let the Book of Etiquette give you complete self-possession; let it banish the crudities that are perhaps making you self-conscious and uncomfortable when you should be thoroughly at ease.

Mail this coupon *now* while you are thinking of it. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton with no identifying marks. Be among those who will take advantage of the special offer. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 771, Garden City, New York.

**Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 771
Garden City, New York**

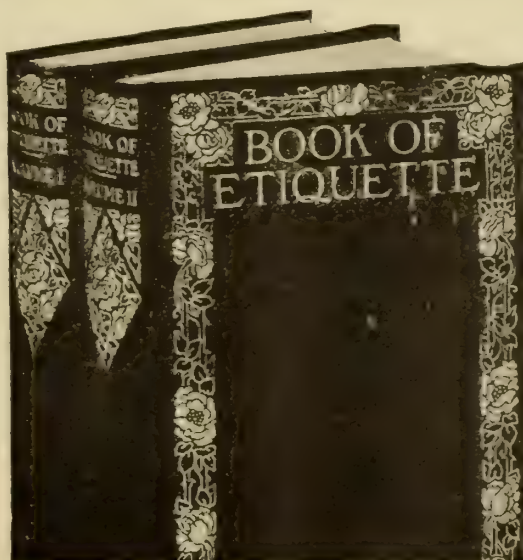
I accept your special bargain offer. You may send me the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette, in a plain carton, for which I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus delivery charges) on arrival—instead of the regular price of \$3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the books within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

Name

Address

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98 with same return privilege.

(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., \$3.44, cash with order.)



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We have on our shelves at the present time several thousand sets of the Book of Etiquette in the regular \$3.50 edition. To clear the shelves quickly and make room for new editions now being printed, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., makes this unusual offer: To the next few thousand people who order the Book of Etiquette, the special bargain price of \$1.98 will be extended. In other words, if you act without delay you can secure the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette at practically half the usual cost.

Use the special coupon. It will bring the Book of Etiquette to you promptly, at the special bargain price.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABYSMAL BRUTE, THE—Universal.—A woman-shy young man with a wallop in his right fist and a come-hither in his eye, played by Reginald Denny in a way both manly and appealing. Jack London characters faithfully reproduced. This is a picture for everybody. (July.)

AFFAIRS OF LADY HAMILTON, THE—Hodkinson.—Lady Hamilton comes to a bad finish, but her road of life is not tedious by any means. Rather heavy German production. Not for children. (July.)

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox.—A man unjustly accused, vanishes. Pursued by detectives, he has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. That's all. (October.)

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. Not highly recommended. (November.)

ASHES OF VENGEANCE—First National.—One of the first—and best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle excellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Holbrook Blinn is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. One of the most amusing films of the month. (December.)

BAVU—Universal.—A gory tale of Bolshevich Russia, decidedly artificial. This doesn't apply to Wallace Beery, however, the double-dyed villain. Flappers may like the ultra-heroic Forrest Stanley. (July.)

BILL—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris pushcart peddler, done by Maurice Feraudy. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK SHADOWS—Pathe.—A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Seas as they dance, swim and play. Colorful and interesting. (October.)

BLINKY—Universal.—The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. The meek son of an army colonel enters the army and finds trouble. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount.—Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Gloria Swanson wearing gorgeous clothes as only she can. Put it on the preferred list. (October.)

BOSTON BLACKIE—Fox.—The inside of the world's most disagreeable prison, with a happy ending that arrives just in time. (August.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE—First National.—A fantastic picture, amusing and well done. Sort of Arabian Nights entertainment. The Oriental prologue is especially fine. Barbara La Marr and Ernest Torrence in cast. (October.)

BRIGHT SHAWL, THE—First National.—A pretty play of distinct atmospheric charm, a tale of Havana intrigue with Cuban strugglers for liberty on one side and soldiers of Spanish oppression on the other. Well acted by Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, Jetta Goudal and William Powell. (July.)

BROADWAY GOLD—Tuart.—A formula picture of the good little chorus girl, forced into marriage with a dying rich man. He gets well, of course, causing complications. A jazz party is well done. Just fair. (October.)

BROKEN WING, THE—Preferred.—A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a roof into the arms of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly and is interesting throughout. (September.)

BURNING WORDS—Universal.—The Canadian Mounted, and a trooper who gets his man. This time the man is a brother. (August.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathe.—A dog star, Buck, a beautiful St. Bernard, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. John Gilbert excellent in title role. A delightful evening's entertainment. (December.)

CHAPTER IN HER LIFE, A—Universal.—A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine, although well acted. (November.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Miss Negri's acting better than the direction. Good entertainment and just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CHILDREN OF DUST—First National.—A pleasant little story of old Gramercy Square, but with too much childish love-making. And then, at the end, the war is dragged in. (August.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount.—A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. Altogether, good entertainment. (September.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CIRCUS DAYS—First National.—Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. It is all Jackie, of course, but none the worse for that. (September.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Universal.—What Acton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." That describes it. (November.)

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT—Metro.—High society with everybody blackmailing everybody, even the heroine, who does it unconsciously, of course. Badly adapted story. (July.)

CRITICAL AGE, THE—Hodkinson.—Another Ralph Connor Glengarry story, well told. Lacking in the original force and spiritual element. (July.)

CROSSED WIRES—Universal.—And yet another little Cinderella. She prefers sassiness to the switchboard, and she achieves her heart's desire, not without some heart-throbs and much laughter. (July.)

CUCKOO'S SECRET, THE—Bray.—They say it took ten years to get this picture of the world's laziest bird. It is remarkably interesting and instructive. (September.)

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE—F. B. O.—One of William P. S. Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH—Preferred.—High society, American heiress, decadent Russian duke and so on. Some novelty, but not much punch. Some of the settings are beautiful. (September.)

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.—An amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographer. Somewhat preachy, but you can stand that. (November.)

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE—Universal.—A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with many surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DEAD GAME—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does some hard riding and fast thinking. (July.)

DESERT DRIVEN—F. B. O.—The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert after many adventures and a good love story. (September.)

DESIRE—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." She plays a dancer whose suitors meet evil fates. Good if you've nothing better to see. (November.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE—Independent.—Absurd and artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. Unimportant. (December.)

DIVORCE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vampire who grabs all the valuables in sight. It isn't very good and it won't do for children. (November.)

DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—A western that should have been a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August.)

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo.—Still the formula—and this time an old one. This one used to work out, but picture patrons are wiser nowadays. Just a programme film, that's all. (October.)

DOUBLE DEALING—Universal.—A stupid young man buys property of a confidence man, and of course the property assumes a great value. Otherwise how could it all end so happily? (July.)

DRIFTING—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demimondaine. Fine entertainment. (November.)

DULCY—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE—Metro.—An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "happy ending." Mary Alden does beautifully. Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE—Fox.—Roaring melodrama for the youngsters, Shirley Mason sharing starring honors with Charles Jones. Everyone who likes adventure will enjoy it. (October.)

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Renee Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent story, cast and direction. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

EXCITERS, THE—Paramount.—A jazzy little comedy-melodrama with plenty of action and speed. Tony Moreno and Bebe Daniels at their best. Good entertainment. (August.)

FAIR CHEAT, THE—F. B. O.—Rather hackneyed story, with chorus girl as heroine. Stern father who relents and allows happy ending. Just so-so. (November.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]



CHARLES RAY

in The Courtship of Myles Standish

IF you enjoy a story of thrilling adventure—a drama of love and courage—a romance of youth—then you'll sit spellbound when you see Charles Ray in "The Courtship of Myles Standish."

Here is a picture which shows us the journey of the Pilgrims as it really was—a voyage full of peril and suspense—a fight against Indians, famine, and disease. And woven into this blood-tingling narrative is that famous love story from which the picture takes its title. Neither money nor time was spared by Charles Ray to produce "The Courtship of Myles Standish." It is both magnificent and beautiful—a masterpiece among super-productions.

And what other actor could so perfectly portray the role of John Alden? In giving us a vibrant flesh and blood portrait of this brave fighter—true lover—a friend among friends—Charles Ray does the finest work of his career.

What "The Birth of a Nation" did for the South, "The Covered Wagon" for the West, "The Courtship of Myles Standish" does in equally thrilling measure for the founding of America. Ask when it will be shown at your favorite motion picture theatre.



Never has Charles Ray given a performance so sincere and compelling as is his John Alden



A glimpse of that memorable scene where Priscilla speaks "Words so gentle, yet so cruel, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

Produced by
CHARLES RAY PRODUCTIONS
Directed by Frederic Sullivan
Presented by
ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS
Arthur S. Kane, President
35 West 45th Street, New York City
Physical Distributors, Pathe Exchange, Inc.

This is An
**Encore
Picture**

With a crew of ruffians like this, perils of the sea were but part of the dangers to be reckoned with on the "Mayflower."



A cooper by trade, John Alden made himself useful in many ways to the Pilgrims.

Do You Believe in Luck?

Thousands waste the best years of their life waiting for some "stroke of luck" to make them successful. Two men starting exactly alike as babies with the same kind of attention—then as boys with the same advantages of education—then as young men feeling around for a start in life—and then after the final test as men, one is a failure, the other a big success. Is it luck? No indeed.

At the Age of 2



He believes in Luck

He in Himself

At the Age of 20



He still believes in Luck

—and He in Himself

At the Age of 30



Beginning to doubt His Luck

Sure of Himself

At the Age of 40



Out of Luck

A Big Success

At the Age of 60



Down and Out

Well Provided

Luck vs. Self

The one who succeeded believed in himself. He grabbed his opportunities as he saw them and made good because he was prepared. He planned his progress step by step and fitted himself with special training for the line of work he wanted to follow and liked the best. The other fellow—the failure—blinded by his unreasoning belief in luck that never came, could only say: "That mansure was born lucky."

There Is No Luck

Luck is exactly what you make it. There is an old saying—"Those who have—get." The more you go after and get for yourself instead of waiting for "luck" to come, the more good fortune is forced on you. Those who are patiently waiting for or something good to turn up are invariably disappointed in life—those who know that they can make their own good fortune always find plenty of it waiting.

Stop Idle Dreaming

Take action and make your dreams come true. Make up your mind to be a success in that line of work or profession you like best—get the special training that will fit you. Do this and you will make your own good luck. But remember, the big thing is to be prepared—to have the special training that will enable you to make use of the many opportunities that will surely come your way just as soon as you have unbounded faith in yourself. Now take the first and really most important step in making your own good luck by sending in the coupon. This puts you under no obligation and no agents will bother you.

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Send me full information on how I can best succeed in.....

(Write in here what line of work or profession you like best)

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—(Second Series)—F. B. O.—Prize fight stuff, of course, with a new and blonde leading woman for the O'Hara boy. About the usual prize ring serial. (October.)

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Steiner.—Badly written, acted and produced. (November.)

FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. The tragic legend is well told and photographed, with Ella Hall doing good work. (October.)

FOG, THE—Metro.—A story of small-town ethics with the "how his soul was saved" angle played up. The cast is good, but the direction poor. (September.)

FOG BOUND—Paramount.—One of the formulas. Innocent man accused—lovely lady saves him. Good cast, fine photography, Palm Beach settings, and conventional ending. (August.)

FOOLS AND RICHES—Universal.—The handsome hero and his money are soon parted, but being a hero he wins another fortune, and being handsome wins the girl. (July.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and well directed. (December.)

FRENCH DOLL, THE—Metro.—Mae Murray in a typical Mae Murray picture—legs, lingerie and lure. Also she's very Parisienne. (November.)

GARRISON'S FINISH—United Artists.—The old, hackneyed race track story, with the Southern colonel, the doped horse 'n' everything. Jack Pickford has the lead. Race scenes the best. (August.)

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE, A—Paramount.—The story drags at the start, but picks up speed and becomes rapid and interesting. Jack Holt is featured, but the best acting is by Frank Nelson as a burglar. Above the average. (October.)

GIRL FROM THE WEST, THE—Aywon.—Commonplace and inane imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (December.)

GIRL I LOVED, THE—United Artists.—We recommend this without a single qualification to the entire family. It deserves your attention. A fragile wistful little lyric inspired by J. Whitcomb Riley's poem of a country boy who loves his foster sister. Ray gives one of the best performances of the screen year, superb in its humanness and tenderness. We cannot recommend it too highly. (July.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—First National.—Another return engagement, but the fine old story marred by difficulties of casting. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer the leads. (August.)

GIRL WHO CAME BACK, THE—Preferred.—The dear girl doesn't come back, really, but she does get diamonds and two husbands. So everybody's happy, unless possibly the audience. (July.)

GO-GETTER, THE—Paramount-Cosmopolitan.—The Go-Getter has lost much of his pep passing from magazine to screen, but it is a pleasant, well-round narrative for a' that. (July.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies, with Douglas MacLean at his best. Laughs for the family. (December.)

GOLD DIGGERS, THE—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photodrama of New York. Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usually painted. Good entertainment. (November.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verbose and cloudy piece of work, with Guy Bates Post as star. Hardly worth while. (December.)

GRAIL, THE—Fox.—A well made and well played picture, but somewhat lacking in plot. It's more or less of a Western and is entertaining. (November.)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a screen version of his famous play, which is as good as the stage version. One of the best of the season. (October.)

GUN FIGHTER, THE—Fox.—A feud picture with William Farnum in the midst of it, enjoying himself thoroughly. The title describes it. (November.)

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeiters. Amateurish, but with some good Houdini stunts. (December.)

HEART RAIDER, THE—Paramount.—Jazzy and often amusing, with Agnes Ayres setting the pace. An unbelievable story, but set in beautiful surroundings. (August.)

HELL'S HOLE—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Lefty Flynn and Charles Jones as cow-puncher buddies. Excitement is fast and furious. Good entertainment and a trick ending. (October.)

HER FATAL MILLIONS—Metro.—A swiftly moving comedy of a girl's fibs—Viola Dana's—to a suitor whom she believes faithless. (July.)

HIGH LIFE—Educational.—A Mermaid comedy with Lige Conley starred. A lot of old tricks, but rather well done. (November.)

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone.—Robert McKim as a most villainous villain in a Bertha M. Clay story. Full of "movie stuff," but most exciting. (November.)

HOMEWARD BOUND—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan as a salty hero in a lot of storms. Story is unconvincing and commonplace, and there is never any doubt that Thomas will embrace Lila Lee at the close. (October.)

HOLLYWOOD—Paramount.—Dozens of the picture stars shown unconventionally to prove they are just humans after all. A rattling good picture, with lots of laughs and interest. (October.)

HUMAN WRECKAGE—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's film protest against the drug evil. Not a cheery story, but one that will touch the heart and may do an immense amount of good. (September.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney, in the title role, contributing another of those diabolically fascinating portrayals for which he is famous. The sets are marvelous. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brimming with tears. It follows the Hutchinson novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Mark Sabre does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe.—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have been made in type. Interesting whether or not you believe Conan Doyle right. (December.)

ITCHING PALMS—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, A—Johnnie Walker.—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. Much ado about nothing. (November.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount.—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak, but most of the acting is competent. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount.—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

LEGALLY DEAD—Universal.—Theatrically un-leavened, with adrenalin used to bring a dead man back to life. Not so much, except for the acting of Milton Sills. (October.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hines is very good in this George M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and a good horse race help a lot. Several novelties. Good entertainment. (Oct.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan.—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. Well acted, beautifully staged and competently directed. (October.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony, his horse, have a lot more adventures, defying a great deal of death. A good Mix picture and fine for the boys. (November.)

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind that. A formula picture, but a good formula. (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

Come! The Stars Are Giving a New Year Party to You!

You are all invited by
the stars and directors
of First National to its
happy celebration begin-
ning New Year's day ~ a
month's joy fest supreme at
the finest theatres in the land.
Never such a wealth of big
pictures—stirring drama and
riotous comedies, with special
programs. ~ Come everyone
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Norma Talmadge
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Corinne Griffith
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A FEW OF THE MANY BIG ONES

Thomas H. Ince
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ANNA CHRISTIE

Adapted by Bradley King from Eugene
O'Neil's Pulitzer prize play and directed
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Scenario by Ouida Bergere from the
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Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle
From Gertrude Atherton's famous
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FIRST NATIONAL MONTH

JANUARY 1-31, 1924

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Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Chas. Ray Productions, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice J. Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Merrill Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal. E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

LOVEBOUND—Fox.—A well-knit, consistent story, with strong climaxes, of a district attorney who falls in love with his secretary. The girl's father is a jewel thief, and the conflict between her loyalty to father and love for prosecutor is well-developed. Shirley Mason draws sympathy. (July.)

LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal.—Spanish ranch owner, gang of crooked capitalists, beautiful daughter of rich man loves rancher, and plot fails. All right, if you like that kind. (October.)

LOVE PIKER, THE—Cosmopolitan-Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart in the old tale of the girl who loves her father's employee. A good story, with Miss Stewart doing some fine acting. (September.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and dictaphones. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (December.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph.—Propaganda for the letter carrier. A simple story, filled with pleasant humor and kindly folk. Mary Carr excellent. Clean and interesting. (October.)

MADNESS OF YOUTH—Fox.—An engaging crook enters a home to rob a safe, meets the daughter of his victim, etc. Marriage and honor in the end. John Gilbert is sincere and with Billie Dove makes the affair almost plausible. (July.)

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers.—A difficult story to screen and, therefore, not an entirely satisfactory picture. Starts off well, but slumps at the end. Florence Vidor the great redeeming feature. (August.)

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph.—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting and direction both below standard. A dog wins the honors. (August.)

MAN OF ACTION, A—First National.—Likable Douglas MacLean as a society man playing a crook. Interesting, but incongruous. Perhaps, some day, MacLean will get a real story. Then, look out. (August.)

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon.—Thomas Dixon wrote, cast and directed this as a challenge to "machine-made pictures." The machine wins. (August.)

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount.—The story is based on "The Faun." Fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.—Again the Hollywood stars trailing in a story of a screen-struck girl. That is the only interest. The story is weak. (August.)

MCGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal.—Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual dauntless hero. Plenty of action and interesting to those who like these stories. (September.)

MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal.—One of the best pictures in months. A Viennese story, with the atmosphere capably maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (September.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Hodkinson.—The too-sweet story of a Chesterfieldian street urchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave. (August.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitagraph.—Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Everything happens, virtue is rewarded and vice punished. (November.)

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines, a murder, a false accusation and, finally, vindication. Formula again. (October.)

MONNA VANNA—Fox.—Would have been better if not so heavy. Crowd scenes are well done, and Lee Parry in title role is charming. Only fair. (December.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Gasnier.—Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz parties, lots of glitter—the usual thing. Not highly recommended. (October.)

MYSTERIOUS WITNESS, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and ailing mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. Sickeningly sweet. (September.)

NE'ER-DO-WELL, THE—Paramount.—Not altogether successful, nor altogether uninteresting, for Thomas Meighan is in it. Old-fashioned. (July.)

NOISE IN NEWBORN, A—Metro.—Cinderella of the small town goes to the city and comes home rich. Viola Dana gingers up this weak concoction. (July.)

NTIH COMMANDMENT, THE—Paramount.—Cosmopolitan.—The brave little girl struggles to maintain her home when her husband falls desperately ill. The human note is missing. (July.)

OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE, AN—Metro.—J. Whitcomb Riley's poem screened with considerable charm and touches of melodrama. (July.)

ONLY 38—Paramount.—A delightful handling by William de Mille of a most appealing story. Lois Wilson's role fits her admirably, and May McAvoy is a great help. (August.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. There are many laughs and much excitement. Good entertainment. (October.)

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilms.—A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter here. Tragedy on tragedy. (December.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—One of the entertainment gems of the month. Real boys with a story handled by William Baudine, who remembers that he was once a boy. Don't miss it if you enjoy kids. (August.)

PETER THE GREAT—Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jannings, in the title role. This is a real picture and one that should not be missed. (September.)

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage, with Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. Always interesting and filled with hearty laughs. (November.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that where there's love there's hope. Nothing to get excited about. (November.)

PRODIGAL DAUGHTERS—Paramount.—Another tirade against the jazz babies of 1923. This time it is adapted to the girl who leaves the old homestead only to return in the snowstorm of Christmas-time. (July.)

PRODIGAL SON, THE—Stoll Film Corp.—Steeped in the gloom of church yards and deathbeds, lost loves and debts. (July.)

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson.—A screen version of "The Scarecrow," delicate and fanciful. A charming production, but perhaps a little fanciful to please generally. (November.)

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount.—Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Madge Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is mostly wasted. Tiresome picture. (October.)

RAGGED EDGE, THE—Goldwyn.—A Harold McGrath romance, with a lot of new blood in the cast. From China to the South Seas. (August.)

RAILROADED—Universal.—A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined. Love finds a way. (August.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. Lots of riding and excitement. (December.)

RAPIDS, THE—Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the building of a town by a man with brains and foresight. The steel plant scenes are excellent. (September.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture, filled with excitement and thrills. Raymond Griffith scores again. (November.)

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox.—Half scenic and half educational. Shows the heads of Soviet Russia, a revolting group, but worth study. (September.)

REMITTANCE WOMAN, THE—F. B. O.—Ethel Clayton's loveliness shines out from the dim and mystic East, where Ethel gains a sacred vase and nearly loses her life. (July.)

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.—A comedy of the honeymoon, with all the old situations worked overtime. (August.)

RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alabama hills with E. K. Lincoln in the leading role. Good entertainment, with a great fight between Lincoln and George Siegmann. (December.)

ROSITA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. Beautiful sets and photography, and the direction proving why Ernst Lubitsch has such a high reputation. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. Good entertainment. (November.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A highly amusing comedy, the locales being a Western "cow town" and a Hollywood Paris. Ernest Torrence and Edward Horton provide the bulk of the many laughs. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. That's about all. (November.)

RUPERT OF HENTZAU—Selznick.—A lively, romantic tale, with lots of excitement and thrills, but far behind its Anthony Hope predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." (September.)

RUSTLE OF SILK, THE—Paramount.—The triangle of a British statesman, his unfaithful wife and an adoring lady's maid, who loves the statesman from afar, isn't much of drama. But told with fine taste and discretion. Betty Compson, Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle excellent. (July.)

SALOMY JANE—Paramount.—Bret Harte's famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while, but not for children. (November.)

SAWDUST—Universal.—Unconfined realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide. (September.)

SECRET OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures.—The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laid bare by a new photographic process. Extremely interesting. (November.)

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a Charles Ray role. (November.)

SCARAMOUCHE—Metro.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

SELF-MADE WIFE, THE—Universal.—Three-fourths of this picture is good. The end falls badly. Also unnecessarily, just to work in a jazz party. (September.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off claim jumpers. Happy ending, after a good fight and some great shots of a canoe in the rapids. Fast melodrama. (October.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artificial and badly acted. (November.)

SHOCK, THE—Universal.—Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cripple of the underworld. The miracle idea is brought in again. Strong, but unpleasant—and, of course, with a happy ending. (August.)

SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE—Universal.—Shell shock is the underlying theme of a swift Western. The hero, back from the war, walks into a feud which is fully as exciting. (September.)

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational.—One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting bill. "Kinograms," a Bruce scenic, "Speed Demons," Gene Sarazen demonstrating golf, and two comedies. (September.)

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson.—Desert stuff, camels against the sky and the other usual things. Sand storms, bandits and much excitement, but not much of a picture. (December.)

SILENT COMMAND, THE—Fox.—A story of the navy. Propaganda type of picture. A good narrative of the sea, well told. For the family. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. Leatrice Joy excellent. (November.)

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn.—Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement, a remarkably good cast and direction. Very fine throughout. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal.—A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back. Nothing very original, but fair entertainment. (November.)

SIXTY CENTS AN HOUR—Paramount.—An ambitious soda clerk plans to marry the daughter of the bank president, and go into business—all on seven-fifty a week. A riot of laughter. (July.)

SKID PROOF—Fox.—A racing picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place—you know the rest. Action is fast and picture runs smoothly. (October.)

SLANDER THE WOMAN—First National.—And still the formula! Beautiful heroine, wrongfully accused, goes to the Frozen North. There, in the great, open spaces, things happen. Mostly, good photography. (August.)

SNOW BRIDE, THE—Paramount.—A forced and artificial story of life in a Canadian village. Alice Brady, even, fails to register. (August.)

SNOWDRIFT—Fox.—A cooling Summer picture, with lots of ice and snow. A little waif, missionaries, Indians, impossible happenings. Marries a reformed gambler for the fade-out. (August.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—A "find the woman" melodrama with Viola Dana as a society butterfly and not so good as usual. Could have been a good picture, but isn't. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. One fight, in a shoe store, is exceptionally funny. Good, if you like Mix pictures. (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]

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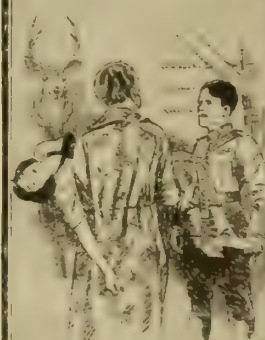
LENORE ULRIC
as "TIGER ROSE"



When ROMANCE
comes to TIGER ROSE



RESISTING HER
LOVER'S ARREST



The
"THIRD DEGREE"

A Protest(?)

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has received a number of letters during the past few weeks berating the editor because of an article published in the November issue, entitled "Who and What is Hope Hampton? Is she a star? Is she an actress? Has she any following? Does the public want her? Will the public pay to see her pictures? Why is she featured above Lew Cody, Nita Naldi and Conrad Nagel?"

The similarity shown in these letters, not only in tone, but also in their wording and in some expressions, aroused the suspicion that they were inspired. With these letters of protest came a number from other readers of PHOTOPLAY, stating that they had been asked to protest, but saw no reason to do so. Enclosed in several of these letters were copies of a form letter sent apparently to hundreds of motion picture fans, requesting them to write to the editor of PHOTOPLAY and object to the article. It is because of these form letters that none of the letters of protest are published.

Here is a copy of the form letter:

1214 Laurel Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

MY DEAR CLUB FRIEND:

Have you read the November issue of PHOTOPLAY? If you did, you noticed—first of all, no doubt—the venomous article about OUR Hope Hampton in which the magazine went out of its way to say unkind and unfair things about a star whose recent work deserves only the highest praise—Our Hope. We have received numerous letters from club members complaining about the unfairness of PHOTOPLAY, and their apparent prejudice—doubtless a personal one, and one that has no business entering a fan magazine from a professional standpoint. Nor from a personal standpoint, for that matter, since Hope Hampton is above reproach in every respect.

Shirley and I both know Hope Hampton intimately. Hope is one of our dearest personal friends, and we have had every opportunity of seeing her as she is; seeing her as a gay, wide-awake girl—alive with brilliancy, sincere in her admiration for true friends, and warm with the love of those who know her best and admire her most. Hope is everything that her truest friends think of her—she lives up to every expectation of a lady, a real actress, and a loyal friend. I'll admit that I am cross, and thoroughly disgusted with the unfairness of PHOTOPLAY. It seems to me that they are fully deserving of the hammer, and it is therefore up to us (as loyal friends of Hope Hampton, and at the same time as a supporting club) to write Mr. James R. Quirk, Editor of PHOTOPLAY, and protest most strenuously against the foul play he has so willingly dishied out.

Listen! I will mail my own personal check for \$100.00 to the club member writing the best letter of protest to PHOTOPLAY, and telling WHY they think PHOTOPLAY has made one of the bad mistakes of its career in so unjustly publicizing Hope Hampton. The best letter printed in PHOTOPLAY's Brickbats & Bouquets column will be judged the winner, and the writer will receive—from me—\$100.00.

There are no restrictions to this offer. You may write as long a letter to PHOTOPLAY as you wish, and do not be afraid of offending the editor; he has already offended Hope's fans in a most willful manner.

At the time of writing your letter, make a copy of it and send it to me. All letters will be considered, though the ones printed in the magazine (which, alone, will be proof of their general interest on this subject) will stand the best show. I will not judge the entries in this contest—that will be up to several others whom I am selecting at random. All I want is to see PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE receive the reprimand that is justly due it; to see Hope's friends stand up for her, as they should.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

You need not mention in your letter to PHOTOPLAY anything about the prize. The prize is not the purpose for the letter in the first place. You must write a letter that comes from the heart; tell PHOTOPLAY that you are a Hope Hampton fan—and mean it, when you say it. Hope would do as much for you. She's that kind of a friend. Address your letters to James R. Quirk, Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Sincerely,

WALTER I. MOSES.

Ruddy and Richard

Youngstown, Ohio.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: "The Bright Shawl." I have just seen it and cannot refrain from saying that, second to "Blood and Sand," I think it is the finest play I have seen for a long time. I have always admired Richard Barthelmess, but my admiration has grown tenfold since seeing his latest play.

Last month some one from Sweden said that Valentino's admirers range from ten to sixteen years of age. This is decidedly wrong, as my mother and my grandparents, who are far from being the age of either ten or sixteen, declare him to be the most graceful and charming actor that they have seen. And they surely ought to know if anyone should, after living in the large city of Pittsburgh, and seeing some of the most celebrated actors on the stage, as E. H. Southern, Henry Irving and William Gillette.

While in Pittsburgh last April, I saw Rodolph Valentino and his wife dance. Later he was asked to speak. He did so with such grace and charm and with such excellent and masterly English, while every one looked on with admiration. One could see he had many

admirers; young men, young women, elderly men and elderly women, while the children of ten years old were few.

It is only ignoramuses who have lived in the country all their lives and have never seen the really great actors and great plays, who do not appreciate Rodolph Valentino. We, who appreciate good acting, will more greatly appreciate the talents and efforts of this truly great actor. He will return and we will wait patiently for him.

ADELL MARIE BAKER.

We Burst with Pride

San Jacinto, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: I am glad to note that you are no longer fictionizing current films. This is a practice which is not at all commendable, and in most cases, is terribly disillusioning. For instance, one reads a short story in the magazine which is very interesting, and one is quite sure that the picture must be more so. On seeing the picture, one finds that the author of the fictionized movie has a great imagination, and has consequently not presented the picture as it truly is. On the other hand, some pictures that are wonderful are told in a very mediocre, and oftentimes, nonsensical manner. In some cases, this sort of story has kept me from seeing a picture which I have later found was well thought of.

Another thing I am delighted to see, is the alphabetical arrangement of the latest films, with a concise and valuable criticism following. This saves one the trouble of saving the magazines, or making a note of the criticism. I have found several times that this has helped me, and this is indeed a good record for a thing that has been in the magazines so short a time.

And still another thing. Your contest. It was one of the cleverest things that I ever read about, and I was one of your most valiant competitors.

And your rotogravures—your pictures are beautiful, and so well printed. But you never have one of Glenn Hunter, or of Gareth Hughes, or of George Hackathorne—that is I mean, good ones. Once you had one of Glenn Hunter, and it was horrible! That will sound rather contradictory to the first sentence, but I'll say again that it was a long time ago. So please take the hint and publish some very nice ones of each.

I am exceedingly glad that you criticised "The Girl I Loved" so well. I consider it the most beautiful picture that I've ever seen, barring none. And "Driven"! I like it better than any other "mountaineer" movie. It is the most characteristic picture that has ever been made in this locale.

I sincerely hope that this letter will not hurt anyone's feelings, and that it will not arouse any criticism. It is written to congratulate this magazine on its many good qualities and to suggest something as you have seen. But there are times when one's command of words is limited. This is one of the times for me. But I am sure that I have gotten over what I wanted to, so my mission is a success.

ALICE MOORE.

A Refreshing Note

Oak Park, Ill.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Considerable discussion concerning photoplays and photoplayers goes on in your columns these days: isn't it high time that somebody's voice was raised in defence of Mary Miles Minter?

The general impression seems to be that Miss Minter has, in some mysterious way, disgraced herself, that the public is tired of her, and that, therefore, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was her last picture.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

Wherein has Miss Minter offended? The newspapers have been doing their best to manhandle her career ever since her portrait was found in the home of the slain William Desmond Taylor, but when and where has one iota of evidence against her been produced? Miss Minter has admitted that she loved Mr. Taylor, and all the world knows that she and her mother have had acrimonious difficulties over finances. It does not seem that either of these facts ought particularly to shock us.

Miss Minter's own account of her affection for Taylor is innocent enough. I would rather take her word than accept the speculations of a lot of journalists whose treatment of the matter cannot, in the nature of the case, be founded on anything other than guesswork.

E. C. WAYENKNECHT.

A Cynic's Criticism

Michigan City, Ind.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: As I am a reader of PHOTOPLAY for the last ten years, I feel that I have a right to have my say about the pictures and the players.

In my opinion the pictures are going from bad to worse. Saw only one real picture, "Manslaughter," last year, and that was not what I wanted it to be. The "Four Horsemen" was pretty fair, and the scenery was all I cared for in "Enemies of Women."

We have some good actors, wasted on pictures, that are not worth a dime to see and cost thousands to produce. Why not give us fewer pictures, and better, instead of bunk.

We have some excellent players in Richard Dix, Leatrice Joy, Barbara La Marr, Antonio Moreno, Rocklife Fellows, Herbert Rawlinson, Marcia Manon, Betty Compson, Lon Chaney, Richard Barthelmess.

But the real stars that I would any day like to see are the stars of long ago: Polly Bush, Warren Kerrigan, Alice Joyce, Monroe Salisbury, Frank Keenan, Bessie Barriscale, Harold Lockwood, Cleo Madison, G. M. Anderson, Anne Little, Edna Mayo, Hazel Daly, Pearl White, Howard Hickman, Hazel Dawn, Nell Craig, Harry Morey, Ormi Hawley, Edith Storey, May Allison, Leah Baird, Ella Hall, Arthur Ashley, Sessue Hayakawa, Kathryn Williams, Virginia Pearson, and scores of others too numerous to mention.

Long life to your magazine, the PHOTOPLAY.

MARIE L. WOLICH.

Sincere and a Little Different

Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir: Please let me say a word about that delightful picture which I viewed recently—"Where the Pavement Ends." Personally, I found it absolutely fascinating. Rex Ingram can always be depended on to give us something sincere and a little different, and I doubt if he has ever done anything better than this picturesque and enchanting story of the South Seas. I have never witnessed a scene of such exquisite beauty as that where the young native sings to the missionary's daughter beside the falls. It is perfect. Rex Ingram has caught that elusive loveliness which cannot be described, but which lingers long in the memory.

The lovely blonde Alice Terry blended perfectly with her beautiful surroundings. To me, she seemed ideally cast. Ramon Novarro was a superb figure as the pagan, *Motauri*. He possesses an easy grace and a charm of manner which fairly breathe freedom and romance. The actor deserves much credit for his splendid delineation of the young native—I hope he may soon have an opportunity to duplicate his fine performance. I shall watch for him in "Scaramouche."

DORIS NEDDERMEYER.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

SOUL OF THE BEAST—Metro. Cinderella elopes with an elephant. Hard time has Cinderella, but all ends well, even for friend elephant. (July.)

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount. Pola Negri's best American-made picture. A proof that the faults in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were not hers. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno's. (December.)

SPOILERS, THE—Goldwyn.—A new version of the Rex Beach Alaskan romance, with a capital cast. As thrilling as ever. Milton Sills and Noah Beery stage a realistic fight, and Anna Nilsson is excellent as the dance hall girl. (August.)

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers which makes a picture of about the same era. Attempting to modernize the story has not helped it. (October.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. The building of the road is very real and the villains very wicked. (October.)

STEPPING FAST—Fox.—Tom Mix mixes with desperadoes. He saves a girl from the rascals after a trip to China. The girl says "yes." (July.)

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture in every way. Even better on the screen than as "Captain Applejack" on the stage. Direction of the best. (November.)

SUCCESS—Metro.—Sentimental melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (September.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox.—An Al St. John comedy with the usual slapstick stuff, but also with some of the clever mechanical effects that he always has. The children will love it. (December.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors.—The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPTATION—C. B. C. Film Sales Corp.—Original in that the couple who are struggling unhappily under the weight of their millions do not lose the bankroll and live forever in a cottage. (July.)

THREE AGES—Metro.—Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots, but is below Buster's standard. (November.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn.—A screen version of a stage success, with much hokum but with plenty of entertainment and appeal. (September.)

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal.—A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox.—Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Is in conventional mold and is good for the family. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers.—Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks, missing necklace and the rest of it. Not worth bothering about. (December.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. Nearly the whole cast killed off. (November.)

TRAILING AFRICAN WILD ANIMALS—Metro.—This Martin Johnson picture is the best of its kind. The best animal close-ups ever made, and some tremendous thrills. (July.)

TRIFLING WITH HONOR—Universal.—The story of a home-run king, resembling Babe Ruth, who is the idol of the small boys. Intensely dramatic and worthy. (July.)

TRILBY—First National.—A careful and artistic production of the Du Maurier romance with Andree Lafayette, the French actress, as star. Entertainment value marred a little by the direction. (October.)

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a victim of a dual personality. Rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VENGEANCE OF THE DEEP—American Releasing Corp.—Sharks, devil crabs, sea weed and treasure chests make the under-sea pictures interesting and thrilling. But the actors on dry land are not so interesting. (July.)

VICTOR, THE—Universal.—Rather obvious story of titled Englishman, stranded in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. Amusing, but not worth wasting much time. (October.)

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National.—If you are a daughter, wander away from this picture and save your time and money. (September.)

WESTBOUND LIMITED—F. B. O.—A homely, sympathetic tale built about the railroad and its men. A love interest, too—though hardly necessary. (July.)

WHAT WIVES WANT—Universal.—After many reels the husband realizes that all business and no love will wreck any marriage. You probably will realize it from the first. (July.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES—Capital.—A shadow of "The Covered Wagon." Trite story of old plainsman and abandoned baby, full of maudlin sentimentality. (December.)

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING—United Artists.—A Ben Turpin comedy, and as full of laughs as any of his nonsense. He is vamped in this one—and compromised. (September.)

WHERE IS THIS WEST?—Universal.—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. Doubtful about others. (November.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. It's a pity some of the two-legged players can't be as consistent. He makes this picture worth while. (November.)

WHITE ROSE, THE—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith's latest, bringing Mae Marsh back to the screen. The star's playing is wonderful. So are the sets and photography. The story is not so much. Ivor Novello, Mr. Griffith's new leading man, is highly decorative. (August.)

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another triumph for Lillian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. The picture, as a whole, is excellent, but the star overshadows everything. (November.)

WHY WORRY?—Pathe.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. Fully up to his standard and that is praise enough. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, A—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as a love-hungry wife in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a young newspaper woman who gets tangled in libel suits, jail sentences and a lot of things. Nothing to get excited about. (December.)

WITHIN THE LAW—First National.—An expensive production with big names, but lacking inspiration and vitality. Norma Talmadge seems afraid to act. The best work is that of Lew Cody as the crook. (July.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists.—Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another proof of the genius of Charles Chaplin, who produced and directed it. Not for the children. (December.)

WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES—Paramount.—A fast moving crook melodrama, always interesting, with some excellent acting by Betty Compson. A thrilling aeroplane escape from prison a feature. (September.)

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—Paramount.—Good money and players wasted upon an absurd story. Again the husband on the edge of the restless forties, the neglected wife and the regulation vampire. (July.)

YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson.—A story of the country youth in the big city. Full of jazz and other modern features. Glenn Hunter is good. (September.)

ZAZA—Paramount.—A very interesting picture which gives Gloria Swanson a chance to prove that she is one of the leading actresses of the screen, a chance of which she takes full advantage. (December.)



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"Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use the Woodbury steam treatment given below."



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It isn't only a rosy skin that looks young; some skins have little natural red.

But there is something fresh and living about the color of a young skin that no one ever mistakes.

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Keep your skin young by keeping it active! If it shows a tendency to sallowness, use this treatment and see what a revivifying effect it will have:—

ONCE or twice a week, just before retiring, fill your basin full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the basin and cover your head and the bowl with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds. Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into the skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse the skin well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

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A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

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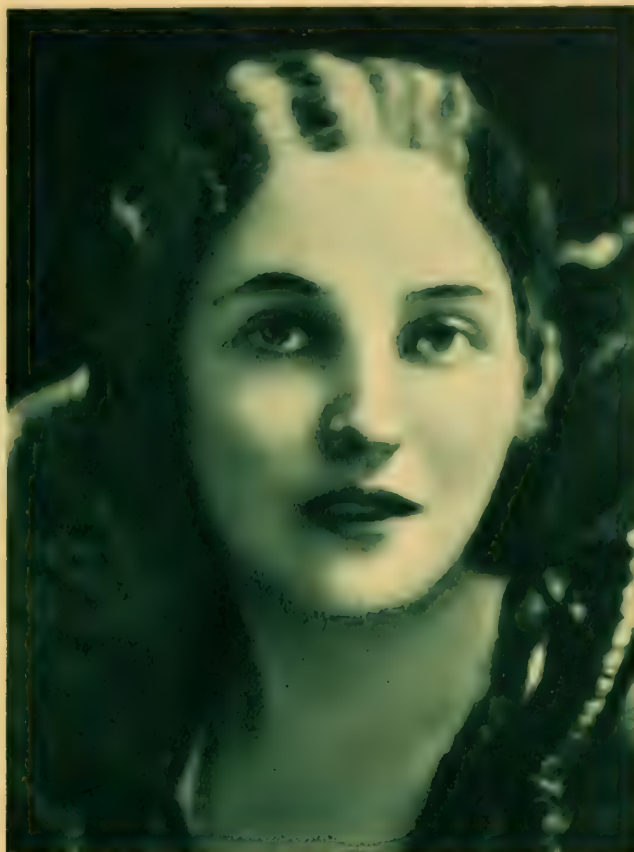
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Who is *The* Beauty of the Screen?



Hesser

MARY ASTOR



Monroe

AGNES AYRES



MABEL BALLIN



MADGE BELLAMY

Write to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY and tell him who, in your opinion, is the most beautiful woman on the screen. Not the best actress, but the most beautiful. Every person who sends in the name of the winner will receive a photograph of that actress, autographed by her. Send in your choice before February 1.



Hoover

ENID BENNETT



CONSTANCE BINNEY



Monroe

BETTY BLYTHE



Hesser

ELEANOR BOARDMAN

Beauty has two distinct classes—beauty, and beauty plus distinction. There are women of such distinctive beauty that they rise above ordinary standards. Has the screen such a beauty? There is the inward loveliness which ranks with harmony of features. Is one of these your choice? In this gallery are all types. Whom do you choose?



Seely

SYLVIA BREMER



HELENE CHADWICK



Keyes

BETTY COMPSON



Keyes

DOROTHY DALTON



BEBE DANIELS



MARION DAVIES



PRISCILLA DEAN



MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE



ELSIE FERGUSON



ANN FORREST



PAULINE GARON



DOROTHY GISH



Albin

LILLIAN GISH



Monroe

CORINNE GRIFFITH



Monroe

HOPE HAMPTON



Pach Bros.

ALICE JOYCE



DORIS KENYON



BARBARA LA MARR



LILA LEE



JACQUELINE LOGAN

Let your answer to this question protect your delicate garments

TO test a soap by actually *washing* a delicate silk or wool garment is to run a serious risk.

We believe, therefore, that you will gladly welcome this simple, but conclusive, test of a soap's safety, which can be made without endangering anything you own.

Here is the test:

Ask yourself: "Would I be willing to use the soap on my face?"

See how quickly and easily your answer clears up all your doubts! It is at once evident that if a soap is too harsh for your delicate skin, it must be too strong for delicate textiles.

When you apply this test to Ivory Flakes, your mind leaps at once to an inevitable conclusion—of course Ivory Flakes must be safe, because it is the flaked form of the same Ivory Soap which has cleansed and protected lovely complexions for more than 44 years.

Use this simple method

To wash fine things with Ivory Flakes is as simple as it is safe. A *teaspoonful*, instantly dissolved

in a quart of hot water and diluted until lukewarm, gives an over-flowing bowlful of gentle, yet thorough, swift-working, cleansing suds. A few moments of dipping and squeezing, and your blouse or sweater or sheer silk stockings are daintily clean again.

Though Ivory Flakes possesses a margin of safety beyond other soaps, it is so inexpensive that you can use it economically for all the other things in your home that deserve careful laundering, and for dishwashing as a protection for your hands.

We should like to have the pleasure of sending you a free sample of Ivory Flakes, and a copy of our illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments." The note in the right-hand corner of this page will tell you how to send for them.

Ivory Flakes is for sale in grocery and department stores everywhere—in both 10 cent and 25 cent packages.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes dainty clothes last longer



Valenciennes lace and radium silk

WASHED 19 TIMES

THIS delicate pink nightgown, of radium silk and valenciennes lace, was washed in Ivory Flakes on the recommendation of its owner's grandmother, who had been using Ivory Soap for delicate things ever since her girlhood.

"The color didn't fade a single bit," says the letter that accompanied the nightgown, "and the lace was not harmed either. I washed the nightgown 18 times after that and each washing was so successful that I feel I can not praise Ivory Flakes too highly." (Garment and owner's letter on file at the Procter & Gamble office.)



FREE—This package and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautiful illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be mailed to you without charge, if you will send your name and address to Section 45-AF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



PHOTOPLAY

January, 1924

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

THE award of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Gold Medal of Honor to "Robin Hood" as the best picture of the year 1922, announced in the last issue of this publication, has met with universal approval. The selection has been generally praised by the press and public and the motion picture business itself. In acknowledging it, Douglas Fairbanks was most gracious, as always. "The public has signified its approval of the picture through the box office," he said, "but it is gratifying beyond words to feel that they thought so well of it as to take the time and trouble to send in their votes for it. I shall always do my human best to continue to please them." And in addition to taking sincere pleasure in awarding the highest mark of public expression of appreciation to Mr. Fairbanks, we want to take this opportunity to tell him that he and his work will always be an everlasting credit to the art and industry to which he is devoting his life's best endeavors.

AND while we are on the subject of Douglas Fairbanks we cannot let pass without comment his recent action in announcing that he has instructed his attorneys to bring suit against a publication that has intimated very broadly that there was domestic trouble between Mr. Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford. I am sure Miss Pickford has nothing but a feeling of pride when she is referred to as "the wife of Douglas Fairbanks." Too many of these statements in newspapers and magazines have been allowed to go unchallenged, and we congratulate both Doug and Mary on their courage in putting a stop to it.

THE motion picture business is approaching a dramatic climax. Everyone is going in for bigger pictures because the public is demanding them, and so far, seems willing to pay for them. In at least one way it is a good thing. It is a real case of the survival of the fittest, and the strong-hearted and quick-thinking will run ahead of the pack and leave the weaklings far behind. Vision, daring, and ability are the important factors in this business, as in any other. The firm which does not have at its very head a man who combines these qualities will be trampled under in the furious advance. It is a heart-breaking struggle.

A FEW weeks ago Famous Players decided to close down the major part of their production activities for a few months. The stock of the company tumbled on the Stock Exchange. As a matter of fact it should have gone up. The decision was a very wise one. It was sane and courageous. The company is well supplied with productions and the action was an intelligent effort to bring the business back to normal conditions. Costs

have been soaring. Actors and actresses have been getting really exorbitant salaries. It was a 1923 gold rush. Producers were bidding against each other like drunken sailors for sure-fire casts. Directors were vying with each other to achieve spectacular results and personal glory without regard to cost. Some one had to call a halt. And it has given the business a lesson it will not soon forget.

PRODUCERS are again inveighing against the high salaries of players. And again they have only themselves to blame. Instead of casting actors according to their fitness for rôles, producers have been engaging them for their "names"—names which are supposed to aid the box office but which, as a matter of fact, mean little. As a result of this illusion, a few players who have a more or less fictional fame have been able to get preposterous salaries, while many others equally good have been unable to get work at all. With very few exceptions, producers are afraid to take a chance on a beginner. They engage their players by their price tags. The Standard Oil Company and other big business firms take young men and educate them in the business. Thus they are not compelled to pay exorbitant salaries through shortage of capable men. In contrast, motion picture producers have taken the easiest way—and have to pay the price.

CAN you imagine the Prince of Wales standing in line at a moving picture theater awaiting his turn to buy a ticket when the tall, uniformed attendant is howling "standing room only"? Neither can we. But it came pretty close to that in London during the run of "The Covered Wagon" at the London Pavilion. The prince arrived, and one of his friends explained to the manager that he desired three seats. There wasn't an empty seat in the house. Imagine the feelings of the unfortunate manager. He explained that every seat was occupied, but that he would arrange with some of the members of the audience to accommodate the party. "I wouldn't have anyone disturbed for the world," said this real prince, and made arrangements to see the picture another night.

WHAT a wonderful human being Norma Talmadge is! The other day she was discussing her future with a distinguished foreigner who expressed surprise at the enthusiasm of the American public over its favorites. He had noticed in his travels through the United States, he said, that she was universally respected and loved.

"Yes," said Norma, "that makes me very happy, and is really the greatest reward of the work. But I realize that we must continue to be worthy of their respect and admiration. If I do not continue to make good pictures I am not entitled to it."

Mary Pickford's Favorite Stars

Her Favorite Stars



Douglas Fairbanks

Read this story and you will know why Mary Pickford is queen of the films and always will be. With keenness and candor, she discusses the screen of to-day, its problems and personalities



Charles Chaplin



Lillian Gish



Charles Ray



Mabel Normand



Rodolph Valentino



Norma Talmadge



Jeanne Eagles



Sam de Grasse



Pauline Lord



Mary Pickford and her niece, Mary Pickford Rupp

By Herbert Howe

NO better character revelation of Mary Pickford could be had than in her attitude in listing her favorite stars and favorite films especially for us.

She regarded the work with the utmost seriousness and spent two weeks making her selections. After the lists had been compiled she made two revisions to get the exact order of her preferences.

By devoting hours of thought and priceless time in order to give an absolutely sincere and conscientious compilation, Mary reveals the reason why she is *The Queen*. For this conscientiousness, sincerity and indefatigable zeal, combined with her rare mentality, are applied to everything that Mary Pickford does in the service of the public.

Mary is our Queen because she is our most loyal subject.

THE EDITOR

THE time is coming when the screen will be controlled by a big business combine.

"When that time comes I shall retire.

"Neither Douglas nor I will ever again take dictation from business men who sit in their mahogany offices back East, with their big cigars, seeking to control a business which they do not understand.

"The public demands artists, but these men do not understand the temperament of artists.

"Valentino quit. So will Douglas and I, so will Charlie, Harold Lloyd and other artists when they find they are no longer free to express themselves.

"I am no longer in pictures for money. I am in them because I love them.

"I am not vain. I do not care about giving a smashing personal performance. My one ambition is to create fine entertainment.

"If I ever retire from the screen I will become a producer—unless I am forced into retirement by the combine."

Such is the ultimatum hurled with the force and curttness of a Mussolini from under a flowery girlish hat that crowns the wisest head in motion pictures—Miss Mary Pickford's.

Premier Pickford at Luncheon

Frankly, I had no interviewing intent when I went to lunch with Mary Pickford. I went to get her advice as to real estate investments in Los Angeles.

and Films

Will Mary ever retire from the screen? If so, what will occupy her attention? She answers these questions for the first time definitely

Mary says—

The important thing in pictures is not the story but the treatment. Setting, acting, story may all be splendid but it's the treatment that lifts a picture out of mediocrity. The ideal working combination is a fine director with a fine scenario writer. Unfortunately—

The time is coming when the screen will be controlled by a big business combine. When that time comes, I shall retire. Then I shall become a producer, unless I am forced out by the combine.

I do not care about giving a smashing personal performance. My one ambition is to create fine entertainment.

Stars must take responsibility for their pictures as well as for their performances. Look at the way Pola Negri was blamed for "Bella Donna," and the fault was not hers.

Charlie Chaplin is the greatest director of the screen. He's a pioneer. There will never be another Chaplin. How he knows women—oh, how he knows women!

I do not cry easily when seeing a picture, but after seeing Charlie's "A Woman of Paris" I was all choked up—I wanted to go out in the garden and have it out by myself. Our cook felt the same way.

When I consulted a prominent banking man on the realty subject, he said: "Go to Mary, she knows more about it than anybody in Los Angeles."

I recalled an important business conference of the United Artists' Distributing Corporation. D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Miss Pickford and several shrewd officials were assembled in discussion of weighty problems, when suddenly D. W. exclaimed: "Leave it to Mary—she knows more about the business than any of us."

Not long ago the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce requested views toward the greater development of the city. The mayor, the district attorney, the leading business men replied with long essays, but the gem that glittered out of the heap was a terse little epistle from Mary Pickford, so brilliant of analysis and foresight, so sound and feasible of outline that the Chamber of Commerce ordered it bound for public record.

The troubadours of the press have long celebrated the wonder of Mary with chants of her charity, her talents, her beauty, her girlish charm and elfishness. As I say, I found her about as elfish as Benito Mussolini. She hasn't as big a jaw as Benito but it's just as firm and determined.

She's a woman, a powerful, practical woman, keen of perception and judicious of reason. Her ability as an interpreter is secondary to her ability as a creator of entertainment. No rôle she can play on the screen is as great as the rôle she plays in the motion picture industry. Mary Pickford the actress is completely overshadowed by Mary Pickford the individual.

During lunch at the long table in her studio dining room she

Her Favorite Pictures

ROBIN HOOD combines a fine story with a big spectacle and builds consistently to a climax without dropping interest for a moment. It has beautiful costumes, good photography, marvelous settings, is convincingly acted, and adds to the dignity of the screen.

BIRTH OF A NATION was the first picture that really made people take the motion picture industry seriously. Even today it stands as the finest example of dramatic accumulation on the screen.

DECEPTION is an example of superb direction and splendid acting, especially that of Emil Jannings. It was the first time on the screen that a King had been made human. It has subtle, satirical humor.

WOMAN OF PARIS allows us to think for ourselves and does not constantly underestimate our intelligence. It is a gripping human story throughout and the director allows the situations to play themselves. The actors simply react the emotions of the audience.

TOL'ABLE DAVID retains the same quality the Hergesheimer pen conveyed and is notable for the sustained drama of the plot. When I first saw this picture I felt I was not looking at a photoplay but was really witnessing the tragedy of a family I had known all my life.

OVER THE HILL. This story is so simple and human that even the people of far away China could sympathize with the situations. It deals with a world-wide problem—what to do with the old. The human touches are delightful.

THE KID is one of the finest examples of screen language, depending upon its action rather than upon subtitles. It is notable on account of the great generosity of Charlie in sharing honors with Jackie and because of its direct simplicity, depending solely upon its treatment.

BLOOD AND SAND is notable on account of Valentino's performance. In my judgment it is the best thing that he has done and one of Mr. Niblo's finest pictures. It is one of the few pictures I have been able to sit through twice and enjoy the second time more than the first.

SEVENTEEN is perhaps the best example of Tarkington's angle on life—the typical wholesome American humor, fresh and charming.

SMILIN' THROUGH is notable because of Norma Talmadge's beauty and appealing performance, the wonderful sets and photography and the entertaining story. It deals with a subject which interests most women—that of spiritualism—which is so delicately and beautifully handled that it could offend no one.

carried on discourse with director, scenario writer, publicity man, camera man and production manager. A premier in cabinet session.

Precise and sententious remarks issued amazingly from the symbol of girlish loveliness at the head of that table.

"I have only three hundred billboards for the New York showings of 'Rosita,'" she said. "Do you think that enough? I wanted five hundred. I think billboards very important in the advertising campaign.

"Douglas, how many billboards have you for 'The Thief of Bagdad'?" she asked, turning to her husband, seated at her left.

Doug, whose mind was less on business than on the approaching food, was toying aimlessly with his knife. Mary took it from him and put it down.

"You'll put out your eye," she reproved.

"I've got fifty billboards," said Doug. "The first of the year is a long time off."

"You need to reserve billboards a long time off," was Mary's pert rejoinder. "Douglas, the make-up on your chest is much darker than your face. There is too much contrast. I'm sure the camera is going to get it."

Doug's director, Raoul Walsh, said he thought it was all right.

"I'm sure it will pick up darker in some lights," insisted Mary. "You had better powder over it a little, Douglas."

Douglas, nibbling grapes, said, "All right, dear."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

Two Famous Screen Stars—A Man

Why I Have

By Bebe Daniels

Miss Daniels believes she can afford to wait, because once married she expects to stay married



I have contemplated marriage, have been on the verge of it. But I would not give up my work for marriage. It seems very difficult to reconcile a career and a husband. It's so difficult for the man. To me, marriage is a sacrament, and when I marry, I hope it will be "until death do us part" and even after that. I do not believe in divorce, for myself, at least, and so I am going to do my part to be reasonably sure before I take the sacred vows that my marriage has the best possible chance of being a successful one.

In other walks of life than ours, the matrimonial problem doesn't seem so difficult to solve, although I believe we are living in an age of tremendous readjustment between the sexes. But in our profession it seems so easy to make mistakes in selecting a life mate. The obstacles in the path of happiness seem so much greater.

For a girl to be happily married and, at the same time, give the necessary time and interest and energy to a career, she must have a husband of unusual understanding. No matter how hard she tries, how good her intentions may be, after the ceremony is over it is too late to remedy certain fundamental conditions. The understanding must be complete before marriage, and such a requirement as that will, of course, prevent a lot of marriages.

Men, as a rule, want their wives to themselves. Not only do they want their time and attention, but they want their thoughts. Men, for centuries, have been trained to expect that their wives should be subordinate to them, financially, professionally—that they should stay at home and bear children and conduct the house.

But if a girl has worked conscientiously for years and attained any degree of prominence and success in her profession, she isn't satisfied to abandon her ambitions any more than a man would be satisfied to give up his.

Frankly, I would not give up my work for marriage. I have worked since I was seven years old. It is my life. I don't see any fair reason why I should give it up.

And yet, it seems very difficult to reconcile a career and a husband. Most of the examples I have seen haven't encouraged me.

It's so tremendously difficult for the man. I understand that. They are seeing what has been their tradition, their very world, tumble about them. They are facing basic changes. Their heritage of lordship over the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

EVERY girl looks forward to the time when she will be a wife and mother. Nature planted that desire in the heart of every woman and nature is still the strongest force. Education and progress have in no way dimmed that eternal longing for wifehood and motherhood that, for generations, has been a part of every feminine heart. And most women feel that, until they have borne a child, they have not fulfilled the cycle of existence nor touched the highest point of being.

I am no exception to the rule. In fact, I believe that force is stronger in me than it is in most women today.

But to me marriage is a sacrament, and when I marry I hope it will be "until death do us part" and even after that. I do not believe in divorce, for myself at least, and so I am going to do my part to be reasonably sure before I take the sacred vows that my marriage has the best possible chance of being a successful and happy one.

That is why I have waited and why I am one of the few girls on the screen still single. Many have tried it and failed.

and A Woman—Tell Their Reasons Never Married

By Richard Dix

I want to marry. No man's life can be complete without a wife and, particularly, without children. They say the father complex is not active in most men, but I believe it is in me. If I don't marry, I'll adopt some children. But maybe the reason I've been waiting and hoping to find my right girl, why I haven't been ashamed to wait even though I felt very humble myself—maybe the reason is that I've looked upon my wife as the woman my children would some day call Mother—and that's a very important thing.

He says his ideals are too old-fashioned to expect the modern girl to adapt herself to them



IT is a difficult thing to stop and analyze why you have never married. Almost as difficult as to analyze why you have. Try it yourself, sometime.

Marriage comes natural to some people. There are marrying men and marrying women, who look forward to that state as the correct and proper one for all mankind. There are others who shy at the mere thought and have to be blindfolded by love, snared by clever tricks and gently eased into double harness.

There is no law in the world so powerful as the marriage law, no law so necessary to the future of the race and the development of a people. Seriously I think every man should marry and have children. But somehow, it just hasn't happened to me.

I suppose the truth is, though my masculine ego hates to admit it, that the real reason is because no woman has ever been sufficiently in love with me to really want to marry me. If one had been she would have.

Up to this moment, I have never felt the surge of that great and wonderful love that wipes out all considerations of the future and sweeps you helpless and blissful to the altar. I hope I will. Love is a perfect anaesthetic. Only, when you come to, instead of being minus a pair of tonsils or an appendix, you're plus a rib.

When that feeling comes, you no longer analyze and study and weigh things pro and con in an effort to assure yourself some happiness before the final knot is tied.

Oh, I have been in love plenty of times. I've gone through most of the stages. It's just never happened to be the marrying kind of love. There is the stage of puppy love, which is an emotion of the soul, and which may occur any time in childhood. I remember when I left home at 16 to go on the stage in New York and earn my living, I left a girl behind me. She was very pretty. I think she had soft brown curls, and I know

she had dimples. I adored her, with a hopeless, helpless adoration. I remember all the way to the depot in the "surrey" I planned that when we said good-by on the station platform I would kiss her. She had promised to wait for me. I didn't kiss her. That is one thing life can never give to me, that missed kiss.

She didn't wait. When I came home two years later, she had married the postman. I have since grown philosophical about everything except that kiss. For I have never wanted to kiss a woman quite so badly since, with quite that lovely, white flame.

Then, there is the period of romantic adventure. A man is interested in woman, paralyzed by her many attractions, her understandableness, her mystery. Curiosity drives him into unbelievable experiments. I believe most men marry to try to solve this mystery. They think if they can possess a woman, live with her constantly, they shall find the answer to the eternal riddle. Perhaps it is one of those riddles without an answer.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]



*An Amazing
Revelation*

The Autobiography of Pola Negri

friends shot down by my side. . . . The Four Horsemen always riding over my country."

A fatalist in the shadow of tragedy, she yet writes with sardonic humor, particularly of her Hollywood experiences.

"My life has been one revolution after another, but Hollywood was the worst."

With candor and ruthless disregard of the Pollyanna conventions, by the observance of which many stars have sought to build profitable personalities, Negri reveals herself, saying: "I don't care what people think of me personally. I don't care whether they like me or hate me when they leave the theater, but I do want them to say, 'Pola Negri gave a marvelous performance.'"

In Berlin they called her "That Tiger Cat!"

On the screen she achieved renown as the pagan, soulless *Carmen*. Since coming to this country she has been termed ruthless and temperamental. And yet this tiger cat, this wild gypsy and temperamental actress, supports an orphanage of two hundred children on her estate in Poland!

So it is not only in admiration for Negri, the magnificent artist, but because we know of her greatness and sincerity as a woman, that we feel honored in the privilege of presenting this story of —

Appolonia Chapulec daughter of a Hungarian gypsy, who has become the world-famed Pola Negri.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has the honor of presenting the life impressions, commencing in the next issue, of the great Polish actress, considered by many to be the greatest artist the screen has revealed — and certainly its most interesting figure of the hour.

The name of Negri has something of the dignity and mystery that surrounds the name of Duse, commanding as it does a respect for an art rather than for a personality. Aloof and solitary, Pola Negri has remained disdainful of cheap publicity and contemptuous toward petty criticism. Yet she has a story to tell more romantic than any of fiction. . . .

"Poverty and suffering in my childhood and tragedy always," she writes in the opening chapter. "Before I knew happiness I saw death. Death, imprisonment, the black plague and Cossacks killing, killing. Torture and oppression, war and revolution, starving children and frantic mothers and

Commencing in the next issue of Photoplay Magazine

Here Are the Winners of Photoplay's Cut Puzzle Contest



FIRST PRIZE—Mrs. S. M. Farrell presents her solution in the shape of an elaborate fan made of orange and black georgette. Narrow black lace ornaments it, combined with a small wreath of colored flowers, which are placed at the base. Words are quite inadequate to describe the amount of work and care lavished upon it. The pictures of the stars are inserted under a layer of orange georgette, and are correct in every detail

Here are the correct names of the 24 stars whose pictures appeared in the contest

July

MABEL NORMAND
MAE MURRAY
ANTONIO MORENO
TOM MOORE

ANNA Q. NILSSON
JANE NOVAK
CONRAD NAGEL
EUGENE O'BRIEN

August

COLLEEN MOORE
CLAIRE WINDSOR
NOAH BEERY
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE
MABEL BALLIN
LIONEL BARRYMORE
LLOYD HUGHES

September

BILLIE DOVE
DORIS KENYON
WILLIAM DUNCAN
HAROLD LLOYD

RENEE ADOREE
ELEANOR BOARDMAN
T. ROY BARNES
DAVID POWELL

FROM the 30,000 solutions received to the cut puzzle contest which appeared in the July, August and September issues, PHOTOPLAY has at last selected the winners of the fifty prizes. The list of winners is published herewith.

It has been no easy task to determine these winners. The vast flood of answers, which far exceeded every anticipation of the management, necessitated the hiring of additional office space and of a corps of employees to open and sort the solutions. Every one was carefully examined; every one was acknowledged.

For more than a month this work went on until, from the great pile of answers, approximately 2,000 were selected as correct so far as proper fitting together and identification were concerned. Then came a search for minor errors, misspelled names and other little defects, because the prize-winning solutions must be one hundred per cent perfect.

This search reduced the eligibles to about 1,100. From that time on the task became one of picking those best arranged, which showed the most care, the most artistic skill in arranging and presenting. This was the hardest of all. The judges, selected from PHOTOPLAY's staff, had many long and

The Prize Winners

First Prize—\$1500.

Mrs. S. M. Farrell, Reynolds Apts., Ellensburg, Washington.

Second Prize—\$1000.

Mrs. Helen K. Lucius, 1524 Orange Grove Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Third Prize—\$500.

Madeline E. Doupe, 698 McMillan Avenue, Winnipeg, Canada.

Fourth Prize—\$250.

Frances E. Stadler, 185 Oakdale Boulevard, Decatur, Ill.

Fifth Prize—\$125.

L. P. Stevens, 295 Twelfth Street, Portland, Ore.

Twenty Prizes of \$50.

Pauline Sandell, 127 Kingshighway Pk., St. Louis, Mo.
Hazel Kessler, 1870 Goodyear Av., Akron, Ohio.
Ronald McDonald, 25 La Chevrotiere St., Quebec, Canada.
Ethel M. Colby, 2328 Drexel Av., Chicago, Ill.
Katherine Marie Lang, 108 South Penn St., Punxsutawney, Pa.
Leonard H. Vogel, 1102 Bedford Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Leon Grossberg, 260 Oakdale Av., Akron, Ohio.
Mrs. John F. Segesman, 326 W. Church St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Emil Paulson, 1617 E. 77th St., Terrace, Kansas City, Mo.
Mrs. F. M. Graham, 1405 Rosemont Av., Chicago, Ill.
S. Clyde Fitts, 79 W. Harris St., Apt. A., Atlanta, Ga.
Albert Henault, 138 Boyer, Montreal, Canada.
Elise A. Meyer, 2802 Bellview Av., Augusta, Ga.
Al. A. O'Brien, 1133 E. Henry St., Savannah, Ga.
Mollie Cortright, 2810 W. Oxford St., Phila., Pa.
Mrs. F. W. Cate, Johnson, DuBose Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Magorie Myers, 11718 Browning Av., Cleveland, Ohio.
Miss Margaret Rupp, 5629 Dorchester Av., Chicago, Ill.
Jack Nissen, 485 Seneca Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Irene Ketcheson, 867 Mulvey Av., Winnipeg, Canada.

Twenty-Five Prizes of \$25.

Miss Helen Merker, 245 E. 31st St., New York City.
Charles J. Sova, 148 W. 120th St., New York City.
Mrs. Norma Campion, 583 Rathgar Av., Winnipeg, Canada.
Mrs. George C. Taylor, 160 Fairbank Rd., Riverside, Ill.
Helen Ashford, Wakinsville, Ga.
Frances D. Moore, 621 Harrison St., Topeka, Kansas
Mrs. Emma Weis, 419 Pritz Av., Dayton, Ohio.
Marion S. Nolan, 1324 N. 13th St., Phila., Pa.
Floyd Graham, 156 Summer St., Galesburg, Ill.
Frederick F. English, 416 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.
William O. Kline, Roanoke, Ind.
Jean O'Brien, 3050 College Av., Berkeley, Calif.
Daniel Lowe, 1402 N. Kedzie Av., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Minnie Trigg, 1507—17th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio.
Mrs. Irene Christensen, 1655 Wallen Av., Chicago, Ill.
Elizabeth McCarthy, 649 Central Av., E. Orange, N. J.
Emil Mueller, 132 Maple Av., Irvington, N. J.
Norma L. Baker, 1624 E. 73rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Grace Kaufman, 1214 Wheeler Av., Bronx, N. Y.
Frances A. Tipton, 607 E. 17th Av., Spokane, Wash.
Mrs. Grace Read, 1737 N. Kedzie Av., Chicago, Ill.
M. H. Jolinson, 820 S. Claremont Av., Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. H. H. Pickett, 901—19 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
Miss Harriet B. Glenn, 1211—15th St., Altoona, Pa.
George D. Billings, 207—1st St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Cut Puzzle Contest Solutions



SECOND PRIZE—Mrs. Helen K. Lucius' solution shows more of a detailed research than originality of conception. She presents it with at least seven poses of each star taken from leading photoplays wherein they have played, and with the star's autograph



THIRD PRIZE—Madeline Doupe relies upon pen and ink for fine little bits of caricaturing. The humorous little sketches completing the body of each star are characteristic of a picture wherein each played. Miss Doupe shows an unusually retentive memory

heated arguments before the final decision was made. And each and every one of the judges is convinced that the awards as published here are fair and just.

Some of the most elaborate and beautiful solutions were out of the running because of small defects. There is presented here a photograph of some of these. Many of them are beautifully arranged and mounted, and many show great ingenuity, but each and every one had some fault that took it out of the prize-winning class.

While every state in the Union was represented among the answers, the great bulk came from thirteen states, from the District of Columbia and from Canada.

Many countries outside of America were also heard from. Among the replies from foreign lands were contributions from Costa Rica, Hawaii, Holland, the Philippines, the Argentine, Spain, Mexico, England, Brazil, Australia, France, Egypt, Sweden, Norway, India, China and Japan. The answers from these countries were especially gratifying as showing the great international distribution of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Many of the letters accompanying solutions were bright and interesting. Several would-be prize winners lapsed into verse. From Annette Skiles, of Santa Ana, California, came this one:

On the following pages you'll find, if you look,
The faces from "pieces" I've made in a book.
They may be all right or they may all be wrong.
I pasted the pieces where I thought they'd belong.
Now here's hoping I'm lucky. I can sure use the "mon."
With best wishes, I'm always, yours truly, (for fun).

The amount of skill and labor expended on the solutions is shown in this picture, which is a grouping of the fifty prize winners



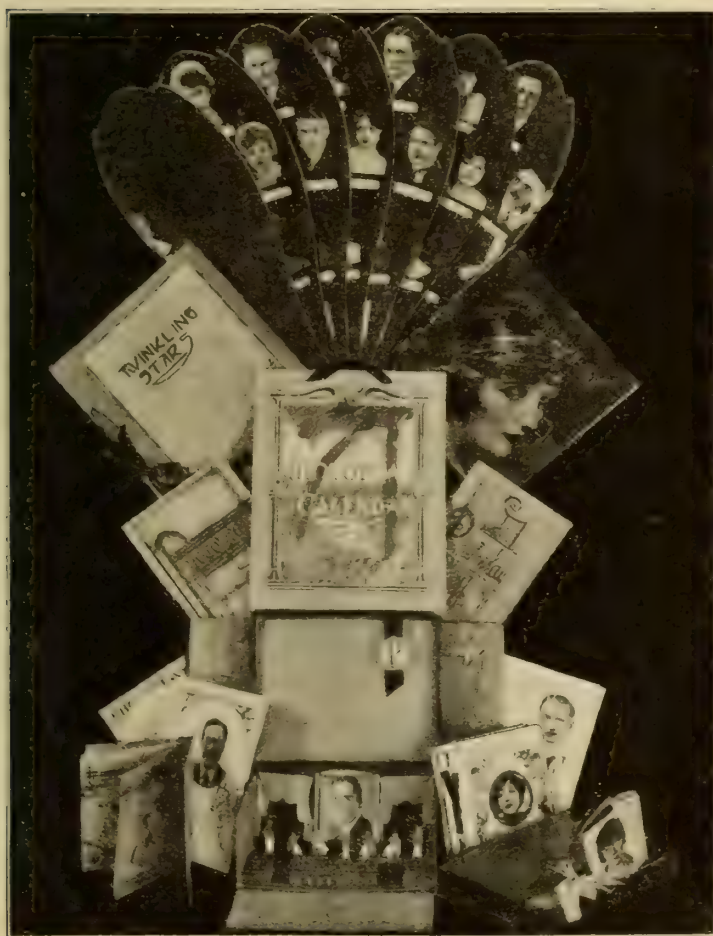
Came From All Parts of the World



FOURTH PRIZE—Frances E. Stadler's solution is most interesting. She chooses PHOTOPLAY as her medium of presentation. The three issues of the magazine are sketched, with the correct pictures pasted in its open pages. The July cover is partially painted in



FIFTH PRIZE—L. P. Stevens' solution is neatly presented. The whole has been rephotographed and re-touched. All of the pictures have been printed and air brushed. The solution is nicely bound, showing a great deal of work spent in its presentation



In white ink on black paper, Mrs. B. Walter Ashenfeller, of Ford, Idaho, writes:

I can't direct nor write a play,
I have no actin' graces.
But, oh, the clever dame I am
At makin' movie faces.

Rosemary Himler, of Indianapolis, is a philosopher. She writes:

Herein you'll find an answer
To every cut up face.
I'm sure that every fan, sir,
Was equal to the race.
Here's hoping that I've won, sir,
A prize, or great or small.
But I've had lots of fun, sir,
Should I win none at all.

The thousands who sent in answers to this puzzle should be told that, even if they did not win a prize, their time and labor mean more than just the effort to win. The solutions are to be used to delight hundreds of children in the hospitals in and around New York. These youngsters, some too ill to leave their beds, some convalescent, some crippled, have sent requests to PHOTOPLAY that the ingenious and brightly colored answers be sent to them, and the management has gladly acceded. So, even if you did not win a prize, the thought that your work will help to gladden one of these little unfortunates may be some compensation.

Finally, PHOTOPLAY wishes to thank everyone who participated in the contest. The response was remarkable. PHOTOPLAY congratulates the winners and says to the less fortunate: "Better luck next time."

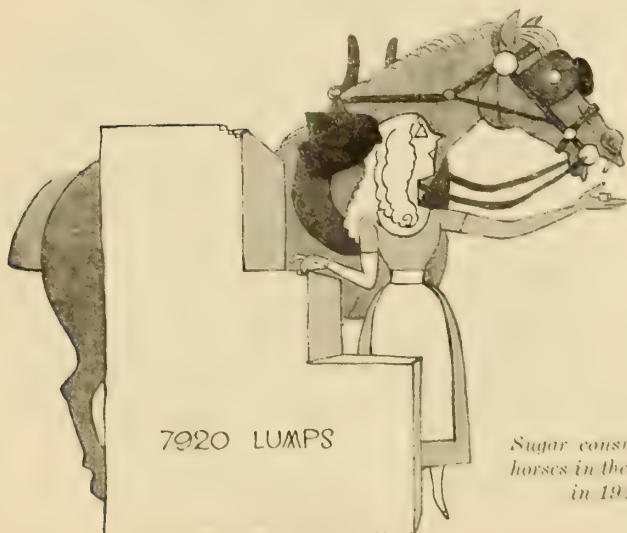
Another group of submitted answers, many beautifully done, but each of this group has some mistake, precluding any chance of a prize

Motion Picture Statistics for 1923

By Ralph Barton



Comparative diagram showing:
 Heroes condemned for crimes 3140
 Heroes guilty of crimes 2
 Heroes guilty of crimes by "the
 unwritten law" 0



Sugar consumed by
 horses in the dramas
 in 1923

EVERY great industry issues an annual statistical report. Indeed, statistics, we are assured, are a vital necessity to the success of any business. They tell you in a nutshell, so to speak, exactly what has happened during a given period.

Now, motion pictures are young, and as yet there are no carefully compiled statistics of the films. Maybe that is what is the matter with motion pictures—they haven't any statistics.

Anyway, feeling that there was a great need for an accurate record of past achievements on the screen, PHOTOPLAY engaged a corps of expert statisticians to get busy with the films. And we take great pleasure in presenting to our readers the following mathematical report for the year 1923:

Statistics Relating to News Reels

Of the 300 news reels produced in 1923:

- 300 showed views from an airplane.
- 300 showed pictures of battleships at anchor.
- 298 showed school children dancing ring-around-a-rosy in a public park.
- 293 contained pictures of an Elks' parade. (The other seven contained pictures of an Oddfellows' parade.)
- 291 showed animals at the zoo being fed.
- 230 showed a picture of Babe Ruth grinning.
- 274 showed views of new styles in women's clothes.

Statistics Relating to "Scenics"

Of the 400 "scenics" produced in 1923:

- 400 gave us a distant vista with an enormous tree-trunk at the left close to the camera.
- 399 terminated with a tinted sunset on the ocean.
- 380 contained a skyscape showing a bank of swiftly moving clouds.
- 375 showed a distant train of cars coming round a curve.
- 280 revealed a barefoot dancer in cheesecloth draperies skipping about the greensward, playing a long wooden whistle in imitation of a woodland nymph.
- The words "sylvan," "primeval," "palpitant," "twilit," "zephyrs," "eternal," "mysterious," and "sylvary" were used in the sub-titles 7,140 times.

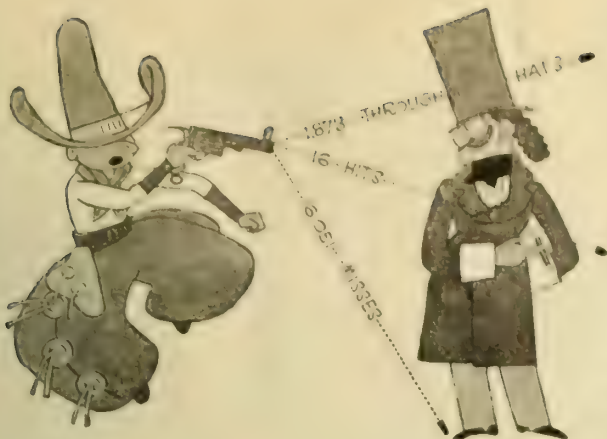
Statistics Relating to Comedies

In the 1,500 comedies produced in 1923:

- 1,500 contained a chase in which an antique Ford was used.
- 1,499 contained a wedding at which the bridegroom, having forgotten the ring, searched frantically through all his pockets, and finally, in desperation, produced a pretzel.
- 1,192 depicted a man sitting down accidentally on a hot stove and instantly leaping up with great clouds of smoke issuing from his posterior.
- 1,270 were based on the device of having the tramp-hero fall asleep and dream he was fabulously [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

Material used
 in beautifying
 the hair of
 1923's leading
 men, compared,
 in bulk, to the
 Leviathan





Japanese valets to
5,126 wicked bachel-
ors—5,102. Actors
made up to look like
ditto—24

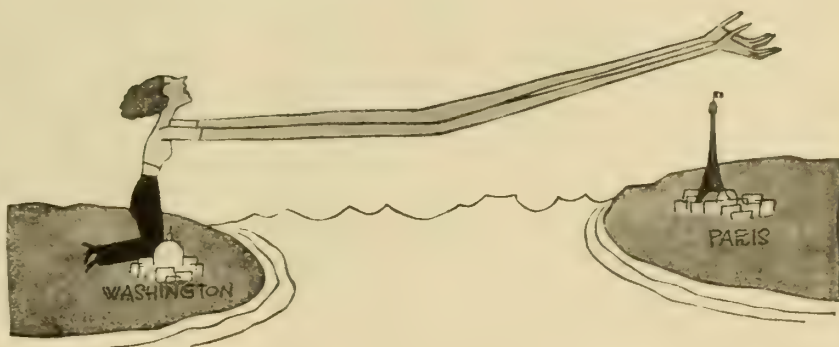
Ultimate destina-
tions of the 17,940
shots fired from cow-
boys' revolvers



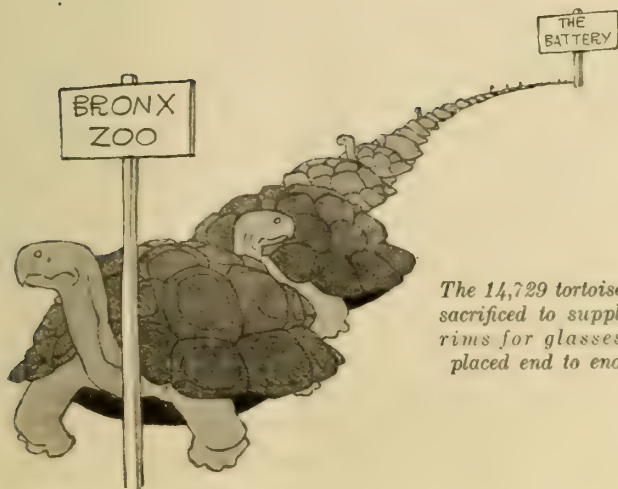
Comedians in 1,192
comedies out of 1,500
sat on hot stoves with
smoke streamers re-
sulting



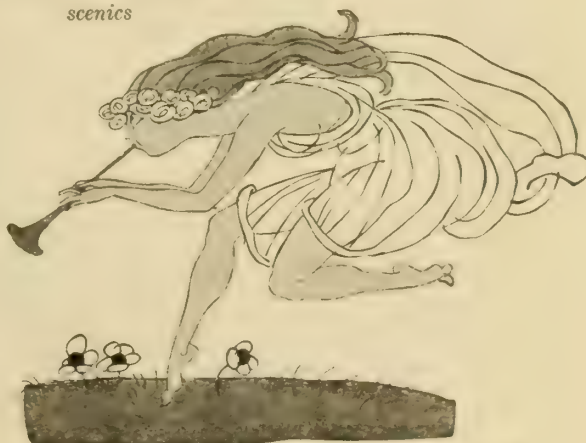
The arms of 5,699
deserted youngladies
which were stretched
yearningly toward
young men, added
end to end



In 280 out of 400
scenics



The 14,729 tortoises
sacrificed to supply
rims for glasses,
placed end to end



Liar's Lane

The story of an ambitious young scenario writer who discovered that all final "close-ups" are not on the screen

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

BOARDING houses all over the land resound nightly to the click of rented typewriters assiduously spewing page after page of romance all laid out ready to be shot just as soon as a good motion picture director realizes its worth.

Richard Lord lived in such a boarding house in Davenport, Iowa, and he had taken a correspondence course entitled "From Inkwell to Projection Room," so he had the technique of the photoplay at his fingers' ends. But Davenport is not one of the cities of the world about which romance will ever be written. It is busy, progressive, prosperous, but it will never, presumably, be a town to break your heart over, or even in, like Paris or Lucerne or Winchester or New Orleans. Davenport is a better setting for life than for love. It's too darn comfortable. Who can successfully mourn their lives away in a city full of open plumbing, steam heat, movies, Rotarians, Lions and Kiwanians? You've got to "step" in Davenport or you'll lose your number and romance makes way for commerce in the lives of its young along about the end of the high school age.

Dick bowed to the yoke of commerce—he was a bookkeeper for an office appliance manufacturer—but he had not sold his soul. Even at the age of thirty he still yearned—not exactly for higher things but for something, for room in which to stretch cramped ideas and ideals. The consciousness of something beyond, of a dynamo of life that he had never connected up with, disturbed Dick, kept him from being a 100 per cent Corn Husker.

Not that he had ever been anywhere or seen anything. A year at Iowa State University had been the pinnacle of his education. There might have been more, but family financial necessity interfered.

So his adventurings afield had perforce been confined to mental ones. Because he thought that he could write—an idea planted in his mind by a professor of Freshman English—he had struggled with one form of literary expression after another, hoping that one of them would prove his emancipation, would really furnish wings to lift his body as well as his soul out of the industrially befogged Mississippi Valley.

Unfortunately Dick had nothing to write about. Life had given him no experiences, nothing of romance.

Unless you counted Katie Conway.

Katie had a room on the same floor of the same boarding house that Dick inhabited.

For five years they had sat next to each other at Mrs. Sorrella's table, and after dinner had kidded each other for a while or gone to the movies together for all but the first month of those five years.

Conversation between them never progressed from kidding to sentiment—never.

Katie Conway was like Davenport. She was efficient, clean, comfortable, not temperamental. You couldn't imagine her lovesick. Her blue velvet eyes looked out too squarely at the world ever to be downcast at the behavior of a recalcitrant lover. Her skin was lovely—everybody wondered how she kept it that way, working in an office—but upon first meeting her you didn't right away get an almost imperative impulse to



put your cheek against it in one of its visible areas and find out if it really was like cool rose leaves. She had a classic figure (which isn't as much of a compliment nowadays as it was when Queen Victoria did away with the bustle for reasons best known to herself), but the masculine beholder did not follow her around hoping that she would faint so that he might have an excuse for holding it in his arms.

No, Katie was too much a personality. Not masculine. On the contrary she was the extreme of femininity, but her womanliness was of the maternal type rather than the sweetheart. It was easy to picture her surrounded by adoring children but it was more difficult to imagine the father in the family group.

No, one couldn't write fiction about Katie. Katie was life, not romance.

Too bad, because down deep in Dick Lord's heart there was a spark of genius that only needed life, love and the pursuit of unhappiness to fan it into flame. Dick knew it himself. It gnawed at him constantly. That was what made him restless, discontented, why he beat his untried wings against his book-keeper's cage.

The tragedy of lack of opportunity is a thousand times



"Anyway, I've come to kiss you good-bye now." "Kiss me?" Dick recoiled, blushing. Kisses were not in their repertoire. Never had been.

He could even feel his blood pulsing at a different tempo, contact was established with romance, change, illusion, call it what you will, life perhaps. He could go now—it didn't matter much where—just go, standing erect with no chains to drag him back. The feeling of buoyancy, of lightness, was like the effects of champagne or, if you can't remember back to those days, like "taking off" in an aeroplane.

He began to say good-bye to Davenport. He moulted his job as soon as he conveniently could and bought two grips. Imagine, he had never traveled far enough before to need any baggage! Two grips were enough to hold all of his new wardrobe and he was not taking a single old thing.

The fortune was not great enough so that he could count on it as a source of perpetual income. Rather it was a sort of educational fund with which he could prepare for the rest of life.

So, quite naturally, he spent some of it on a ticket to California.

There were two reasons. One of them was that the Pacific coast promised the beauty and romance for which his soul was starved, and the other was that out there were the headquarters of motion pictures. He believed that he could write or, rather, learn to write for the screen. His diploma from the correspondence school enthusiastically claimed that he was fully competent to deliver a continuity all ready for shooting. Dick was not such a boob as to believe that, but he did think that maybe, now that he had a chance, he could develop what he had heard referred to as the "screen angle."

He was going to California as a pilgrim, not as a conqueror.

II

OF course Katie knew he was going—she had been one of the very first whom he had told—but he had not seen a great deal of her during the period of preparation.

Came the eve of his departure.

Katie was not down to dinner. Dick wondered if she were ill. On his way to his room to finish packing he stopped at her door.

"Anything the matter?" he asked when a muffled voice responded to his knock.

more terrible than death. And it happens so often. Every tenth man or woman you meet probably might have been something glittering, incandescent, glorious, if necessity had not smothered the glowing sparks in his or her breast—if mother had not died before the singing lessons were completed, if a sick wife at home hadn't made it necessary to give up painting canvases for the more immediately remunerative job of painting houses, if the failure of the family fortunes had not forced the brilliant and coming young composer into automobile salesmanship.

To Dick, Katie meant companionship but not inspiration. Man-like he blindly took her best years and gave her nothing in return. Because Katie never accepted invitations from other men for fear Dick might want to talk to her that evening. From that, you can see how things stood with Katie.

But she knew how hopeless it was, knew it long before Dick's uncle died, making it a hundred times more hopeless.

Because Dick's uncle had been well-to-do and he unexpectedly left fifty thousand dollars' worth of securities to Dick.

You'll have to imagine what fifty thousand dollars did to Dick's soul. It opened the gates, allowed it to get warm and glowing with anticipation and then spread its wings.



Dick wanted her closer but did not dare. "Millie, I love you," he whispered

"No, Dick."

"I wanted to be sure to say good-bye. I'm leaving in the morning, you know. Can I come in?"

"No, not now," she denied hastily from behind the door. "I'll come to your room presently. Perhaps I can help you with your packing."

Dick assented cheerfully and went on to his own coop. Everything there was in anticipatory disorder, clothes occupied the chairs and the bed and one of the new grips lay open on his table.

He went about the last rites, whistling. Dick scarcely knew how to whistle. Never before had he been sufficiently light hearted to practice. Now the frost was gone, spring in him was waking up, spring and a singing heart.

A rap on the door.

"Come in."

Katie, of course. Dick scarcely looked up at first, but when she remained by the door he threw her a second inquiring glance.

"Why, Katie!"

The cause of the exclamation was Katie's costume, that and Katie herself.

She wore very little besides a filmy negligee over—he hoped—lingerie of some sort. Anyway the entire outfit clung to Katie like a damp postage stamp. It goes without saying that she was lovely. What woman isn't that way, especially if she has gorgeous black hair, bushels of it, which she has let down in cascading ripples over her shoulders?

Dick tried to laugh the situation off. "Katie, you had gone to bed and forgotten that I was leaving until I woke you up. Was that it?"

Katie smiled. "Perhaps. Anyway I've come to kiss you good-bye now."

"Kiss me?" Dick recoiled, blushing. Kisses were not in their repertoire, never had been.

"You weren't going without that?" Katie asked simply.

No, he wasn't. He could tell that by looking at her plead-

ing eyes. There was something in them that he had never noticed until then, something distinctly soft but compelling. Perhaps he had never really looked before.

At any rate there was no denying them or her.

Right there in the open doorway he kissed Katie for the first time, kissed her and held her close.

Just as he had feared, there was little between him and Katie but a couple of layers of negligible silk. She melted to him as if she were flowing metal.

No man should be saying good-bye to a woman in that fashion. Dizzy a little and stifled by a sudden emotion, Dick released her, even pushed her away.

"Good-bye," he said huskily.

"Do you want to leave me?" Katie asked.

"Katie, you mustn't put it that way!"

Katie swallowed hard. She would not cry. "I had to do this, Dick. I mean the clothes and getting you to kiss me and everything. I couldn't let you go without finding out if you knew I was a woman, if you could ever regard me as anything but a pal. I knew you didn't love me and I still know it, but might as well tell you that I've cared, oh, for years. I've been waiting for you to find it out. You never would so I had to come right out flat and tell you. I'm not ashamed of it. It's the only thing I've lived for since I've known you."

"Katie!" he tried to interrupt.

"No, I must say it all now. I'm not the kind of a woman to blame a man for not loving her. I've taken all that into account. But I belong to you so absolutely that it would be wrong for you not to know it. I couldn't say 'good-bye' without telling you, without giving you the chance to—"

Dick laughed, but with the quality of tears in his laughter.

He understood now. "Katie, dear," he said and took her in his arms. (This time he was not conscious of the nearness of her body at all.) "Katie, dear, you're the splendidest girl in the world and I know you'd never want me to be leaving you, feeling like a kicked cur. Would you now?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



Mr. and Mrs. Rex Ingram, off screen. Alice left her blonde wig on the lot, before she started on a vacation trip



Being directed by friend husband, in a scene like this, just a few days after the wedding was hard on Miss Terry

Alice & Miss Terry

By Bland Johaneson



Alice Terry is the charming leading lady of "Scaramouche." After two years of married life she is still unstarred—although her adoring husband is her director

She's two—no, three—people in one, this lovely lady with the powdered wig and the wistful eyes. At home she is Alice; on the lot, or in the studio, she is Miss Terry, and to her friends she is Mrs. Rex Ingram. She's proudest of the last name, for—she's very much in love with her husband!

WHEN Rex Ingram married the actress whose beauty and whose intelligent portrayal of a butterfly wife contributed so much of finish and artistry to "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," all the catty women in pictures raised their eyebrows and purred: "Pretty soft for Alice." Quite aside from the well-known "love interest," to be the wife of one of the most valuable directors of feature films was to be "sitting pretty."

Two years ago Alice Terry gained this advantage and she still is playing unstarred leads in her husband's pictures for a salary which is comparatively not large, exactly the position she achieved on her own, before she became Mrs. Rex Ingram. The Fate which gave her this new backing played its trick and destroyed something of her ambition, diluting her love for her work with a strong and absorbing fondness for her husband. Today she echoes his expressed opinion that movie prominence is not necessarily the miraculous Beginning and the glorious End of everything, sharing his conviction that the rush and racing in production have made the pictures a neurotic art and an hysterical business.

As Alice Terry's interpretation of the character which made her—that of a neglected, life-greedy wife, conducting an intrigue,

in "The Four Horsemen—" was so deft it seemed to surpass acting, so the strength and decision one senses on meeting her are a revelation. She is almost masculine in her sanity, and one of the most unaffected women I ever have seen. She is balanced in her appraisals. She knows her own limitations and exactly what she wants. She is neither languid nor lively, but crisp, breezy, Hoosier. She has a keen business sense and is typically American, from the way she wears her clothes to her lovable and amusing bossiness with her husband, who happens to be her boss.

I asked Miss Terry how she liked working for the man she married.

"It's terrible," she answered.

"Suppose he reads that."

"I'll swear I didn't say it."

"He may think it's terrible, too."

"He probably does. He knows I'll cry if he hurts my feelings, and that might spoil the picture."

"It even might spoil the home."

"A spoiled picture amounts to the same thing, and one can't be too careful."

"Has he ever done it?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

Natacha Valentino Inspired Paul Poiret



An oriental inspiration that has been christened "Sultana." The purple and gold brocade of the bodice creeps down intriguingly over a skirt of turquoise blue satin. With it La Rambora wears a brocaded head-dress and brocaded slippers



This evening wrap, which gives the effect of an exotic, ermine-like fur, is made of ivory white velvet with a black satin border. It is worn over a gown of matching white velvet, with a pearl embroidered, black satin bodice and panel. An odd black head-dress, wound with pearls, completes the costume. The back of the wrap is shown at right



A walking suit of black velvet, with trimmings of red suede and horizontal bands of crushed gold braid on the sleeves and bodice. The hat, which is almost a tricorne, boasts a crown of red suede—the brim is of black velvet with a gold ornament upon one side

to Create for Her this Exotic Wardrobe



These costumes were designed for Natacha Rambova (Mrs. Rodolph Valentino) when she and her husband were in Paris, late last summer. They were created while the Valentinos spent the autumn at their villa in southern France. Poiret—that artist of the bizarre, the striking, the unusual—has managed to imprison the personality of Rambova in each bit of this handiwork. As a result these clothes are more than clothes. They belong, quite perfectly, to the woman who wears them—a woman who is gracefully different!



A black velvet cape that Poiret has named "Victoria." The skirt is finished with two deep ruffles, the collar is of soft black fur, and the entire garment is lined with crushed gold. This lining is displayed in another photograph



On the preceding page you have been permitted a glimpse of this gown. But no glimpse would serve to show the artful designing of the bodice, which slopes away from one gleaming shoulder, or the intricacies of the pearl embroidered satin. The ivory velvet skirt is very full, and, against its whiteness, Rambova carries a vermilion feather fan

Poiret Features Bizarre Simplicity



An afternoon gown, oddly named "Crimee" by Poiret—who has a title for his every gown. The draped black satin skirt is surmounted by a circular, cape-like blouse that is made of grey crepe de chine and banded with white baby fox. The hat—the second one by Maison Lewis—is of black satin and white crepe de chine



A queenly wrap of chinchilla from which Natacha Rambova's classic face rises with all the delicate beauty of an orchid. This cape could be used for restaurant dining, or for the *thé dansant*, but its wearer prefers it when worn over an evening frock



You have already seen this black velvet cape—from the demure outside. The lining of crushed gold fairly flames when used as a background for this afternoon dress of vermillion velvet with black satin and gold bandings. The hat of black velvet, with vermillion trimmings, is by Maison Lewis

The Tiger Queen

By Mary Winship

Elinor Glyn herself, after inspecting hundreds of candidates for the much-coveted leading role in her novel, "Three Weeks," has selected Aileen Pringle as conforming most closely to her conception of the character

The daughter-in-law of the world's greatest landowner, a social leader, the mistress of a palace and a host of servants, with unlimited wealth, Miss Pringle forsook all of this to start at the bottom of the ladder in motion pictures



PERHAPS no feminine character of modern literature is so well known as *The Tiger Queen* of Elinor Glyn's famous "Three Weeks."

As soon as it was decided that Goldwyn was to film that much discussed love tale, under Elinor Glyn's personal supervision, everyone instantly demanded "and who is to play *The Lady*?" Incidentally, there was something of a wild scramble on the part of a good many actresses to win a chance to occupy the tiger skin.

A great many prominent and dazzling names were mentioned. Madame Glyn was obdurate. She was going to find the ideal *Tiger Queen* if it took all summer. There was much storm. The whole force of the organization centered upon the search. Plans for exquisite and expensive settings and costumes were held up. And then, suddenly, all was sunshine. Madame Glyn smiled inscrutably. The *Tiger Queen* had been found and rejoicing was in order.

Aileen Pringle is to play the much coveted rôle.

And who the deuce, says everyone, is Aileen Pringle? We expected some very famous vampire or

some great foreign beauty. Aileen Pringle is neither. She was born in San Francisco, and she is practically unknown in pictures, but, oddly enough, her history and her personality are almost as interesting as those of the heroine she is to play.

A very rich society woman, she gave up a life of luxury and fashion, in a beautiful palace with seventeen servants and a most enviable position, to become a screen actress.

Aileen Pringle is the daughter-in-law of Sir Charles Pringle, of Jamaica, the largest landowner in the world. She was a famous hostess, the ruling spirit of a salon where gathered the

famous people of two continents, the social dictator of Jamaica, and a well-known figure in London and Paris during the social season. In short, a woman upon whom the gods had showered everything that the modern girl dreams of as constituting perfect happiness.

Her father was an Englishman, her mother a titled Frenchwoman, and she was born in San Francisco. She was educated in the most exclusive schools abroad, spent some time completing her studies with private tutors, and then trav-



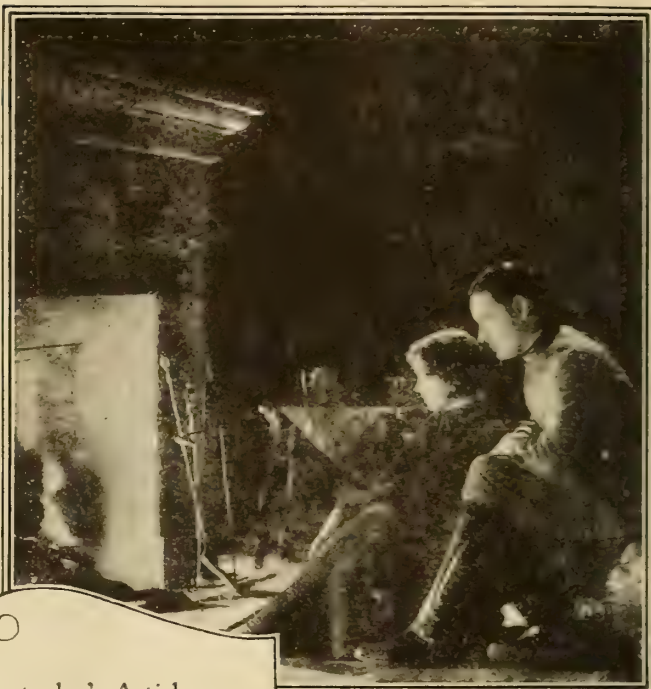
Aileen Pringle in one of her most striking poses as The Lady on the tiger skin in "Three Weeks"

[CONTINUED ON
PAGE 118]

The Glare of The "Klieg" Lights Turns



In this scene from "Lawful Larceny" we have a type of fireplace unsuited to average American life. Its cold, hard formality belies the cheer that a fireplace brings into a room. But even then, it seems to have brought the family together



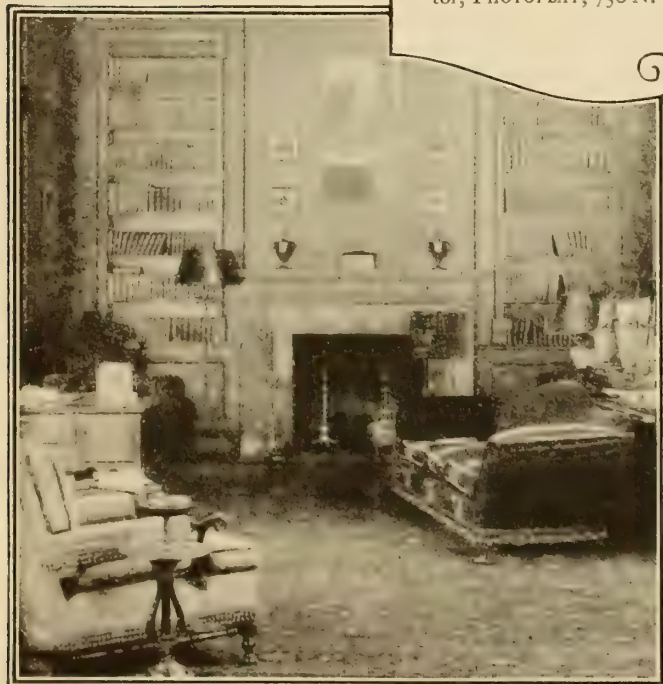
It takes a real, homey, log-burning fireplace — like this one in "The White Sister" — to put romance into a home. Its beautiful glow seems to have inspired Lillian Gish and Ronald Coleman, at any rate, to a delightful intimacy

This is the Second of Photoplay's Articles on Home Furnishing & Decoration

These articles are written by a practical decorator who will take all of his subjects from screen settings and tell you just how to achieve their better features in your own home.

No subject is more interesting to the modern housewife, or housewife-to-be, than the furnishing and decoration of her home. We were inspired in bringing these two great factors of American life—The Home and The Photoplay—together because we believe that our series of articles will be helpful to all our readers.

A copy of our first article, "What Can Be Done With Cretonne," will be mailed to you upon receipt of 10 cents. Address your request to Home Furnishing Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

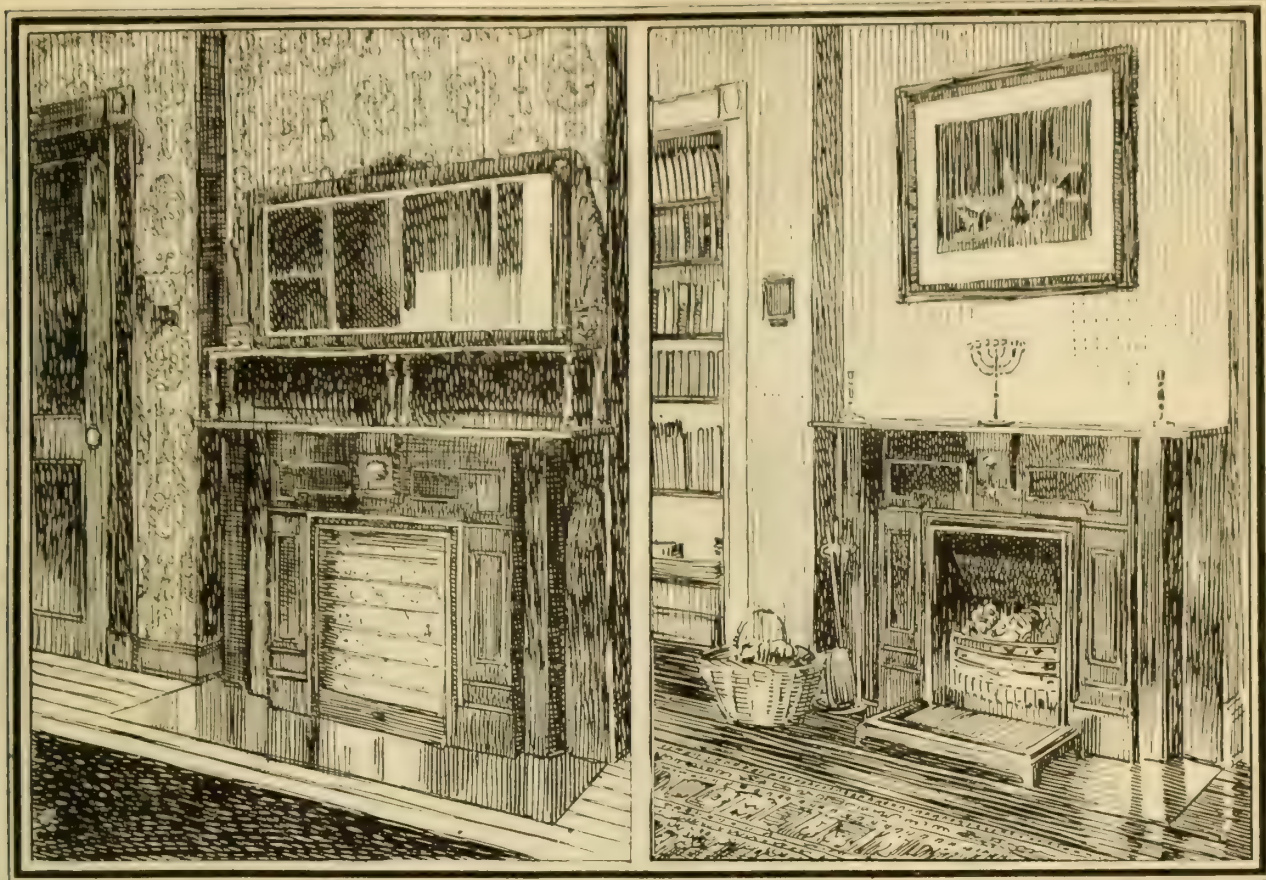


In "The Last Moment" we find a fireplace setting that has all the possibilities of keeping one by it until the last moment of each dying ember. A fireplace of this sort is a fitting accompaniment to any well-decorated room



It's hard to visualize Lois Wilson against a background of the formal fireplace in this setting from "The Call of The Canyon," especially if you saw her work wonders with cretonne in "Only 38." But her versatility pulls her through

Into the Firelight's Soft, Warm Radiance!



The forbidding, old-fashioned mantelpiece at the left—its ugliness corrected by removing the dismal top and with other transformations—becomes the cheerful center of home life, at the right

*The charm of a hearth
lies as much in its correct decorative effect
as in its warmth*

By William J. Moll

FROM time immemorial the soft warm radiance of firelight has played a dominant lead in man's domestic felicitations. In prehistoric times the Cave Man, with no home at all, assembled his family around the fire's ruddy glow, and discussed there the trials and tribulations of their strenuous life. And as civilization advanced we find the next step in its evolution, the tribe, gathered nightly around very much the same sort of fire to discuss their common problems.

All through life's history we find the fireplace a center of communal activity. It lit the rituals of the Druids; it served on the sacrificial altars of Bible lore; it lighted the dark coldness of baronial halls.

In American history the fireplace has been the scene of eventful incidents. John Alden did his courting by the fireplace; Daniel Boone cleaned his rifle on the fireplace hearth; George Washington entertained by the light of candles and the fire's brilliant glow. The only light with which Lincoln had to study was that thrown by the blazing logs.

All of early American home life was centered around the fireplace. Those of us who are unromantic are likely to say that the open fire was the only means of comfort in those days, and had to be the scene of family activity. But a study of those fireplaces will belie this.

The beauty of their architectural formation, the thought and craftsmanship spent on details, the gleaming brasses or dull hammered iron of the accoutrements, argue that they were something more than a means of warmth. People took them as the necessary decorative component of the room.

Be that as it may, a home without a fireplace—a usable, log or coal burning fireplace—never seems entirely homelike. There has ever been a practicability about a gas log, of course. Some of our present-day living conditions permit only of this form of fireplace equipment. But a gas log will ever be a sham, a constant reminder of the reality that it could be. The focal point of any room is the fireplace of glowing coals, or blazing logs, around which we can sit and tell each other our triumphs or our troubles, and toast our marshmallows or roast our chestnuts, and come to that understanding of one another that only cheerful intimacy gives.

The charm of a hospitable hearth lies not alone in its ability to give warmth, but in its correct decorative function. Not only is the fireplace the center of family life, but it is the unit to which the various decorations group themselves. It is necessary, then, to make this point hospitable and inviting. In doing this the mantel formation—or architecture—should be pleasing, and the accessories should be in keeping.

A writer in one of our current publications recently remarked that "no satisfactory device has ever yet been discovered which can really conceal an ugly mantelpiece." But much can be done to correct its ugliness. This is evidenced in the two sketches at the head of this article. The mantelpiece on the left was what the writer found on moving into an apartment a few years ago. The massive ugliness of it rose tier on tier, very much like the hanging gardens of Babylon, and its innumerable shelves and compartments must have been filled at one time with all the souvenirs, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

"But you just weighed on the other scale." "I know, but I've gained a pound since then"



His Wife's Worst Faults

As drawn by W. J. Enright

The time schedules of the railroads are nothing in her life. (Aright) Miss McComas in "The Jolly Roger"



Her household pet is the largest percolator in captivity

Miss McComas and her husband, W. J. Enright, at the farm near Stamford



CARROLL McCOMAS—she was named for her ancestor, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and her name is really Charles too—is admitted to be one of our most charming actresses. Her charm worked on W. J. Enright, the cartoonist, so effectively that they were married not so long ago, and they pass most of their time on their farm near Stamford. There Mr. Enright has had a chance to study his wife and has discovered that she has some traits which did not appear so prominently before marriage. Naturally, he doesn't wish to talk about his wife's faults, so he has drawn them—the most poignant griefs in his life that are caused by Mrs. Enright—though no one would suspect, to meet Miss McComas, that she was so utterly abandoned as these illustrations would indicate.



"Is she absent-minded? She asks the waiter: 'Have I had my lunch or are you waiting for my order?'"

Over the Top at Bunker Hill

All the heroes of Revolutionary Days will appear in "America." Here are seen Samuel Adams (J. Moy Bennett), and John Hancock (William Gregory) being inspected by Edwin B. Worthen of the Lexington, Mass., Historical Society, John L. E. Pell, and D. W. Griffith. The picture was taken outside the historic Hancock-Clark house at Lexington, which figures prominently in the film



In the lower picture D. W. Griffith is seen going over the top at "Bunker Hill," during the filming of "America," with which he is trying to surpass the "Birth of a Nation." The figure on the top of the trench is that of General Prescott. The men in the trenches are real U. S. regulars, drafted for the picture through the War Department, which sent several thousand soldiers into camp at Somers, New York, to aid Griffith in making this patriotic film



CLOSE-UPS & LONG

WHEN I left New York for Hollywood, lured by the sly inducements of producers who claim they want new faces in pictures, I swore by my halidom that I would never return until I had been discovered by Rex Ingram and adopted by Barbara La Marr. I return an undiscovered orph. All I can say is that I certainly am unspoiled by success. When I presented myself for discovery to Rex he took the trouble to go to Europe, and when I called on Babbie she took with a nervous break-down. Still undiscouraged I determined to make the rounds of the studios. No sooner was this determination made known than the studios unanimously shut down. Rather than give a beginner a chance they would close the theaters. Merton broke in through prayer, but that was in the old days. The Lord has no influence in Hollywood now. You've got to know Bill Hays or be a Biddle.

SPEAKING of young Sbidle, who left his wealthy home in Philadelphia to pioneer in Hollywood, he was getting along nicely until he met Nita Naldi. He didn't meet her intentionally, according to the morbid tale; he merely crept unnoticed into one of her pictures. When Nita saw the rushes and beheld him she let out a crematory phrase and wanted to know who in the bad place let that poor *poisson* into pictures. The fact that he was the scion of great swag meant naught to Nita; the whole company of heaven couldn't awe our little gal. She straightway held words with the young Biddle. Now he's in the real estate business.

TONY MORENO did offer me a chance to play a reporter in a picture with him, but I refused to wear make-up. Why should I, Duse doesn't. No real artist could register joy, fear and seduction with a foot of pink cement over his facade. I tried it and felt like a stucco bungalow. All I could register was "for sale, cheap."

ALTHOUGH I did not break into pictures I did get interviewed in Hollywood, and now I know the indignities to which stars are subjected by unscrupulous scribes. The interview which I granted to Adela Rogers St. Johns in a recent issue of this publication is filled with gross inaccuracies. After a faithful account of my charm, intellect, wit and beauty she veered from the truth in order to appear sophisticated and said that I was so lazy I never got up before noon. It's a lie! For three successive mornings I arose at seven a. m. in response to telephone summons from Malcolm MacGregor, staggered for the distance of two miles to the MacGregor maison for breakfast only to sink prostrate across the threshold. Such are the things the world never hears about.

UNQUESTIONABLY the greatest factor in making stars is exploitation. But try to find the star who will admit it.

Within a year Eleanor Boardman has been lifted from worse than obscurity to headlines, all through the power of the publicity chief of Goldwyn and his forty unconscionable aides. The first we ever heard of Eleanor was through a story to the effect that a camel had bitten her on location. The other day when a publicity menial asked her to pose for some publicity pictures she was too fatigued.

"For the love of Mike!" groaned the publicity slave. "No one would ever have heard of you if a camel hadn't bitten you."

Perhaps one bite was not enough. Probably no one will ever know. But it can't be helped. The camel is dead.



BULL MONTANA invited me to tea with Jack Dempsey while I was in Hollywood. Attired in my glaring best, in a mad attempt to vie with Bool's toilette, I was setting gaily forth when Bool remarked, "Jack is a fine fellow. He like to spar. One time he say to me, 'Bool, you ever been knocked out?' I say, no, so Jack he knock me cold. He maybe spar with you. Just fool, you know, just play."

"No fool," I retorted indignantly, returning to my *appartement*. I like publicity but I do not crave headlines reading, Magazine Writer Playfully Murdered by J. Dempsey.

BOOL MONTANA posed for some art studies the other day. When he brought the photographs to his manager, Hunt Stromberg, Hunt let out an anguished wail. "My God, Bull, you're ruined." "Wha's mat?" peeped Bull.

"You're too beautiful," groaned Hunt. "Your face was your fortune and now you've gone and had it sand-papered."

It's true. The *pauvre* Bull, taking the advice of his esteemed countryman, Rodolpho Valentino, had

gone in for mud packs and massage, with the result that he has the skin you love to touch. Now Bool is looking for a homely doctor who will unlift his face and restore the rich old topography.

If he doesn't succeed, some judge is liable to say to him as a judge once said to Barbara La Marr, "Go home to your parents, my dear, you are too beautiful."

SEVERAL ladies were introduced to John Barrymore on the set where he is making "Beau Brummel." Their escort slyly remarked that he guessed any of them would be pleased to play with John.

"Yes?" mused John. "That reminds me of the time three little high school girls wanted to meet me when I was playing in a tank town. Business was rotten, so the manager said I'd better meet them and maybe they would come to the show again."

John was wearing high heels on the stage in order to build up his height, and a yellow wig to make him more romantically beautiful.

SHOTS *By Herbert Howe*

"I went out to meet them," he said, "wearing carpet slippers and carrying my wig in my hand."

"Oh, we want to meet John Barrymore!" they gushed.

"This," said John, placing his hand on his breast, "is the great John Barrymore."

"Oh Gawd!" shrieked the flappers, and fled.

CORINNE GRIFFITH is due to arrive as the next great star of the screen. While in Hollywood I gained the following positive proof: two famous female stars said she couldn't act; twenty rumors said she was temperamental; and Hollywood society considered her aloof. I have always maintained that for enchantment and general allure, Corinne is second only to the envied Pola.

ALTHOUGH I did not succeed in becoming an Ingram discovery I learned by dogging Rex the secret of directorial genius, that which differentiates this Irish wonder from the lesser megaphone men. Rex always directs with his shirt tail hanging out.

ANOTHER scandal is about to break in Hollywood involving three leading stars. The wife of Strongheart has been seen constantly of late in the company of Rin-tin-tin. The affair is particularly amentable as Mrs. Strongheart is the mother of eight children born last December. The little ones arrived to bless the Strongheart home at noon and that very evening Mrs. Strongheart was seen out with Rin-tin-tin. There is considerable speculation as to what action Strongheart will take. It seems that under the California law the couple are not legally married, having celebrated their nuptials in Mexico.

DOUG FAIRBANKS was unable to obtain elephants for his "The Thief of Bagdad" so he built wooden ones. You will see them on rollers ambling through the Bagdad boulevards, swinging their trunks and snapping their tails. Their work is said to be the most realistic ever seen on the screen, which is saying a great deal considering the number of fine wooden actors we have. Perhaps that's the reason the producers have shut down and fired the high-salaried players. They doubtlessly figure it is cheaper to build their own.

NO artist would think of working nowadays without music on the set.

Entering the Lasky studio one evening with Pola Negri, Kathlyn Williams and Charles Eyton to view a picture in the projection room, I heard an orchestra playing a classic march.

"For what is that?" exclaimed Pola. "There is no company working tonight."

"No," said Eyton, the studio manager, wearily, "but some carpenters are building a set."

AS this goes to press the editor is composing some hot criticisms of film stars. The man has no sense with Christmas only two weeks off. Note that nothing but kind words are to be found on my pages this month. Furthermore, no attacks will be made until after all my holiday mail has been carefully checked.

IF I ever become a motion picture producer I shall endeavor to assemble the following company. Directors: Rex Ingram and Ernst Lubitsch. Players: Pola Negri, Corinne Griffith, Alice Terry, Mabel Normand, Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi, Tony Moreno, Malcolm MacGregor, Will Rogers and Bull Montana. We might not make much money but I'll bet we'd have no dull moments.



WHENEVER Alice Terry has a day off she visits studios to see how pictures are made. Accompanying her upon one of these bus-men's holidays I was surprised by the number of electricians, grips, carpenters and extras who bawled, "Lo, Alice!"

"*Mon Dieu, madame,*" I ejaculated Frenchily, "but *vous* are known everywhere."

"Sure," said Alice. "Four years ago whenever any studio needed more than a thousand extras they called me."

AS these lines are being indited I am preparing to join the caravan of Scaramouche Ingram at Tunis for a romp across the desert. The purpose of the expedition is to film "The Arab," Ingram directing and Ramon Novarro playing the title rôle. My business will be to kill flies and curry camels. I don't know how far we will get into the desert—that depends largely on the Arabs—but Rex would like to go to Mecca. To that end we are all becoming

Mohammedans. Inasmuch as the chief clause in the Mohammedan creed is prohibition, we are practically Mohammedans already, though what our religious beliefs will be in Paris I cannot say.

I HAVE been asked, upon my arrival in Algiers, to deliver an address before the Young Sheiks' Christian Association, which claims that the sheik has been grievously misrepresented on our screen. They say that there are just as many happy, home-loving married people with babies in Algiers as in Hollywood; that prayer meeting night is the big night in Biskra, and that you have to fight your way into church Sunday morning.

They further declare, our screen to the contrary, that sheiks do not wear bracelets, spats or big panties, even on the most impressive state occasions, and that they do patronize barbers at least once the full moon. I shall investigate the situation and make as thoroughly a Christian-like report as a Mohammedan can.

Allah be praised!

Extra! Extra!

Here are some of the younger actresses of the Western studios and on the opposite page are their Eastern sisters



The stately beauty of Jeanne Roth won her a place in pictures with "The Dangerous Age" the Summer she was graduated from high school



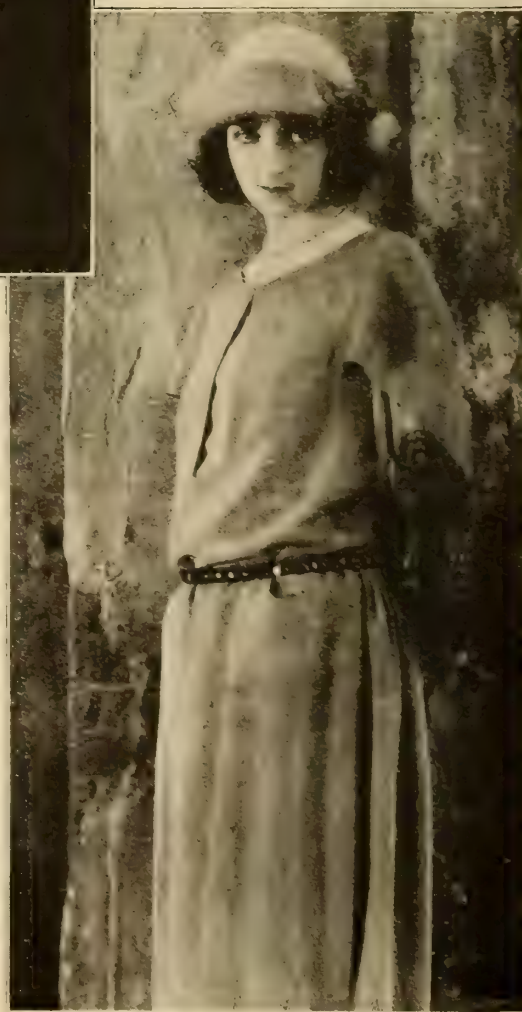
Marcella Daly is another high school recruit. The camera man who photographed "Blood and Sand" said a lot of nice things about her eyes



Evelyn Thompson worked in "Man-slaughter" and in "Nice People," and everyone says she is going to be a beautiful blonde star some day



From telephone girl at the Mary Pickford studio to the most beautiful "extra" in "Robin Hood," tells the placid screen career—so far—of Ethel King



Margaret Royce used to work in a candy store, but Rex Ingram, who employed her in "Black Orchids," predicts a great screen career for her

They may not shine
so brightly to-day,
but among these
young women
probably are con-
cealed the screen
stars of to-morrow



Marguerite Farrell, who left her typewriter at Toronto to go into pictures at the Paramount Long Island Studio



Mitzi Grill, a native of Budapest, who walked from the school-room straight into the ranks of the Cosmopolitan extras



Burke

Jean Lamont was born in Hollywood in the picture atmosphere, was in the "Follies" and then returned to the studios

Helen and Dolores Costello, daughters of Maurice Costello, who are starting at the bottom of the ladder father climbed



Florence Sacia, who has her own income, lives at a fashionable hotel and is in pictures because she loves the work



Nellie Leach, one of the best of the extra girls in the East, according to every director for whom she has worked





HE did not have any definite plan. He only knew that he must reach the point where the father had said he would be waiting in time to prevent Marguerite going away with him. How he would prevent it he did not know. His mind was occupied with the more important question of traversing five miles in a little more than an hour.

But he had no sooner left the place where the White Otter River flowed into the lake at the gorge than he found the open stretch hidden by a morning mist. He could not see the opposite shore but he did catch a glimpse of trees on a high hill above the narrows and paddled toward them.

After a while they disappeared and he was surrounded completely by the fog. It was something he had not counted on and he paddled desperately, knowing that he could only trust to luck to strike the narrows.

Not in the

By Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton

At last a shore appeared but it was unfamiliar. He paddled along its twisting contour until he found a spot he remembered, realized that he had seen it only a few minutes before, that he had paddled completely around an island.

He was without sense of direction, had no idea which way he



In Preceding Chapters

IN search of realism, Dave Mann—star director of the Nonpareil Film Company—has started through the Canadian wilderness. He and his party—composed of Larry Moncrieff, idol of feminine America, though notoriously woman shy; Fay Brainerd and Peggy Dare, leading women; a camera man, an assistant director, and some guides—hear of a log palace that stands upon the shore of a lonely lake. They go to the place and find it apparently deserted, but, upon searching, discover a foreigner, a deaf mute, who is bound and gagged. After trying to explain, the man hurries to the shore, steps into a canoe and paddles away. The next morning Mann takes his company to the place and begins shooting. While they are at work they are interrupted by an angry old man with white hair and an amazingly lovely girl, who addresses him as “maestro.” As he is ordering the company off the place the deaf mute bursts upon the scene and communicates to them a message that evidently frightens them. Though Mann offers help, he is again ordered off the place, but the next morning he sends Larry over to see the girl and, if possible, to make peace and get permission to use the house. Larry goes, under protest, and discovers that the girl—never having been to the movies—knows nothing about him. He forgets his shyness and when the girl (her name is Marguerite Temple) tells him that the *maestro* is a great musician, and plays from his scores, Larry is fascinated. He goes away with romance in his heart, but with his mission unaccomplished. The next day he returns, after Dave has again failed to induce the man to have his home filmed, and as he nears the house he hears the girl singing. She has a marvelous voice but, as Larry listens, the song is interrupted. And he hears a conversation between the girl and a man who claims to be her father, and who accuses the *maestro* of murder. To save the musician from harm, the girl promises to go away with her father. She plans to leave early in the morning—and while the company is asleep and dreaming over a big day’s work ahead, in which Moncrieff’s double is slated to go over a dangerous waterfall in a canoe, and to have a fight on the edge of a cliff—Larry gets up, dresses, and paddles off toward the meeting place.

He charged like a demon, his lips writhing in a bestial snarl. But all the time, darting back and forth, careful to keep away from the edge, the little man, an open knife in his hand, was seeking an opportunity for a quick thrust

Scenario

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

should turn. The mist was thinning but not enough to disclose anything familiar. He was helpless, held inactive while the minutes whirled away.

At last he saw a burned pine stub some distance ahead. He knew it was on the right side of the narrows and turned in that

direction. But when he emerged on the next open stretch he found it still enshrouded by fog. He could only take his bearings as best he could and drive across, but as he started his wrist watch told him it was six o’clock.

A slight breeze came up and helped Larry to keep his course but that soon failed and he paused, helpless. As he sat there, paddle trailing, a sound came to him. It was only a slight click, as of one piece of wood striking another, and that was all, but it seemed louder because it was the first break in the stillness.

When it was not repeated he went on, paddling slowly. At last a shore appeared to the right and he went toward it, determined to wait until the mist was gone. He knew he was too late, that there was nothing he could do now. Either Marguerite had kept her appointment and was gone or she was safe at the cabin.



Larry told how he had come to the cabin the previous afternoon and of the conversation he had overheard through the window

At half-past six the sun dissolved the mist as if by magic and to his surprise Larry found himself within a hundred yards of the rendezvous point. It was empty and he paddled toward it. There was no canoe in sight but as he grounded on the beach he saw, sharply cut in the sand, the mark where one had been pulled part way out of the water. Beside it were the footprints of men and among them the small, clear impressions of a woman's boots.

Larry sprang out and followed the tracks back to the woods from which Marguerite had emerged. They pointed only toward the water and he knew without further evidence that she had done what she intended to do from the first, that she had gone with her father, whom she feared and hated, rather than bring disgrace to the man who had befriended her.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN he realized what had happened Larry did not hesitate. He shoved his canoe away from the beach and turned it into the bay upon which Signor Zappettini lived. Ten minutes later he landed beside the dock at the cabin.

There was no smoke rising from the kitchen chimney nor was anyone in sight and he ran up the trail and onto the veranda. Through a window he saw the *maestro* coming from his bedroom and without knocking he burst in at the front door.

"Has she gone?" he cried excitedly. "Did she do it?"

Zappettini looked at him in astonishment.

"Look!" Larry continued. "Look in her room. Is she there?"

"I don't understand you. What is the reason for this intrusion?"

"Please!" Larry begged, and his agitation was so great and so sincere it impressed Zappettini with a sense of the importance of his question. "Go to her room and see if she is there."

The *maestro* turned at once and went down the hall. In a moment he was back.

"What has happened?" he demanded. "How did you know Marguerite was not there?"

Haltingly at first, for he found himself suddenly embarrassed in a recital of affairs which really concerned him so little and his hearer so deeply, Larry told how he had come to the cabin the previous afternoon and of the conversation he had overheard through the window.

As Zappettini caught the import of what was coming he staggered back against the table and his face became deathly white. But he did not interrupt until Larry had told all he knew, nor even then did he abandon himself to the excessive rage or grief the young man had expected.

"Wait," he said quietly at the end. "She must have left some word."

He returned to Marguerite's room but he had hardly gone when Larry called to him.

"Here is what you are looking for," he said, and he extended an envelope he had seen lying on the table.

It was addressed simply, "*Maestro*."

Zappettini tore it open and as he read the tears started in his eyes.

"Sir," he said brokenly as he laid the missive down, "there never was such a girl as Marguerite. She is all that is brave, all that is good. See what she

has done. She has told me nothing of what you have. She has not even hinted at it. She has merely said that she is tired of it here, that she wishes to go out and see the world from which she has been held for so long. She even tells me that she does not care for me or my music, that it is driving her mad, that she can stand it no longer."

"But she doesn't mean it!" Larry cried.

"Mean it! Don't you see? She has made this sacrifice for me. She has sacrificed herself, ruined her career, her life, to save me. She has told me this so that I won't follow her, won't make an attempt to get her back. Oh, *cara mia!* Why didn't you come to me?"

For the first time Zappettini broke down and the sight of the old man struggling against his grief held Larry silent for a moment. Then anxiety forced the question:

"But you are not going to let her do this, let her go with him?"

The *maestro* straightened.

"No," he declared. "It must not happen. That man is a criminal, the leader of a notorious gang. I had thought he was in prison. He must have escaped."

"Then it will be easy," Larry answered. "The law is on your side. He is a fugitive and there is no reason—"

He stopped, suddenly aware that there was a reason. Zappettini studied him closely for a moment.

"Young man," he said at last, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

What Chance has a Man in Pictures?

By
Herbert
Howe



Malcolm
McGregor,
Millionaire's Son,
Yale Graduate,
Athlete and
Possessor of
Magnetic
Personality,
Answers the
Question from
Hollywood
Experience

"**S**AY, Griffith ought to see you!" exclaimed a noted editor and critic, formerly of D. W.'s staff, when he first met Malcolm McGregor a short time ago.

Magnetism is the word that fits Mac, that vigorous instant charm of friendliness such as distinguished the late Wally Reid. The fact that he's handsome never occurs to you, because the fact that he's a good scout is so much more important. There are many handsome men in the movies. . . .

Yet with magnetism, good looks, breeding and real ability, it has taken Mac three years to crash the Hollywood gates and arrive in a position where producers are bidding for him. And he says, quite frankly, that he's been lucky.

"The other day I went over the lists of leading men to find out how many came up from the extra class," he says. "I found just three—Jack Holt, Ramon Novarro and myself."

We were on a set at the Metro studio. It was filled with extras—a strange and motley crew with many a strange story behind them, the extras. That puny boy with the face of a girl was a gun man, a jail bird; that fellow stripped to the waist with the torso of a blacksmith is the son of a wealthy mine owner; the haggard girl, with the beautiful eyes, was once a queen of Broadway.

Mac pointed to two old men in the corner, each of them over seventy, who were talking so excitedly they didn't hear the director's call.

"They are old minstrel men," he said. "They met today for the first time in twenty years."

On our way out of the studio, a man standing by the gate made a sign at McGregor, then hastily wrote on a pad. He wrote: "I know you—you're Malcolm McGregor." And his eyes sparkled delight at the recognition. He was deaf and dumb. They shook hands, and Mac took the pad to ask what the man was doing there. He replied: "I came to go into pictures."

We passed on in silence; the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



Freulich

A recent film recruit—and from the clergy—Fred Thomson, world's champion athlete and war chaplain, who believes his message will be more effective and more widespread from the screen than from the pulpit

ALL-AROUND world-champion athlete, pastor, war chaplain and present motion picture actor and likes it!

He discarded the ministerial cloth to enter pictures in order to reach the thousands because before, his words were heard, perhaps, faintly by the hundreds.

From spiritual traffic cop, patrolling his beat and guiding his people over the rough spots, to serial stunt actor! And from pastor, who did everything except clean the carpets—and yet saved souls—to movie thrill performer doing everything and still engaged in saving bodies and souls.

Fred Thomson makes his bow, the world's best athletic champion. And holder of that title for ten years! One unique in picture personalities, where the unique has become the commonplace, a parson actor!

He believes in the age factor in saving as well as in selling, for the people who attend church are mostly the middle-aged folk who have heard all about Hell and brimstone ever since their infancy, and the young folk who need to be guided and helped over the cobblestones of life, go to the movies or the

screen career. Meeting Thomson and impressed by his good looks—and he is good looking in a brown and big and blue-eyed way, she made him promise to play her leading man. And he did, in "The Lovelight," registering his first athletic thrill—a spectacular leap from a cliff into the sea.

Mary, in turn, played the rôle of matchmaker in his life romance, introducing him to Frances Marion, scenarist. They met at a football game in 1917 and were married in 1919 upon his return from France, where he had served two years as chaplain with the 143rd Field Artillery.

In "The Eagle's Talons" Universal presented him as co-star with Ann Little. And motion picture audiences had an opportunity to gasp and thrill over his aeroplane and motorcycle stunts.

The transition from pulpit to studio was not difficult, for in the rôle of preacher he had to act far more than in the rôle of actor.

A minister operating as a plain clothes man in the interests of Christianity, a fighter upon occasion, and all-around man, Fred Thomson.

Athlete, Preacher, Actor

By
Lucile N. Tate

dance halls. And he is in the movies.

Born in Los Angeles, Thomson attended the Garfield School in Pasadena and was graduated from Occidental College. It was while studying to be an engineer at Princeton that his athletic prowess won for him the title of efficiency in every branch of sport from basketball and football to discus and javelin throwing. His medals, captured at meets and tournaments, would require more space than that offered by a Mexican general's frontage. And, incidentally, he carried away several citations from the World War.

Selecting pictures for the theaters in the town in which he was pastor first aroused his interest in the movies, though Mary Pickford, too, played an important part in shaping his

Who is Your Favorite Screen Beauty?



KATHERINE McDONALD



Keyes

MAY McAVOY



Apeda

MARTHA MANSFIELD



Hesser

PATSY RUTH MILLER



COLLEEN MOORE



MAE MURRAY



CARMEL MYERS



NITA NALDI



POLA NEGRI



Witzel

ANNA Q. NILSSON



Hesser

MABEL NORMAND



EVA NOVAK



JANE NOVAK



MIMI PALMERI



Seely

MARY PHILBIN



Strauss-Peyton

MARY PICKFORD



Alfred Cheney Johnson

MARIE PREVOST



Hesser

AILEEN PRINGLE



Evans

IRENE RICH



Nikolas Muray

ALMA RUBENS



Hesser

JOBYNA RALSTON



Strauss-Payton

MYRTLE STEDMAN



Keyes

GLORIA SWANSON



BLANCHE SWEET



Melbourne Spurr

CONSTANCE TALMADGE



Melbourne Spurr

NORMA TALMADGE



ALICE TERRY



Alfred Cheney Johnson

MARY THURMAN



VIRGINIA VALLI



Witael

FLORENCE VIDOR



Monroe

LOIS WILSON



Hesser

CLAIRE WINDSOR



Natacha and Rudie!

VIOLA DANA and Shirley Mason appeared as Mr. and Mrs. Rodolph Valentino in the Actors' Fund Benefit Show in Los Angeles and scored with the Argentine tango. The famous sisters proved great impersonators.

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



THE ACQUITTAL—Universal

THIS picture has been skillfully adapted from Rita Weiman's play of the same name. It is a murder mystery—one that unfolds in a unique manner, through the stories that the witnesses tell during the trial. The courtroom scenes are perhaps the most convincing and accurate that have ever been portrayed upon the screen, and the occasional bits of comic relief are funny without seeming out of place. The real kick comes after the accused man is acquitted of the crime.

The direction, by Clarence L. Brown, is both subtle and unusual. This Tourneur pupil will go a long way! The excellent cast is headed by Claire Windsor, Norman Kerry and Barbara Bedford. And the mystery remains quite unsolvable to the very end.



ANNA CHRISTIE—First National

THE notable feature of this faithful and effective transfer to the screen of Eugene O'Neill's play is the remarkable acting of Blanche Sweet in the title rôle. Those who wanted Pauline Lord, the stage star, to play the rôle, may be consoled. Miss Sweet does the finest work of her career and leaves nothing to be desired. It isn't a pleasant story, but it holds the attention, and the direction of John Griffith Wray is notable for its directness and simplicity. There is no lost motion. Everything counts. Second only to the acting of Miss Sweet as the unfortunate *Anna*, is that of George Marion as her father, *Chris*, all of whose troubles are due to "that devil sea." Mr. Marion repeats the masterly performance he gave on the stage. While it may not be a picture for the children, no adult should miss it.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



THE ETERNAL CITY—First National

THIS is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful pictures ever filmed. It is also one of the most interesting and is one that no lover of the best in pictures can afford to miss. It has a charming love story, plenty of melodrama, fine comedy, sets that are exceptional in every way, some of the best acting of the year, and intelligent direction. What more can be asked? Of course, some liberties have been taken with the story. The recent war is brought in—although no war scenes are shown—and the scene of the returning soldiers is among the best in the picture. Director George Fitzmaurice enlisted the aid of Mussolini and hundreds of his black-shirted Fascisti. The scenes in the Colosseum at Rome where these men gather to give battle to the revolutionaries are most thrilling. Mussolini himself appears in several scenes and, to make the cast really all-star, the King of Italy also shows on the screen. Barbara La Marr, as *Roma*, has the best rôle of her career and does by far her finest acting. She is beautiful, as always, and plays with a skill and spirit that she never before has equalled. Bert Lytell as the hero, and Lionel Barrymore and Montagu Love as the villains are excellent, but the real honors go to Richard Bennett as *Bruno*, an Italian vagabond. His acting is a delight. He plays with a lightness and sureness of touch that mark him as one of the finest actors of the day.

Scenically, the picture is superb, and the photography is equal to the subjects. The views of Rome, taken from one of the hills; the shots in the Colosseum; the views along the beautiful roads shaded by Lombardy poplars; the exquisite interiors, all aid in making this picture the height of camera artistry. Just one bit of advice. Don't miss it.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE ETERNAL CITY	LONG LIVE THE KING
THE ACQUITTAL	ANNA CHRISTIE
PONJOLA	FLAMING YOUTH

The Six Best Performances of the Month

RICHARD BENNETT in "The Eternal City"
BLANCHE SWEET in "Anna Christie"
BARBARA LAMARR in "The Eternal City"
GEORGE FAWCETT in "His Children's Children"
HALE HAMILTON in "His Children's Children"
ANNA Q. NILSSON in "Ponjola"



PONJOLA—First National

AN intensely dramatic narrative of the African gold fields, with the action centering around a fugitive woman disguised as a boy, and a man who is drinking himself to death.

While in Paris *Lundi Druro* (James Kirkwood) saves the life of a beautiful, mysterious girl who is about to commit suicide. He is happy, confident of the future, in love. But a few months later, when *Desmond*, a slim youth, comes to Rhodesia, the same *Lundi* is a broken man. The boy becomes a sort of secretary to *Lundi*. When the great moment comes, he is able to save a life, too—and a man's soul.

The cast, throughout, is fine. Anna Q. Nilsson, most feminine of stars, makes a surprisingly good boy, and Kirkwood could not be more convincing.



LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro

WE echo the title, for the king is Jackie Coogan. And anyone who doesn't wish long life to him is unfit to read the leading magazine of the screen! Jackie gives a performance that is full of fun and pathos—skillfully blended by the child's instinctive artistry. The story is a simple one, a few stirring days from the life of a small boy who is a Crown Prince, and who would swap his crown for a dog, very gladly. Surrounded by intrigue and affairs of state, his life menaced on every side, the youngster dares to run away—and learns to play marbles. Despite the punishments that are meted out to him, he decides to do it all over again and—at the height of his good time—hears the bells tolling the death of his grandfather, the king. Realizing the meaning of it all, and his new responsibility, he tries to hurry back to the castle—and falls into the blood-stained hands of a group of plotters. From this perilous situation he is saved at the critical moment by the faithful *Nikky*, his aide (played by Alan Forrest), and is rushed to the palace just in time to appear before his people and to look down upon them—from a balcony's height—with a tearful little smile.

The direction is good—though not great—and so is the cast. But Jackie Coogan, as the tiny, winsome ruler, is the whole show. His magnetic personality outshines the other members of the production. The picture lives when he is in the foreground—which happens, fortunately, most of the time. Jackie remains singularly untouched by the procession of birthdays. He seems almost more diminutive than ever, although his teeth—which are now parted in the middle—mark the passing of time.



FLAMING YOUTH—First National

THERE are two outstanding features about this picture. One is the exceptionally fine performance given by Colleen Moore, and the other is the fact that it is distinctly an ultra jazz production. There have been many pictures of late, emphasizing the shortcomings of our busy and boozy younger set. The crowd of young people in "Flaming Youth" sets a pace that would be hard to follow. But, as the picture teaches, it is not entirely their fault. Some of the blame lies at the door of parents who have no control over their children and who cannot find time to exercise control even if they had it. Miss Moore's acting stands out, and that means a lot in a cast which numbers also Milton Sills, Sylvia Breamer, Myrtle Stedman and other screen notables.



THE VIRGINIAN—Preferred

OWEN WISTER'S famous Western novel—a best-seller of its day—has been transformed into an interesting and well-made picture. The cast and Tom Forman's direction are good and many of the settings are beautiful, especially those of the Wyoming cattle country. The mixing up of the babies, the capture and execution of Steve, the "when you call me that, smile" incident are all there.



WOMAN PROOF—Paramount

DEFTLY tailored by George Ade to fit the engaging personality of Thomas Meighan. The plot is not extraordinarily original, but, thanks to some good character sketching, to amusing subtitles, and delicate phrasing of scenes, it provides an hour of most agreeable diversion. Our "Tom's" disinclination to marry almost results in forfeiting the family fortune—until Lila Lee comes along.



UNSEEING EYES—Cosmopolitan

A SPLENDID picture—if you like snow. Taken in the Canadian Northwest, at more than the ordinary risk, there are blizzards, and ice-capped mountains and frozen lakes to co-star with Seena Owen and Lionel Barrymore. The director, Edward L. Griffith, has managed to transfer the soul of the country to the screen—without detracting from a melodramatic story of love and bravery.



THE COMMON LAW—Selznick

A SPLENDID entertainment saved from mediocrity by a capable cast. One of those "why-do-they-do-it" pictures with old-fashioned direction, terrific lighting, and studio interiors like convention halls. How models can dress as in this picture and be good girls is puzzling. Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle lead the cast. Corinne's beauty shines through the poor photography.



HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount

A PICTURE that goes a step farther in showing up the hard working younger generation. With a cast that, though excellent, is only a background for the splendid acting of George Fawcett, who is father and grandfather of an erring family. Bebe Daniels and Dorothy MacKail have spectacular parts. But, next to Fawcett, Hale Hamilton, as the staid and respectable *Rufus Kane*, scores.



RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors

FOR those who want their Richard to be blonde, blue-eyed and poetic, this picture will be a great disappointment. For Wallace Beery, as the Lion-Hearted Crusader, is a two-fisted, meat-eating he-man, who handles 'em rough. And does it so well that his every uncouth mannerism is lovable. The story is taken, with not too many changes, from Scott's "The Talisman."



PLEASURE MAD—Metro

JUST misses being a big picture, but worth while for anyone. The sort of picture the whole family may see. It is based upon Blanche Upright's novel, "The Valley of Content," the story of a happy small town family that was suddenly thrown into millions and a fast, insincere New York set. Mary Alden's splendid work as the mother is the outstanding feature of the picture.



THE DRIVIN' FOOL—Hodkinson

IT seems as though everybody in the world is trying to imitate the racing pictures that Wally Reid did so very well. Now it's Wally Van who plays the gasoline-mad hero and—though he makes a good comedy-drama of a true to formula script—he falls short of the Reid standard. There are amusing moments and exciting moments and—with Patsy Ruth Miller as the leading lady—romantic moments!



THE DARLING OF NEW YORK—Universal

THE problem thrashed out here was created not because it required an answer, but because Baby Peggy required a play. The plot, which deals with a gang of crooks, stolen jewels, and a lost waif, is the oldest in captivity. Nevertheless, it is dramatic enough to hold the interest. The tiny star doesn't seem to quite know what it's all about, but it is her appearance in this picture that makes it worth seeing.



DAVID COPPERFIELD—Associated Exhibitors

THIS Swedish production is more than good—it is faithful to the well loved novel from which it has been adapted and, for the most part, the characters are well taken. The names of the players are unknown to us, although they doubtless have a large following overseas. But the boy David and Dora are especially well cast, and Uriah Heep seems perhaps the weakest link. For all Dickens' fans.



THE COUNTRY KID—Warner Brothers

AN old-fashioned picture with three little orphans, a cruel uncle, a poor farm and all the rest of the celluloid pathos that is considered foolproof. Wesley Barry is the oldest of the orphans—he mothers and fathers the other two, who are made real by Spec O'Donnell and Bruce Guerin. A tear, and more than a dozen laughs, for everybody. And Helen Jerome Eddy to gladden all hearts.



UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan

HERE is another costume picture, laid in France in the bewigged and belaced days of Louis XIII, and with Richelieu as the outstanding character. Scenically and photographically it is a beautiful picture, but the story and direction are not so good. Robert Mantell is terribly stagey as the great Cardinal, and John Charles Thomas is a rather awkward swashbuckling hero. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



The Romantic Motion

Here told for the first time

The secret of the little memorandum sheet which was Jeremiah J. Kennedy's Doomsday Book of the industry of the motion picture—a story of a secret code.

The tale of a tiger—or how William Fox, alone among the exchangemen of the motion picture, made a stand against the Motion Picture Patents Company and won a private war of his own.

When D. W. Griffith scolded Arthur Johnson, famous star of 1910, and Biograph lost him to the newly formed Reliance, resulting in new careers for a whole array of now noted players.

William Fox, the one exchangeman out of fifty-eight, who dared give battle to the great Motion Picture Patents Company and who won his fight for independence

Chapter XXII

WHILE the courts resounded with the clash of battle between the Motion Picture Patents Company and the Independents in the lusty days of 1910-11, another campaign, based more upon strategy than law, was somewhat covertly and quietly under way.

Down at 52 Broadway the offices of belligerent Jeremiah J. Kennedy were expanding across wide areas of floor space.

Clerks, draughtsmen and statisticians bent over tables with acres of figures and blueprints. They were concerned with charts and curves and graphs which would have only added to the excitement and mystery of the motion picture men concerned if they could have had a glimpse of this mathematical forecast of their film fate.

Fighting Jeremiah was engaged in the process of buying the motion picture distributing business from itself with its own money! And, it may be added, using its own credit to do it.

The methods used were remarkable because of their arrant improbability and their extreme practicality as evidenced by results.

In the eyes of many of the film men against whom Kennedy's plans were laid, he was an arch villain.

In the opinion of some of his jealous rivals for power within



Richard A. Rowland, who sold his exchanges for a quarter of a million, built the present Metro company, and is now head of First National

his own organization he was a full-blown Niccolo Machiavelli.

In the opinion of the author he was a bearcat for figures.

Kennedy wanted to acquire for the General Film Company all of the motion picture exchanges of value. His methods were so simple that they could not be understood. He set about getting all the information that could be had about them.

The motion picture business has always been prone to a vast amount of gossiping. It was and is full of chattering, gesticulating people. Kennedy fomented gossip and set his espionage service to gather the results.

Each motion picture exchange man presumably knew his own business and his own section of the country fairly well. Kennedy made it his business to know the whole country exceedingly well and to know just how much each exchange man knew.

The campaign resolved itself presently into a compact collection of data, abstracted most secretly and personally by Kennedy into a sheet that told him the whole story.

This was written in a curious code, with half the figures on the sheet and the other half of the significant characters on a similar sheet, locked deep in Kennedy's safe at 52 Broadway.

If by any remote chance Kennedy had lost his little black pocket memorandum book with that precious sheet in it the finder could not have been a bit the wiser, unless he also robbed the safe.

But Kennedy knew the figures well enough without the code. He had them in his head. And there was never the remotest probability that he would lose his head.

By turning to his pocket edition of Doomsday, Kennedy could tell at a glance the essential facts about any motion picture exchange in the United States and Canada, whether it be

History of the Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

in Amarillo, Wahoo or the Bronx. The little black book held the secret of what the exchange was worth on the basis of films owned and business done, what the owner thought it was worth, what he would ask for it, and, most important of all, the figure that Jeremiah J. Kennedy had decided that the owner was going to get for the exchange. It is hardly necessary to add that in no instance were these figures identical. The last was always lowest. In all these operations Kennedy did not have the unqualified support of the members of the Motion Picture Patents Company. It will be remembered from a remote chapter that Kennedy came into the picture business to be the undertaker for the Biograph Company which was sick unto death, and that he decided to cure its ills by the treatment of the entire industry. Some of the patients did not thoroughly enjoy the medicine, even though it was doing them good.

So it came, as has been related, that when the General Film Company was formed with a paper capitalization of two millions of dollars, the only real money in the concern was fifteen thousand loaned to the corporation by Kennedy.

Many of the picture makers of the Patents Company group timidly feared that they would lose all their customers among the exchanges by starting the General Film Company in competition. But Kennedy had no notion that the General Film would be in competition long. It was his program benevolently to assimilate the competition—on his own terms.

So it came that the iron boss gathered unto himself in lieu of capital a strong state of mind and used it to acquire the exchanges previously licensed by the Patents Company. The net result was that, between April, 1910, and January 1, 1912, the General Film Company bought the fifty-seven leading exchanges in America, for \$2,243,089 in cash and notes, and preferred stock in the company of the face value of \$794,000. All this in less than two years' time.

It might appear strange that this Bismark of the screen was so able to work his will and plan with so many men over such a scope of territory. But it will be remembered that the control of the Motion Picture Patents Company lay, to all practical intents, in the hands of Kennedy and H. N. Marvin, of Biograph, who worked together with a harmony that was remarkable in the fussing chaos of film politics. Now all of the licensed exchanges with their clamoring demand from the theatres for film were entirely dependent upon remaining in the good graces of the Patents Company. If their licenses were revoked they got no more film. They could "go independent" or die, or both. Some did. The studios of the Patents Com-

THE remarkable panorama of the past of the industry of the motion picture, unfolded in these pages from month to month, is an amazing tale of conflict.

It seems that the history of the motion picture, like that of nations and all the affairs of men, is largely a progression from one war to the next.

The motion picture, like what we sometimes are pleased to call Civilization, seems to have been pushed forward in its line of progress by the rivalries, jealousies and greeds of the picture makers.

This chapter sets forth with especial force the growth that came to the Empire of the Screen because of the oppressions of those who desired to control it as their own. Great men and great events are born of stress. Of stress there was—and is—plenty in the art of the motion picture.

Here is a chapter vibrant with the tense struggles of the most competitive industry in the world, and laden with the drama of big and little business, glinted here and there by the humor and whimsy of big men in small moments.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor.*



Allan Dwan, now a Famous Players director, who was kidnapped from the old Essanay company by the camouflaged "O'Malley and Smith Advertising Company"

pany group, Biograph, Vitagraph, Kalem, Edison, Pathe, Essanay, Selig, Kleine and others, constituted the world's greatest and most reliable supply of film satisfactory at the box office. This gave the General Film Company, through its Siamese twin connection with the Patents Company, a mighty club.

There were many, many ways in which an exchange could be found guilty of violating its license agreement and incurring a cancellation.

This situation was a large factor in inducing many of the exchanges to sell out—at the price listed in Kennedy's little black book.

This price was always to be paid in twenty quarterly installments, reaching over a period of five years, in addition to a certain percentage of payment in stock in the General Film Company. The quarterly installments were well within the profit-making power of the exchanges.

The plan was boldly and neatly conceived. The business was bought with its own earnings, and these shares of stock, which, in a slender

way, made the extinguished competitor a partner in the project. This element was just strong enough to make him keep the peace if he felt belligerent after selling out.

The General Film Company swallowed up every licensed exchange except one—the last and fifty-eighth on the list it did not get, and thereon hangs not only a tale but a tiger.

That fifty-eighth exchange and its refusal to be taken by General Film resulted in giving the world of the motion picture the famous name of Theda Bara and a whole array of other spectacular superfluities.

This fifty-eighth and last on the list was The Greater New York Film Rental Company, William Fox, president.

There were many reasons why [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



The real and the imitation. Two Betty Blythe backs; the one on the right is the original model, the one on the left that of Miss Catherine Owen who impersonates Miss Blythe in "The Whole Town's Talking" on the New York stage. Also, note the profiles. You may recall Miss Blythe as the lady who got by by a bead in "The Queen of Sheba"

GOSSIP—EAST & WEST

WELL, there's no getting away from it. Hollywood is pretty sad and dark these days. The slump has come, and it looks like the worst one in the history of the motion picture industry. Everybody is trying to be bright and cheerful, but the general atmosphere is decidedly low.

Production has practically stopped. Thousands of people have been thrown suddenly out of work. Weeks of idleness stare them in the face. Free lance actors and writers see no prospect of work for some time to come.

Famous Players-Lasky have announced a shut down of ten weeks. Universal is to shut down shortly for an indefinite period. Some of B. P. Schulberg's people have been thrown out of work. Metro has one company working, Goldwyn has one, and many independent producers are announcing layoffs until the first of the year. First National is the only company in full production strength.

THE reasons are numerous. First, over-production and over-expenditure. Millions of dollars are tied up in big pictures which have just been released and have not started bringing in returns. For six months, or a year, the industry has been piling costs up beyond all hope of return. Now it is overstocked with pictures on which, no matter how great they may be, they will do well to break even. When a picture costs a million dollars or a million and a half, there is no possibility of making big money with it, or even getting fair

By Cal York



Take the advice of the Lady of the Tiger Skin, Miss Aileen Pringle, and do the gift-getting early. She accomplishes a lot in "Three Weeks," but she knows it takes longer for Christmas shopping

return on the investment. Motion picture theaters are flooded with these stupendous productions. There is "The Ten Commandments," which will go out with a cost of a million and a half against it; "Ashes of Vengeance" and "Scaramouche," with \$350,000 charged against each of them; "The Courtship of Myles Standish," with \$650,000 against it and an unfavorable critical review; Von Stroheim's "Greed," with an enormous cost; "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," close to the million mark; "Rosita," a costly production; and the first two American Negri features, "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat," neither of them a success, with a big red mark on the books.

The present investment in pictures which as yet haven't begun to pay off their initial cost runs into many millions of dollars and production must be stopped for a retrenching.

ANOTHER reason is to knock salaries down. In a period of intensive productions, actors usually boost and boost their salaries until they demand so much that they kill the goose that laid the golden egg. The salaries demanded today by many actors and actresses are so far beyond reason that they make any picture too expensive for adequate returns. When ordinary leading men like Milton Sills will not work for less than \$1,750, and when practically unknown character actors like Arthur Edmund Carewe demand \$1,500, it is actually time to call a halt.



Just a couple of those millionaire extras of Hollywood. Left, Drexel Biddle and right, Craig Biddle, Jr. We hear that Craig has left the films for the real estate business and the dancing club

There are many productions awaiting release, and the producer is going to force the exhibitor to work off those expensive pictures before a return to decent, normal pictures can be hoped for.

In the past six months there have been no program pictures to speak of made by the big companies. They have been feature mad, and have looked on anything less than a ten-reel, \$500,000 picture as a cheap little thing, cranked out over the week-end.

Now the few independents who have made good, reasonable pictures which are good entertainment have something to offer the exhibitor and the public.

And Hollywood is sort of wearing mourning, and waiting for the spring renewal, with its usual philosophy and empty pockets. Everything has quieted down, there is little entertainment, little excitement, and not the usual spirit of fun and good fellowship. Even the Boulevard wits aren't wise-cracking much these days, because it looks like a long cold winter.

ONE Saturday morning not so long ago, two very dirty small boys peeped into the Hollywood laboratory where Laurence Trimble, director of the famous dog star, Strongheart, was working. They admitted that they had walked a number of miles that morning and begged for a chance to "just pat Strongheart once." Mr. Trimble, who was just about to run a print of the new Strongheart picture, "The Love Master," in his own projection room, invited them in. He knew the difficulty of obtaining unbiased opinions of a picture while there is still time to remedy faults, and



Dolores Cassinelli as Pocahontas and Leslie Austin as John Rolfe in a scene from "Jamestown," the second unit of the Yale University Press "Chronicles of America" pictures

decided these two specimens of American boy would be excellent critics for "The Love Master." When the film was over, they started to sidle out very shyly, and reluctantly, apparently afraid to speak. Mr. Trimble's heart sank to his boots, for he had counted on the picture's appeal to small boys. At last one of them looked up and with evident embarrassment said: "It's a great picture—but we've seen one we liked better. We liked 'Robin Hood' better, but we like this next best we've ever seen."

They were afraid they would hurt his feelings by putting "Robin Hood" first, but Mr. Trimble was thoroughly satisfied with their verdict and permitted them to pat Strongheart to their heart's content.

THERE is a great deal of speculation going on in Hollywood right now in regard to Charlie Chaplin's future plans. Nobody knows what they are, apparently including Mr. Chaplin himself. He is to make more comedies, but it is generally understood that they will be entirely different from the old ones. "The Pilgrim" completed Mr. Chaplin's contract, and he will now make his own pictures for United Artists, and he expects to do only big and impressive stories—comedy stories, of course. The first will probably be "The Clown," a story of his own that he has been wanting to do for years.

He will also supervise a series of dramatic features, starring Edna Purviance, but when these will start or what they are to be, nobody knows. In the meantime, to the Chaplin fans, it's a long time between pictures.

THERE is more in the announcement that Charles Brabin is to direct "Ben Hur" and that George Walsh is to play the title rôle than at first meets the eye. It reveals the power of diplomacy and the ability of one woman in the picture industry to get her own way by con-



Hail! Hail! "Our Gang's" all here. What the —. Well, never mind the rest of it. Here are the kids that appear in the "Our Gang" comedies in their private Rolls-Royce, with Little Farina leaning over the starboard quarter. This is an assembled car, with a number plate for each section

Which wouldn't even creep into this department if it were not for his rather weird choice of grandmothers!

The lady of his heart is none other than Elinor Glyn and he adopted her out of sheer gratitude because she showed him his real place in the sun. It having been proved that he would not register in the movies, Craig was going into the sordid world of business. Until Grandmother Elinor, with a sage nod of her head, decreed otherwise.

"Do something worthy of your wealth and position," the lady is reported to have said. "Be a man, Craig. Give dancing lessons!"

And so the—shall we say easily influenced?—young man took the advice of the noted authoress. And his new dancing class, which will be called "The Elite Sixty," is all ready, and waiting for members.

centrated effort and belief in the rightness of her choice. That woman is June Mathis. Six months ago, June Mathis quietly confided to a few friends that Charles Brabin would direct "Ben Hur" and George Walsh would play it. Nobody paid much attention, because there was so much speculation and everyone had been mentioned for the two coveted jobs. But with her usual smiling sweetness, Miss Mathis went ahead in a direct line, writing the scenario and expecting her plans to work out. As usual, they did. Miss Mathis told me the other day that she had admired Charles Brabin more than any other director on the screen since the old days at—Lubin, I think it was—when he was a new director and she was an unknown writer and actress. She never forgot him and considered his directorial method perfect. She selected Rex Ingram to direct the "Four Horsemen" because he had worked under Brabin, and so she quietly waited to get him for "Ben Hur." And she got him. That's June Mathis.

worth watching to see just what sort of vehicle she will choose. Many offers have been made to her in the last few years but she has rejected them all.

RAMON NOVARRO is on his way to Egypt, to play the lead in a picture which Rex Ingram will make there. Alice Terry, needless to say, will also play in the picture, the nature of which has not been announced. But the location is enough to make one pretty sure of the type it will fall under.

Ramon, on his way to the land of deserts and sheiks, will stop off at the Canary Islands to visit his two sisters—who are nuns in a convent there. Ramon has a third sister, also a nun. All three of the girls are young and beautiful—one wonders why they have given up the world! And one hopes that Ramon will not leave the screen—just as everybody's getting fond of him—to enter the religious life.

CRAIG BIDDLE couldn't get any more publicity through reported engagements and disengagements. And so he changed his tactics, recently, and adopted a grandmother.

THE football season in the West has done a lot of damage to working days for certain stars. Douglas MacLean, whose father is a retired Methodist minister and much interested in the welfare of the University of Southern California, has toured all over the country following the U. S. C. team on its playing schedule. He and Mrs. MacLean drove to Washington to see them play the University of Washington, and later came down to Palo Alto for the Stanford game, and then drove clear back to San Francisco a few weeks later for the California-Stanford classic. Doug is what he himself calls a "football nut."

Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman are also enthusiasts and can always be seen at the games in the new Los Angeles coliseum, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Patsy Ruth Miller, Roy Stewart, Richard Dix and Colleen Moore and her new husband, John McCormack, haven't missed a game this season.

Richard Dix, who never had time to go to college, thinks a man has missed half his life who hasn't seen his own team play football, so he has adopted Stanford as his own, and roots more violently than a lot of alumni.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

THEDA BARA is back in Hollywood and back at work. Before long the screen will see another Bara picture. It will be decidedly interesting to see what sort of work the greatest of all screen vamps offers upon her return. In the years that she has been off the screen, Miss Bara has spent her time in Europe, in the most cultured circles of the continent, and New York. She is actually as different from the Theda Bara of "A Fool There Was" as day is from night. Everyone in Hollywood has been much impressed by her intellectual charm, her simplicity, and her wide culture. She told me that she and her husband, Charles Brabin, were married in an apple orchard in the spring, and that she wore a simple organdy frock, just because she actually wanted to get away from the personality of the screen and the many things that had been rumored about that Theda Bara.

Now that she is to come back, it will be

If you want to perspire freely this Winter, here's the way to do it, according to the motion picture formula. Run a fine rubber tubing up the back of your neck and through your hair to your forehead. Then let someone press the bulb containing glycerine and water and the beads of perspiration will run down your face very naturally





Just an Old One-Reeler

But ten years later it brought great happiness

THEY call him "The Master." He is admired and envied by the world at large, cordially disliked by those who know him casually and loved by those who know him well.

In his work he is a beneficent tyrant. Under his autocratic rule the stuff they make actors of is hammered, shaped, polished and refined, eventually being alchemized into idols of the screen. About the studio he is the court of last resort, the undisputed captain of the ship. What he says goes—and that's all there's to it. Fame and fortune come at his beckoning to those he appoints, yet a full-fledged star of his making is reduced to rank oblivion for a single lapse from doing just what the Master expects, and when he expects it.

But, quite in the natural order, it was not ever thus. The Master found few soft spots and fewer helping hands in his long, uphill struggle for recognition.

In the first place, he allowed himself to fall into motion picture work, not because he wanted to but—well, one must eat. In those early days he despised the flickering photographs a lot. Their pretense maddened him and their crudity sickened him; but he went on.

Yes, he had had other hopes, but now he must hide them away with his ideals of other days; just as he felt he must hide himself away from his friends of other days—now that he had become a motion picture director.

But a turning-point came for him, just as it does for most of us, and his was a sharp one indeed.

It seems that there had been taking place a transformation

By Martin J. Quigley

Editor, Exhibitors Herald

in what the camera had been recording which had wholly escaped the director for the very reason that, while he was striving doggedly to accomplish something worth while, his innate prejudice

against the whole business of the flickering photographs blinded from him a realization that, day by day, he was mastering a new and wonderful method of thought transmission and dramatic expression which needed only a skilled manipulator to yield up a real art which, being phrased in the universal language of pictures, would enthrall the whole world.

On the night of the great turning point the stuffy and darkened projection room was still except for the monotonous clicking, grinding and rattling of a wobbly projection machine. Suddenly there was a sharp, yet half-repressed, cry. The director leaped to his feet and his rickety chair clattered noisily over backwards.

"Look, look—did you see that . . .?" he cried. "That's the stuff we want, that's the stuff we want," he repeated.

As he gazed upon that screen it was transformed brilliantly. Enkindled by his imagination, he resurrected there upon that screen the long-dead splendors of Babylon, the picturesqueness of an English countryside, peopled by actors engaged in portraying a great drama—and all of this was brought back as things of living realism to be seen and understood by the people of the day. He saw mankind awakened to the horrors of war more forcibly than it had ever been before; he saw love scenes made plain to all in only the way that the language of Shakespeare had previously been able to bring up for the

scholarly alone; he saw history, ancient, medieval and modern, reenacted understandingly for all. Altogether his imagination fixed upon that shabby curtain what the motion picture was to be and was to do!

In the days immediately following the nocturnal revelation of the artistic possibilities of the motion picture the director worked feverishly, throwing every atom of his mental and physical being into the task of achieving with these pictures in motion what he now knew to be possible.

Unlike every predecessor among the arts, the motion picture did not receive its first recognition from the intelligentia, from those persons who customarily keep abreast of all developments which seem to point to a widening and improving of the mental scope and power of mankind. The first patrons of motion pictures were not patri-cians, swathed in cloth of gold, but rather the utter dregs of the great cities, clothed in tattered garments, who held out enough from their supper money to be able to drag themselves from the unfriendly chill of the streets to the warmth and comparative comfort of a rickety chair in a nickel-odeon.

But even such barriers as these could not long stay the progress of this great new force, so dynamic, so influential and so far-reaching. The world soon bowed before it—and saluted its master. With each new picture greater than its predecessor and everyone of them being carried to the furthestmost ends of the civilized world, bringing inspiration, new ideals and necessary diversion to countless millions, the Master soon became an international figure.

Despite all this we found him alone on Christmas eve in the study hall of his studios which ramble over many acres of one of the hillsides that border the town of Hollywood, despondently and dejectedly complaining and bemoaning what, to my very great surprise, he called the failure of his work.

The unquestionable fame which he acknowledged was his, he declared, to be but a mockery of what he had hoped for. "Nothing but a hollow plaudit of the froth of society," he said. The pretensions of the business and its people he abhorred. He too, he feared, was rapidly sailing toward the port of lost ideals.

"The picture ship is captained by a crew of money-maniacs," he snapped out as I exhibited surprise at his assertions. "What have we done, what have I done, with this marvelous instrument that has been intrusted to us? We have amused the people a little and, perhaps, we have made millions, but I tell you it has been a damn bad bargain.

"With opportunities to really make the world a better place to live in, we have been satisfied if we got only a few handclaps, some money and we have let it go at that. Where have we, where have I, championed the finer things in life at the expense of a profit? Tell me, are we making a stuff that reaches to the hearts of the people, that takes those hearts and enkindles them with a better love of their fellows? Are our pictures-messengers of good will on earth? Do they lend a hand in knitting father and son, mother and daughter, husband and wife closer together? Are they doing anything to make mankind a happier family, outside of, perhaps, giving it a little men-

tal relaxation and a welcome rest from its customary worries?

"I'll answer," he continued brusquely, "No, no, no—we have failed utterly in our opportunity. Many a verse of poetry and many a short story, scribbled off by some half-starved writer in a chilly garret, has accomplished better and finer things than all the pictures. . ."

A strange mood, we thought, but obviously a sincere one. There was no doubt of the Master's discouragement. Not only his speech but his manner proved this.

As the chill of the California evening commenced to permeate the study hall, an elaborately liveried servant kindled a log fire in a huge Gothic fireplace at one end of the room. The director sat slouched down in a divan facing the fire and the brightly blazing logs cast dancing shadows on his head of curly white hair. The care-lined features of his countenance were given a ghostly radiance by the flickering blazes. Although his was a name triumphant with the world, as he sat there he appeared as a figure of utter despondency.

An awkward silence followed his outburst. He moved as if about to resume his tirade but instead turned, picked up a cigarette from a tabor-ette at the side of the divan and, continuing to look into the fire, he held a lighted match to the cigarette. As he flicked the burnt match into the fireplace a telephone bell jingled and he reached for the instrument.

"Tell him I won't see him," he snapped sharply into the transmitter.

Turning, he commenced speaking again. "I'm going to chuck it all," he said. "I'm tired, sick and discouraged. I've made my last picture. The world may call me a success, but I know too well that all I have done is to receive only a momentary applause and that I will shortly be forgotten."

There was a scuffling of feet just outside the door.

In a moment the door opened and a figure hurtled through, obviously beruffled office attaches.

The Master was annoyed visibly but sought to ignore the unwelcomed stranger.

The persistent visitor was a man approaching the twilight of life. Slightly bent but with a firm step and assured manner, as if he were being awaited by the director, he walked to the end of the room and stood with his back to the fireplace.

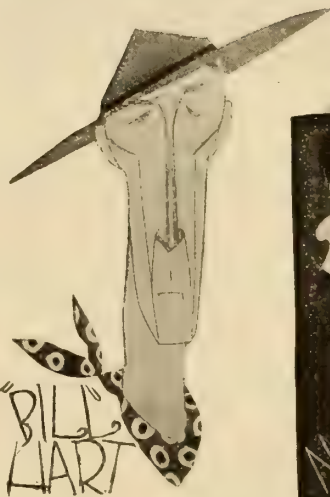
"Tell these men," he said in an authoritative voice, jerking his head toward the two office men who had followed him into the room with the obvious intention of removing him, since they had failed to bar his entrance, "that I have something to say to you and that we will not need them."

The Master looked up quizzically, saying, "Well, what is it?" With this the clerks withdrew.

"I've been an exhibitor for eighteen years," the stranger commenced. "I guess I've run every picture you ever made. But that's not what I'm here to tell you. . . ." He paused abruptly, passed a handkerchief over his forehead and continued, "I've given up my theater; in fact, gave it to my operator. He's a fine lad and I don't need it any more—since my partner died. . . ."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]

Hollywood's Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat Specialists

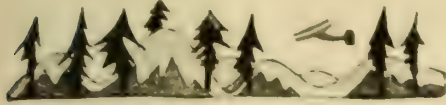


THE SILVER CRAZY-QUILT

"Stills and Titles" By Ralph Barton

Unseeing Eyes

This is Lionel and Seena
Aviating through the wood:



This is Wolheim looking meaner
Than I even thought he could.



This is Seena rendered snow-blind
On a crag of glaring ice,
Heading straight (the darling's so blind)
For a horrid den of vice.



Here the hero treats the villain
To a round of fisticuffs,
And single-handed tries to kill an
Overwhelming band of toughs.



Then the villain ties the hero
To a rafter in the camp.
The thermometer's at zero,
So he overturns a lamp.



After all this blood and arson,
When the villain's justly dead,
The hero goes and gets a parson
And the happy pair is wed.



His Children's Children

I was duly aghast at the size of the cast;
I would name them but they are too many:
There is Hamilton (Hale) and Dolly Mackaill,
Bebe Daniels, George Fawcett, Jim Rennie.
I completely forgot to examine the plot,
I was dazzled by this constellation;
At least it was plain that old Grandfather Kayne
Was distressed at the young generation.
It dealt in the main with the Household of Kayne,
Of wealthy and elegant station,
Which came down in the world just as soon as it
whirled
To the jazz of the young generation.



David Copperfield

I went to see these Swedish movements
Thinking for to add improvements
With the customary strictures
That we hang on foreign pictures.
But after I'd sat through it,
I confessed I couldn't do it.
(Though I've just received a letter
Stating that it *might* be better
Had the clever Swedes allowed
The Swedish titles to remain;
For then the fan who reads aloud
Would try to pester us in vain.)



"Here's Roxey"

By
Martha L. Wilchinski

S. L. Rothafel, who is known to all his friends as "Roxey," is the director of New York's largest motion picture theater, the Capitol. He always has had hundreds of friends, but since he has been broadcasting from W. E. A. F., the number has gone into the thousands



DID you ever "tune in" on "Roxey"? Did you ever hear that warm, cheerful voice of his coming through the air from station W. E. A. F., saying: "Hello, folks. Well, here we are again." The milk of human kindness just drips from "Roxey's" voice. And he is just the same as his voice sounds. He isn't a brilliant speaker, this jovial director of New York's largest motion picture theater, the Capitol. He isn't eloquent, and sometimes his jokes are not always so good. But he has a human quality that rings through his voice, that gets your attention and holds it.

His broadcasting brings him hundreds of letters a week.

A doctor told him once that his voice over the radio was one of the best cures he could offer his patients.

And "Roxey"—his name is S. L. Rothafel—lives up to the reputation his voice gives him. He is the perfect host in his big office at the Capitol. It must be said that, when you visit

him, he does most of the talking, but you get so you like that. It's worth-while talk. Sit with him a while and watch his callers.

A girl wants to sing at the Capitol. "Roxey" hears her. "You have a fine voice, my dear, but you haven't learned how to use it. Study for a year and come back." The singer leaves grateful and encouraged. An usher, accused of dishonesty, appears. "Did you take the money?" asks "Roxey." The boy admits it. "Go back to your post and don't do it again." When he has gone, "Roxey" says: "If he had lied, I would have discharged him. But he'll make good now."

And so it goes, from the time "Roxey" reaches his office at the Capitol in the morning until when, late at night, he signs off over the radio with a sometimes rather weary "Good night! God bless you!" He never has any spare time. But he never wastes any time. He's one of the best showmen in the world, but he's a lot more than that. He's—well, he's "Roxey."

Why Should I Dress Up? By a Small Town Woman

As Related to Lucinda Reichenbach

I AM a small town woman. My husband owns one of the largest mills in Indiana. We have all the money we need. We seldom travel, because he thinks his business requires close personal application.

I belong to a bridge whist club, the membership of which is made up of highly respectable married women of my own age—around 45. We do not allow divorcees to belong; hence seldom get a thrill out of our assembling.

I am a member of an amateur theatrical organization which stages a performance each year, coached by a woman prominent because of her spinsterlike respectability.

My days are as alike as two blasts on a steam whistle. I arise at seven, have breakfast with my husband, busy myself chasing the maid about the house and calling attention to her

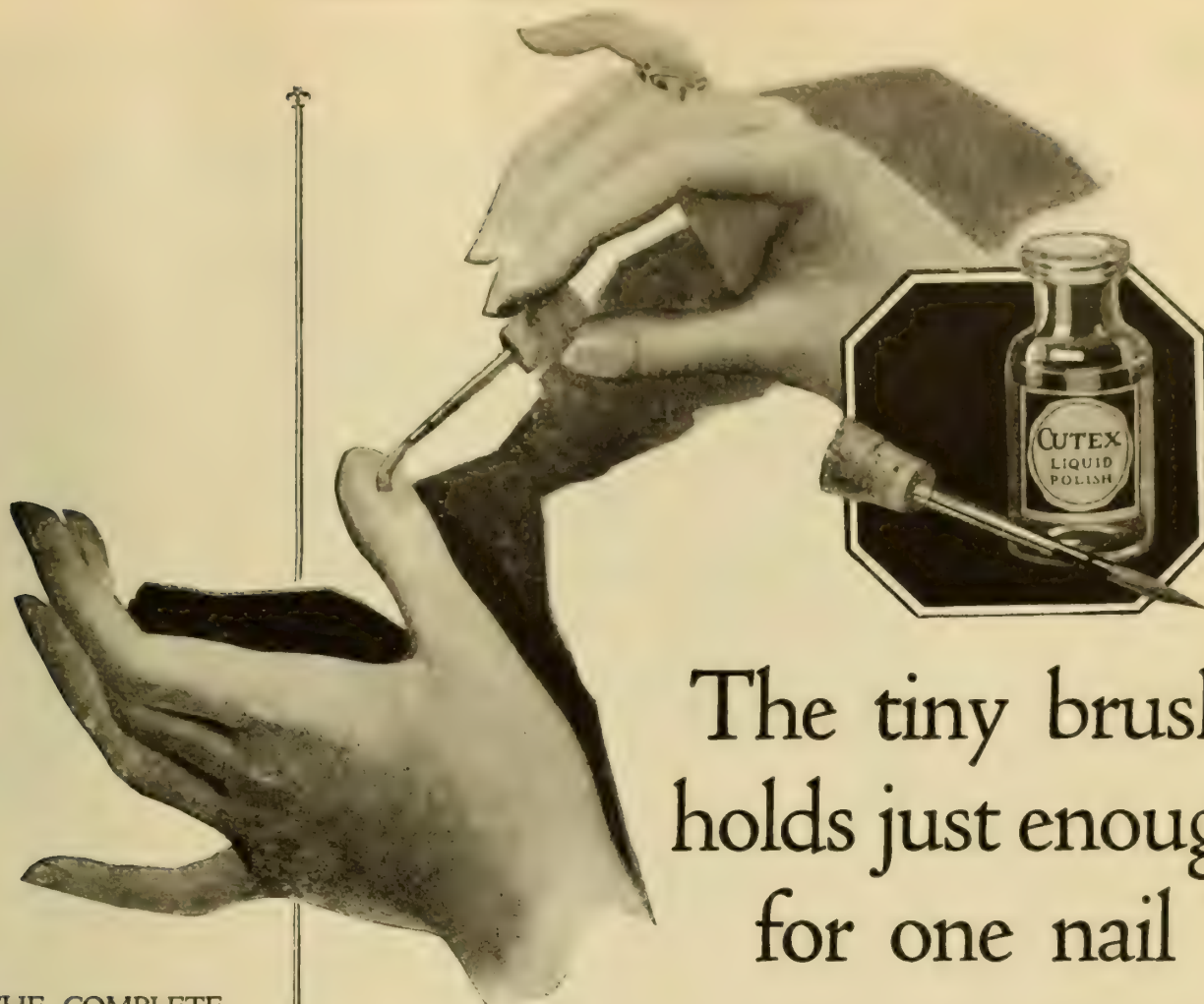
oversights, loll about until three, when one of the neighbors comes in with an inventory of her troubles.

The first break in the monotony is the Chicago paper with its scare heads about divorces, marriages and hold-ups.

Then comes dinner. Hubby tells of trouble at the mill or of good fortune in business. The runabout stands before our door. After dinner his pipe—then we go down town. He drops me at the movie house and hies himself to the local billiard emporium. I see "Of Her Own Free Will." At ten he comes by for me and then we go home. I'm not sleepy. I would like a little excitement. But we go to bed, for

there is nothing else to do. And in the morning I—but start at the top and read this through again. Why should I dress my windows when there's no passersby?





The tiny brush holds just enough for one nail

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Special Introductory Set

The Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. Q-1, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

Liquid polishes used to need an expert to apply them. Either they went on too thick and looked artificial or else they ran and formed lumps and ridges. But with the wonderful new Cutex Liquid Polish all these troubles are banished.

First—the tiny brush that comes with each bottle holds just enough polish for one nail. So it is easy to get on the right amount of polish and to spread it to an even thinness.

Then—every other detail of this polish has been just as carefully planned to give the lovely lasting brilliance well groomed women want for their nails. Cutex Liquid Polish does not crack or peel off. It dries almost instantly. It keeps its bril-

liance a whole week. Water will not dull its beautiful rose tinted lustre. The whole manicure keeps its fresh niceness longer.

Needs no separate polish remover

There is no bother with a separate remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail. Then wipe it off quickly before it dries. It takes off every trace of the old polish, leaving the nails smooth and clean for the new gleaming brilliance.

Cutex Liquid Polish is the same price as all the other Cutex preparations—35c. Or you can get it in the \$1.00 and \$3.00 Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and \$1.50.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

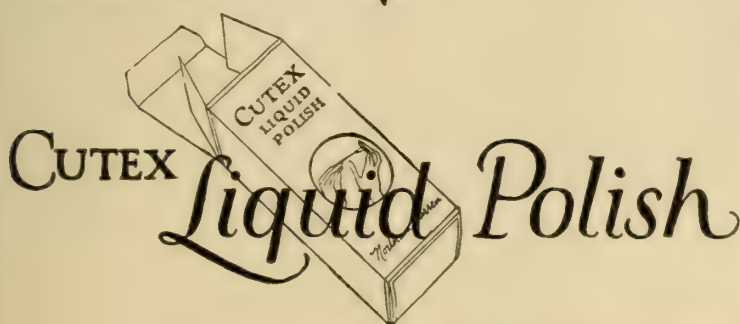
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-1
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name _____

Street _____
(or P. O. box)

City _____ State _____



She Sets the Styles for the Stars



A robe de nuit of black chantilly lace, with side lacings of narrow black velvet ribbon. On each side is a narrow accordion plaited panel of black chiffon



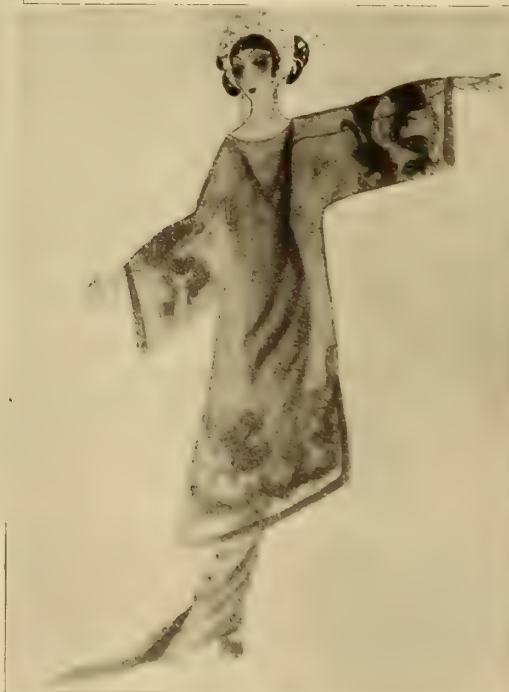
CLARE WEST, fashion designer for Norma and Constance Talmadge, and formally creator of sartorial beauty for Cecil De Mille and Gloria Swanson, is regarded by Hollywood as the last word in exclusive and daring fashion predictions. Just now, she declares that, this year, evening gowns will be worn without stockings, underwear will be of black chiffon and black chantilly lace, and milady must expose practically all of her spinal column in the evening if she is to be really in vogue. Miss West has made five exclusive drawings for PHOTOPLAY, illustrating her prophecies. Miss West created the costumes for Norma Talmadge's "Dust of Desire," for "Ashes of Vengeance" and for "Secrets"—celebrated designs.



This black velvet evening gown has a long slender train, which is caught about the wrist with a band of magnificent embroidery. No stockings are worn with it



In this dinner frock, the arms are covered with full length sleeves, but the ankles are bare of stockings. This is an example of the extremely low back which Miss West declares will be seen in all really elegant evening dresses



A negligee combined of the Chinese and the French note. The mandarin coat is of rose georgette, embroidered in black and peacock blue; the under drape is of soft gold satin



The chemise combination, to match the chantilly lace nightgown, is properly worn under all afternoon and dinner frocks. With a straight ermine robe, lined with black satin, it may also be worn for the boudoir. Note the ermine tail garter



Mr. Thomas Meighan, too—

The tan boots worn by Mr. Meighan are instantly identified as shoes of quality by the Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets. Their genuine celluloid tops never lose their color. They promote easy lacing, retain their original finish indefinitely, and actually outwear the shoe.



THOMAS MEIGHAN, romantic leading man of many successful releases, the screen embodiment of genial good humor and rugged honesty, gives unqualified endorsement to visible eyelets as a style essential and mark of quality on his footwear.

Mr. Meighan knows that before the inquisitive eye of the camera, through which hundreds of thousands of persons scrutinize his wardrobe, he must appear in well-groomed correctness. He therefore insists that his shoes be *finished* with visible eyelets.

The correctly attired, up-standing men of every community, no less than the country's screen favorites, are aware of the desirability of selecting shoes with *visible eyelets*—an assurance, in advance, that the shoes are stylish and of inherent worth.

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS



Stirring the Fires of Youthful Ambition

REMEMBER, back in boyhood days, how you envied the leader of the Hometown Band and longed to play his flashing Cornet! The same ambitions are stirring the hearts of Young America today.

Conn is helping to realize those ambitions, developing not only musical talent, but a spirit of teamwork which comes with playing in a band or orchestra, and all the qualities of sturdy young manhood. For playing a Conn instrument is wholesome fun, healthful exercise, and an excellent character-builder as well.

His Conn instrument is an inspiration to the boy player. He knows it's exactly the same as those used by Sousa's famous players and the foremost artists of all the world in concert

bands, symphony, opera and popular recording orchestras. That thought fires his ambition. And the *easy playing* qualities of the Conn, its *perfect scale* and *reliable action*, make practice a pleasure, speeding his progress.

In boys' bands everywhere, among the Scouts, in schools, colleges and American Legion Posts, Conn instruments are preferred for the same reasons which make them the choice of the foremost professionals. *Exclusive features and methods of manufacture are the basis of Conn superiority.* Conn is the only maker of every instrument used in a band.

With all their exclusive features Conn instruments cost no more. Free Trial; Easy Payments. Write now for FREE BOOK and details, mentioning instrument.

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C U L T I V A T E Y O U R M U S I C A L B U M P



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BETTY, WOLLASTON, MASS.—The girl who played *Gladys Norworth* in "Cordelia the Magnificent," in which Clara Kimball Young starred, is Jacqueline Gadsden, Fox Film Corporation, 1401 Northwestern Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

ANOTHER TOOTSIE, ALSO OF CALIFORNIA.—Cullen Landis was born in Nashville, Tenn., a little less than thirty years ago. His height is five feet five inches, and he weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. His eyes are blue, his hair brown, and if you "are just crazy about him," as you say, you must have noticed that it is curly. Two children call him "Papa." John Bowers' photograph should be procurable through the Principal Features Corporation, 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, in your city. Pauline Garon's address is Associated First National Company, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Florence Vidor's, Preferred Pictures, Mayer Schielberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles.

TESSIE OF SCHENECTADY.—Ramon Novarro was born in Buango, Mexico. His true name is Samaniegos. To secure a photograph of him, address Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, Calif.

BOB, CHICAGO, ILL.—The name of the tall, blonde player whom you so much admire is Anna Querentia Nilsson. She was born in Ystad, Sweden. Her height is five feet seven inches, her weight one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She married Guy Coombes in 1920. They were divorced, and in March, 1923, she married John M. Gunnerson, a wealthy shoe manufacturer. If you "get up the nerve to write her," address your courageous missives in care of the Associated First National Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PAULINE, PORTLAND, ME.—You will think me the "Greatest Thing in the magazine office" if I answer these questions. Watch my hand-springs, Pauline. Virginia Lee Corbin was born in Prescott, Ariz., 1912. She has light hair and eyes the color of wood violets. Her address is Fischer Productions, Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, Calif. She will be featured in three pro-

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

ductions, the first of which will be "Youth Triumphant." Her series of pictures was interrupted by serious illness. She has recovered from appendicitis. The boy who plays opposite her is Francis Carpenter. He was born July 9, 1911.

D. A., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The actor for the title rôle of "Ben Hur" is George Walsh. The legal ban on Rodolph Valentino's appearance on the screen will be lifted February, 1924. One of his greatest successes was in "The Sheik."

P. E., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Sorry to be unable to oblige you. Please read what is printed at the top of the Questions and Answer department. "Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario-writing or studio employment."

SITTY, PLEASANT HILL, OHIO.—You would better try again, for most stars send their pictures upon request. Johnny Walker is twenty-seven and married. Cullen Landis was born July 9, 1895. He is married. Irene Castle is to appear in a revue this fall.

BROWN EYED VAMP, BATON ROUGE, LA.—Aye, aye, Miss. William Desmond is married. His first wife, Lillian Samson, died. His second marriage, which took place March 22, 1919, was to Mary MacIvor. Want to know the

birthday and birth year of their daughter? Dee-lighted. I'll throw in the name for full measure. Mary Joanna, April 7, 1922. Katherine MacDonald is not related to Donald MacDonald. She is a sister of Mary MacLaren. Her matrimonial record follows. First husband Malcolm Strauss, artist and illustrator; second husband Charles Schoen Johnson, millionaire, of Philadelphia.

DOROTHY OF DALLAS, TEX.—You hope I won't give you "an awfully cool answer." Certainly not, Dorothy, dear. Your engaging candor and Alice blue note paper merit one quite otherwise. Your mental picture of me is that I am "rather short and fat and jolly." As you like. Hang any picture of me you wish, in the hall of your imagination. I only insist that you like it. What you write me of Dallas convinces me that when you grow to be a big girl you will be an excellent real estate agent. And you are coming to school in New York this winter and want to see a motion picture studio in operation. Better tell your teacher of your wish and ask him or her to write one of the motion picture firms, asking permission for a group of students to pay such a visit.

BELLE, WYOMING, OHIO.—"Honor you by a long letter?" Dear Miss Belle, I am torn twixt duty and emotion. The editor thinks long letters, like long speeches, are mistakes. Now you beg a long answer. Let's see how long an answer we can "put over on him." True, since you stimulate my memory, I never met anyone who did not like Thomas Meighan. He was born in 1879, though his wife calls him Peter Pan because he will never grow up. You have scrambled, matrimonially, your Forrests, Belle of Wyoming. It is true that Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. So he could not be wedded to Lottie Pickford and be out of jail. Miss Pickford married Alan Forrest.

J. A. N., MERIDEN, CONN.—Your letter of compliments on her work in "Adam's Rib" should be addressed to Miss Pauline Garon, Associated First National Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif., where she would find it on her return from her vacation spent in Canada and in Europe.

M. M., GALVESTON, TEX.—Mahlon Hamilton should be pleased to know that a girl of Galveston ranks him as her foremost movie favorite. Here are some of the essentials you crave. His age is thirty-eight. His wife was Anita Farnum. She is a sister of Dorothy Farnum, the scenario writer. His first name is pronounced as though spelled Mawlon. I have no doubt he chivalrously would forward a photograph of himself if you asked him. Address him care Famous Players Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

RUTH, BROWNSVILLE, PENN.—I think your admiration of Rod La Rocque is well founded. He is a youth of twenty-five years. His eyes and hair are black. No, he is not married, nor have I heard that he is engaged. He is under a long term contract with the Paramount Studios of Hollywood, Calif.

MISS TIMIDITY, PARIS, TEX.—"The Birth of a Nation," on its last visit, "reminded you that you are an American and a Southern woman" and made you proud of it. Then it served for more than merely entertainment. I hope David Wark Griffith will see this. Your memory is good. It was Henry Walthall who played *The Little Colonel* in that picture. Yes, House Peters is the other actor about whom you made your inquiry.

NED, KANSAS CITY, MO.—It is your opinion that Reginald Denny is the logical successor of Wallace Reid in the kind of parts that lamented favorite used to play. Mr. Denny and others should be interested. According to the best authorities Thomas Meighan was born in 1879.

B. N., CHICAGO, ILL.—"Please tell Constance Talmadge that a patient girl goes to see the same picture of her two or three times because she is her special favorite of the screen, and because it is such a long time between her pictures. Won't she make more each year?" And you want her to know that you think she and her sister Norma the most charming and natural actresses for the screen. Like Mercury, I bear a message to the goddesses, Miss Bertha. Constance Talmadge appeared in "Dulcy" and has been engaged upon "A Dangerous Maid."

RUTH, WARREN, IND.—You Indianians are noted for your brilliancy and thoroughness. There have been Booth Tarkington, George Ade, David Graham Phillips, Senator Breckenridge, and now you. Here is the budget of information you demand. Lila Lee became Mrs. James Kirkwood on July 25. Her address is Paramount Studio, Long Island, N. Y. Rodolph Valentino has been married for a year or more to Natacha Rambova. In the period when the validity of his marriage was questioned he lived at the Hotel des Artistes, No. 1 West Sixty-Seventh Street. After the cloud upon his matrimonial title had been lifted by the pronouncement that his divorce from Jean Acker was legal, he joined his wife at her mother's, Mrs. Richard Hudnut's, apartment, at 50 West Sixty-Seventh Street. Mae Murray is the wife of her director, Robert Leonard. Their address at present is the Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, Calif. May McAvoy lives in the enjoyment of single blessedness. Letters should be addressed to her at The Famous Players-Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif. Antonio Moreno married last year Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, of Los Angeles. They reside at Hollywood. Dear Ruth, of Indiana, present other queries in a later letter. I answer letters, not write books. We limit the number of inquiries answered to five to each letter.

FRANCES, DENVER, COLO.—What do you mean, pachydermatous ichthyosauria? Well, at least it's a change from being accused of being handsome. I suspect you are in high school and have been studying zoology. You are different in another respect. Apparently you do not worship at the shrine of any he idol of the screen, but bend your knee to a dancer. Saying you "adore Anna Pavlowa and consider

her the most wonderful person in the world" is bending the knee. Here is all about her that I know. She was born in Petrograd, in January 31, 1885. Having given you that start your mathematics will assist you in determining her age. Her nimble feet were trained at the Imperial Ballet school attached to the Marienska Theater of Petrograd. She became prima ballerina. Her first appearance in New York was in the ballet "Coppelia." Subsequently she toured in the United States. She has made several tours of this country. In 1920 she appeared at Drury Lane, in London.

E. S., SOUTH NORWOOD, OHIO.—Indeed! Theodore Kosloff has succeeded to the highest place in your screen estimate since Rodolph Valentino left the lots. Mr. Kosloff is a native of Moscow. He came to this country with the first Russian company imported by Morris Gest. His height is five feet, seven inches. His hair and eyes are brown. He is married, but has no children. His address is Famous Players Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. Last summer he trained three hundred dancers for Cecil De Mille's "Ten Commandments."

PHOTOPLAY receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method:

Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to pay the expense of the photograph and mailing. The stars get hundreds of these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay the cost themselves.

M. C., LYNN, MASS.—A girl with a single track mind. Acknowledges but one favorite. Such constancy shall be rewarded as it deserves. A photograph of your "wonder of wonders," Reginald Denny, can be secured in the usual way, by addressing him care Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

L. C., NEOSHO, MO.—Photographs must be applied for to Wallace Reid's widow: Write Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, care Film Booking Office, 723 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MARGIE B., NORFOLK, VA.—Your letter interests and touches me. I hope that your health will improve. Yes, your friend's advice, "Live as long as you can and die only when you can't help it," is good. I am sorry the pleasure you anticipate is denied you, for photoplays are seldom revived.

SKEEZIX OF VIOLET INK AND SIOUX CITY, IA.—Most willingly. Forrest Stanley, Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, Culver City, Calif.; Glenn Hunter, Cort Theater, New York, N. Y.; Malcolm McGregor, Metro, Romaine and Cahungo Ave., Hollywood, Calif.; Marjorie Daw, Norma and Constance Talmadge Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

F. B., ELVINS, MO.—Barbara La Marr has been featured in pictures. I agree with your estimate of her beauty.

LAURA S., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—A maid of the town founded by Roger Williams is moved to inquire. Leon Barry's letters should be addressed to the Fox Film Corporation, 1401 Northwestern Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. Lionel Barrymore spent the summer in Europe on his honeymoon with Irene Fenwick. Mildred Davis, care Harold Lloyd, Hal E. Roach Studios, Culver City, Calif.

BESSIE OF CANTON, OHIO.—Since you are moving with your family to California in the autumn you would like the address of your "screen idol, Richard Dix." Do you contemplate a call upon Mr. Dix, or will you and your mother or sister or girl chum merely walk slowly by while viewing his residence? It may be finished by that time—the residence—for he is building a fine home in Hollywood. The master of the mansion is twenty-nine years old. His height is six feet. He would be classed as a heavyweight if he challenged Dempsey, for he lacks but two pounds of one hundred and eighty. His hair and eyes are brown. He is not married.

MRS. H. A. K., NORTH LOUP, NEB.—With pleasure, Lady of the Wide, Wide Plains. Rex Ingram's address is Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, Calif.

GLADYS, UTICA, N. Y.—You vary the monotony of address by beginning your letter "Dear Rupert." That's better than George. "Making a Man," the picture in which Jack Holt was featured, was released January 22, 1923. Bessie Barriscale has made a long excursion into vaudeville. She was seen on the Orpheum Circuit from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Next winter she will try another comedy in New York. Billie Burke was to have tried out two new plays and possibly do a picture in England last summer, but usually I have met her motoring or yachting. She spends much time enjoyably with her seven year old daughter, Florence Patricia. A hundred per cent mother.

BETTY W. OF PORT HURON, MICH.—Not purple paper, purple pasts, sweet Betty. These are the birth years you request. John Barrymore, 1882. Constance Binney, 1899. Betty Blythe, 1893. Charles Chaplin, 1889. Marion Davies, 1898. Priscilla Dean, 1896.

"ME" OF NEW YORK.—The milk of kindness flows through your letter. May I say that I like your name, not your pseudonym, but the name you confide to me and that shall be our guarded secret. That you should consider in this hurrying age whether your questions would help me to "get some more nickels, pennies, dimes or dollars, or whatever you get on the average for a question answered" touches my sometimes pebbly heart. Thomas Meighan's honest to goodness age—he "makes no bones" about telling it—is forty-four years, his height six feet. Yes, I believe it is in his best purple silk socks. One hundred and ninety pounds are distributed pretty evenly. His full name is that with which his audiences are acquainted—Thomas Meighan—"Only that and nothing more."

LARGE BROWN EYES, DETROIT, MICH.—Mary Pickford is childless, save that she is the stepmother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who is making his first screen appearance at thirteen years of age.

POLLY, DEPEW, OKLAHOMA.—"Richard Barthelmess leads all the rest," according to your opinion. At least one other charming girl shares your opinion. That is Mary Hay Barthelmess, the "Missus" in the darkly fascinating hero's home. Mr. Barthelmess' age is twenty-eight. His summer home is at Mamaronock. But since Mrs. Barthelmess began playing in "Plain Jane," the menage has moved to New York. Mr. Barthelmess' permanent address is Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Ave., New York. Yes, Baby Marie Osborn still lends her charm to the screen. It was Pauline Garon who played *Tilly* in "Adam's Rib." May McAvoy is unmarried and, as far as the Answer Man knows, is fancy free.

WALTER, RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.—"Your star" is Malcolm McGregor, and you want to know where you can write him so that he will surely receive the letter. Address him, Metro, Hollywood, Calif.

Learn from the women who tax their skin the most . . . *and keep their faces loveliest*

TWO ESSENTIALS THEY NEVER FORGET

THE actress, the society woman, the modern young girl are the ones who have learned first how to care for their skin. Because they have been obliged to search and study until they have found the *right* way. In no other way could they go on subjecting their skin to the same conditions and keep it beautiful.

The whole secret of their loveliness today lies in giving their skin regularly the two things they have found are *indispensable* in keeping a woman's skin young and supple.

First—the kind of cleansing that frees their skin nightly from the tenseness of the day's strain and clears it of the collected dust and oil and cosmetics—restores its transparency and natural pliancy. This toning up at the end of every day is absolutely essential.

Second—they know it is imperative to render their skin immune at all times to strain, dirt, changes in temperature—to all the kinds of exposure that tend to coarsen it.

The society woman knows how to be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. She will not allow exposure to roughen or redden her skin, or fatigue to mark it with lines.



MAE MURRAY

Edwin Bower Heuer

The actress gives her complexion harder wear and demands more of it in return than almost any other woman. She must keep her skin fine and clear though she covers it with make-up. It must be fresh in spite of late weary hours. Her very success depends on her finding the right way to care for her skin.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS—POND'S
TWO CREAMS USED BY THE WOMEN WHO TAX
THEIR SKIN MOST AND KEEP IT LOVELIEST

SEND THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
127 Hudson St., N. Y.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

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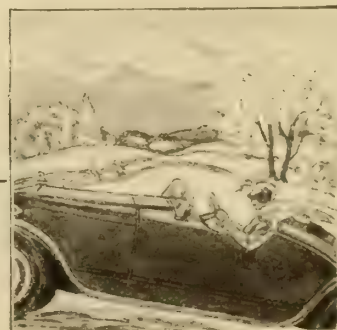
THE FAMOUS METHOD THAT MAKES IT EASY FOR THEM

TWO distinctly different face creams, each beautifully designed for its special purpose—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream. For years the whole effort of an old and much esteemed maker of toilet preparations was centered on these two preparations that were to answer the two vital needs of women's skin. Today millions of women are using these two creams, night and morning and sometimes during the day, to keep their skin perfectly fresh, supple, young.

Just the right amount, and finest quality of each ingredient to do the actual benefit to the skin for which each cream was formulated. Pond's Cold Cream not only cleanses exquisitely, it restores *each time* your skin's essential suppleness. And with Pond's Vanishing Cream, you have *unfailing* protection and the instant beauty of smooth skin under the powder. Buy both creams tonight at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

She insists on both—her career of cars and sports and the particular kind of complexion men bow to!

How the modern young girl does it is perfectly simple—according to her. She just goes in for taking care of it.





Is Edison Wrong?

Twelve college graduates adopt new professions to disprove his statement that college training kills versatility

PLAYING a minor rôle with Constance Binney in "Three O'clock in the Morning" is a tall, distinguished-looking man, slightly gray around the temples, who is making his screen debut. He is Le Roy Ellsworth Grooms, who has become a motion picture actor in an attempt to prove that Thomas A. Edison was all wrong when he said that college-trained men lack versatility.

Mr. Grooms is a Cornell graduate and, for fifteen years, has been a successful consulting mining chemist, located in Nevada. Last June the Sigma Phi fraternity held a convention in New York. Twelve members of the fraternity met one night at the University Club in Brooklyn. Mr. Edison had just made the statement that his son, who was about to be graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, would continue his studies toward another degree. The famous inventor stated that he believed that college training put men in a rut and that they could not change their occupations at will and be successful.

The twelve Sigma Phi men, all of whom had been out of college for about fifteen years and each of whom had been successful in his chosen profession, decided to test Mr. Edison's theory. The suggestion came from Mr. Grooms, who knew that he and all the others were sufficiently independent financially to be able to afford such an experiment.

In the group of men who decided upon this test were three lawyers, two stock brokers, two civil engineers, one physician, one mining engineer, one author, one consulting mining chemist and one capitalist. They represented six colleges—Amherst,

Harvard, Dartmouth, Cornell, Purdue and Northwestern.

The names of twelve professions were written on slips of paper. No profession was named which would require that a man should return to college to qualify for his new work, and no profession was named which was occupied by any one of the twelve. Each of the men promised to do his utmost to engage in the profession allotted to him and to devote one year to the test.

The twelve slips bore the titles—steel, farming, lumber, automobile, motion picture actor, cattle, building construction, stage actor, haberdashery, electrical engineer, steamship and undertaker. Incidentally, it may be mentioned here, that one of the most successful lawyers in his state drew the undertaker's job.

Mr. Grooms drew the slip which bound him to become a motion picture actor for one year, and he is the first of the twelve to enter upon his new profession. He is thirty-nine years old and he has jumped from the field of exact science, in which he has been for fifteen years, into the world of make-believe.

His trials and tribulations in seeking to enter his chosen profession were, at first, the usual kind. He says that after floundering about for some time, he secured proper introductions and was offered a job by C. C. Burr, himself a college graduate, at the studio at Glendale, Long Island. He found that director Kenneth Webb was also a college man and he was cast as a "business man type." His experiences from that time Mr. Grooms tells himself.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]



Did he have a right to suspect her?

DUNBAR was in a terrible state of mind. He was worried sick about his wife. He was madly in love with her and she had been acting very strangely during the past several months.

The thing that troubled him most was that she now responded very reluctantly to his affectionate advances. She wouldn't even let him kiss her. The whole state of affairs was driving him mad. He suspected everything. And, yet, he alone was to blame.

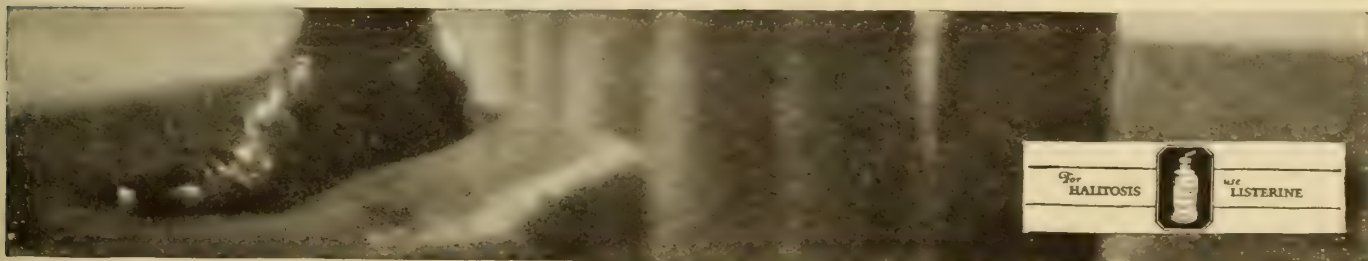
* * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And not only closest friends but wives and husbands dodge this one subject.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.





James Kirkwood and his wife, Lila Lee, on Mr. Kirkwood's first appearance at the studio after his serious accident. King Vidor seems glad to see him

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

WHAT is reported as the most remarkable preview ever staged happened last week in San Francisco, when "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln" was shown in a big theater there. The film went on unannounced after the regular picture, and the audience simply went wild. Twenty-two wild rounds of applause, five cheers, and continual tears and laughter were the report of unbiased spectators. Twice the audience rose to its feet spontaneously, and so great was the excitement within the theater that a crowd gathered outside. After the first run the audience insisted on the picture being run over, and they stayed until after one o'clock to see it.

And it didn't cost a million dollars to make, either. There is some impressive stuff, but the picture has a note of sincerity and simplicity that raises it from the realm of glittering entertainment into true art.

NATURALLY, they keep that sort of thing dark, but there seems to be no question that Joseph Schildkraut has been a terrible disappointment to the Norma Talmadge organization. He didn't live up to specifications for "Dust of Desire" and it is practically certain that he won't play *Romeo*. Aside from being too hard to handle, he seems to lack a certain fire and pep in much of his work.

AFTER a brief courtship, Irvin Willat, motion picture director, and Billie Dove, pretty screen actress, were married in Santa Monica the other day. They had planned to keep the wedding secret for some time, but it leaked out and very soon their friends were exclaiming in surprise and rushing around to congratulate them, so they announced the ceremony.

REGGIE DENNY is still living in a darkened room and wearing an eye bandage as the result of a serious injury suffered on the set with lights. Reggie was standing directly in front of a big sun arc, gazing off stage into it, when an electrician by mistake turned the arc on. The full glare hit Reggie directly in the eyes and completely blinded him. The strain was so great that, after his sight returned, three days later, the doctors still insisted upon complete rest for his eyes so that no further complications might result. Pretty Mrs. Denny and the seven-year-old Denny heiress, Barbara, are in constant attendance.

By the way, just to show you that we have old-fashioned neighborly ideas in Hollywood, Mae Murray declares that the Reginald Dennys are the nicest neighbors. "Reggie is always slipping over to the back door before I'm up with some ducks, or a bag of quail, or a piece of a deer, or some lovely mountain trout," she said the other day. "He is always out hunting or fishing for something and because we live across the street we're lucky enough to share in the spoils. It's so nice to have nice neighbors, isn't it?"

SOMEBODY gave Corinne Griffith a very fine and very good looking wire-haired fox terrier, and Corinne is devoted to her new pet, but she says he'll probably land her in jail yet.

She was in a smart shoe shop in the Ambassador Hotel the other day, looking for slippers, and friend dog was along. Suddenly he made a leap, dashed across the corridor and plunged into a window full of large rubber balls in the drug store opposite. By the time Corinne arrived, breathless, he had assassinated four of them, at a cost of one-fifty apiece. Gathering him under her arm, she went back to the shoe shop, only to find him three minutes later making hay of a pair of gold evening slippers, worth, as every woman knows, a week's salary. And when she took him out and parked him in the car he ate a hole in her new velour upholstery.



Here is Mildred Davis (Mrs. Harold Lloyd) taking Harold for a ride. This happened at Atlantic City, and Harold looks happy in spite of the desperate expression on the face of his demon chauffeur



He found her at last!
She was sitting in the
garden—just where
she belonged.

She quickly raised
her little mask up to her
eyes as he approached.

"Oh, never mind,
Fair Stranger—I know
who you are. You are
a rose disguised as a
Beautiful Lady."

Protecting your skin with powder and rouge

By MME. JEANNETTE

OH, you lucky women of today who know—or can learn—the pleasant roads to Beauty through fragrant avenues of cosmetics that help and do not harm! It is a proven fact that good cosmetics actually *benefit* the skin.

A pure, harmless vanishing cream, powder, or rouge, such as Pompeian, performs a distinctly beneficial service to the skin, in addition to its beautifying effect.

This service is that of protection. Creams, powders, and rouges all put a soft, gossamer film over the delicate surface of the skin that guards it from sun and wind, dust and dirt.

Again, the lip stick tends to protect the lips from chapping, roughening, and cracking. It keeps them soft and mobile.

Pompeian Day Cream (vanishing), Pompeian Beauty Powder, Pompeian Bloom (the rouge), and Pompeian Lip Stick, like all Pompeian Preparations, are absolutely pure and harmless. They are formulated with a care as great as though they were intended for medicinal uses and in a laboratory always scrupulously clean.

Coupled with their purity will be found the other desired qualities of cosmetics—naturalness of effect, high adhering property, attractiveness of perfume.

Do not overlook the importance of the Day Cream in achieving the most successful effects from the use of other Pompeian "Instant Beauty" Preparations. This cream provides a foundation for powder and rouge that makes them go on more smoothly, adhere much better, and blend with each other more perfectly than when they are used without it.



"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box
LIP STICK	25c each
FRAGRANCE	25c a can
NIGHT CREAM	60c per jar

(cold cream)

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Beauty Powder

IS YOUR SKIN A GRATEFUL SKIN?

There is an intriguing loveliness about a clear skin.

Rose-petal enchantments of the skin are much more possible to attain than the average woman realizes.

Pompeian Night Cream is a necessity to this cultivation of a lovely skin. It is a remarkable cleansing cream, and at the same time it has properties that make it healing and softening to the skin.

A Cleansing Cream

A dirty skin does not always declare its uncleanness by an immediate appearance of being dirty.

Pompeian Night Cream is supremely effective as a cleanser. It is pure, and scientifically compounded, and effectively accomplishes its work in cleaning the skin.

Just before retiring, and while your skin is still warm from the pleasant exercise of your bath, apply the Night Cream to your face and neck and shoulders. Use your finger tips for the application of the cream, rubbing it in swift little circular movements. This will loosen the dirt and release the closed pores to healthy activity. Wipe off with a soft, clean cloth.

A Softening Cream

The continued use of soap and water will make the average skin very harsh, and this harshness encourages wrinkles and other skin-unsightliness. Pompeian Night Cream counteracts this tendency and softens with its healing qualities.

If your skin is very dry it will be helpful for you to use this cream every morning and night regularly. But if your skin is oily it will be sufficient to give it a thorough cream bath at night only, following it with a quick ice rub.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté



Get 1924
Pompeian Panel and
Four Samples
For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7 1/2 in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon now.

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



There are a lot of people who think Irene Rich is one of the most fascinating women on the screen. After seeing her in "Rosita," we agree. She is also a renowned tennis player and here she is with her daughter (at left,) and one of the daughter's friends, after a set at Hollywood

"But he's so cute," says Corinne, with her slow smile.

WATTERSON R. ROTHACKER, who develops and prints the motion pictures you see, is offering prizes—of \$100, \$50, and \$25—for the three best slogans on Rothacker prints and service. This work has become a fine art and much of the success of a picture depends on the brilliancy and the painstaking effort which brings out all the detail. The contest is open to exhibitors, including theater employees, as well; all exchange workers, from office boy to manager; and all members of motion picture production companies. No limit is placed on the number of words that may be submitted, but brevity is likely to score heavily with the judges. The following will select the prizewinners: James R. Quirk, Editor of *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*; Martin J. Quigley, Editor of *Exhibitors Herald*; and William A. Johnston, Editor of *Motion Picture News*.

During the making of "The Warrens of Virginia" at the William Fox studios Director Elmer Clifton played Santa Claus for his cast. From left to right in this picture are Mr. Clifton, George Backus, Rosemary Hill, Martha Mansfield and Jimmy Ward



THERE are millions of men and women in the United States who want to be scenario writers, really to belong in the moving picture world, to earn large incomes, to travel. Well, it can be done, as John Lynch says in the December issue of *PHOTOPLAY*. The proof? A few days ago Miss Bradley King reached the last rung of the ladder. She sailed for Europe to get local color for her future scenarios. Born in New York, she went into pictures in California as an extra girl, determined to find her way into the writing of pictures. Now she has a salary larger than that earned by most bank presidents. Some of her recent pictures are: "Her Reputation," "A Man of Action," "What a Wife Learned," and what is probably going to be Blanche Sweet's greatest picture, "Anna Christie." It just shows what a girl can do if she works and works.

MAY McAVOY passed through Chicago recently on her way to Hollywood. She stayed in Chicago three days and, when she resumed her journey westward, she wore a large and expensive diamond ring which she did not have when she arrived. Glenn Hunter is playing in the stage version of "Merton of the Movies" in Chicago. The visit and the ring promptly revived the rumors which were prevalent in the East shortly before of an engagement. Mr. Hunter refused to talk. Miss McAvoy also refused to talk, but—she wore the ring.

They do say, around the Famous Players' Long Island City studio, that Glenn started for church one Sunday last fall when he and May were making "West of the Water Tower," and that he called on May instead. That was the time, say the gossips, when he asked the question which resulted in the wearing of the new ring.

IT came as a surprise to the film world, the announcement of Hope Hampton's marriage to Jules E. Brulatour. Mr. Brulatour has long been interested in Miss Hampton's career, and their names have often been linked together.

It came about in a rather curious way, the making public of their marriage. For they were married in Baltimore last August, and had planned to keep the ceremony secret for some time. But coincidence has a long arm, and it chanced that a certain marriage license clerk in Baltimore went to see the picture called "The Gold Diggers." And when Hope, as digger-in-chief, was flashed upon the screen, he easily identified her as one Mary E. Hampton, aged 23, whose marriage license he had made out. Being a thoughtful man he telephoned his dis-

Why, Without Realizing It, You May Need

for Economical Transportation



There are three main groups of prospective buyers of Chevrolet automobiles and commercial cars.

First, are all who know from comparisons or through the experiences of friends that Chevrolet provides the utmost dollar value in modern, economical transportation of people or merchandise. This group constitutes our spontaneous market; its members walk right into our dealers' places of business and buy Chevrolets.

Second, the large group of people with modest incomes who have the false impression that so good a car as Chevrolet is beyond their means.

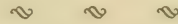
They do not realize that due to engineering excellence and full modern equipment, Chevrolet operating and maintenance costs average so low that during the life of the car, it delivers modern, comfortable, fast transportation at the lowest cost per mile, *including the purchase price.*

The tremendous growth of our business during the last

two years has been due to the shifting of thousands from this group to the first group.

Third, the smaller but very important group of people of ample means, able to buy the highest priced cars, only a small percentage of whom as yet realize that Chevrolet combines quality features of much higher priced cars with such operating economy that as an extra car it virtually costs them nothing, due to the reduction in their transportation expenses effected by it.

Every 2- or 3-car private garage in the country should have at least one Chevrolet for daily use going to and from work or for milady's shopping, neighborhood calls, taking the children to school, etc.



This message, then, is addressed to all in the second and third groups. We respectfully suggest consideration, investigation and comparison of Chevrolet with any other car at any price. The result will be to our mutual benefit.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster	- - -	\$490
Superior Touring	- - -	495
Superior Utility Coupe	- - -	640
Superior Sedan	- - -	795

Commercial Cars

Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	- 495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550





Long, long ago—not in years, but in motion picture history—Viola Dana and her sister Shirley Mason appeared in a Kodak advertising movie entitled “The Kodak Honeymoon.” Viola is the young lady in checked gingham, Shirley is the second child to her left. Below, a snapshot of Viola, made with the to-be star’s own little brownie camera. She hasn’t changed much, has she?

possibly convince Marie that a smile is any relaxation).

“No,” he told her, “you do not have to laugh some more today. Go home and rest. Maybe some more laughs tomorrow!”

That’s how Marie laughed her way into a workless afternoon.

AND now it has been announced that Anita Stewart is going to take a flyer into vaudeville, that Tom Moore will open, this winter, in a Broadway play, and that Bessie Barriscale will also produce a legitimate drama. Lowell Sherman is packing ‘em in at “Casanova,” and Alice Brady is considering a comedy. Sessue Hayakawa will desert the screen for the stage and Pauline Frederick is thinking about it. But here is a ray of light. Naomi Childers—she of the cameo profile—and Alice Joyce are about to return seriously to the silver sheet.

AND now William de Mille has thought of an appeal to the senses that goes even brother Cecil one better. Only William is making use of the sense of smell in his production of better pictures. No soft violins for William de Mille. No furs and satins and tiger skins and jewels. William finds out the name of his leading lady’s perfume, gets a bottle (of the perfume) and pours a goodly portion of it into a saucer. And then, when the lady is called upon to emote, he turns on an electric fan, just behind the saucer, and a perfumed breeze blows across the set.

And, take it from William, the result is worth the trouble.

STARS may get admiring letters and requests for photographs. But S. L. Rothafel, who put the Capitol Theater on the air, every Sunday evening via radio, gets something more substantial from his fans. Listed are a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 60]

covery to the newspapers—and the next morning the story was out, and the Brulatours were receiving congratulations.

THOUSANDS of motion picture lovers will sympathize with Thomas Meighan in the loss of his father, who died recently at his home in Pittsburgh. He was seventy-four years old and left a family of seven children; five sons, Thomas, John, William, James and King, and two daughters, Mary and Margaret. Up until his recent illness Mr. Meighan spent a great deal of his time with his son, Thomas, and was a familiar figure around the studios. Whenever he came to New York he was always a guest at the Lambs Club. He was head of the Pittsburgh Facing Mills until ten years ago, when he retired from business. He was a charter member of the Knights of Columbus and a member of the Elks lodge in Pittsburgh.

MARIE PREVOST is one of the stars employed in making “The Marriage Circle,” Ernst Lubitsch’s newest production. And her part calls for laughter, steady laughter—five hundred laughs an hour—almost. The other day her facial muscles became so tired that she just couldn’t manage another laugh—for laughter can’t be faked, by glycerine, as are tears.

“Oh, Mr. Lubitsch,” she protested, “don’t tell me that I have to laugh again! I’m just about through!”

Lubitsch looked at her, and his serious face relaxed into a smile (although you couldn’t



Alice Calhoun, if she ever decides to give up the screen, can earn her living in an architect’s office. She’s skilled in designing and in geometrical problems. It’s an odd talent for a woman—especially such a pretty woman.



—and all is Vanity Fair

THE really smart woman prefers silk underthings for wear on every occasion. Vanity Fair has made it possible to secure delightful, dainty garments specially designed for particular uses.

There is a Vanity Fair creation for every requirement, from comfortable garments for everyday and sportswear, to delectable affairs for wear with your loveliest evening frocks.

They Make Charming Christmas Gifts

Vanity Fair Silk Underwear means economical silk underwear. You'll wear it month after month and it will still retain the beguiling beauty that delighted you when you first bought it.

Vanity Fair Silk Undergarments are made in four weights of glove silk as well as in Vanity Fair's own new weave with its delightful shadow-stripes—"Vanitisilk", and its length will not shrink away! All finely woven fabrics that will long outwear ordinary materials.

You'll find Vanity Fair at smart shops, and we will be glad to tell you the name of the nearest dealer if you will send a card to the Vanity Fair Silk Mills, Reading, Pa.



Vanity Fair

SILK UNDERWEAR

AND HOSIERY

Easy to Play Easy to Pay



Donald Clark, Soloist with the famous

Paul Whiteman's Orchestra

Victor Records by Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra are all played with Buescher Instruments.

Sax Invented,
Buescher
Perfected
the Saxophone

BUESCHER

True-Tone Saxophone

The Buescher Saxophone is so perfected and simplified that it is the easiest of all musical instruments to learn. It is the one instrument that everyone can play—and it wholly satisfies that craving everybody has to personally produce music.

With the aid of the first three lessons, which are sent free (upon request) with each new Saxophone, the scale can be mastered in an hour; in a few weeks you can be playing popular music. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 90 days, if you so desire.

For Bands and Orchestras, for church, lodge and school musical affairs, for social and home entertainment, the Saxophone is the most popular instrument and one of the most beautiful. A good Saxophone player is always popular socially and enjoys many opportunities to earn money. Saxophone players are always in demand for dance orchestras. Every town should have a Saxophone quartette or orchestra.

Try It in Your Own Home

You may order any Buescher Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other Band or Orchestral Instrument and try it six days in your own home, without obligation. Easy terms of payment may be arranged if preferred. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed free.

Buescher-Grand Trumpet

Especially easy to blow, with an improved bore and new proportions. With the mute in, it blows so softly and sweetly that practice never annoys. A splendid home instrument.



Free Saxophone Book

We have prepared a very interesting book on the history and development of the Saxophone. It tells which saxophone takes violin, cello and bass parts and many other things you would like to know. Also illustrates first lesson. Every music lover should have a copy. It is sent free on request. Just send your name for a copy.

BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.

Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
2216 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Buescher Band Instrument Co.
2216 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.

Gentlemen:

I am interested in the instrument checked below:

Saxophone..... Cornet..... Trombone..... Trumpet.....
(Mention any other instrument interested in)

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town..... State.....



The reason for these pictures is that there was received in PHOTOPLAY office, recently, an engraved card, stating that Mrs. Bertha Dove announced the marriage of her daughter, Miss Billie Dove, to Irvin Victor Willat, at Hollywood. Everyone knows who Billie Dove is. Mr. Willat is a well-known director

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

few of the gifts that he has received since his radio concerts became popular.

- Fresh flowers.
- Fresh fruit.
- Fresh fish.
- 2 pair pink sleeve garters.
- 1 book of poetry (from the author).
- 1 oil painting (from the artist).
- 141 ballads (from the composers).
- 7 original cartoons.
- 1 airedale.
- 1 police dog.
- 238 postals from radio fans on vacations.
- 17 postals from honeymoon couples at Niagara Falls.
- 92 ditto from ditto at Washington, D. C.
- 1 hand embroidered whiskbroom holder.
- 1 quart bottle of—

BARBARA-LA MARR did more than create a difficult part in "The Eternal City" while in Rome. She discovered a genius—no less. No, not a screen star. A tenor.

His name is Higgins—Daniel Higgins. Before the war he sang in the *Follies Bergere*, on the same bill with the lamented Gaby Deslys. Then along came the invasion of Belgium, and Dan heard the call to arms. He got along all right until an engagement at Mons—where he was wounded. After a slow convalescence he dropped into obscurity, and Miss La Marr heard him singing in a little Parisian cafe. She and her husband, Jack Dougherty, brought him back with them, to America. He is staying with them at their Hollywood home, and Miss La Marr has introduced him to the world by giving a large musicale. Rumor has it that he has been signed by a well known manager to make a vaudeville tour.

THEY'RE having a lot of fun, up in Massachusetts, making some of the episodes of D. W. Griffith's forth-coming spectacle, "America." The descendants of the minute men are getting out family heirlooms in the shape of muskets and drums and blue coats—and the narrow streets of many old towns are

consequently camouflaged most remarkably.

But one incident dared to hold up the making of the Griffith picture. The horse that Paul Revere rode was ordered from New York—a specially grand horse, of a color that the historians had agreed upon. And the horse, which was brought to New England by boat, became seasick.

So seasick, indeed, that he could not carry Paul upon his w.k. ride.

"WHAT do you think of Hollywood?" someone asked Alan Crosland, directing "Three Weeks."

"Terrible," he replied. "Ignorance and illiteracy among actors is appalling. For example, I know two famous stars who can hardly read or write."

"Who are they?" the questioner asked excitedly.

"Jack Coogan and Baby Peggy."

IT probably was Dulcy who first asked, "Ain't Nature wonderful?" but it has remained for the motion picture to prove that at times the face of even Nature may be changed to good advantage. For instance, King Vidor was down in Florida, making "Wild Oranges," from the Hergesheimer story, with Virginia Valli and Frank Mayo in the leading rôles. An alleged funny man asked Vidor one day: "What makes oranges wild?"

Without a smile, Vidor replied:

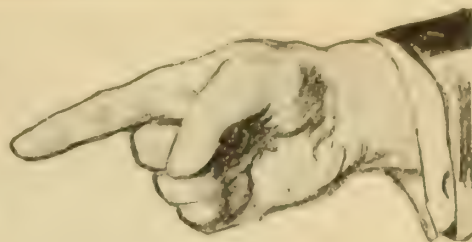
"Making them up, I guess."

"Making them up?" said the questioner.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said Vidor, "you know yellow photographs white. When John Boyle, our camera man, developed his first shots of oranges, they looked like new baseballs. They showed up white and of course that wouldn't do. So we called in George Elder, the property man. He used up pounds of grease paint and rouge on those oranges, but he finally struck a combination which was satisfactory. Probably being smeared up with all that paint is what makes them wild."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



A motion picture that is awaited with keen interest

SIR Hall Caine, one of the world's most popular authors, has written a thrilling story which has just been produced at the Goldwyn Studios.

"Name The Man!" is the title.

This picture, which for simple, powerful, sincere drama ranks as a great work of screen art, is directed by Victor Seastrom.

Victor Seastrom is internationally known as one of the most able of all motion picture directors.

Sir Hall Caine, and Victor

Seastrom have combined to make a real entertainment for you.

"Name The Man!" is a story that bares the soul of a girl who gave blindly on the altar of love. It mounts steadily in dramatic tension.

The wise ones of studioland have whispered that a thrilling surprise awaits the public. To that public which seeks Life, tender yet unconquerable, here is the supreme offering of an understanding heart. Goldwyn presents



VICTOR
SEASTROM
Director

NAME THE MAN!

Adapted from the novel "The Master of Man"



CONRAD
NAGEL



MAE
BUSCH



PATSY RUTH
MILLER



HOBART
BOSWORTH



AILEEN
PRINGLE



CREIGHTON
HALE



SIR HALL
CAINE
Author

Screen adaptation by Paul Bern. Editorial Director JUNE MATHIS.

A Goldwyn Picture. Distributed by Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan.

The Charm of a Hearth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]



Messrs.

Verhagen & Co.

24 MULTATULI BOULEVARD
BANDOENG, JAVA, D.E.S.
BANK: NEDERL. HANDEL MY.



*Offer at moderate prices
the beautiful*

Art Products
of Java, Sumatra, Bali
and Borneo

We hold a fine stock of
the following articles:

BATIK

Table covers, wall panels, cushion-covers, ties, etc.; also native-worked

COPPER and BRASS

vases, bowls, plates, card-trays, ash-trays, etc. etc.; engraved by hand by the natives of the above countries.

TORTOISE SHELL

hair ornaments, trays, etc. and various articles in hand-made

HORN WORK

such as paper-knives, miniature krises, salad forks and spoons, pickle tongs, egg and salt spoons, etc., and

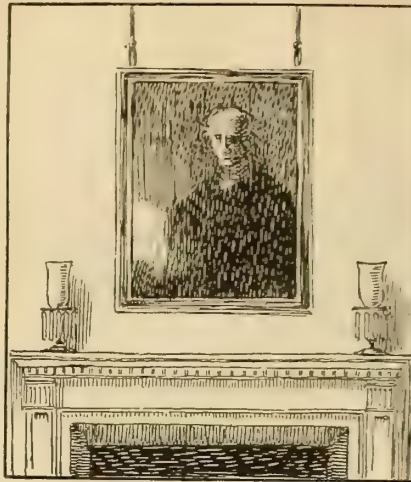
Fancy Articles of All Kinds

Enquiries invited.

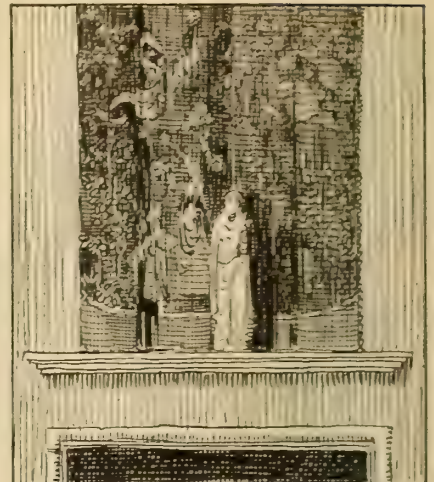
*All correspondence shall receive
special attention.*

We guarantee all goods to be genuine

Native Manufacture



The decorative possibilities of the over-mantel are infinite. If your treatment is a portrait, then all that is needed is two candelabra, placed one at each end of the shelf



Before a colorful hanging should be placed a simple single figure, of wood, porcelain, or terra cotta, of a character in keeping with the kind of hanging used

and porcelain bric-a-brac, that could be crammed on to it. It was a typical example of architectural thoughtlessness and home-building stupidity that characterized our houses a few decades ago. Its metalled and lacquered convolutions must have been the glory of some iron puddler's art.

But a few bolts loosened here and there, a few sturdy heaves at wall plugs, and the top came nicely off. Fortunately the walls were going to be repapered anyhow. A little white paint on the woodwork, a little dark paint on the remainder of the mantel, and we have the result shown in the sketch on the right. Not perfect, by any means, but far better than the first. And proof positive that expense is not the measure of merit.

There is so wide a choice of mantels today

that it would be foolish to say here which would be the best. Tempered, of course, by the architectural restrictions of the house, personal preference always dictates the choice. Mantels can be of wood, stone, brick, tile, or what not. Or they can be a combination of a number of these. It should be noted, however, that highly glazed tile—in any colour—or smooth pressed brick, make unattractive mantels. Simplicity should be the keynote, for not only is a simple mantel more beautiful but it is more economical,—whether it be of stone, brick, wood, or tile.

The writer's personal choice has always been the wood mantel. These can be had in the charming simplicity of early American mouldings, or the dainty carvings of Adam, Sheraton,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



A simple treatment of the paneled over-mantel. In this instance an interesting note is given by the ship's model placed on the shelf

"Judgment of the Storm"

A Palmer Production

MYRTLE
STEDMAN
as
"Mrs.
Trevor"

LLOYD HUGHES
as "John Trevor"

PHILO
Mc
CULLOUGH
as "Martin
Freeland"

CLAIRE
McDOWELL
as
"Mrs. Heath"

BRUCE GORDON
as
"Dave Heath"



GEORGE
HACKA THORNE
as
"Bob Heath"

LUCILLE
RICKSEN
as
"Mary Heath"



"The
Heath
Twins"

CASSON
FERGUSON
as
"The
Waster"

ARTHUR MILLETTE
as "Keenan"

Directed by
Del Andrews
Produced by
PALMER PHOTOPLAY
CORPORATION
Distributed by
FILM BOOKING
OFFICES OF AMERICA
Ask your theatre
when it will be
shown
Coming Releases:
"UNGUARDED GATES"
"LOST"

The Story that brought \$1,000 Cash and Royalties to an Obscure Housewife

THE newest and most significant experiment in motion pictures comes before the theatre-goers of the country with the current release of the first Palmer Production "Judgment of the Storm."

This picture is the advance guard of screen drama which is genuinely of the people, by the people, and for the people.

It was written by a housewife, the wife of a Pittsburgh factory foreman. It was based on an astounding dramatic episode in the lives of people of her acquaintance.

Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton, the author, had never written for the screen. But through its remarkable Creative Test, the educational department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is now conducting a nation-wide search for new writing talent, discovered her.

Authors Share in Profits

This institution is proud of the result. It is proud to stand behind the production of "Judgment of the Storm" as embodying the ideals for which it strives. It is proud to stand behind the other forthcoming Palmer productions which likewise give to the screen the fresh imagination of new writers discovered through the same Creative Test that brought Mrs. Middleton national recognition. They are "Unguarded Gates," by a former salesman; "Lost," by a former mechanical engineer, and a third as yet unnamed, by a country doctor.

An advance of \$1,000 cash on royalties has been paid each author and each will receive, besides, a percentage of the producer's profits for five years.

"Judgment of the Storm" tells a richly warm and human drama, yet it is not one bit more dramatic than the personal story of its author.

Copyright 1923—Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Like hosts of theatre-goers, the Pittsburgh housewife for years had experienced increasing disappointment with motion pictures. Casts and settings were the best, but the stories told were often cheap, tawdry and insincere. Like thousands of others, she said to herself "I believe I could write a better story than that."

She Clipped the Coupon

Then one day her attention was drawn to a coupon—the same coupon that appears at the bottom of this page. It told of the need for new screen writers, and of the Creative Test evolved by this institution.

She clipped the coupon, mailed it, and today—as a direct result of that one, simple, little act—she is on the highroad to success as a screen writer. Instead of an obscure housewife known only to a little circle of acquaintances, she is today a famous writer whose name flashes nightly before the eyes of millions of theatre-goers in thousands of theatres.

SEE THE PICTURE— READ THE BOOK!

"Judgment of the Storm" was written directly for the screen. But its dramatic appeal is so powerful that the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., has novelized the screen story. Under the same title as the picture the novel will be on sale wherever the picture is shown.

Will This Test Discover You?

No cost or obligation of any sort is involved in filling out the coupon. It will bring the Creative Test—with which a fascinating evening can be spent. If the result, as determined by this institution's educational department shows absence of dramatic creativeness, you will be told so frankly and promptly. If, on the other hand, such qualities are indicated, the same co-operation extended to the housewife, the salesman, the mechanical engineer, the country doctor and many others who have succeeded in this new field will be made available to you.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation
Production Division, Sec.
Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Cal.
332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
527 Fifth Ave., New York

Save time by
addressing
nearest office

Without cost or obligation please send me the Palmer Creative Test which will tell me whether I have the creative ability—for which there is such demand in the motion picture industry.

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY.....STATE.....

All correspondence strictly confidential

Every hair in a child's head cries out for proper care

A CHILD'S hair must be properly shampooed for the sake of future hair health as well as for present loveliness.



Suppose you could get a shampoo as pure as certified milk—as mild as soft water—as fragrant as a wild flower, and even more *cleansing* than the usual harsh, ill-smelling soap?

You can! Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo is soothing to the tenderest scalp. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and removes all the dust, dirt and dandruff—the chief cause of hair trouble. And it keeps the hair soft, fluffy and clean.

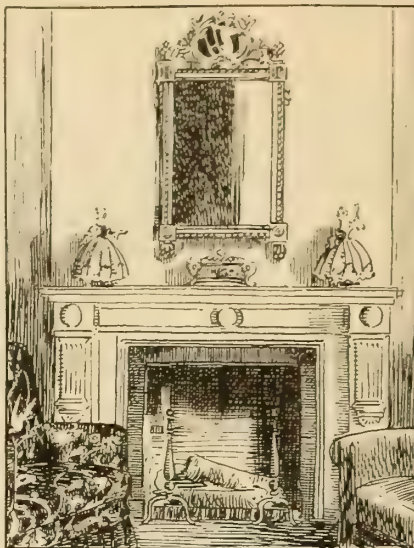
It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair *healthy*, and sweet enough to kiss.

WILDROOT COMPANY, Inc.
Buffalo New York

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

The Charm of a Hearth

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]



The obvious thing to put over the mantel shelf is a mirror

or Chippendale. Painted white or ivory, they lend themselves to almost any scheme of modern decoration. When worn, or soiled, they can always be repainted without necessitating the painting of the rest of the room. Brass, pewter, or porcelain ornaments lend themselves readily to mantel-shelf decoration on this type of mantel. Polished brass, or wrought iron fireplace furniture stands out in pleasing contrast.

But this is a personal preference only. Make your mantel what you please, so long as you observe the architectural limitations of your room, and make simplicity the keynote.

After we have our mantel, our next consideration is the fireplace and accessories. If the fireplace is for burning coal, then a basket in keeping with the mantel should be used. Or if it is for logs, then the andirons, or "firedogs," should be of a design in keeping with the whole. A fireplace set consisting of a poker, tongs, shovel, and hearth brush, a screen to keep sparks off the carpet, and perhaps a fender, complete the equipment.

THE most serious decorative consideration we have is the treatment of the mantel shelf, and the over-mantel, as that part of the wall above the mantel is called. Our problem is twofold. The mantel shelf should be treated as one unit, the over-mantel as another. Yet the two should be in harmony.

The most important, perhaps, is the over-mantel. And its decorative possibilities are infinite. If the furnishings of the room are too much of one hue, then variety of colour can be displayed in the over-mantel treatment. The decorative object can be a picture, as in the right hand sketch at the head of the article, or the portrait, or the colorful hanging, both shown on page 98. The obvious thing to put over the mantel shelf is a mirror, as in the upper illustration on page 100. In certain types of rooms, especially those in early American style, the over-mantel can be simply panelled, as at bottom of page 98.

Sometimes in these panels was put a colored map of the surrounding country, or perhaps such a map in plastic relief. There is no limit to the ways in which an over-mantel can be treated. The objects used in decoration should be in scale to the whole mantel, and they should, if possible, be in keeping with the general character of the rest of the room furnishings, not only in design, but in coloring.

Next in importance is the mantel shelf decoration. And this is the chief point of decorative peril. Restraint should be the keynote.

in the number and nature of the objects to be placed. Perhaps we can clear the way by a number of "don't's." Do not put small objects on a large mantel, nor large objects on a small mantel. Do not use framed photographs, or souvenirs of travel. Do not make the decorative arrangement stiff. Do not attach draperies to the mantel shelf. Do not make the mantel a repository for all the gimcracks, and gewgaws that you pick up. Restraint, we say again, should be the keynote. Nothing so vitiates an effect as overcrowding. The rule should be "select, and select again."

A SAFE procedure would be to limit the shelf decoration to three ornaments, until the peculiarities of the room are discovered. These three ornaments must be sufficiently important in size, and beautiful in shape and colour. Before the shelf is decorated, the over-mantel treatment should be studied, and the whole planned to give balance and repose. Nothing so destroys repose as a cluttering of objects. If your treatment is a portrait, as on page 98, then all that is needed is two candelabra, placed one at each end of the shelf. Before a colorful hanging—on same page—there should be placed a simple single figure, of wood, porcelain, or terra cotta, of a character in keeping with the kind of hanging. Our "rule of three" is followed out in the upper sketch on page 100. The dainty French character of the fireplace and the mirror is reflected in the ornaments used on the shelf. In the lower sketch on page 98 we have the simple treatment of the panelled over-mantel. In this instance an interesting note is given by the ship's model placed on the shelf. On page 100 we have still another example of mantel treatment, in the lower sketch, in which there is no over-mantel decoration. Three balancing objects supply the shelf with proper accent, and the flowers from the vases extend up into the over-mantel, and supply the accent needed there. The subtle art of arranging flowers well is needed to make this type successful.

These are some of the things that can be used in mantel decoration: Branched candlesticks, porcelains, busts and statuettes, candelabra, Chinese dogs, cockatoos, hangings—silk or tapestry—mirrors, panels, plaques, pottery, metal objects, glass.

No other improvement means as much to the appearance of a room as a good mantel.

If you are remodelling an old house, or building a new one, make your fireplace and mantel what they should be. Without a good, usable fireplace a room is as a love story without a hero. And remember, the character of the occupants is made evident by the decorative accessories that are a part of a mantel's decorative function.



Another example of mantel decoration, in which three balancing objects supply the shelf with proper accent. The subtle art of arranging flowers is needed to make this type successful.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH— Vitagraph

A FINE stellar cast—including Mary Carr (absurdly miscast), Mary MacLaren and James Morrison—and little Madge Evans, grown up to be almost a woman, staging something of a comeback. Not much of a picture, unfortunately, with a weak plot and weaker direction. The sentimental passages somehow don't seem to register, and the pathos turns out to be bathos.

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro

THE pastor of a mission church is confronted with his past, in the shape of a charming actress. Of course the pastor is blameless—and always did resemble Caesar's wife. But through the efforts of the lady, and in order to shield the honor of his sweetheart's brother, he gets into a peck of trouble and is denounced by his congregation. Everything ends well, and the organist plays the doxology.

THE TEMPLE OF VENUS—Fox

THIS picture contains a little of everything that producers consider sure box-office attraction. It has a love story, strong dashes of ultra-jazz, hordes of bathing girls and nymphs in advanced stages of undress, and some really beautiful scenic shots, all placed against a background of ancient mythology. Fine shots of the surf, the birds and the seals at Catalina Island. Mary Philbin is the heroine.

A MILLION TO BURN—Universal

WITH Herbert Rawlinson as the incendiary, this is no Fourth of July celebration. But it's an easy and amusing way in which to spend an hour—and if the time does not fly as fast as the money, it's not the fault of a hard-working cast. Built around the idea of a young hotel manager who tries to make his hostelry into a modern Utopia. And, of course, fails.

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro

VIOLA DANA, as a society girl with too much money and too little real purpose in life, decides to impersonate an Apache (we forgot to mention that the scene was laid in Paris). And, while doing her impersonation she sees something of living conditions in the slums—something of the seamy side of things. Naturally her masquerade results in a love affair and a changed point of view.

THE LONE RANGER—Aywon

THIS title doesn't lead you to expect much. The result is you're not disappointed. Once again we have the Texas Ranger sent to get his man. J. B. Warner does it in the usual way with the blonde heroine as his reward. The picture has one great advantage—it enables you to see all the "westerns" for a single price of admission. There are, however, more agreeable ways of spending an evening.

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN—F. B. O.

ACCORDING to this machine-made story by Owen Davis, if you blow your own horn hard enough, and long enough, you'll blow yourself right into a million dollars and a "happy ending." A discouraged war veteran puts the slogan to use, perfects a radio invention, and rescues the imperiled girl of his dreams from an electric-charged room. The best that may be said of the piece, however, is that it's just a picture.

BIG DAN—Fox

THE hero is kind to little children, rescues innocent girls from the clutches of villainous scoundrels, never smokes, never drinks, and is good to his mother. In fact Dan is a little too good to be true. Like so many virtuous husbands, he has a faithless wife. But she dies at the right moment so that he may start life anew. Frederick and Fanny Hatton have furnished this stereotyped story which is hardly food for grown-up intellects.



A bad habit that should be stopped

YOU'VE often seen people thumb the bristles in a tooth brush. This is a dangerous habit. For careless fingers frequently carry dirt—even infection.

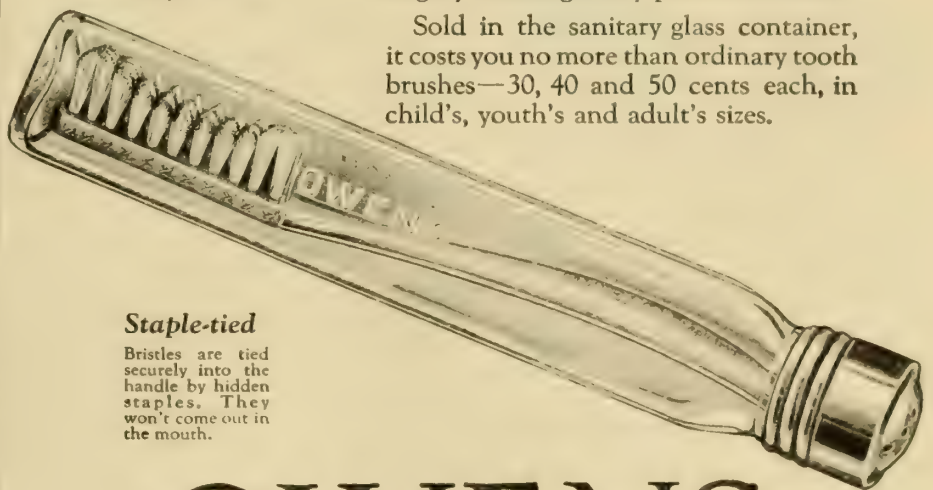
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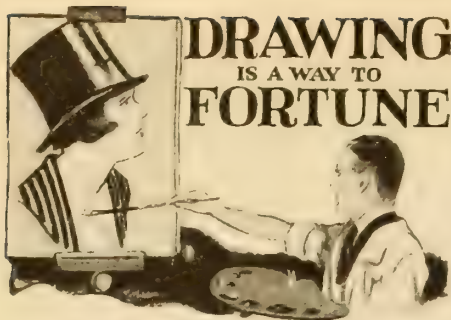
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OUR HOSPITALITY—Metro

BUSTER KEATON evidently thinks he is a good enough comedian to do without a story and situations. Mr. Keaton is right. He is too good a comedian to do without them. This was apparently intended to be a travesty on the old feud "stuff," but one is never quite sure whether it was meant to be comedy or tragedy. You'll get a chance to see Buster Jr., and a thrill at the sight of his illustrious Dad dangling on the end of a log over a waterfall—but that's about all.

THE LOVE PIRATE—Film Booking Offices

CARMEL MYERS and Kathryn McGuire make this production show a gleam of beauty. But the plot is commonplace and the rest of the cast seems rather ordinary. The theme has to do with the owner of a disreputable cafe who sells liquor and does other unlawful things; with his wife, her cousin, the district attorney, and with two cabaret girls.

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE—Vitagraph

THIS is a poor adaptation of the famous mystery novel by Anna Katherine Green. There is in the picture very little of the suspense that made the book a best seller. The solving of the mystery was what made the novel, and this the picture practically ignores. Seena Owen and Martha Mansfield are the best of the cast.

CROOKED ALLEY—Universal

THIS *Boston Blackie* story is not well done. The people in it do not live—with the exception of Laura La Plante, who is always sweet and pleasing. All about a convict's daughter who revenges herself upon a hard-hearted judge through his only son. The plot turns into a boomerang, with the boy and girl falling desperately in love.

THE WAY MEN LOVE—Grand-Ashur Prod.

THIS isn't at all what you might suppose from the tricky box-office title. True, there is a villain who tries persistently to ruin the heroine (played by Mildred Harris), but the hero is a man of religion who goes in for faith healing, and turning the other cheek, and wearing a beard. This picture gets off to a good start, but the story grows weaker, reel by reel.

MODERN MATRIMONY—Select

DEPENDING upon homely domestic sentiment, and a simple and rather conventional love story, this offering is dedicated to the young man about to take the fatal plunge under the delusion that two can live as cheaply as one. One of those farces in which a word of explanation would end the suspense and also the action. At times a trifle tedious, but in the main pleasant entertainment.

YOU ARE IN DANGER—Commonwealth

THIS is probably a convincing argument for or against something, but it fails to leave you quite clear as to the nature of that some-

thing. A good little country boy goes to the city in search of a career. He gets in with a gang of crooks, and kindles the first spark of real love in the heart of an adventuress who tries to win him from his small town sweetheart. But she never had a chance. Should be listed in "the fewer, the better" class.

FOOLISH PARENTS—Associated Exhibitors

THOSE who find life interesting will be interested in this picturization of it. Foolish parents happen in the best regulated families, but now and then they get on to their weaknesses before it's too late, and save the pieces of the old matrimonial shipwreck. Whatever their faults, however, after viewing this domestic difference you'll be convinced that marriage is a great institution and that no family should be without it.

THE BAREFOOT BOY—Commonwealth

YOU'LL swallow your Adam's apple again and again at this picture based on Whittier's poem. It is so simple, so lifelike that you forget the movies, and feel yourself an actual observer in a small town where a forlorn and kindly little country boy is made the butt of everyone's wrongdoing. It has the virtue—uncommon in the cinema—of making you believe it, and while the first half is better than the second, it is all worth seeing.

THE FORBIDDEN LOVER—Selznick

THE time, the days of the early Spanish settlers. The place is California. The girl, a senorita about to be married, against her will, to a six-cylinder bandit, when her "forbidden lover," an Americano, steps upon the screen. After the fireworks the senorita decides to pick her own husband, as girls will. The only other excitement is over a string of pearls and a murdered padre, but none of it is likely to keep you awake nights.

THE MONKEY'S PAW—Selznick

THE evident aim of this film is so high, its literary merit so good, the producer should be praised for his endeavor. It has faults, as what picture has not, but, at least, it is an intelligent work, an effort to stimulate thought, and something of a relief after quantities of cinematic ice cream and lady fingers. The interest in the story by W. W. Jacobs centers about a talisman from which the piece gets its title.

MEN IN THE RAW—Universal

THIS was produced by a familiar formula. The recipe is as follows: Take one photoplay. Extract much of the photo. Then remove all of the play. Fill the resultant vacuum with a little prairie wildflower, a villain, a wrongly accused hero, a band of cattle rustlers and a half-dozen aces from the open spaces. Jack Hoxie is not much of an actor. When he rides, however, everything is forgiven. And usually he rides.

Why Are Certain Women Attractive to Men?

How are we to account for the fact a plain face often proves more fascinating than beauty at a social gathering? This subject is discussed and analyzed by Herbert Howe—authority on screen personalities—

February Issue of **PHOTOPLAY** Out January 15th

What Chance Has a Man in Pictures?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

thing was too pathetic for words. But it's just one of the stories Hollywood has to tell.

A few mornings before Mc Gregor had found a note under the door.

It was from the milkman, requesting a photograph.

"When I gave it to him he told me he had been in pictures. A fine looking fellow, and intelligent. He had played some small parts, but the sledding was hard so he had to take what ever work he could find to keep going.

"You see they don't go back home," said Mac. "I never would have gone back, either. They become chauffeurs, salesmen, waiters. It's a hard game."

Of course, there are any number of hopeless screen-struck ones, but there are also any number who have tackled the business in a thoroughly business-like manner, believing it offers greater opportunities than any other profession. To this last order Mc Gregor belongs.

He had a chance to follow in the footsteps of his father, a wealthy clothing manufacturer. The work did not appeal to him. He didn't feel he fitted.

SO the adventuring spirit that once took him on a wild cruise to China brought him to the gates of Hollywood. Katherine MacDonald, whom he had met in the East before she entered pictures, gave him letters to several casting directors, and did all she could for him.

"But no one can help you in this business," says Mac. "I know, because I've tried to help other fellows and found that I usually did them more harm than good.

"Directors naturally look with suspicion upon anyone who is introduced as a friend or relative."

With a letter from Miss MacDonald, Mac called on the Lasky casting director—and got a job as extra. He worked for two days, then was idle two weeks.

He went from studio to studio for a year, playing extra. Did any director note his good looks and his magnetic personality, and pick him out from a mob? "They did not!" says Mac emphatically.

If Griffith had seen him he might have been picked, but Griffith was working in the East. Rex Ingram did see him, after Mac had been knocking about for a year and a half as an extra, and he engaged him for the first available role—that of Fritz in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Ingram believes him to be the best let among the young American leading men.

Only great directors dare to make discoveries, and there are only one Ingram and one Griffith in the business.

The caste system in the Hollywood studios is rigid. The extra does not talk with stars and directors.

"Only one star ever spoke to me while I was playing extra," remarked Mac, "and I spoke to her first. That was Leatrice Joy. I took the courage to compliment her upon a very difficult scene in which she had worked nearly all one terrible hot day, and she was very charming.

"But stars do not have time to talk with extras and to hear their troubles; they couldn't help if they did."

Even when the beginner has achieved a rung above that of extra his troubles are far from over. In fact, they only have a good start. While still playing extra Mc Gregor was summoned for a small part in a Katherine MacDonald picture. But the director said he wouldn't do.

"You look too much like a leading man," he said. "The fans might prefer you to the hero. You are only good for leads."

Either you're too good or not good enough; there's always a reason against you.



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Film also causes most tooth troubles, and very few escape them. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

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Dental science has found two effective ways to daily fight that film. One acts to disintegrate the film at all stages of formation. The other removes it without harmful scouring.

After many careful tests these methods were embodied in a new-type tooth

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Other discoveries

A way was also found to multiply the alkalinity of the saliva as well as its starch digestant. Those are Nature's agents for neutralizing acid and digesting starch deposits. Pepsodent with every use gives them manifold effect.

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Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing.

IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contact or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

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Fortunately Rex Ingram considered McGregor just right for the rôle of Fritz in "Zenda."

"I didn't know whether or not he could act," says Rex, "but I did know he could wear a uniform better than anyone in pictures, with the exception of Eric Von Stroheim."

Rex is not given to complimenting his players. But his wife, Alice Terry, is not averse to spreading glad tidings. She came dashing over to the McGregors one evening, as

excitedly as Paul Revere. "They're going to sign you!" she shouted. "Rex says you're great."

Since then Mac has played leading rôles in a number of pictures, but his big opportunity has not yet arrived. It rests with the gods, who in Hollywood are termed directors.

"A beginner," says Mac, "has one chance in ten thousand."

Mac is no longer a beginner for the simple reason that he is one in ten thousand.

Alice and Miss Terry

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

"Hurt my feelings? Yes! Once, but that was before I got on to the dissociation of personalities, which is something like separating an egg—"

"You can put the director back in the ice-box while you beat the husband. Miss Terry, don't pursue this metaphor too far. Get back to your own hurt feelings."

"Well, they were hurt a few days after we were married."

"They always are. After you've been married a while you lose your feelings."

"Well, if you don't, you lose your husband. The system is to lose the feelings without letting the husband suspect you've done it. Then he goes on being considerate of them anyway. The combination of a considerate husband and a sensible wife is perfect."

"Miss Terry, there is something in your manner which leads me to suspect that you have arrived, not jumped, at this conclusion."

"I certainly have. When your husband is your boss, he can't be indulgent, because it isn't fair to the others with whom you work. He can't be unnecessarily severe, because, director or not, he is still your husband and public severity is in bad taste and would hurt any wife. Rex calls me 'Miss Terry' when he gives me directions and instructions, and I obey them without question because I've learned from experience that he knows more than I do. At first, when I hadn't quite confirmed my suspicion that he did, I disobeyed him once or twice and deliberately used my own judgment as to how a thing should be done or an effect made. After I'd seen the pictures, I never did it again."

"THE position of working for your husband is really more difficult than advantageous. You know, yourself, that to shut the husband entirely out of the studio is psychologically and emotionally impossible. Any other director might tell you that you were stupid, or cold, or ineffectual (in the usual studio equivalent for those terms, understand) and you could take it gracefully and do your best to get his idea and give him what he wanted as an entirely impersonal part of the day's job. But the boss who is the husband as well, for the sake of your sensibilities and his own, even for the sake of the detached human sensibilities of the people around you, has to strain to keep the middle course between patience and impatience. To overdo the tolerance the slightest shade would be just as demoralizing to the other players. I really don't approve of wives working for husbands."

"Yet you are doing it and doing it successfully."

"That's why I'm in a position to know how hard it is and to say it generally shouldn't be done. There isn't a director whose ability and achievements I respect and admire as I do my husband's. And there isn't a director for whom, as an actress, I'd rather work. But our marriage isn't a help to our professional association. That isn't just morbid discontent, either. The drawbacks are definite and

I have a memory of one or two early disturbances."

"The honeymoon tragedy?"

"Yes, that was one. We were doing 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' I had been married only a few days. My first day back at the studio, there was my new husband directing a scene with Lewis Stone and ordering him to kiss me, not once, but over and over, until the effect was just right. Everybody was amused and took no trouble to hide it. That added to my embarrassment and distress. Of course, my nervousness didn't help the scene a bit. But it did seem too dreadful to have a husband of only two days, who professed to love his wife, shouting instructions how to kiss her to another man. I considered it unnecessary indelicacy."

"But, what of Mr. Stone. Did he need the instruction?"

"The director seemed to think so. Anyway, he hated it just as much as I did."

"He was no gentleman."

"Well, what he said was: 'I'll never make love to another bride before her husband.'"

"I beg Mr. Stone's pardon. I've done him an injustice."

"Please don't do me one by thinking I was unnaturally sensitive. I never felt so silly in my life."

"Miss Terry, your little confession will shatter the pet illusion of lots of people who think that Hollywood wives don't wait two days to be kissed by other men."

"I think we'd better stop the interview before we begin to gossip. How does one conclude an interview?"

"One says something about one's work being all in all to one. Any little bromide will do nicely."

"Truly, I'm not a bit mad about the movies." Alice Terry became suddenly serious. "How can I tell whether I'm any good or not? Don't say any obviously nice thing, please. One person likes me. Another person doesn't. We do what our directors tell us, as best we can, and what have we to show for it? Ten seconds of fair acting, probably, but even that isn't entirely our own. The character is created by the author, the action and condition by the director, the picture by the photographers, the scenic artists, the costumers. Even the words the picture speaks are the title writers."

"There is so much luck in the game, impossible people manage to get way up front while really fine ones never get their chance. Sometimes I really regret the cutting-room where I worked and could know that if I did such and such a quantity of work I was good, and bad if I did less. I worked in the Lasky cutting-room once, you know, when the acting wasn't breaking just right for me as a beginner."

"The Four Horsemen" was my first big part. Only a director can feel that a picture is really his, and that he has accomplished something. I haven't a single qualification to be one. My boss is my husband and my husband my boss. It takes all my talent to play the successful actress and successful wife."

Names of Cut Puzzle Prize Winners appear on page 33

Mary Pickford's Favorite Stars and Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Mary Classifies Directors

The conversation turned to D. W. Griffith's latest production, "The White Rose." I ventured the opinion that Mr. Griffith, in his recent works, has shown signs of weariness, a need for recreation.

"He needs to get away from the little circle of people who have surrounded him for years," said Mary. "He needs fresh viewpoints . . . We all do. He ought to come back here and listen to a friend."

"Home life means so much, and Mr. Griffith hasn't as happy an environment as he should have. That studio of his at Mamaroneck is so gloomy, and he virtually lives in it. If he would only come out here and play with Douglas and Charlie. Of course, he considers them children, but it would do him good to play with children."

Of Ivor Novello, the latest Griffith find, Mary said: "Negative," adding, "but he's very handsome and he may have possibilities. Another director might give him more punch. Mr. Griffith is a woman's director. He never has made a male star."

Richard Barthelmess, she agreed, was already close to stardom before he came under Griffith supervision.

"There are directors for men and directors for women; few are equally effective with both men and women," observed Mary.

"Mr. Lubitsch is a splendid director for a woman after she has gained a certain amount of self-reliance and maturity of talent, but he is primarily a man's director, I think."

"Mickey Neilan is a woman's director. Mickey's greatest failing is his inability to sustain interest throughout a long production. His finest pictures have been the short stories in 'Bits of Life.' I'm having him start in the middle of 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,' so that, if he does lose interest, the most important part of the picture will not suffer."

"Rex Ingram—I can't say—he seems to have been successful with both men and women, although his male 'finds' have been more striking."

"Cecil De Mille is—well, I guess it isn't necessary to classify him," Mary flashed a smile.

"Charlie Chaplin is a woman's director. He knows women—oh, how he knows women!"

"He knows men, too," interjected Doug, vehemently.

"But he knows women better," insisted Mary. "I wouldn't care to be one of the girls to whom he has been attentive and be analyzed on the screen! He sees through them all."

Both Mary and Doug think Chaplin the greatest director of the screen, "A Woman of Paris" a milestone of advance in picture story telling.

"He's a pioneer. There will never be another Chaplin," declared Mary.

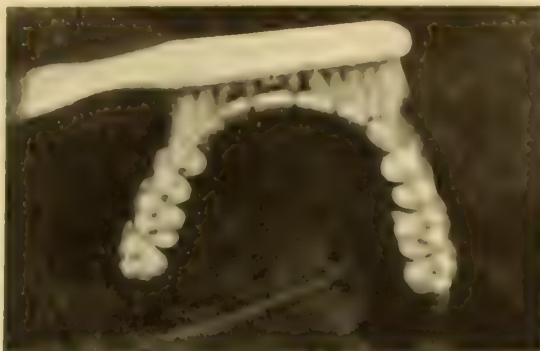
"There will never be another Mary," declared Doug.

"I only wish I could have him direct me for the sake of future record," was Mary's observation. "Several years ago, when I was finishing a contract, Charlie sent his brother Syd to see me in New York with an offer of ten thousand a week to work four weeks with him. I was quite insulted! We considered him just a comedian. We didn't realize his genius."

The Future of Pictures

"The important thing in pictures is not the story but the treatment. Setting, acting, story may all be splendid, but it's the treatment that lifts a picture out of mediocrity."

"The ideal combination for producing a superior picture would be a fine director and a fine scenario writer working together. Un-



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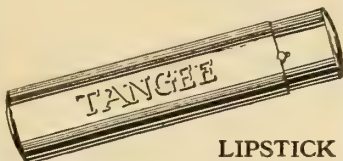
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fortunately there is so much jealousy in the business that this is difficult.

"Thank goodness, I'm not jealous. I'm not vain about achieving personal glory by an individual performance. My interest is in creating entertainment, and to that end I am willing to subordinate myself.

"To whom can we look for advance, for fresh vigor?" she asked suddenly. "There are not many, are there? I think Lubitsch offers the greatest promise. I have tremendous confidence in him.

"I brought him over here because I particularly wanted a new angle on myself. He had never seen any of my pictures and I didn't want him to see any. I placed myself completely in his hands, and I feel I gained a great deal."

She paused reflectively, and smiled.

"Temperamental? Of course I'm temperamental. Any of those big business men, had they been dictating to me, would have considered it a whim of temperament to insist upon importing a foreign director when there are so many good ones available here. They could not have understood my wish for a new angle upon myself. It was not a personal motive. It was sound business. We must be continually renewed or the public grows tired of us. No one can afford monotony.

"It would be difficult to find a director in this country who has not seen my pictures. That is why, primarily, I wanted Mr. Lubitsch. Besides, he has new ideas and tremendous dramatic force. I have signed him to direct me in three more pictures, one a year for three years."

Mary believes that there will be some reaction from spectacular magnificence toward simplicity, with Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" as the model.

"But simplicity requires artists, and we haven't many artists.

"Of course, we must have variety. We want spectacular pictures and we want intimate, simple things. As I say, it all depends on treatment. The story of 'A Woman of Paris' is nothing; it's the treatment."

The Star's Responsibility

Stars must assume responsibility for the quality of their pictures as well as for their individual performances if they are to survive. That is the Pickford dictum.

"If a picture bearing a star's name is poor, the star suffers. Look at the way Pola Negri was blamed for 'Bella Donna,' and the fault was not hers.

"I would like to concentrate on acting alone, but I realize I can't. I must be responsible for the entire production. So many things can ruin fine work. You must even supervise the printing and developing.

"And so responsibilities are continually added. Just now we are finding it necessary to build or buy theaters in the key cities of the country in order to get a fair showing. To compete with the combine we must do this.

"The only way to insure fair play, I believe, is by a union of independent artists as against the combine of business forces."

Mary as an Exhibitor

"Harold Lloyd goes around to all sorts of theaters to observe people's reactions to pictures," continued Mary. "We all should do it more, but it is difficult for me to find the time. Douglas and I have a barometer in our servants. There are eight or nine of them, whom we always invite to sit with us when we show pictures on our screen at home. We have these showings at least three times a week."

The other night Mary and Doug put on a Universal picture and none of the servants came!

"And it was a very good picture," said Mary, deploring the servants' absence. "They were all on hand for Charlie's picture and were deeply moved."

Another day of reckoning which Mary foresees is to be brought about by the exhibitors through their mode of presenting pictures.

"I personally resent being forced to sit through long vaudeville entertainments when I've paid to see a picture. And I am such a thorough, ordinary fan that I feel I express the general fan viewpoint," observed Mary.

"Many exhibitors present very effective little settings for their pictures, but a great many seem inspired by personal vanity to subordinate the pictures to their own entertainment schemes.

"If I were an exhibitor I would have only a song at the opening. No long overture, but fine musical accompaniment during the picture. As it is, some of the orchestras walk out in the middle of the film and leave you to the mercy of an old organ.

"This happened in a theater once when I was viewing 'Madame Butterfly.' The orchestra delivered a lengthy prelude, which apparently so exhausted them that they could not continue through the picture. A girl sat down at the organ and, in the most serious moment of 'Butterfly,' the organ pealed violently forth with 'I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier.'

"But the day of reckoning is coming when the exhibitors will learn whether or not the public wants the picture subordinated to vaudeville acts and musical numbers. The real artists among exhibitors already know, and those who augment the pictorial entertainment with beautiful, effective musical accompaniment contribute to the permanency of the motion picture as a form of entertainment. Sincerity and simplicity of the presentation of pictures are as essential as in the production of them."

Her Personal Plans

Mary does not intend to make any radical departure from the type of entertainment she has sponsored in the past. "Rosita" is just a variation. The curls will again wave. In fact, Mary has been negotiating with Mary Roberts Rinehart for a story in which she would play a fourteen-year-old girl.

"I will continue to have comedy shades to my pictures. I think the screen needs comedy."

Neilan, who directed her memorable "Stella Maris," will direct her "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

She does not plan to do "Romeo and Juliet," as generally reported, although she considered it as a possibility. Indeed, she considered it quite seriously. And it so happened that the Los Angeles papers printed the fact that Mary contemplated the production on the same day that they printed an announcement of Norma Talmadge's intention of filming the classic.

"I am too much of a Norma fan to want to enter into rivalry with her," explained Mary. "I don't think such competition would be good business. It would afford an opportunity for odious comparisons. Those who prefer her might resent me, and those who like me might be unkind to her. I called on Mr. Schenck after the announcement and we discussed the matter. He very nicely said that they would withdraw if I wished to make the picture, but I told him I certainly did not expect that.

"There would be many difficulties to meet in filming 'Romeo and Juliet.' It would be hard to find a Romeo, and Romeo is more important to the screen version than to the stage. Then, too, I think the beauty of Shakespeare lies in the lines rather than in the pictures he presents. When you think of Dumas' stories or of the Arabian Nights you see gorgeous, dramatic pictures, but when you think of Shakespeare you hear great melodies."

Mary admits that there have been times when, tired and confronted with disappointments, she has thought of retiring.

"But you see," she says, with a plaintive gesture, "I've worked all my life, from a little child. Work has become life to me. I can think of nothing to fill the void. Douglas talks of travel and study. I could enjoy a few

months of travel every year, but I can leave that and still make pictures. As for study, I'm taking French; my teacher comes to the studio or to my home every day. So . . . I shall remain on the screen as long as they want me, as a producer as long as they permit me."

I hope I have shown you why Mary Pickford is queen of the films and why she will always be the queen. There are other women in pictures quite as charming and more fascinating, but a queen cannot rule by charm alone. Mary's superiority lies in applied mentality. As mistress of screen entertainment, apart from her talent as an actress, she sits on the throne.

For all her self-assurance, she really lacks confidence in her own powers. She is the first to suspect that she's slipping. Indeed, Mary is something of a calamity howler where she, herself, is concerned. But I pity the valiant Wall Street forces if they ever try to dethrone her from her independence!

I do not think it matters what Mary Pickford ever does on the screen; she has in twenty years become that which ordinarily requires two hundred—a tradition. Greater actresses may arise about her, but Mary will know no rival, for she has become a symbol of love to the lonely soul of the world.

Motion Picture Statistics for 1923

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

rich and the sultan of a harem, only to be awakened, in the last shot, by having a policeman crack him violently over the head with a long billy.

476 hens laid an egg which rolled down and burst on someone's head.

981 comedians fell head first into a barrel of flour, and, coming forth white, were mistaken for ghosts.

1,224 comedians hid in trunks which were immediately hurled down a flight of stairs by husky draymen.

Statistics Relating to Dramas

In the 5,700 serious screen dramas produced in 1923:

5,633 innocent ingenues made grimaces and pretended to choke when taking their first sip of spirituous liquor.

7,920 lumps of sugar were fed to strange horses by simple country maidens.

5,118 beautiful and haughty daughters of wealthy and socially prominent families married poor young men in their fathers' employ.

2,710 hardened burglars, second-story men and safe crackers were instantly reformed and reduced to pious tears by infants in woolen nightgowns mistaking them for Santa Claus.

1,866 stems of wine glasses snapped between the fingers of middle-aged gentlemen under the stress of a sudden sentimental emotion.

6,022 Venetian chairs, 3,827 decorative fishnets, and 4,926 small statues of the Venus de Milo were used in furnishing the studio-sets of wealthy artists.

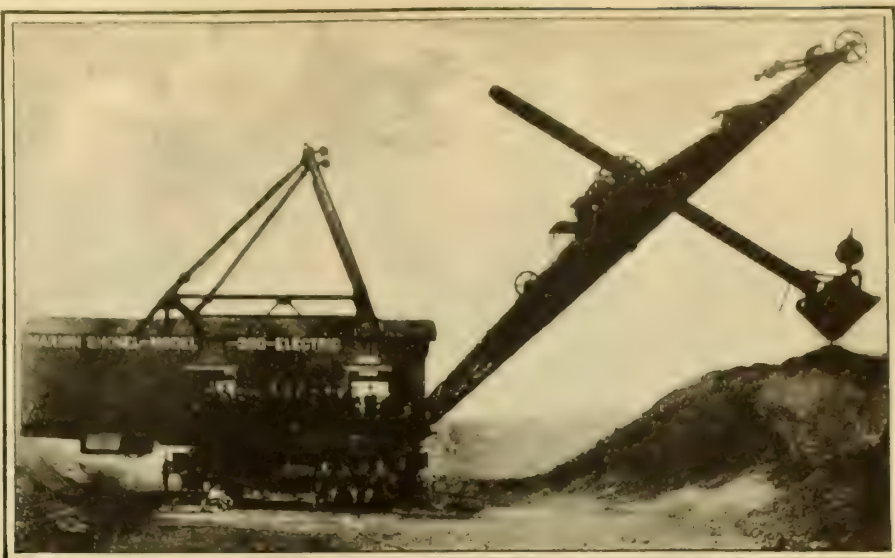
14,729 full-grown tortoises were sacrificed to supply rims for glasses worn by home-loving actors and actresses while reading the poems of Robert W. Service.

Of 5,126 wicked bachelors with white spats and waxed moustaches, 5,102 had Jap valets, the other twenty-four having valets made up to look like Japs.

2,790 young women of God's great-out-of-doors tore strips from their petticoats to bind the wounds of noble young cow-punchers injured in defence of their virtue.

1,240 boats went down near an uninhabited South Sea island, the only survivors in each case being two moral young persons of opposite sex.

3,789 financiers were stabbed with paper-cutters in their luxurious libraries, while in the



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drawing-room beyond their daughter's coming-out party was at its height.

2,963 inebriate gentlemen in evening dress fell into a fountain, and had to be fished out by other less liquored members of the party.

5,699 young ladies stretched their arms yearningly toward young men who had just left them.

17,940 shots were fired from cowboys' revolvers, the number of casualties resulting from these shots totalling sixteen.

4,371 pounds of bear grease, 8,726 gallons of liquid veneer, 792 hogsheds of Macassar oil, four tons of pomade, 679 gross bottles of brilliantine, 1,342 carboys of vaseline, 7,223 quart cans of shellac, and 987 barrels of patent-leather polish were consumed by leading men in beautifying their hair.

5,480 pairs of domesticated doves were shown in close-ups sitting beak to beak.

Of 3,140 young men condemned for crime, only two were guilty, and these two had committed the crime to protect a woman's honor.

3,420 gay clubmen, leading double lives, were shot through their evening-shirt bosoms from behind portieres, by the young women they had cast aside.

6,840 sub-titles contained the word "ecstasy" spelled "ecstasy."

2,741 out of 2,742 dinners shown on the screen, consisted solely of a large papier-mache turkey.

1,940 poor young orphans married noble young men who turned out to be millionaires.

5,069 dashing Don Juans from the city went motoring in racing runabouts and stopped for a drink at an antique rustic well presided over by a beautiful and trusting barefoot maiden with curls down her back.

4,681 virtuous and inexperienced young ladies from the New England R. F. D. routes became great *prima donnas* within a fortnight of their arrival on Broadway.

3,568 mortgaged homesteads of aged and indigent widows were discovered, at the last minute, to contain either a rich vein of oil, a gold mine, or a spring of rare medicinal waters—making their property worth millions.

3,928 cheval mirrors were smashed by actors in their big scenes after they had looked at their reflections in the glass.

3,422 husbands discovered their wives making baby clothes, and thus learned, to their amazement, that they were to become fathers within a week.

One of the
greatest features
of the year:

The
Autobiography
of
Pola Negri

begins in the
February issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Why-Do-They-Do-It

THE HOT U. S. PAT. CO.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize, confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

MARATHON WRITING

IN "The Eternal Flame," Norma Talmadge has the Countess is seen seated at a desk writing. A subtitle reads, "For twenty two days she wrote him but her letters remained unanswered." Then follows a fade in of Norma still seated at the desk and still writing. Sort of a letter-writing Marathon, eh what?

F. M. S., Bath, Maine.

SOME ALARMING OMISSIONS

MANY of us think "The Midnight Alarm" one of the biggest pictures of the year, but we could not help noticing the following:

At the close of the scene when the building is on fire, Carrington is seen fleeing down the stairs when he suddenly remembers that he left his keys in the vault lock. He does not go to recover them, but goes up to the roof. However, when the firemen come up to rescue Sparkle, the keys are gone and he is forced to burn out the lock.

In another place Carrington jumps from the top of the building and meets his death. There is a spot of blood on the sidewalk beside his head. The scene is changed for a few seconds and then it shows the firemen picking up Carrington. After he is removed there is no spot on the pavement.

HENRIETTA PHILIPP, Rock Island, Ill.

BLAME IT ON THE DEVIL

IN "The Devil's Foot," a Sherlock Holmes picture, Holmes comes into the room where the two brothers and sister, who were mysteriously murdered, are sitting. The first time we see the sister, she is bareheaded. Yet, in the same scene, she has a black turban on. Again, when the doctor places his hand on her head at the last of the scene, she is without her hat. How-did-she-do-it?

NINA ENSIGN, Anata, Calif.

FATHER ALSO HAD A PLANE

IN "Children of Jazz," Eileen Percy and Ricardo Cortez leave New York and Bab's father behind them in an attempted flight to Panama for "breakfast." But, due to a storm, they are forced to land on an island where a "former" friend of their lives, the only dwelling on that island. Later, Theodore Kosloff (their host on the island) leaves them and the household turns out to see him off. And there in the group is Bab's father, with whom it was impossible for her to communicate! But no sub-title told us of his arrival, nor how he located his daughter.

MARIE C. INGERSOLL, Avon, N. J.

MULE EXPRESS

IN "Up in the Air With Mary," I noticed a very unusual thing. Two parties were starting to a deserted boat house to rescue the heroine Louise Lorraine. One of these parties started in a fast motor boat and the other on a mule, the boat starting first. When the mule got on shore the motor boat was about half way to shore. Fast mule, eh! what?

D. W. R., Huntington, W. Virginia.

HE SHAVED UNCONSCIOUSLY

IN the picture, "Slander the Woman," featuring Dorothy Phillips, when Emile The Trapper, alias Dr. Mollair, shoots the Judge, the Judge lies unconscious for several days. Then it shows a scene when he returns to consciousness and there is not even one day's growth of beard upon his face. This is purely an oversight upon the part of the directors.

JULES MAYER, New York City.

HALF AND HALF

IN "The Snow Bride," Alice Brady goes to her room and mixes up a cup containing half liquor and half poison. While she is praying a man comes into her room and tries to kiss her. During this her new husband goes to drink the cup of liquid and lo! there is only a half cup. Maybe someone else drank the half which was liquor and her husband the poison, because he was the one to die

A TRAVELING AUDIENCE

IN "Circus Days," every place the circus went they had the same audience. When Toby sold popcorn he always sold to the same people. There were also three women who sat in the front row at each place. Did they enjoy the circus so much that they went from town to town to see it?

L. B. C., Pittsford, N. Y.

A PATENT PHONOGRAPH

IN "I Am the Law," Rosemary Theby puts a record on the phonograph and, though it is evident that the piece is going, the label remains perfectly still so that the audience can read the inscription, "My Daddy's Gone Away." I would like to have the patent since it is very handy in many instances.

ALICE ARMSTRONG, Bloomington, Ill.

BRAVO, BAVU?

IN "Bavu," the villain, Wallace Beery, is supposed to be an uneducated Russian of the lower class. It is, therefore, very unfortunate that he spoke English well enough to enable an American audience to read his lips.

W. A. H., Jacksonville, Ill.

A CORRECTION

Editor Photoplay Magazine:

Dear Sir: In the November issue of your magazine, there appears a criticism of the picture "Divorce." This is in a column headed "Why Do They Do It?" and is signed by Bob H. Jutt, Louisville, Kentucky. It may sometimes happen that the fan might make an error as well as an author, actor or director. Enclosed you will find a piece of film—the insert of the letter to which Mr. Jutt has referred. You will please note that the date on the letter is September 15th, 1922, and not September 20, 1923. Therefore the pleasure Mr. Jutt experienced on July 4, 1923, of seeing this picture, need not have been marred had he put on his glasses before going to the show.

JOHN J. MACKENZIE, Chester Bennett Productions



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Every girl can now have those long, thick, lustrous, sweeping eyelashes which add so much to beauty, if she wants them.

All she has to do is to apply a new liquid make-up which darkens them instantly, making them look nearly twice as long and heavy as they really are. This liquid is waterproof and will not rub off or smear. It is applied in an instant and is beneficial to the lashes, as it contains a natural oil which stimulates their growth. This new make-up which is used by society women and screen favorites everywhere, is called Lashbrow Liquid.

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

Fox and his exchange were last on the list. Fox was strongly entrenched. He had large holdings in theater interests all over the city of New York, and he had allied with him many persons of financial and political power, among them Tim Sullivan, an astute old party often depicted by the cartoonists as strolling Fourteenth street with a large, striped Bengal cat on a leash, in the vicinity of a temple of liberty known as Tammany Hall.

The General Film Company took the squirrels and the rabbits first, saving the tiger for the grand climax and finish.

It was just as well. If some of the rabbits had known what a fight the tiger was going to put up they might have developed a dangerous courage.

Early in September of 1911, William Fox got a telephone call from the offices of the General Film Company in which he was invited to call on Percy Waters, general manager. He went.

It appeared that Mr. Fox was advised in a friendly but exceedingly direct way that this was a most excellent time to sell The Greater New York Film Rental Company to the General Film Company.

This Mr. Fox did not think especially desirable. The Greater New York, according to his testimony in subsequent litigation, was earning about \$75,000 a year and cost him very little effort. He remarked that his business was worth about \$750,000, and indicated he would rather keep it.

This was the signal for the entry of J. J. Kennedy, the great persuader.

"I would not want to let go at all, even under this pressure, unless I got at least \$150,000," Fox announced.

Kennedy went down into the little black book. "In my opinion we could pay you \$80,000."

The interview ended with declarations of friendship and with the status quo unimpaired, but full of static electricity.

The evening of November 14, 1911, a few hours after the Tuesday meeting of the Motion Picture Patents Company, a messenger boy dashed into the Fox offices a few minutes before closing time, bearing a letter.

In this letter the Motion Picture Patents Company in its own polite crisp way announced to the Greater New York Film Rental Company that, on 8 o'clock on Monday morning of the ensuing fourth day of December, 1911, its license would be cancelled. Bang.

Fox went to see Kennedy. This time he asked for \$125,000.

Kennedy promised to take it up with the executive committee.

Fox held many conferences with his friends in the General organization, Jacques Bert of Pathe and Albert E. Smith of Vitagraph. Then he went back to Kennedy.

"There is not a chance of getting you any more than the schedule," Kennedy announced with an air of regretful resignation.

He reached for the little black book.

Consulting the book, Kennedy murmured something about \$78,000 or \$80,000, with a crafty eye on Fox.

Fox was on the alert at once. "No, the schedule was \$80,000."

Kennedy was watching carefully. The tiger had come into camp.

"Well, maybe—I'm willing to stand by any figure I gave you."

Fox grew melodramatic, pleading.

"See if you can't get me a hundred thousand." On the witness stand a few years later he recounted the story of that sad, bitter interview, explaining in scenario fashion: "Remember, I am dying now. Down and out two days later, and everybody pretending to be my dearest friend."

Kennedy went to the phone and called up a member of the committee. "Fox is here

ready to sell to General. He wanted me to try to get him a hundred thousand."

Then Kennedy hung up the phone and turned back to Fox, with the air of one who had done his best and failed.

"All these fellows are your friends, but they make me the Patsy. They want to be the good fellow, and they are making me the bad fellow. He said the schedule called for \$78,000. Better let me stand by my offer of \$90,000."

Fox was moved with great emotion.

"Mr. Kennedy, beggars can't be choosers. My life is coming to the last. On December 4th the Greater New York shall be no more. I suppose the best thing I can do is to agree to accept your offer."

The agreement was made and the contract forwarded to Fox; also a formal withdrawal of the cancellation of his license.

But Fox was not done yet. He submitted the contract of sale to Rogers & Rogers, his attorneys, and on December 6, Gustavus A. Rogers called up Kennedy to announce that his client would not sell on the terms offered.

Forthwith, on December 7, again came a notice of cancellation of the Greater New York license by the Motion Picture Patents Company, effective Christmas Day, 1911.

Biograph refused thereupon to deliver film to the Greater New York. Fox, through his attorneys, went into the state courts of New York with an action for injunction. Years of complicated litigation followed, while Fox successfully fought from injunction to injunction, forcing a continuance of film service from the licensed studios of the Patents Company organizations. Meanwhile he went into the production of film on his own account. Fox did his fighting in the state courts and on his home grounds where all of his resources could be brought to bear.

NOT all of the Fox battles were fought in court. Some of them erupted in mysterious night raids and conflicts at the Greater New York exchange. There was strong arm work to be done.

A significant bit of Fox strategic policy came with the acquisition of Winfield Sheehan, now vice president and general manager of the concern, who went to the film organization from his position as secretary to Rhinelander Waldo, then police commissioner of the city of New York. If Fox needed a militia, Winnie Sheehan knew where there were recruits.

William Fox, the erstwhile cloth-sponger, was fighting his way to millions in a big and bitter game. A remarkable stroke, destined to affect all the course of the industry was yet to come, another of the secret, untold tales of the screen to come in an early chapter.

The subject of the price paid for exchanges by the General Film Company has been the source of many erroneous traditions in the film world. Reference to the records of the corporation discovers that George Kleine, with one Canadian and four American exchanges, received the largest payment, a total of \$346,714.87. Next in total came the Pittsburgh Calcium Light exchanges of Pittsburgh. Cincinnati, Omaha, Des Moines and Wilkes-Barre, sold for \$250,205.16. This concern was the property of Richard Rowland, now the executive head of First National, and James B. Clarke. The sale set them fancy free, and in time Rowland came back to build Metro and make more screen history, with the memorable "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." But that is another story.

And while we are in the thrilling domain of figures, it is of interest to note from the records of the time that, on October 31, 1910, there were in the United States a total of 9,480 motion picture theaters, a mighty growth from the nickelodeon beginnings of 1905, a period of only five years. Of these theaters the Patents Company held dominion over 5,281 and

the Independents served 4,100. Dipping again into the dusty statistics of the old Patents Company files twenty months later, July 7, 1912, we find a total of 12,800 theaters, about equally divided between the Licensees and the Independents. This spells a growth of 30 per cent in less than two years. The Promised Land was growing richer.

The pressure of the Kennedy-General campaign exerted far-reaching influences in many directions. It set in motion defensive movements and forces that were, in a few busy years, to remake the industry.

Just when the movement to buy the licensed exchanges for General had got fairly under way, a secret meeting of the exchange men was called at Indianapolis, Ind. Up in a parlor at the Claypool hotel Richard Rowland, James B. Clarke, Robert Leibler, H. E. Aitken, John R. Freuler, Emanuel Mandelbaum and a number of other exchange owners took counsel. It was agreed that they would stand out against a sale to the General Film Company.

Hardly had this decision been reached when a tap on the door admitted a bellboy bearing a telegram addressed to H. E. Aitken.

Wish you success at your meeting.

You have nothing to fear

J. J. KENNEDY.

IN some manner, known to him only, Kennedy in New York was informed of the secret meeting, the hour at which it was held and the room number. The message with its reassuring words was disconcerting to the exchange men. This fellow Kennedy was uncanny.

The first break in the compact came when, the following day, James B. Clarke of the Pittsburgh Calcium Light exchanges, announced that they had decided to sell to General, because they had been offered a most extraordinary price.

John R. Freuler, of Milwaukee, went out of the meeting with a decision shaping itself in his mind. He decided that he could see a good distance into Kennedy's plans. Freuler decided to "go Independent" when the proper time should come.

Opportunately, in August, Joseph Hopp of Chicago and Aubrey Kennedy, who was connected with the Essanay concern of the Patents group, waited on Freuler at his Milwaukee office with a project to go into the production of pictures.

Then and there they set in motion the train of events which was, within six years, to make Charles Chaplin the world's highest salaried actor and bring about the resultant star development which is today charged with being the major ailment of the screen.

Following this Milwaukee conference, Freuler went to Chicago where he met Samuel S. Hutchinson, also interested in production possibilities. Hutchinson had been a druggist in Ravenswood, a Chicago suburb, when he entered the film business with Charles Hite, formerly an able and genial vendor of buns and "hot dogs" on the campus of Northwestern University at Evanston. They were the prospering proprietors of the H. & H. exchange in Chicago. They, like Freuler, needed film.

Somewhere in the rapid manipulations of the project, Aubrey Kennedy dropped out. Freuler was cautious and Hutchinson was silent. They were still buying licensed film. This time they would take no risk of discovery by that prying J. J. Kennedy in New York. So they incorporated their new film producing company under the charming name of "The O'Malley & Smith Advertising Company."

The O'Malley & Smith Advertising Company thereupon went secretly across Lake Michigan from Chicago and landed stealthily on the sandy shore at Benton Harbor, where Gilbert P. Hamilton, a director taken furtively from the Essanay Company's forces in Chicago, made the concern's first picture, an Indian drama, one whole reel in length. It was an experiment. They wanted to see if the thing could be done.

With the encouragement of the result the O'Malley & Smith concern came out from



ITS sheer and radiant beauty exquisitely expressing the sentiment of the giver. A Whiting & Davis Mesh Bag as a gift for birthday or anniversary is doubly precious to the feminine heart for the distinction in dress which it bestows and as a style requisite for all occasions—Opera, Dance, Wedding, Street or Business. At leading jewelers or jewelry departments, from \$5 to \$500.

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restores the natural color, beauty, gloss and softness to gray, streaked and faded hair. Prevents hair from falling out—stops dandruff—promotes growth of the hair. Will not stain scalp. Not sticky. Composed entirely of harmless, but effective roots, herbs, barks and flowers. Extra large package sent postpaid for 50¢. Address Dept. C-2.

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577-14th St., Oakland, Calif.



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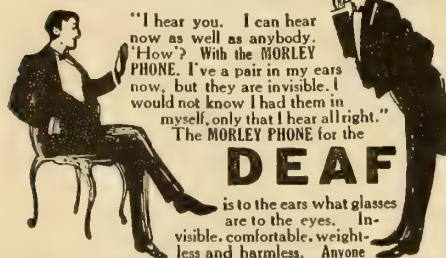
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under cover with a bold announcement in the trade journals of its new name, "The American Film Manufacturing Company," October 3, 1910. The advertisement was calculated to inspire the motion picture world with the idea that this brand new independent concern started with all of the expertness and merits of the licensed studios. It proudly presented a list of no less than twenty employees, all followed by the descriptive line, "formerly of Essanay."

The American raid practically cleaned out the Essanay staff over night. Among those kidnapped in the American's raid were Allan Dwan, scenario expert, Charles Ziebarth, technical expert, and J. Warren Kerrigan, leading man.

George K. Spoor, of Essanay, grew decidedly displeased and vigorously took the warpath against the American, starting with an injunction action to prevent further raids on his staff. This injunction stood for many years, and, at last reports, Samuel S. Hutchinson of the American, and Spoor, neighbors on Chicago's north side, have never become downright chummy.

On November 4, 1910, Freuler addressed the Patents Company, giving notice of cancellation of his license. He wanted to beat them to it. November 14 the American Film Company burst forth with an advertisement announcing its first release, the Benton Harbor experiment, under the title of "Romantic Redskins." And promptly on November 30 the Motion Picture Patents Company issued one of its neat announcements, stating that the licenses of the Freuler and Hutchinson exchanges, the Western of Milwaukee and Joplin, and the H. & H. of Chicago, had been cancelled.

The American Film Company saw a rapid growth in the ensuing months and for some years enjoyed a remarkable prosperity. One of the minor stockholders, who invested five thousand dollars in the concern, took that sum out in annual profits for a number of years. Under the name of the American several players rose to stardom and a wide fame.

IN the winter of 1910 the American stock company was sent into the southwest to make "westerns," and originated there the pictures long known under the "Flying A" brand. The brand learned to fly eluding the pursuit of the Motion Picture Patents Company.

The first stand of the American was at Redlands, California, then to La Mesa. There some difficulty was experienced because snipers and persons unknown tried target practice on the American's one and only camera out on location, using a long range rifle from the protective cover of a mesquite thicket. If the precious camera had been destroyed, the American's producing program would have been set back many months.

An insight into the status of the art of the dramatic film of the period is given by consideration of a typical advertisement of the time, an announcement that was made over the name of Carl Laemmle of the Imp release of March 28, 1910:

TRANSFUSION LENGTH 960 FEET

This is what I call a film classic. For it not only tells a beautiful love story, but is educational. It shows the process by which blood is transfused from a healthy person to an ailing one. All this is worked in as a part of the love story. The whole plot is intensely absorbing, the acting is pluperfect, the photography is clear and distinct, the staging masterly!

This was a charming sample of the thriller productions of the period—bloody, but neat and timely.

In the autumn of 1910 the rising profits of their picture making efforts in the New York Motion Picture concern, led Charles O. Baumann and Adam Kessel to the decision to add another producing company for the making of

dramas. They incorporated the Reliance concern, a name which continued some years.

Just at this juncture, Arthur Johnson, a favorite at Biograph and the nearest to a star that the screen had then produced, was getting into the bad graces of Biograph's director-in-chief, D. W. Griffith. Johnson was perennially and perpetually late in arriving at the studio and when he arrived he often did not exactly resemble the young minister type for which he was so often cast.

This situation broke into a storm of words one forenoon when Johnson dragged in, and the star stalked out with his feelings considerably hurt.

Johnson took himself to an adjacent tavern where he resumed his spiritual investigations of the night before.

The grapevine telegraph swiftly spread the news that there had been a fuss between Arthur Johnson and Griffith.

Charles Baumann, of the newly formed Reliance, rode hot on the trail of opportunity. He strolled into the bar where Johnson was communing with his injured dignity, and the affable, sympathetic gentleman in the white coat set two glasses up on the mahogany.

When Baumann stepped out, he had Johnson under contract with Reliance and Johnson was feeling much improved.

In fact, Johnson was so much cheered up by Baumann's attentions that he spread the propaganda of Reliance strongly among Biograph's players.

When the first Reliance release was announced, October 22, 1910, in advertised defiance of the Motion Picture Patents Company, the cast included, in addition to Johnson, Marion Leonard, Henry Walthall, James Kirkwood, Gertrude Robinson, all formerly of Biograph and Phillips Smalley, who had been with another independent concern, Edwin S. Porter's Rex Company.

In addition, Tony O'Sullivan of Biograph fame, was in charge of Reliance's location and property work.

RELiance had started with a sweeping raid on the Patents Company's Biograph stronghold. The title of that first Reliance release, starring Arthur Johnson, was "The Grey of the Dawn."

The title may have been either reminiscence or prophecy.

Smalley was the first Reliance director. Stanner E. V. Taylor of Biograph, husband of Marion Leonard, was soon added to the Reliance staff and took charge of production.

Reliance made its first pictures at Coney Island. Then, driven in by the snows, it took up city quarters at 251 West 19th street.

Biograph remained the dominant producer of motion pictures of quality, prospering under the commercial advantages of the Motion Picture Patents Company and the superior abilities of D. W. Griffith as a director. This same winter of 1910-11 brought significant opportunity to Mack Sennett. Frank Powell, who was to have directed "Comrades," one of the important pictures of the season, became ill just as it was to go into work and, in the emergency, Sennett was assigned to the picture. This brought him conspicuously to the attention of the industry and before long opened the door to the career that has since made him famous.

It is amusing to recall that this same season Mabel Normand, by now well established in the graces of Biograph, was lured to Reliance. She appeared in one picture and incurred the displeasure of the director, who declared her work unacceptable. She returned to Biograph promptly, eventually to share in the rise of Mack Sennett.

In our next chapter we will review the interesting and complex affairs of the period in which dissensions arose among the prospering independents, with armed war, ending in the formation of the once great Mutual Film Corporation and upheavals which changed the whole aspect of the battling industry.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Not in the Scenario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

"You are a stranger and this affair concerns me alone. Circumstances have brought you into the situation and now I ask only that you regard it as a confidence. For the rest, Angelo and I must attend to it."

"You mean that you do not trust me?" Larry asked.

"No, I would trust you, for I watched you as you listened to the music that first day. But the thing that must be done is something into which I have no right to drag you."

"But I wish to help. You don't understand. It is unthinkable that a girl like Marguerite should be in the power of such a man. Come! We can catch them before they get to the railroad."

"Yes," Zappettini answered, "it must be before—or not at all."

He had spoken the words quietly but something in his tone carried the impression of a deadly purpose.

For a moment Larry studied him. He had thought of Zappettini as a visionary artist, engrossed in music, childlike in his rages and yet as harmless as his moods were violent. Now he found himself gazing into eyes which burned with hatred and which held no mercy.

"Then let me join you?" Larry pleaded.

"You need me. I don't ask to hear your story. I want to help."

Zappettini thrust out his hand.

"Thank you," he said. "I accept in the spirit in which you offer and because I need you. And while I cannot tell all, I must tell enough to put myself in your power if I am to show you the need of what I must do."

"I DID steal Marguerite. I had heard her sing and I knew the glorious life she might have. But my taking her, saving her from a life in which she would have been trained for crime, was accidental, an afterthought. The real story concerns another."

"The reputation, the future, of a woman was in danger. She had become the unwitting victim of a gang of blackmailers and she sought me in her trouble because—because she was the only woman I ever loved."

"Angelo, my deaf-mute servant, knew her and loved her. Only to know her was to love her. It was when on an errand in her behalf that I first saw Marguerite, heard her sing. She lived in the house of her father, the leader of the gang."

"But the man I went to see was not the leader. He was a lawyer, respected. No one knew his connection with the gang. If he had demanded money I would have given it gladly. But he was playing for something else."

"We went to see him several times, Angelo and I. One night I determined to kill him. It was the only way and I would have done it. I meant to, but Angelo was quicker. His knife reached him first."

"The moment it was done I knew we must hide. The law in its clumsy efforts to attain justice would have ruined the life of the woman we sought to protect. It was then, just as I was going, that I saw my opportunity to take the child, to snatch her from a sordid life and save for the world the great gift she has."

"We were never followed. The gang had fled. Some were captured but nothing was proved against them. There was only the stiletto with the finger prints on the handle, mine, for I had jerked the blade from the body, and the father, he alone, had seen me."

"Later I heard he had been sent to prison for another crime and I felt safe. We were never connected with the crime but now he has escaped and sees his opportunity."

"Opportunity for what?" Larry demanded.

"For a fortune, the fortune she can make for him. He has not only a beautiful woman but a divine voice as well. She need sing only a note in Paris or Milan and he can write his own figures in the contract."

"How I Became Popular Overnight!"

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't 'wake up' until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor."

"That night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first class failure. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk life—especially since you guaranteed to teach me."

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and brought after I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings, no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!"

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all of the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings, and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps."

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

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"No wonder he has let me train her. Now, so long as I live, he has a club to hold over her head. He can make a slave of her, rob her of the glorious life to which she is entitled."

"And you?"

Larry could not repress the question.

"I would gladly die for Marguerite," Zappettini answered, "but it does not rest with me. The story must never be told. There is the other woman. Thus, you see," and he paused significantly, "the matter must be settled here, quietly, for all time. That man must never reach the railroad."

"All right," Larry agreed impetuously. "He won't."

"Wait. I must tell Angelo. I had worried, since that day he was bound and gagged. I feared this, but I believed it was only the work of common thieves. We were molested once before."

"But he has been working on the matter. He has searched the forest around us. Last night he was gone. Perhaps now he can tell us something."

Zappettini went to the room off the kitchen and returned at once with the deaf-mute. With the manual alphabet the *maestro* spelled out a brief account of Marguerite's disappearance and as his hands moved and waved convulsively Angelo became more and more excited. At last he, too, began to spell out words.

"He says he found a camp of men, two, on a hidden bay a mile to the east of us," Zappettini interpreted for Larry. "They have been there some days, have walked through the forest to this place. He could not see them in the dark, did not learn who they are."

"They are the ones who bound him," Larry said. "Our coming that first day spoiled whatever plans they had then. They waited until we left."

"And I thought you and your friends were impertinent interlopers!"

But Angelo was again busy with his fingers. "He says he did not see the men who bound him," Zappettini explained. "They attacked him from behind."

"That's all beside the question," Larry interrupted. "We've got to save Marguerite and they have an hour's start."

"You are right, my friend," and Zappettini spoke to Angelo.

The deaf-mute ran to the kitchen and came back with his rifle.

"It is the only weapon we have," the *maestro* explained as he started toward the door.

AT the dock Angelo dragged a canoe to the water with one hand while he talked with the other.

"He thinks we should divide forces," the *maestro* said. "There are two railroads, one fifty miles north, the other as far to the south. These people may go either way."

"But their camp in the next bay!" Larry interrupted. "They may have gone there before starting, to pick up their outfit."

Zappettini and Angelo immediately began a silent but nevertheless hysterical discussion. Their fingers fairly twinkled, their arms waved violently and their faces were twisted by convulsive efforts to communicate their thoughts.

"What's he talking about?" Larry demanded impatiently.

Zappettini babbled something in Italian without turning his head and his fingers flew the faster. Larry watched him in bewilderment for a moment and then realized that the *maestro* had lost his self-control, that the unwanted calmness with which he had discussed Marguerite's disappearance when they were in the cabin was gone.

"I don't know what to do!" he cried suddenly as he turned to Larry. "The wilderness is so great, so empty, so trackless. There are so many waterways, so many places where they might reach the railroad. If we take one it is a mere chance."

"What does Angelo say?" Larry interrupted. "He feels sure they will go to the south."

He insists that we go that way. But I don't know. If we were wrong, if we didn't find her—"

Angelo was in his canoe and beckoning impatiently. Larry, knowing that time was precious, anxious to begin the pursuit, suddenly saw that he must remain calm and reach a decision.

"Go with Angelo," he said quickly. "Take the southern route. You can tell at the first portage whether they have passed. I'll take the other up the White Otter River. If they went that way I'll know and keep after them."

He forced acceptance of his plan by jumping into his own canoe and paddling away. A moment later the other craft started and it soon passed him. Angelo was strong and a skilled canoe man and the *maestro* added his feeble efforts at the bow.

They kept on down the shore toward the mouth of the bay and the open lake to the south while Larry slanted across to the other side of the entrance and turned to the left.

When he started it was his intention to go straight to the gorge in the White Otter River and learn if Marguerite and her father had passed that way but as he settled to his work and the other canoe disappeared on the far side of an island, leaving him alone, he began to comprehend just the sort of an enterprise upon which he had embarked.

Yet Larry gave heed only to the immediate facts in the case, to the chances of success, to the course he would adopt if he did overtake Marguerite. He never stopped to marvel that he, a comparative stranger, had thrown himself so passionately into her defense.

HE only knew this girl whom he had never seen until three days before, the girl who had never heard his name and had given him the exquisite thrill of treating him as a wholly normal person, was in danger of ruining her life, of sacrificing a glorious future.

And it was not the marvelous voice or her beauty that had attracted him. He was not even affected by the future which undoubtedly was hers. He had sensed in their first meeting that here was a sincerity and a wholesomeness that meant more to him than beauty—he had seen too many film stars—and her abandonment of everything to save the *maestro* was all that was needed to convince him of a purity and beauty of character such as he had only dreamed of.

Nothing, he knew, could be more criminal than her sacrifice and upon him rested largely the action necessary to prevent it. His determination centered upon that thought but always he fumbled with the question, "How?"

In his eagerness for speed his left hand slipped on the head of the paddle shaft and the blade struck the edge of the gunwale with a peculiar click. He stopped short, held by a sudden recollection. He had heard that sound before and then he remembered that it was the one that had come to him in the fog an hour before and almost at the same place.

Larry looked back to the point which Marguerite's father had chosen as a meeting spot. His own course when he had groped through the fog had been farther out in the lake. The sound had come from his right, probably from near where he now was. And that click, he felt certain, had been made against the canoe which was bearing Marguerite away.

He looked ahead and saw a narrow opening to the left. It led, he believed, to the bay upon which Angelo had found the camp of the strangers and, risking the chance that Marguerite had been taken there, he turned his canoe into the passage and shoved it swiftly forward.

After a quarter of a mile Larry came out on a wide part of the lake he had never seen before. A chain of islands cut it off from the open stretch to the south that he had traversed. He stopped paddling to survey it, for somewhere on the northern shore, he felt certain, was the camp he sought.

But before he had begun to look for tell-tale smoke or a spot of white his eyes caught a

movement against an island straight ahead and he saw a canoe with three people in it disappearing toward the open lake. There was no doubt in his mind as to who it was and he began the pursuit at once.

By following the chain of islands he could keep out of sight and in ten minutes he reached the place where he had seen the canoe. Moving cautiously through a channel between two islands, he saw it a mile ahead, just turning a point.

Larry estimated that he was three miles from the river where the portage around the rapids would be necessary and he knew that in those three miles he must make up the distance between them.

For it was there at the portage, he knew, he must overtake Marguerite and rescue her, at the portage where the movie company was encamped and any number of men could come to his assistance.

He settled grimly to his task and though his shoulders ached and his hands were blistered, he shot the canoe swiftly forward. Marguerite's fate, he believed, rested on his arriving in time.

CHAPTER VII

WHILE Larry Moncrieff had never been a hero except on the screen, and even there his most daring exploits were achieved by a double, he was in no sense a physical weakling. Yet no one ever knew what his attitude toward the use of a double might be and as a matter of fact he had none.

From the time Dave Mann had jerked him out of the big lumber company's office Larry had simply obeyed orders. He had looked upon Dave as a benefactor and as a mentor and he had always complied without question.

Dave himself had often been puzzled by Larry. He had come to respect his desire for seclusion, or, rather, to heed it. He knew the young man was "nuts over music," that he was, to use movieland's own term, a "clean liver," that he had managed to keep the face and form of an Adonis without the disintegrating effects usually accompanying sudden stardom, and that he was a capable and easily handled actor.

Dave did not know that Larry had once been the best wrestler in a small athletic club, that he had given up boxing only because it endangered the arrangement of his "million dollar map," and that in high school he had won through to a couple of state championships in track athletics. Nor did he know that Larry always kept in perfect physical condition.

But the actor had been as reticent about these things as he was about his movie prestige. He would not have hesitated to tell Dave of them if Dave had asked, but Dave never had.

One result of this clean living and constant training had been an unflinching flow of snap and vitality in the trying and exhaustive work before the camera and a preservation of the famous face and figure. But Dave had merely accepted these as part of the marvelous qualifications of his protege.

Yet Larry's living habits were to produce another result. Though he was new to a paddle and lacked the skill that can come only through long practice, he did have the strength, the endurance and the dogged determination necessary in a stern chase.

And he soon found that he was gaining. When he reached the point around which the other canoe had disappeared he saw it down the shore ahead of him, and much nearer. But he had to wait until it turned the next point for he did not dare show himself in pursuit so soon.

After reaching the second point he found that a string of islands along the shore gave him shelter and he crept up faster still. When he came out at the mouth of the bay into which the river entered he was only a quarter of a mile behind and he could plainly see Marguerite and the two men disembarking at the beginning of the portage.

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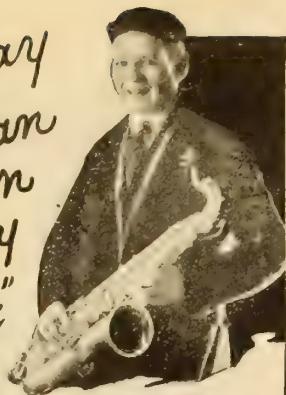
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Almost immediately the men lifted the canoe to their shoulders and, with Marguerite ahead of them, started across.

Larry paddled now as he never had before. He fairly lifted the little craft from the water. He knew that he must reach the shore and run across the portage in time to catch them before they went on up the river.

Just exactly what he would do when he overtook them he had not considered. He knew that nearly twenty movie people and canoe men were there, though across the river from the portage, and that somehow he must accomplish his purpose.

When he reached the shore he let the canoe strike without diminishing speed and converted the lurch with which he was thrown forward into a running start up the steep trail, never seeing two heavy packs beside it.

The path twisted and turned among huge boulders and balsam thickets before it emerged at the top of the gorge. From this open space Larry saw Fay and Peggy across the river, climbing from the camping place on the lake. Ahead of them several canoe men were busy cutting spruce-poles.

But he gave no heed to them. The trail dipped down into the gorge, running along a narrow ledge, and as he turned a bend he could see the top of the rapids. The canoe had been set down partly in the water and Marguerite stood beside it. He felt certain that she saw him.

A swerve in the trail hid her and Larry ran the faster. He was approaching the spot directly over the big eddy above the falls. The ledge was narrow here but straight until it turned abruptly around a high point of rock and he increased his speed.

When he dipped down into the gorge Larry had caught a glimpse of Dave Mann and Roy Quigley working with a camera on a little platform that had been built out over the water. They were directly opposite him now, no more than seventy-five feet away, but in that moment, with the roaring river between them, they might as well have been on another planet for all the assistance they could be.

AND then as Larry slackened his pace at the sudden bend in the trail he came face to face with two men. One was about fifty, rather small and with a mean, cunning countenance and quick, rat-like eyes that associated themselves at once with the thin, whining, threatening voice he had heard the previous afternoon through the open window of the Zappettini cabin.

The other was young, about Larry's own age, and slightly heavier.

Larry's eyes widened in exultation when he saw them and they held, too, an expression of ferocity. Until that moment he had not known how he hated these two who were planning to ruin Marguerite's life. And that exultation and that ferocity combined to force an unconscious exclamation from his lips.

"I caught you!" he panted.

Already the two had guessed his object and the glances of each had shifted to the movie men across the river, both still absorbed in their task. Then with a movement quick as light the smaller jerked an automatic pistol from a pocket.

At the flash of his hand Larry had ducked instinctively and his fingers touched a jagged boulder on the crumbling, sloping wall of the cliff beside him. With a movement that at once threw his own body to one side and hurled the rock, he knocked the pistol from the man's hand just as it was fired.

At the same instant the younger man leaped forward to catch Larry off his balance. But the actor had already gathered his feet beneath him and met the onslaught with a lunging tackle that threw his assailant heavily near the edge of the trail.

Larry was now between the two men but before the younger could get to his feet he sprang past him and whirled to confront them both. And, rather than wait for them to coordinate their forces, he leaped to the attack.

There began as desperate and thrilling a battle as the screen has ever shown. A hundred feet above the writhing eddy in the river just before it plunged over the falls, with a cliff rising sheer above them, on a shelf not more than five feet wide, with the thundering roar of the cataract and the snarling rush of the rapids furnishing a savage orchestral accompaniment, Larry Moncrieff, "million dollar beauty," whom Dave Mann had protected from all danger, was engaged in a life and death struggle with two escaped convicts, men whose training and instincts forbade all consideration of fairness or the value of a human life.

Across the gorge, held spellbound by the sight, were Fay Brainerd and Peggy Dare, Dave and Roy and a half dozen of the canoe men. Had he not been so occupied Larry would have seen Dave turn excitedly to Roy, and had it not been for the noise of the water he would have heard the familiar, "Twist her, Quig!" The camera man, as imperturbable as ever, began grinding away with his little lever.

Had he looked Larry also would have seen Dave rush madly up the side of the gorge, dash toward the staring woodsmen and send them running toward the camp and a canoe with which to cross below the falls and go to the rescue, as if there were a possibility that they could get there before he was thrown over the cliff.

But Larry Moncrieff had no intention of being thrown over the cliff. Ebullient ferocity had driven him to the attack and a sudden intense and inexplicable hatred kept him at it, but he was cool now, once the possibilities of the encounter became apparent.

And a cool mind was opposed to him. The big man rushed again and again, striking and attempting to gain a hold on the actor's body. He charged like a demon, his lips writhing with a bestial snarl, but all the time, darting back and forth, careful to keep away from the edge but watching for an opportunity, the little man, an open knife in his hand, was seeking an opportunity for a quick thrust.

HE moved rapidly but unhurriedly. His black, baleful eyes were steady and calculating and sometimes, as was intended, they drew Larry's from his more aggressive antagonist.

But Larry astounded even the imperturbable Roy Quigley and sometimes caused a variation in the automatic motion of the hand on the little crank. He was in and out like a flash, risking a step toward the perilous edge for an effective blow, stooping to pick up a rock and hurl it at the little man when he crept too close.

He himself was not escaping punishment while he inflicted it. Blood streamed from his nose, there was a gash across one cheek and three of the teeth which figured in the priceless smile that had won flappers by the thousand were loosened.

At last a well-aimed rock struck the little man a glancing blow on the head and drove him back. Larry spared for a moment, took a spent body blow and then staggered back as if in distress.

Instantly the younger man leaped in, his eyes alight with triumph, only to be met, not by a boxer but by a wrestler. He found himself caught in a hold from which he could not wrench free and he felt himself being borne slowly but surely back toward the brink of the precipice.

Larry believed the time had come. He had had just the hold he wished. The little man was coming back, his knife ready. A twist, a wrench, a thrust, and the big man would totter over the edge.

But as Larry put his plan into execution one foot slipped on some loose gravel and he found both himself and his opponent swaying at the very brink. Then a piece of rock gave way and they both dropped.

Instinctively each man loosened his grip and flung out his arms. The crook's scraped the edge and he dropped out of sight. Larry's

eager fingers found a crevice and he hung on. His first glance was at the older man but he had already turned and was hurrying back along the trail. Evidently he had believed both men were doomed.

Only the skill acquired through long hours on the horizontal bars and on the headless steed of the gymnasium enabled Larry to lift himself from his perilous position. He did it, carefully but quickly, and once on his feet he glanced upstream. Marguerite still stood beside the canoe and she was staring up at him.

But even as Larry looked he saw her glance away and draw back toward the river as if in sudden fear.

And Marguerite was afraid. Running toward her, his face contorted by passion, was her father.

"You damned snake!" he cried furiously. "You fixed it, eh? Fixed it so we wouldn't be followed. Gave the wop a phony story, did you? Didn't *went* to be followed. Well, you've queered my game. Thank God you're no daughter of mine. I'd hate to be the father of a stool pigeon."

"Not your daughter!" Marguerite cried.

"No, not mine, and you'll not be anyone's in a minute," he snarled. "I'll fix you! You'll never play a trick like that again."

He lunged forward, his face a horrible symbolization of his murderous passion, and, grasping her by the shoulders, thrust her back. Her knees touched the gunwale and she was forced down into the canoe, her head striking a thwart with a crash.

THE girl was dazed by the blow and before she could raise herself the man lifted the bow and shoved the craft far out into the stream. The greedy current caught it and whirled it into the rapids.

Larry had not waited for this to happen. When he saw the man advance threateningly toward Marguerite he started to run. But he was still fifty yards away when he saw the canoe sent out into the stream, carrying the girl straight toward the Wolf-jaw.

For a moment he stood there, stunned by the horror of it. He could not force himself to follow the dancing, tossing, rushing course of the little craft and its helpless burden. He had already given them up as lost. He knew that no canoe, unguided, could pass through the rapids or escape the falls.

And Larry knew that meant the end of Marguerite, the end of the glorious voice, of the girl he had found in the wilderness and who had so suddenly and so strangely taken hold of his heart.

In that instant he realized what she meant to him, what had prompted his interference in an affair that clearly did not concern him, what had driven him to the pursuit and the battle on the ledge. In the very moment when she was being whirled to her death he knew for the first time what love was.

Sickened, beaten, he shut his eyes and turned away. All the strength went out of him and he swayed there on the steep trail.

And then suddenly his eyes snapped open. He had heard the scrape of a boot on a rock and saw Marguerite's murderer coming toward him.

The man's passion was gone. He was again the cold, calculating criminal, more cold and more calculating now because he was bent on escape from his latest crime. Behind him was the river, before him the steep cliff. The only way out lay along the path on which Larry was standing.

But Larry did not wait for him to come. His strength returned in a flood. Hate and fury engulfed him and with a hoarse, animal-like cry he sprang down the trail.

The man waited, his knife ready, but Larry sent it spinning with a blow, grasped the fellow about the waist and rushed him on down to the water's edge.

The crook fought desperately but without avail. Larry forced him out onto a huge, flat rock that thrust far out into the current and

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narrowed the stream in the first turbulent stretch of the Wolf-jaw.

And there in a last burst of maniacal fury he hurled the man down, grasped him by his clothes, lifted him above his head and hurled him out into the snarling, crashing, boulder-cluttered river.

His victim's back struck a great, jagged piece of granite and he hung there for a moment, his face white with agony. Then the hungry fingers of the rapids plucked him off and carried him from sight.

[END OF PART THREE]

The Tiger Queen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

eled extensively, enjoying all the famous and beautiful spots of the world.

Then she married and retired to the gorgeous palace in the British West Indies, where she lived a life filled with teas, polo, dancing, house parties, dinners, midnight picnics, tennis and cards. Sleek servants anticipated her every wish. An absolutely unlimited bank account was at her disposal. Every meal was a banquet. She was buried in Parisian frocks. Society flocked to her feet. Trips to the great capitals of Europe broke the monotony.

And she forsook all this to start at the very bottom and become a screen star. Refusing to accept an allowance from her husband, her father-in-law or her own father, she came to New York, lived in a hall bedroom, tramped the streets looking for work and begged interviews with casting directors.

And she did it because she found the life of gilded ease and rich comfort absolutely empty. Because the idleness of it robbed her of every worth while thought force, and left her bored and helpless. Because she found more happiness in working, in battling with the odds of life for her own living, in striving for success and expressing some purpose in the scheme of things.

During the war she went to England and there began her professional career in the work of entertaining the returned and wounded soldiers. Once in America, she had much difficulty in getting into pictures at all, and finally obtained five or six small parts. At last she got an opportunity to play an East Indian with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess," and now—she is to be *The Tiger Queen*.

Personally, she is tremendously fascinating and attractive, but cold. She has all the superiority and insolence of English women of her class and type. Her blue-black hair and her gray eyes, the chiseled lines of her small face, the heavy black line of her brows and the crispness of her voice, give her great distinction and impressive charm.

There can be no question about her intellect. She has a clear, keen, highly-developed mind. Her conversation is stimulating and entertaining, but she hasn't a very high opinion of the world in general. She is brilliant, but not lovable, tremendously interesting but not easy to know.

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Why I Have Never Married—By Bebe Daniels

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

woman is being wrested from them. If the wife neglects her home for social duties, still she is subordinate to him. It is as his wife that she shows her beautiful clothes, wears her beautiful jewels. If she is in business, their work and achievement is at least fifty-fifty. They are only equal. But in our profession, if the wife is a success, it is her name that is known, her face that attracts attention. They have to battle the problem not only of money, of time, but of that popularity.

It seems to me that it will take a rather fine man to be just "Bebe Daniels' husband" without suffering from an inferiority complex. He'll have to have a real sense of what is worth while, have to have a keen sense of humor to realize that the world's sense of value isn't necessarily true. And I should hate a man who had an inferiority complex. If the man is equally well known and successful, there is no mutual consideration. Nearly always, they feel they must fight for their own work and each try to subjugate the other. Professional jealousy can be as intense between a husband and wife as between any other two people. I know several cases of it in Hollywood.

I HAVE contemplated marriage several times. I have been on the very verge of it. Each time something has happened to make me change my mind. I couldn't get the consent of both my heart and my judgment.

I remember one man who thought he wanted to marry me and had almost convinced me that I might want to marry him. One evening we dined with friends in Beverly Hills. The husband was a wealthy producer, the wife a famous star and beauty. We had a charming evening, they seemed exceptionally happy, and, as we drove away, I envied them and wondered if I weren't missing a great deal by my caution.

Just then the man I was with turned to me and said: "Did you notice that all the servants called her Miss So and So? You can bet my wife would be called Mrs. So and So, or there'd be the deuce to pay."

Just that one little incident showed me what his attitude would be toward my work and my position, and when he mentioned marriage again, I was kind but firm.

Balzac says somewhere: "It is necessary to be almost a genius to be a good husband." If that's true of ordinary cases, how doubly true it must be where a wife is subject night and day to the calls of the firm she works for, when a director can keep her out all night working, every night in the week, when she can't get home to dinner before nine o'clock and must leave at six-thirty for location, when she may go off to Alaska or Arizona or Honolulu for weeks at a time to make a picture.

One young man who had rashly asked me to marry him came on the set one day to watch me work. He was really a dear—awfully hand-

some—and I liked him and my mother awfully approved of him and his position in life. We'd talked over my theories about the difficulty of an artist having a successful marriage, and he'd agreed to all I said so sweetly that I believed him. On this particular day we were making a love sequence. The man playing opposite me was an old friend, a splendid chap and utterly devoted to his wife and baby. The scene was delicate and we had some trouble with it. Over and over we had to go through this passionate embrace and, of course, we were trying to make it real, at least to the onlooker. When the director called for it again, about the tenth time, I saw my friend straightway walk off the set.

When I found him later behind some scenery, the green-eyed monster stared at me with malignant hatred. And though he apologized later, I knew that jealousy was the one thing that could not inhabit my home. A woman in my position must have the trust and faith of her husband or she is lost.

One evening a young man and I stood on a corner of Broadway in Los Angeles. We weren't engaged—we just had a sort of understanding. Down the street three blocks was a picture of mine that I had never seen run before an audience. I was anxious to get their reaction to my work. Up the street five blocks was a picture of his that was going very big. I wanted to see my own picture, for the sake of my work; he wanted to see his. It didn't matter—we saw them both. But for that brief moment I felt the pull.

Perhaps I take my work a great deal more seriously than most people. I work very hard, I am absorbed in my work, I strive every moment in every picture to improve and to give my best. That isn't a pose. Anyone who knows me or has ever worked with me I am sure will tell you that.

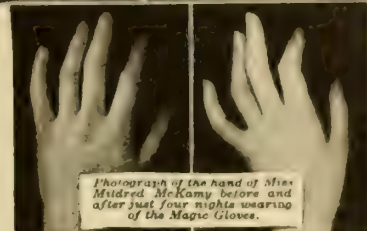
ONE day I heard the mother-in-law of a famous scenario writer reading the list of guests at a very exclusive opening. The daughter-in-law's name was mentioned, and she said in a sneering tone: "I don't suppose my son was there. I see his name isn't mentioned." Now her son was a fine chap, an excellent business man and an important person in his line. But—his name didn't mean anything to the public. Yet that mother-in-law would make the girl's life miserable for days because her name was mentioned and his wasn't.

Oh, well, I'm still many years under fifty and not yet ready for the Old Ladies' Home, and I do hope to find a man who has the kind of views on life that will give us a possibility of success and happiness. I guess I can afford to wait, because, when I am once married, I expect to stay married forever. That's the idea I'm starting with.

too, a curtain of age, of old thinking, old living. Her face was as fair and as smooth as when it had been the center of my dreams, but—the youth had died.

And so that woman carried me through the dangerous stage of curiosity about women. She was so fascinating—so utterly lovely. I seemed always just about to solve the mystery of her eyes and her lips and to find out whether her hair was really golden, or copper, or palely bronze. I never did find out.

From that thrilling and adventurous stage, men emerge seeking understanding and sympathy. Life has become more serious. There are a good many years to be loved out as well as lived out, and one has taken the measure of a year. When a man gets to that place in life—and I am there now—he wants to wait and find



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Why I Have Never Married—By Richard Dix

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

I loved a woman very madly, in that period of my life. But—shall I confess it?—she was already married. Her husband was an old man—a white-haired, apple-cheeked old man. A millionaire. I don't think I ever knew just how it came about that she was married to him or whether she ever told me. But I seem to have in the back of my mind a deep and pathetic story connected with that strange marriage. For she was very young—very young and ripe for living and full of beauties and graces that belonged to love.

Probably, if she had been free, I should have married her. But—fortunately or unfortunately—she wasn't. I saw her last year when I was in New York. Her husband is still alive, though he must be very, very old. And the blight of age seemed to have fallen upon her,



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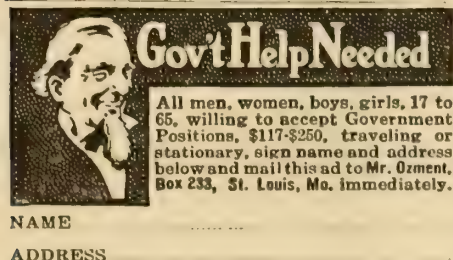
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the woman who fits his ideal. He will not be hurried into the passionate adventure. He is willing, like a connoisseur, to await perfection.

I have an ideal. Every man has, if he will only admit it. I don't care whether she is blonde or brunette, short or tall. But she must be a companion. If she only has a sense of humor—the enduring love is the love that laughs—love with a funny bone—everything else can be leavened. My ideal would be one who, knowing all my faults, still had it in her heart to love me, and to be proud of me and be happy that she married me.

And I am not sure I have the courage to ask any woman to meet this ideal. Why should she? I have always been afraid I couldn't repay her for the endless sacrifice, the patience, the inspiration and affection, the constant round of devotion and love that I hope she will give me. What would she find in me to make worth while the fitting of her life to mine, the molding of her happiness to bring me happiness?

I have awfully old-fashioned ideas about marriage. That's the trouble with me. I admire the modern girl and the modern woman tremendously. I look up to her and appreciate all she has done for humanity and all she has done to improve herself. But—I can't always reconcile her with my idea of marriage.

ONCE marriage was woman's only business. Now it's a side line. I don't blame women. Probably, as a business, they didn't find it worth while. It didn't pay high enough dividends on the capital of devotion and labor and self-immolation they put into it. At the same time, I can hardly think of facing marriage with a woman to whom it would be a side line. The old Adam is too strong in me. I want to be proud of my wife because she is a good mother,

a beautiful woman, a charming hostess—all the things that belong to her rôle as a wife.

Another point: I have not been forced to marry for those material comforts that so often lure a man. I've never stood outside and envied some other fellow a nice, comfortable home, with the woman touch apparent in it. I've always had a good home—and sometimes I believe that robs a man of the initiative to go out and begin his own home, as he should. I believe many men marry because of their longing for the care and comfort that their mothers used to give them.

Then, I've never been in a financial condition to marry, to give a girl the things she should have. There are lots of fellows, like myself, who don't like to ask a woman to share poverty and struggles and the uphill fight for success. Sometimes I think we are all wrong—that it's a woman's right and privilege to go through those days. That nothing can bind a man and woman closer. But I couldn't see it, or, at least, I have never found the right woman. I had a large family to support from my earliest working days. Four of us lived in New York on my first salary of \$25 a week. Then my brother passed on and his wife and family needed assistance. Things have broken that way for me.

And yet now—I do want to marry. No man's life can be complete without a wife and, particularly, without children. They say the father complex is not active in most men, but I believe it is in me. If I don't marry, I'll adopt some. But maybe the reason I've been waiting and hoping to find my Ideal, why I haven't been ashamed to wait even though I felt very humble myself—maybe the reason is that I've looked upon my wife as the woman my children would some day call mother—and that's a very important thing.

Just an Old One-Reeler

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78]

The speaker's strange sincerity and stranger manner obviously intrigued the interest of the director who was not listening intently.

"My partner," the old exhibitor began again, "she was my wife. I laid her away last month and I placed by her side,—but I'm getting ahead of my story. . . .

"You'll have to pardon me if I wander a bit. I rehearsed this story to tell you many times but now that I'm here my mind is in a jumble.

"I want to take you back to a Christmas Eve, away back in the days of the one-reelers. My partner and I had been struggling hard as we all had to do in those days. I had had a harness store and when the pictures started to come along Rhoda and me decided to have the front knocked out and we started a picture show.

"I ran the machine and she took tickets until the people were in and then she played the piano—and she played beautifully, too. Pretty soon our baby came but he did not stay long. We were broken-hearted. Then came that Christmas Eve, a Saturday night, we were running a picture of yours, 'Wandering Home'—you probably don't remember it, but God Bless you for making that picture! It was the story of a couple like ourselves who had lost their baby. We both saw the picture during the show and after the picture Rhoda came to me and said, 'Daddy, let's run that film again, after the people go.' We did run it, she and I sitting there with old Bob, who helped us clean up, grinding the machine. Hand in hand we sat there and cried and cried but afterwards there was a smile through our tears. That scene where a title says, 'And

a little baby reunited them'—oh! you must remember it—

"Well, we never sent that film back. We wrote the exchange and bought the copy. And many, many times Rhoda and me would run that picture after the people had gone and we would sit there hand in hand, learning from that picture that in just a little while we would both be reunited with our little fellow. Sometimes we quarreled, just as all married people do. Then night would come and we'd run that picture and time after time it would lighten our sorrowing hearts, bringing us closer together.

"That's about all there's to it, only I come here because I promised her I would some day tell you what that little picture meant to us. It was just one of those old one-reelers, but it made the difference between despondency and hope for Rhoda and me."

The old man sank into the divan, sobbing softly. The Master seemed transfixed, his hands clenched before him and his eyes peering steadily into the fire.

"Do-I-remember-that-old-one-reeler. . . ." the director was speaking slowly and evenly as if to reassure himself. "Why, that night, all alone in the projection room, do I remember it, my God! . . ."

Finally standing up, the director went to the old man, placed his arm tenderly about his shoulder and together they walked out into the steely moonlight of California.

Following at a respectful distance I heard the Master call to his secretary.

"Tell Regan to send over that new continuity. We'll start shooting Monday."

Mary Pickford's Opinions on Stars and Films

Will be found on Pages 28-29, this issue

Liar's Lane

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

He held her chin up in his hand so that she had to look at him.

The tears in her eyes brimmed over and ran down her cheeks. She seemed a very small, disappointed child.

"You wouldn't want me to go away feeling like that, would you, Katie?" he demanded again.

"No," she replied gulping. "I guess I was hoping that, maybe, you'd find it so hard to say good-bye that you would take me along with you just for a few days and—and—"

Her lips quivered and she couldn't say any more. Neither could Dick.

He picked her up—she was pretty heavy at that—and carried her to her room.

Then he kissed her closed eyelids.

"Good-bye," he whispered. "Good-bye, Katie." But she said nothing at all.

Still, she didn't cry till he had closed the door softly after himself, thinking, like the masculine boob that he was, that she had probably fallen asleep.

III

THE lonely people are the ones who stay at home, not the farers forth. A tooth doesn't know anything about pain; it's the jaw from which it has been extracted that suffers.

So, if Dick's departure was the cause of sorrow he himself did not experience anything but a sort of pleasurable regret. Youth, that he had never had, came back to him in tidal surges.

The Los Angeles Limited roaring across the United States in pursuit of the setting sun left years and years of unlovely bondage behind. Dick forgot the office stool, the black and red figures, the monotonous fare and the dingy splendor of the boarding house. What does a butterfly remember of its cocoon? He took to the trappings of adventure as if he had never known contact with the practical world of commerce. Perhaps that was because in his heart he had always lived above the timber line.

Contrary to the custom the Limited had one pretty girl on board. That is something which should be provided by the railroad companies on all of their transcontinental trains. It is very disappointing to the traveling public, especially masculine, to find that it is doomed to three days with no scenery to look at except out the windows. Men get sloppy, mentally, morally and physically unless there is potential beauty to keep them keyed up. Having a personable female on board increases the business of the barber, manicurist and tailor two hundred per centum. It very seldom happens. But it could be very easily remedied. A girl out of the "Follies" could be hired for around a hundred per week and expenses. During that time she could make a round trip and have one day off to visit her own husband. And think of the increase in travel on that particular line!

The young woman on Dick's train was an animated ball of fluff. There were kinks in her hair and springs in her behavior. The color of the hair was what is known as chataine, which is a kind of a blondish brunette with a lot of lights in its, and the hue of her behavior would have been violent red if she had not been so darn cute about it. You've got to be very young, very pretty and very several other things in order to get away with eyes that grin at everybody they look at from babies to bishops.

She was small and, during the daytime, went in for sort of rowdy clothes—sport skirts and sweaters, heather stockings and all that sort of thing. Then at dinner she would blossom fourth in a trail frock that, remembering how she had looked an hour before, made you think that she had pinched it out of her mother's wardrobe. At all times she was exquisitely dainty and freshly scrubbed looking. It was as if she had accepted a divine

commission always to be restful to the eye and carried it out even under the most trying circumstances. You had a feeling that she would appear at a fire or an earthquake clad in exactly the correct costume for that sort of a function. And looking top hole in it, too.

In other words, mates, exactly the kind of a gal that can be used for bait for brook casting or deep sea trolling, for all varieties of masculine fish from shiners to sperm whales, the kind of gal who makes life heaven for men and hell for other women.

Which she knew, of course.

And profited by.

She was accompanied, in perpetual total eclipse, by a well dressed young man with a weak but waxed moustache which, despite his fondest hopes, did not make him look foreign a bit. He was very slim and willowy, probably a good dancer and certainly a polished conversationalist. By the time the train was nearing the Rockies he had spoken to nearly everyone in it. In that way he eventually arrived at Dick Lord.

Dick was so much of a tyro at the "mixing" game that he was very grateful for the advances which young Mr. Luther—Robert Luther, he said his name was—made.

And Dick was the first train-made acquaintance whom Luther introduced to "the girl." It had been very noticeable that, before that, although he was very genial himself, he did not pass on his pick-ups.

"Mr. Lord, I should like to present you to my—er—sister. Millicent, this is Mr. Lord about whom I was telling you—the gentleman who is going to become one of the literary lights of screendom."

Dick interrupted with a blushing denial, mentally kicking himself for having told this young man his secret ambition.

"But you're bound to succeed," Luther denied, "because you are going at it the right way. Not one man in a million has the chance that you are going to have of studying the motion picture business from the inside."

After a few moments devoted to similar conversational bull Luther went to sit in a poker game in the club car, leaving Dick in the heaven of his sister's companionship.

HE thought that, with his limited social experience, it was going to be a painful pleasure, but he was mistaken. Miss Luther put him at ease at once some way, made him an unconscious team-mate in the game she seemed to be playing with life and before half an hour was over he was her devoted slave.

Dick had never known a strictly ornamental woman before, a carefully cultivated and exotic flower, whose only purpose was to grace a few of the higher moments of civilization and then pass into history or oblivion as the case might be. He had to revise all of his previously conceived notions. Here at last was the real reason for woman's existence—to be the beautiful clown companion of man's leisure moments.

For Millie Luther was funny. She had not needed that as an added attraction, but she was anyway, and the genuine humor of her conversational viewpoint only made her a few hundred degrees more compelling than if you could merely see her. She was just twice as interesting as she looked—that was all. Not that it made much difference. Men who have sat on electric settees say the first 2,000 volts are the most noticeable. Above that it doesn't make much difference.

Millie could have convinced Dick of anything. For instance, he had always previously abhorred the idea of make-up on a woman. Millie constantly consulted her vanity case mirror and added a touch here and there, especially on her scarlet little lips, and Dick liked it. And she did things to her eyebrows and eyelashes that he would not have approved of at all in prehistoric days but which now

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seemed quite the proper caper. Part of this was due to the way she looked out of the eyes underneath aforesaid brows and lashes, a sort of a hurt-dog look that said, "You wouldn't strike me again if I'll lick your hand, would you?" That kind of eye language ought to be censored by the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Mush-heads. Some women could spring that look on a man immediately after announcing "I have just killed your mother because she wore that hat again," and he'd take her in his arms and kiss the tears away. And probably buy her a diamond ring to make her forget the unpleasantness.

"I'm a would-be motion picture actress," she confided during their second conversation, which occurred shortly after they had all three had dinner together. "I'm not telling most people about my ambitions until I find out if I succeed or not, but as you are practically in the same boat I feel as if it were all right."

And then she chattered on:

"I've had a little experience—just walked on in one or two of my brother's productions and Robert is going to produce a feature with me in it very soon now, just a little program picture that won't cost much, merely to try me out before audiences." Then as an afterthought. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could make a hit at the same time?"

Dick's heart jumped. Wouldn't it be wonderful to do anything at the same time with her?

"Can't you see it?" she continued. "Milliecent Luther in 'Should a Woman Inhale?'" by Richard Lord." Sounds good, doesn't it?"

That was all she said at that time. Later, at another meal she said to Robert: "Before we start shooting on my picture would you consider looking over some of Mr. Lord's scripts and see if there is anything that would fit me?"

Robert considered. "I wouldn't mind but I'm not in favor of the idea. Not," he hastened to add, "because I don't believe that Mr. Lord can write but because with an untried star like yourself we've got to take every precaution—the story has to be actor-proof. Do you see? Besides it would be more difficult to get the money to finance the work of an unknown writer. It will be hard enough to put you over with the hard boiled bankers even if you melt 'em with your oxy-acetylene eyes, but two unknowns would be impossible, I'm afraid. After you're established then we would bring in Mr. Lord on a later picture."

"He'll be established then, too, and probably we couldn't even afford to hire him. Say you'll look at his stories anyway. You don't need to do anything but just look."

"All right, I'll look," the brother conceded.

IV

DICK'S entrance into California was certainly made under wonderful auspices. Any country would be marvellous when personally presented by Millicent Luther, but the Pacific slope is especially a girl and man paradise. It is youthful against a background of somnolent, age-old romance. The indulgent hills give the heart a funny tug that is renewed every time one looks up at them unexpectedly, the sea talks a great deal in its sleep about things that might happen but never have yet—at least to mortals—and the pagan sun forgives much that he would frown upon in climates where he has been converted to cold Puritanism.

Millicent showed him everything with a proprietary air.

"See that mountain—it's my mountain, but I'll let you look at it for a minute. Look at the mountain, not at me."

"I'm afraid I'll miss some of you."

"No danger. I'm only one-trillionth as big as that pile of rock over there."

"And ten trillion times as interesting and changeable."

"Careful, young man, you're dealing in pretty high figures. Look out or you'll overdraw your account."

She never let him get any nearer to love-

making than that. Sometimes, just for the fraction of a second, she would give him little flashes of intimacy that were like glimpses of paradise seen through an instantaneous shutter. Then she'd scurry back behind her defenses and there he'd be, a charmed slave waiting outside the walls.

He was quite too infatuated to accuse her of being a "teaser," a soloist playing a rhapsody on his emotions simply for the pleasure of demonstrating her own skill. To him her retreat from his occasionally aroused impetuosity was only a charming shyness, a more alluring naivete. Besides, Dick had no great confidence in his own candle-power. Even Katie's astonishing behavior had not increased his self-esteem. Anyway he had almost forgotten Katie now. At least she was back in the sub-conscious hinterland where it would take considerable cataclysm to jar her out.

Millie had a car, all nickel where it wasn't red, with just one seat in it. It was a magic carpet upon which they were transported from one pleasure to another.

For some reason or other she was loath to visit the studios even though she knew that Dick was interested in them, and that their technique was what he had come west to study.

"There'll be plenty of time for that when you're working. For your holiday let's keep away from Liar's Lane." She indicated the boulevard with the big frame barn-like structures on either side of it. "They'll break your heart there with their lies—lies that will seem so nearly true that you'll pin your faith to them and when you look around behind their brown stone fronts to find nothing but flimsy scaffolding to hold them up it will make you feel as if you had stepped over a precipice in the dark. Even the men and women are merely hollow Benda masks. Take off the lovely exteriors and you will find only incredibly hideous nothingness." And then she concluded in an abrupt change of mood.

"I hate to let you step into Liar's Lane as you are. It will hurt. Isn't there some way you can get hard boiled before you do it?"

Millicent's wish was law to Dick, so he kept away from the cameras. That wasn't very difficult so long as she was willing to supply a counter attraction herself. Mr. Luther could not ordinarily go with them—he was busy always with bankers or somebody materialistic like that.

He brought them bad news about Dick's script. "They won't finance it," he said. "It's a good story, they admit that, and they are influenced to a certain extent by the fact that we both want to do it, but they're tough babies when it comes to laying down the cash. I'll have to dig up another story."

"But I don't want some other story. I want to act in Dick's."

"Humph!" Robert conveyed subtly that he understood how the land lay, but that this was a commercial affair and had nothing whatever to do with the love affairs of a wilful woman.

"Couldn't we get someone else to back us," she suggested, "just for this one production? You said it wouldn't cost much."

"It could be made for somewhere around forty or fifty thousand dollars, I guess—especially if we didn't pay you much of any salary."

"I'd work for nothing in Dick's picture."

After an offer like that what could Dick do? The Lord-Luther Corporation was organized before the end of the week and space in a studio was leased for the first production.

V

THERE seemed to be an awful lot of delay about getting started—and a lot of expenses, too. Almost all of Dick's capital was in the company before a crank was turned—requisitioned from him for this and that. No one but himself knew how very little there was left. It wasn't necessary to tell yet anyway and the money would begin rolling back the other way, towards himself—as soon as

the first bookings began to pay in. It was easy to prove that, in three months, a production would pay for itself and that all the rest would be velvet.

Dick wrote and revised his own continuity in accordance with the composite advice of all the correspondence courses in script writing which he had ever taken. Unless the lessons were all wrong the scenario was practically flawless from a technical point of view. Every action was motivated correctly, the scenes followed logically and the characters behaved consistently.

Work began desultorily. Luther, himself, did the directing and he chose to "shoot" first a few of the simple little scenes that required negligible sets and few actors. The big sets and the rest of the cast would be on the lot in a few days, he promised.

But to be at work at all was heaven to Dick. The bare, vaulted stages with the electrician's scaffoldings overlooking the sets, the batteries of lights surrounding the scenes, the clutter of paraphernalia, the tangled cables, all were the properties of his long desired fairyland. He feared almost to touch anything lest the entire fabric should vanish.

IT was a supremely happy culmination of Dick's desires. He felt that he belonged in the atmosphere of the studios. Everything fascinated him, thrilled him, even after he had become familiar with its workings. He would never grow tired of making stories in this plastic medium, he had found the niche in which he could contentedly spend the rest of his life.

That happiness in his work coupled with the fact that it insured practically constant companionship with the most fascinating girl he had ever seen was an ideal sort for the growth of Dick's personality. He expanded and shed his old shyness. Everybody liked him.

For instance Krogstead, the old cameraman. By old is not meant that he was more than forty-five or so, but that is quite aged in the cinema industry where nearly everyone is young.

Krogstead had ground out film since Biograph days. He was not one of the best cameramen in the business but he was one of the most experienced. On the big new productions in the high class studios he was passed by in favor of young men who carried their moonshine better or laid off of the stuff entirely. But, when sober, Krogstead was a valuable man on any lot and he knew all the traditions of the game.

Once or twice when he was folding up his traps after a day's shooting Dick stopped to talk with him.

"We accomplished quite a lot today, Krog," Dick said.

"We've got a good deal of film in the can, if that's what you mean," Krogstead admitted noncommittally.

That wasn't exactly what Dick had meant and when Krogstead made the same sort of reply the next time he asked him to explain.

It happened that just at the moment Krogstead was not particularly sober so he told the truth as he saw it, forgetting to obey the whispered order which had gone forth to every employee on the lot.

"This thing we're shooting ain't a film story—it's just a lot of scenes, no good by themselves and a lot worse when they're strung together."

That was quite a blow to a young man who was beginning to see himself as an arrived genius, who knew that he had spent everything on his education but was confident that the investment was now about to be justified. Of course he did not necessarily have to believe the drunken Krogstead, but Dick was a sensitive soul and the criticism got under the hide.

He had the courage to ask what specifically was the matter with the story.

"It's all right technically—that's a hard word 'technically,'" Krog admitted, stopping to take a little nip from one of the laboratory

test tubes of which he carried a dozen in his vest pocket. "But there's nothing human about it. You can't write a story yet because nothing every happened to you. You know how to use words, but wait 'til after you've broken your heart. Then you can make other people laugh and cry with your characters. Your people ain't real, there ain't any more heart in 'em than there is in that little painted doll who's playing the lead."

"Krog," Dick topped him with ominous calm. "Say as much as you like about my story but keep your drunken lips off from the name of Mrs. Luther."

Krogstead started to laugh but sputtered through with, "That's a better line than most of your subtitles and very similar, my boy, very similar. Don't spring any more funny stuff 'til I get through laughing at that one."

Dick was suddenly red-mad and he struck him—that old man, drunk and unsteady. He was instantly ashamed and helped him to his feet. "I'm sorry, Krog," he apologized.

"S'all right," Krog pardoned, "S'all right."

He felt hastily of the test tubes that adorned his bosom like Cossack ammunition. "Didn't break a one. That's why I don't carry a flask on the hip. When somebody knock me down I always land on my back. Almost never fall on my chest. Safest place—"

He was still talking when Dick walked away from him. Dick was ashamed of himself, but he might have struck him again if he had waited to hear more.

Krog's criticism of his work hurt, of course, but he could not believe that the old cameraman was a competent judge. Surely he couldn't be, and be so far wrong in his estimate of Millie.

She was waiting for him outside the studio gate in her little red wagon, her little red lips smiling an anticipatory welcome and her great liquid eyes pleading with him always to be kind to her. One look out of those eyes swept away all the mud which Krog had left behind when he trod in Dick's temple. All was well with the world.

In a flash almost they were on a mountain-top. Millie usually took him home by some scenic route.

"How's that?" she demanded with the flourish of a showman. "That ocean way over there is my private swimming pool and this beautiful lady below us just putting on her flashing diamond necklace is La Belle Hollywood. The string of beads is Liar's Lane." She leaned her cheek against his rough coat. That made her quite close to him but still a long ways away.

Dick wanted her closer but did not dare. "Millie, I love you," he whispered not loudly enough even so that he was sure she heard. Dick was like that—to make a statement of his own pitiable condition but to ask no confession from the cause of his downfall.

SHE got the idea anyway, because she twined her fingers in his and wrapped herself a little more closely around his heart. And he kissed her. She permitted it—just once.

That was all, but he walked the hill tops that night kicking aside the stars and in the morning he bought a ring, a rather impressive diamond that took the last of his capital just to make the first payment on. Still one could not be prepared with any lesser offering when one came to ask a girl of Millie's caliber to share one's fortunes. Besides there would be plenty of money soon.

But not so soon as there was a demand for it. That very day Robert Luther came to him with an unexpected studio bill which totalled in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars.

"I think it's too much myself," Robert admitted, "but they've got us where the hair is darn short because we've got to go on here now or else lose a lot of money changing over to some other lot."

Dick felt a hard dry lump come in his throat. He had put nearly everything he had into the company for an expense fund and

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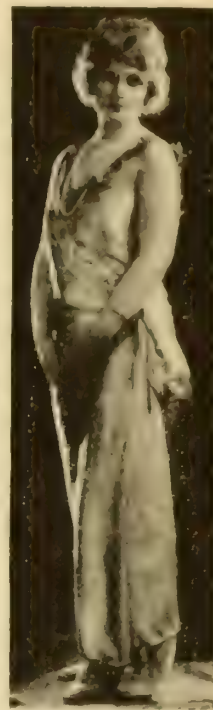
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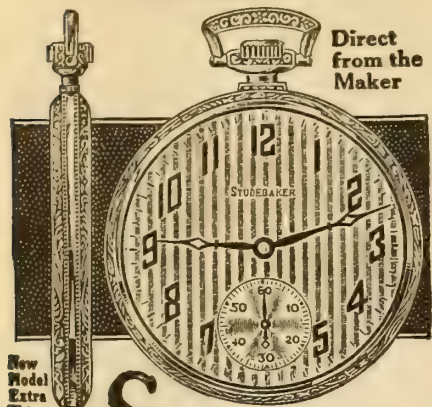
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this additional whack between the eyes made him stagger.

"Let me look it over," he suggested weakly to his partner. "I may have to wire east for money."

Robert Luther regarded him shrewdly and whistled between his teeth. "All right. I hope you have a lot of luck because it will be darned hard to raise any here."

Dick knew well that there was no one in Davenport to whom he could telegraph for funds with any reasonable expectation of receiving anything but a "ha! ha!" by way of reply. Still he wanted time to think and incidentally to lay the proposition before Millie. She knew that he loved her and presumably, if anyone could judge by indications, she loved him in return. It was only fair to have all the cards on the table. It was practically a family matter anyway or would be as soon as he had completed the ceremony of the ring which lay in his pocket.

So Robert and Dick parted, ostensibly each to test his own private financial resources.

Late that afternoon Dick arrived at Millie's bungalow. He had been invited for dinner some time back.

The maid let him in and because he was a familiar in that household did not think to announce him.

Bungalow walls are thin. Maybe, even, a door had been accidentally left open somewhere.

Anyway there were voices, easily distinguishable voices.

"You are being very careless dressing in my bed room this way, Bob," Millie was saying. "Suppose Dick—"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Dick's all through. That game is off. You don't have to pretend to be my sister any more and I won't have to sneak back here nights after he has gone home."

"What's the matter?" There was considerable concern in Millie's voice.

"The cash is gone, that's all. There's no more reason for you to waste your talents on the desert air. God knows it took long enough to get that measly forty-five thousand from the boob."

"We aren't going to finish the picture?"

"That thing? Don't make me laugh. We're going to do a fadeaway in the morning." A pause. "Say, what's the idea of the tears? You don't really care anything about that poor sap, do you? If I thought you did I'd take a punch at him just for luck. And, as for you, you mind your p's and q's darn carefully and don't forget who you're married to."

There might have been more but Dick had heard enough.

He let himself out without being heard by anyone.

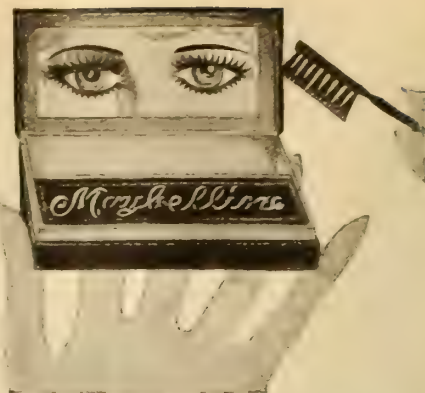
VI

DICK got back what he had paid on the ring. That amount squared up the major portion of the debts actually incurred by the company. Just as he had expected, the statements he had received had all been highly imaginative inflations of the genuine accounts. Robert Luther, of course, did not show up at the studio again.

Completely broke, Dick faced the unpleasant necessity of living or dying respectably. There was not much savor in either alternative. Living was especially unpleasant for a while but he did it.

Every time he saw two people together, riding, driving, dancing, anything at all, even if they were not ideally mated as Millie and he had been, it made him almost unbearably unhappy. It seemed incredible that there could still be gayety left in the world that denied him his paradise. There was a heavy pain in his heart that sometimes almost made him cry out for something to ease it. He wanted to claw the damned hurt thing from his breast.

Even the mountains and the sea were sullen barriers to his soul instead of the lures to happiness that they once had been. Perhaps



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that was because he never saw them from the seat of an automobile now. Wherever Dick went he furnished his own transportation. One would not expect the helper of a second assistant property man to arrive at the studio via motor.

Dick was mighty lucky to have a job at all. A correspondence school degree in scenario writing does not qualify its owner for a really lucrative position of any sort on a cinema lot.

He had no urge to write any more. The creative impulse died sickeningly in his unhappy breast. All he did was to work listlessly at his appointed tasks and then crawl off by himself to try to get well.

Dick became a regular customer of the studio bootlegger. That was a pastime which eventually absorbed all of his salary and finally got him fired from his job and evicted from his rooming house on the same day. Being thrown out on the street is not quite so great a disaster in Hollywood as it is in Herald Square. For one thing there isn't any snow and ice to slip and fall on.

As a matter of fact Dick scarcely knew that anything had happened to him. Not that he had very much moonshine under his belt, but what he did have was resting on a food foundation of nothing at all and it felt very important amid the echoes.

Krogstead found him in the (figurative) gutter that evening, found him and recognized the symptoms from having had them so frequently himself.

"I'm a reg'lar little ol' St. Bernard dog, I am," he assured Dick, uncorking a test tube that miraculously had a few drops left in it, "bringing first aid to the lonely traveler lost in the Alps. Drink this and come on home."

Dick drank it all right and then spilled the information that he had no home and why. "Come home with me, then," Krogstead invited. "I got plenty."

If Dick had been sober he would probably have refused the hospitality of the old man whom once he had scorned. As it was he had no resistance left and he went where he was led.

Krogstead's home was nearby but hard to get at. The way led straight up a steep canyon in the side of the hills.

Noticing the difficulty Dick was having with the grade Krogstead admitted, "I don't always get clear home myself some nights when I run out of gas. Then I sleep wherever I drop until the hellish cold wakes me up in the middle of the night and I crawl the rest of the way. But I got a little liquor left today and we'll make it. Here's yours and here's mine."

The extra kick gave them both enough strength to finish the pull.

Krogstead's home was a building of approximately eight foot dimensions each way, forward, sideways and up. The material from which it was constructed was old real-estate signs. Thus, one might read over the door, "The Best Buy in Hollywood." One entire side wall said, "See Mary" and other available space inquired "Can You Find a Better Spot For a Hotel or Apartment Building?"

Inside there was a bedspring supported on three boxes and a keg. It was sketchily covered with burlap bedclothes. The other furniture consisted of a box and a carbon encrusted kerosene cook stove, two burner.

"Used to have a still, too," Krogstead boasted, "but it took too much time from my work. It's cheaper to buy it than to make it anyway. Safer, too."

Krogstead had a little bacon and some coffee. He cooked it and divided that and the rest of his moonshine with Dick. They went to bed in a blissfully unconscious condition. One of them slept on the floor, but neither knew which one.

VII

DICK was tremendously touched by the Samaritanlike behavior of the man he had once knocked down for telling him the truth and in the morning he tried, unsteadily, to express his gratitude.

His host received the thanks quizzically.

Krogstead, seasoned toper that he was, seemed little the worse for wear. Dick, of course, was a pitiable wreck.

"Moonshine is rotten stuff to learn to drink on," Krogstead mused out loud. "Us old fellows that got our insides mellowed by white man's liquor can stand this essence of red pepper they sell you behind closed doors but it certainly is criminal to put it into an amateur stomach."

Dick laughed, not very convincingly. "Are you advising me to lay off the stuff, Krog? You?"

"The way you say 'You' kind of hurts, son. I didn't know I was as low as that."

Dick was quick to sense the real shame in the older man's tones and he hastened to apologize. "You aren't half as low as I am, Dad. Good God, look at you, with a job and a home and everything. I haven't anything."

"Except youth and a couple of thousand chances to make something of yourself that you're trampling in the mud. But I'm not going to preach. You better hang around here all day and tonight we'll see what we can do when I return. I ain't got any liquor to leave you but I'll bring you a pick-me-up when I come back. You'll be yelling for it by that time."

From the depths of his experience Krogstead spoke the truth. Before the day was done Dick was down on his knees by the dilapidated old bed praying God to bring the old man home soon with a shot of hooch. If there had been anything salable in Krogstead's shanty Dick would have taken it down to the second-hand store on Hollywood Boulevard and traded it for the price of a drink. But the owner of the shack, either by intention or necessity, did not possess a single thing that was worth lugging a hundred yards.

Krogstead arrived just before dark. He had three or four packages under his arms and the labor of transporting them up the incline had just about ruined the old tanker. He couldn't answer questions until his wind returned, so Dick opened the packages himself in search of the bottle. There was a steak, some potatoes, a loaf of bread and half a pound of butter. That was all.

"For God's sake, man, where is it?"

Krogstead understood and shook his head. "There isn't any. I spent our money for grub."

"The hell you say. You drank it all up yourself, you mean?"

"No. I ain't had a drink today. I've been thinking—dry."

Dick was speechless with disappointment. Tears stood in his eyes. "Thinking? What about? What's the use?"

"I've been thinking that if what you said this morning is true—that I was the only person on earth who would give you a helping hand—then I'm a pretty poor specimen of a man if I don't at least try to help in the right direction. I don't know whether you remember it or not, but once or twice you've accidentally called me 'Dad' and it made me kind of proud and ashamed. But I made up my mind that I wasn't going to bring moonshine to anybody that called me that and—" The old man stopped, rather at a loss how to go on, and looked at his guest for help. There wasn't any. "Well, you can take it or leave it."

Dick was fighting to let his old idea of values struggle back to the foreground of his mind now exclusively occupied by thirst. Where was his heart, his sense of humor, his self-respect, not to applaud and laugh at this poor old wreck with a hang-over trying to reform him?

He finally managed it with a sort of a smile, not much of a one but a smile none the less. "All right, dad, I get you. Let's fry this steak."

They lived together from then on.

One of them always stayed sober and brought the other home when he fell from the joint resolution which, after much argument, they had made.



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Dick really had a shorter distance to go back to respectability than had Dad Krogstead and he soon beat out of the woods. Having the old man to care for and more, having the old man to care for him, gave him a hand hold by which he slowly dragged himself back to respectability.

But the cameraman made a sporting fight of it, too, and it tore him all up whenever he lost any ground.

"Boy," he apologized ruefully when he came in once especially plastered, "I'm an awful example to you and I was trying to get to where I could be your ideal."

"That's all right, dad. You climb right into bed and don't forget this time that it's your head goes on the pillow."

Yes, they had pillows and everything. They had moved in from the hills to a tiny bungalow south of Santa Monica Boulevard, unfashionable, inexpensive but comfortable.

By morning Dick had worked out a scheme that he thought would prove the old man's salvation. He proposed it.

"Let's make an agreement, dad, never to drink by ourselves after this and always to drink the same amount, glass for glass."

"That ain't fair, son. I can hold more liquor than you can without showing it."

"It doesn't make much difference. It's the first shot that counts and you know it."

Dick was taking an advantage but the old man didn't realize it until after he had made the agreement. The very first time he had to have a drink after that and came to Dick to tell him about it he weakened when Dick unquestioningly poured out a slug and signified his intention of joining him.

"All right," conceded the old man, pouring his back in the bottle. "I guess I don't want it that bad."

It seemed harsh to use the old man's inexplicable love for him as a bat to club him with but Dick was firm. He stuck to the formula, "a glass for a glass" and in two months they only took one drink,—and that was together.

Dick was working again and their combined salaries covered the expenses easily. Dick was working and learning this time. He was trying minor jobs in every department in the studios, not earning much but picking up the slant of the men and women who contribute the various angles that go to make modern pictures.

His old enthusiasm revived. It wasn't quite the same because his attitude was tempered and qualified by a working knowledge of the thing that he adored but he was none the less an awakening master of the new art.

Krog read the rough manuscript that Dick was working on during some of his leisure hours at home.

"Hm," he said, laying it down. "This ain't so bad, son, not so bad. I've shot worse scripts than this."

"Thanks, dad."

"You're beginning to get some heart into your stuff. I'm glad. But this story needs something to make it sell, something to make the audience go out feeling good and kind and warm—"

"I wondered whether I ought to put on a happy ending."

"You sure ought, son."

"You mean have the girl turn out not to be married to the villain and—"

"Hell, no! Bring on that girl from back home. She's the real heroine of your story, the one the audience wants to see get the ring and the cradle."

"I wonder."

"Sure. Think it over."

IX

THE producer who accepted Dick's script in the revised form was most enthusiastic about it and was casting it beautifully.

"I got a find for the vamp part in your story today," he told Dick. "It's that Luther girl, Millie Luther. She's just the type,—big-eyed, innocent looking, but with an awful kick



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underneath. She hasn't been around for a year or more. Just turned up today looking for a job. She'll be a knockout in the part if she just plays herself."

Dick didn't say anything. He was wondering why his heart didn't turn over in its grave. But it didn't. There was that, then.

The producer, Sol Friedman, was continuing. "That was the hard part to cast. The other one, the heroine, can be played by any nice girl. We want every fellow in the audience to wish that she was his own sweetheart or wife or something, eh what?"

"Right, I've got to run along now, Mr. Friedman, but I'll be here in the morning. I'm meeting a friend who arrives from the east."

And he was. So was Dad Krogstead. Dick insisted on it.

Katie got off the Limited dressed in the nicest blue suit she had ever owned,—nearly all of her savings were in it. She was not so very pretty but the way she looked out of her eyes made you "wish that she was your own sweetheart or wife or something." And the way she held up her lips shyly to be kissed nearly broke Dick's heart. He felt so unworthy to be trusted.

"This, Katie, is Dad Krogstead. We owe him just a little more than we'll ever be able to repay if we love him all the rest of our lives. Incidentally he is to be one of the witnesses of your wedding."

"My wedding?"

"Yes, aren't you willing to be married this afternoon? Great Scott, you're here in answer to my telegram, aren't you?"

"Yes. But the wire just said, 'Come'."

"And you just came,—anyhow?"

"Yes."

"Dad, what can I ever do to be worthy of this girl? I wonder if I dare try."

X

AFTER the wedding Dad Krogstead produced a flask and poured himself a drink.

"Were you aiming to put that stuff in your sides?" the newly created bridegroom inquired politely.

"I was."

"Then give me that and pour yourself the second one."

"Say," pleaded the old man, "you wouldn't go to that girl smelling of this damned stuff, would you?"

"Our agreement was glass for glass, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but that was before you were married. You aren't going to make me responsible for keeping you straight with Katie, are you?"

"I certainly am."

Dad Krogstead looked him all over to see if he meant it and finally threw the bottle out the window. He winced as it struck something hard and crashed.

"God forgive me. That was genuine stuff, too, aged in the drugstore."

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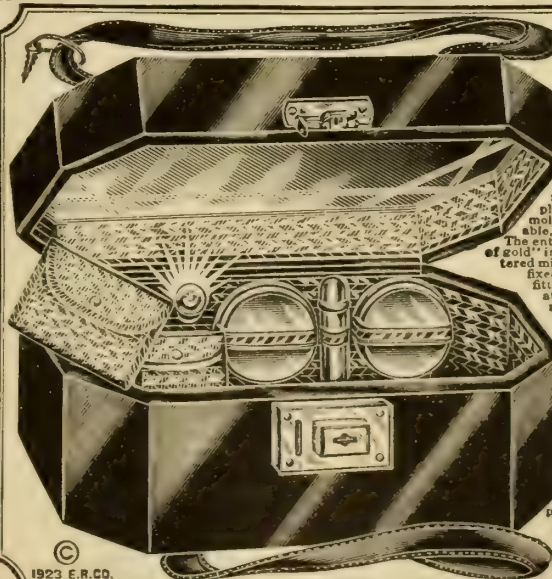
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Is Edison Wrong?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

"Hurrying home, I unpacked my 'society' clothes and went back to the studio. Being new to the game, I didn't take any make-up, but Richard Thorpe came to my aid. In a few minutes I had a light orange complexion and accentuated eyebrows.

"Having traveled across the Western deserts to various mining projects and encountered a terrific glare, the studio lights did not affect my eyes. In fact, they seemed dim compared to the sun's rays as I had known them upon the desert sands."

Mr. Grooms said that he recently completed the construction of a \$4,000,000 cyanide reduction mill at Virginia City, Nevada. There he directed hundreds of men. Here in the movies he was being directed.

"How does it feel to be directed?" he was asked.

"A person who is capable of giving directions is capable of receiving them and carrying them out intelligently," he replied. "This is a point in favor of the college-trained man. He has a well-balanced, receptive mind. An order, whether given or received, arouses no feeling of antagonism in such a man. An untrained man often misconstrues the motives for directions and lacks the ability to carry them out."

"The first impression of a motion picture studio to one of scientific mind was one of utmost confusion. This later became clarified as I began, almost subconsciously, to study everything about me. I was able to coordinate the reasons for this and that after picking them apart—analytically, as we do in chemistry."

"I BEGAN to realize that I had become a transitory element in changing from the real to the unreal. There are reactions in combining chemical elements which are always the same. But this is not so in combining the actor elements—as we might term the players—each of whom registers a different individual reaction in response to the orders of the director, who is combining them into a scene. This difference in the actions and reactions in the human element is directly divergent to the results in the field of exact science."

This was pretty deep stuff, so he was asked if he considered picture acting very hard work.

"Motion picture acting is the most restful occupation I ever dreamed of. All I have had to do in the way of work has been to follow directions. As far as the acting part was concerned, I hardly had to use my own brain one atom. Of course, the new work appealed to me. It isn't every day that one can get paid for dancing with Constance Binney. Also I met a number of players I had often seen on the screen—Mary Carr, Edmund Breese, William Bailey, and little Russell Griffin. Really, it has been a great vacation with pay."

"Is the compensation as great as you received in your original occupation?"

"No, indeed, not by a long shot," laughed Grooms, "but I'm only beginning. By September first my eleven fraternity brothers and I were to be established in our positions. I guess I have the edge on the rest."

"We twelve have a year to make good in our new jobs. So, I expect that when we meet again at the annual reunion of the Sigma Phi next June many interesting experiences will be told."

"But I'll bet a mining claim that I'll be the only one of the twelve who can show motion pictures of his experiences."

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

"WHAT shall I give for Christmas?" It's a universal cry just now. "What gift is the most suitable—the most acceptable?" This is the question that comes to me from the last minute shopper. "Can you give me any Christmas present suggestions?" peers up at me from ever so many sheets of correspondence paper. And, in answer, I am mentioning a few of the lovely things that may be purchased easily and quickly—and that the recipient is sure to appreciate.

First of all there are so many charming and useful toilet accessories! Powders, perfumes, all the necessary and luxurious aids to beauty and daintiness. There are wee vials of fragrance, that may be carried so conveniently in purse or vanity bag. There are talcums of exquisite texture, and such velvety face powders and creams! There are lip sticks, and rouges that bring back the very freshness of youth. There are sets that come prettily boxed, containing three or four items—each one a gift in itself.

I call to mind, at this moment, a compact that I saw a few days ago. A pretty thing that was unique as well as attractive. The powder, a large cake, was in the top of the compact and, in a little sliding drawer, there rested a small cake of rouge and a tiny lip stick. The whole thing was so clever!

Under the head of toilet accessories will come the always useful manicure set. This gift can be used the whole year through—and is always pleasant to have.

Silk underwear, of course. Combinations, nighties, knickers and even petticoats—for women are again wearing petticoats! Furs, too, and even coats and dresses may be purchased, if you are very, very sure of the prospective wearer's size and choice of color.

A mesh bag is always a beautiful and lasting gift. One that never loses its smartness and its utility. And jewelry solves many a problem. Often newly engaged men give the betrothal ring—the pledge of love eternal—for a Christmas gift. Indeed, a diamond is always the most splendid present! And there are such exquisite bits of novelty jewelry, always. Brooches, bar pins, rings and La Vallières. Pendants and earrings. Pearls and wrist watches. Bracelets and chains. And on, through a seemingly endless list.

For the bride to be—or, for that matter, for any housewife—a chest of silver is a thoughtful and truly wonderful Christmas token. One

that will stay, through the years, to keep a precious memory alive and sweet. Smaller pieces of silver are always in good taste—and are always wanted by the average woman.

Stationery! Monogrammed, initialed or with a crest. Or, if the time is too short for the personal touch, in a gift cabinet. Books, always. And musical instruments for the talented ones—or for those who desire to learn self expression through the medium of melody.

And last but not least, by any means—there is always the gift that will be appreciated by young or old—by man or woman. By, in fact, the whole family.

There is always a subscription to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE!

LUCILE, SAYVILLE, L. I.

I do not think that nineteen is too young to take up dancing lessons—especially as you have a natural talent in that direction. Of course it is always better to begin such training at a very early age—but since you didn't, well, better late than never!

If you are interested in taking lessons by correspondence, you will find some satisfactory school, advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You are near enough to New York, however, to take them personally at one of the city's many dancing schools. If you will send me an addressed envelope I will be glad to give you the names of some institutes of the dance that I can recommend. If you will tell me the amount of money that you can afford to spend upon lessons, it will help me to advise you properly.

LITTLE VAMP, FITCHBURG, MASS.

Are you sure that you don't help along this so called "sex appeal" of which you are possessed? A style of dress, make-up that is a shade too obvious, an intriguing manner—they will all make you the victim of undue familiarity. I've always found that a girl is not subjected to insult or to unwelcome kisses without being at least partly to blame.

You say that you try to be cool and just politely interested. Try harder. Make your interest very polite and distant, indeed. And don't be afraid of hurting feelings.

Above all, be honest with yourself—and with me. Are you sure that you suffer as much as you say that you do, from these masculine attentions? I detected a slightly self-satisfied note in your letter.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; she is flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

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MISS PINKY, DUNSMUIR, CAL.

Just what is your objection to exercise—it seems strange that you should want to lose weight without exercise, when exercise is one of the best ways to reduce. However, next to exercise, I should suggest diet. Eliminate butter, potatoes, white bread, cream, milk and sugar, in all forms, from your daily menu. And the seven pounds will undoubtedly disappear in short order. You're lucky to be only seven pounds too heavy!

J. M. K., RHODE ISLAND.

Yes, your weight is all right. You are a trifle under normal—but that's a good fault.

The colors that I have mentioned in my letter to C, of Waterloo, Iowa, will be becoming to you. I should also add French blue and midnight blue and henna to the list.

Frilly clothes—two-piece dresses, panniers, ruffles and full skirts will make you seem shorter. The slim, unbroken line is for the girl who would seem taller—you may indulge in ultra feminine clothes—to your heart's content.

"ELITE," VANCOUVER, B. C.

I think that you would look very smart in a turban. In fact, as you are so small, you should usually wear tiny hats, close-fitting ones. A hat with a brim—especially a wide brim—will make you seem shorter. With black hair, brown eyes and a dark complexion, you will look well in rose, red, green, dark blue, brown and tan, heather mixtures, periwinkle and orchid (these last if you have colorful cheeks and lips) and yellow. Wear simple, straight-line frocks—never frills and ruffles, unless you are very slim indeed.

If the young man in question calls upon you, and asks you to go out with him, I think that you can be reasonably sure that he likes you. In this day and age young men do not waste their time upon girls whom they do not like.

KID NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

Indeed, there is quite a discussion over the length of dresses this year. Paris—conscious of her pretty ankles—is fighting hard for the return of the short trotteur frock, and the shorter tailored suit. But America likes the long skirts, and is striving to keep them. For myself, I rather fancy the long gown for evening—for dinner and afternoon function. But for sports wear, and for street wear, I think that the moderately lengthed skirts are smarter and more practical.

Long skirts are best for the girl who is inclined to be plump. A long skirt creates a longer, slimmer line. It makes the outline of the figure a rectangle rather than a square, and you know yourself that a square always seems stouter than a rectangle! A schoolgirl should not wear her skirts too long, or too short. The happy medium always. In fact, I suggest that this special schoolgirl should follow the excellent advice of her mother in regard to skirts, and—for that matter—everything else!

A brunette with good color is fortunate in being able to wear the warmer shades. The reds that are so popular; flame, tangerine, the deep, new rust; brown, midnight blue, and black in combination with other shades. If your eyes are blue—and something tells me that they are a dark blue, although your hair and skin are of the brunette persuasion—you may successfully wear Nile green, violet, orchid, and French blue.

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

BEFORE she sailed for Italy to help Sister Lillian in the picture "Romola," Dorothy Gish made a startling statement. She admitted that her husband, James Rennie, was not her first love. And she named the other man. He is Fiske O'Hara, the stout, sweet singer of Irish ballads and portrayer of Irish characters. Mr. O'Hara smilingly confirms the report of Miss Gish's one time mad devotion for him. But, as judges say, there were mitigating circumstances.

While Miss Gish was six years old and again while she was seven, she was a member of the singer's company. She entertained a fervid devotion to her star. She told him of her love and he promised to wait the long interval between her then age and her grown-up state and reward her attainment of the voting age by marrying her. But alas! Solomon made a drastic but true statement concerning the reliability of the human male. Mr. O'Hara fell in love with his dainty leading woman, Marie Quinn, and married her. Small Dorothy was inconsolable. She wept daily, and openly hated the pretty bride. Mrs. O'Hara's overtures to her tiny rival were rewarded by slaps.

"It lasted nearly a year. Don't tell me childish troubles are brief," says Mrs. Rennie. Handsome James Rennie smiles at the recital.

MORTORISTS in Rolls Royces were indignant when stopped while trying to cross a bridge near Brewster, N. Y. A mounted member of the state police held up a restraining hand.

"Kindly make a detour to the left," he said. "Mr. Griffith is engaged in taking a scene for the patriotic picture, 'America.'"

Wealthy motorists stared, muttered something about an "invasion of their rights," spluttered, grinned and complied.

EUGENE O'BRIEN, meeting a screen beauty on a street car in New York, apologized for keeping his hat on.

"I've just had the thin spot in my hair pomaded and the scalp massaged," he said.

"The barber warned me to keep on my hat. If I removed my hat I would look as though I had fallen into a barrel of lard. What sacrifices a man must make to hold his screen maidens true."

ANY time when there is a rest on the set where John Barrymore is working on "Beau Brummel," he and director Harry Beaumont indulge in fanciful experience and much romancing for the benefit of the listening cast.

"When I was in India," said Beaumont, the other day, "I once saw a tiger come down to a river where some women were washing clothes. It was a very fierce tiger, but one woman fearlessly splashed some water in its face and—this is absolutely truthful—it slunk away. Quite abashed it was, too!"

"Gentlemen," said Barrymore, without batting an eye, "I can vouch for the truth of that story! Some minutes after the incident occurred I was coming down to the same river. And, as I walked along, I happened to pass this same tiger that Mr. Beaumont has been telling about. As is my habit, I stooped over to stroke its whiskers. Gentlemen, those whiskers were wet!"

KING VIDOR has been selected by Metro to direct Laurette Taylor in "Happiness"—J. Hartley Manners' play in which Miss Taylor—who is really Mrs. Manners—starred on Broadway. After "Happiness" is finished Miss Taylor will be starred in another play of Mr. Manners—"One Night in Rome."

Production on "Happiness" will begin almost at once.

OUR GIRLS—the club of young screen stars in Hollywood—has recently elected three new members—Colleen Moore, Carmelita Geraghty and Zasu Pitts. Rumor has it that the initiation was very exciting and that Zasu, Colleen and Carmelita all felt as though they'd been through a snappy football match.

AND now Alma Rubens, having crept out from under the shadow of the "Red Robe," which has kept her busy for so many months, has joined the lists of the newly married. For, at a secret ceremony that happened "on or near Labor Day," she promised to love, honor and obey Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, who is an author and film producer. The marriage came as a surprise to the film world. For Alma has been working so hard and steadily in her latest Cosmopolitan production that one would hardly have credited her with time to fall in love! And then, too, she and Dr. Goodman are not old friends. Indeed, it has been said that the romance started just a few months ago, when the couple met through the rehearsals of a feature film which Dr. Goodman was directing.

THIS is a news note for father—who remembers the day when Charles E. Blaney was a very big name, and when Tony Pastor ruled on Fourteenth Street. For this is an announcement that Vitagraph will release a number of the old favorites, made under the personal supervision of Mr. Blaney himself, and featuring Doris Kenyon, Victor Southerland and Cecil Spooner—another name to conjure by!

The first picture to be given to the eager public, so-called, is "The Love Bandit." The names of the forthcoming productions are as follows—read 'em and weep!

- "The Little Church Around the Corner."
- "More to be Pitied."
- "The Curse of Drink."
- "The Dancer and the King."
- "Across the Pacific."
- And—
- "Nell of the Circus."

ERNST LUBITSCH is a worker and a seeker after realism—take it from Mrs. Ernst! While he was busily directing a scene for his forthcoming production, "The Marriage Circle," the prop man was—just as busily—constructing a rose bush to be used in the next set. A sickly looking rose bush, that set Lubitsch to writhing and tearing his hair when he laid eyes on it.

Ernst is a man of few words. He surveyed the rose bush for a moment, with anguish in his gaze. And then he turned and leaped into his car, and drove away, and not more than ten minutes later he returned with a very beautiful rose bush, which was forthwith planted upon the set.

And, an hour or so later, when Mrs. Ernst strolled forth to work in her garden, she found a dark and empty spot where her favorite rose bush had been wont to bloom.

DURING the filming of the "Country Kid" at the Warner Studios, little Bruce Guerin persisted in asking Wes Barry a seemingly endless number of foolish questions.

"Say," Wesley finally shouted, "you simply gotter lay off me, Bruce. You're drivin' me crazy. Don't you know that curiosity killed a cat, onct?"

Bruce looked up, innocently, into the freckled face of Wesley.

"What did th' cat want to know, Wes?" he asked.

MAYBE it's the fashion for men to wear jewelry. If so, Rod La Rocque, tall and dark young leading man, is certainly a la mode. Rod is wearing one of these new-fangled chain bracelets, with a large clasp, a half-dozen rings, and a variety of stickpins and—no, not earrings yet. However, a good many people are making mighty exciting predictions about La Rocque's work in "The Ten Commandments," so it may be merely an early indication of genius.

BABY PEGGY was presented with a questionaire the other day. It's just about the nearest she has come, to date, to being interviewed. Though she resents publicity—as do all motion picture stars—she quickly answered the following queries:

Favorite actor? Jackie Coogan
Favorite actress? Enid Bennett
Favorite author? Mother Goose
Favorite pastime? Dying up like a big lady
Favorite food? Hot dogs
Favorite sport? Squirting the hose
What do you want to be when you grow up?
A big lady with long hair.

NORMA TALMADGE has been a temporary widow. Her husband, Joseph Schenck, has been in New York on business and Norma couldn't go because she didn't get her picture finished. The rest of her family also deserted her—Constance has been at Del Monte vacationing, and the Buster Keatons, with Mrs. Talmadge and young Joseph Talmadge Keaton, have been motoring—and Norma, for the first time in her life, has been occupying her big house all by herself. Her greatest chum, Eileen Percy, has been staying with her, however, and Norma says she's survived, but it's never going to happen again.

BABY PEGGY, youngest of screen stars, had a very long list of relatives, friends and business associates who had to be remembered nightly in her prayers. Beginning with mama and daddy and sister and ending with the property boy, Peggy was saying "God bless" somebody for a good half-hour every evening.

At last one night, after she had finished, she stopped, looked meditatively up at her mother and remarked, "Mama, there's no use talking, I got too long a God bless."

PROBABLY the only place in the world where they play tennis at night is on Priscilla Dean's beautiful court in Beverly Hills. Priscilla has had it lighted by enormous arc lights from the studio and you can really have a very good game there any time during the evening.

A valuable addition to the motion picture colony, especially to the tennis set, is William Tilden II, national champion and famous tennis star. Mr. Tilden has decided to go into pictures, and has taken up his residence in Hollywood. He made several decided hits in amateur theatricals in New York and Long Island, and, seeing he can't play tennis all the time, he decided to try the movies.

We don't know whether or not his admiration for Pola Negri and her evident liking for him had anything to do with his move to Hollywood.

AND now Richard Walton Tully has signed Anna Q. Nilsson to play the part of Allegheny Briskow in his production of Rex Beach's story of the oil fields. Anna Q. is one of the busiest young women in Hollywood these days. She jumps from production to production with amazing speed—and always makes a hit. Joseph De Grasse will direct "Flowing Gold," and the cast—with the exception of Miss Nilsson—has not been announced.

THE motion picture industry was well represented in the recent California dog show held in Hollywood. Mrs. Elliott Dexter's two beautiful shepherd dogs, both champions, won everything in their class. Al Christie, producer of the Christie comedies, also came away with a number of blue ribbons tucked under his arm. Enid Bennett showed her beautiful Chow, "Buddha," in the puppy class and captured honors, as did Anne Cornwall (Mrs. Charles Maigne) with her Scottish terrier.

WE recommend everyone to watch for Florence Vidor's performance in the coming Ernst Lubitsch picture, "The Marriage Circle." For a long time PHOTOPLAY has been claiming that Florence Vidor had the greatest dramatic potentialities of any actress on the screen, if only she could get a director who understood how to bring them out. Lubitsch did. And Florence has more than fulfilled every prophecy we ever made about her.

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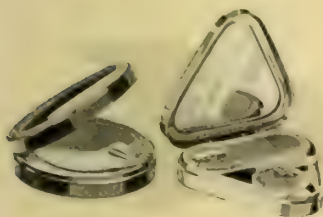
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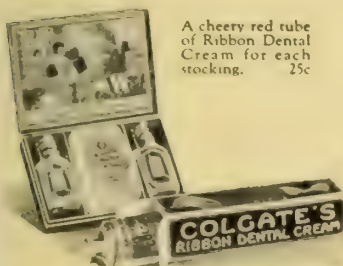
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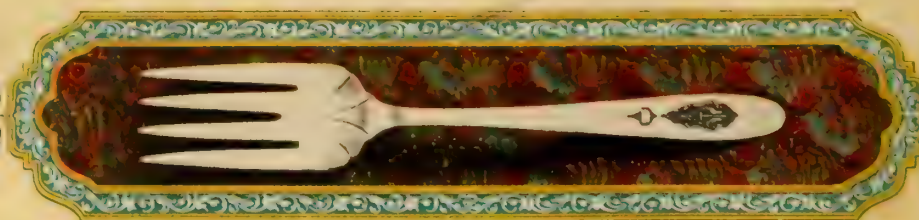
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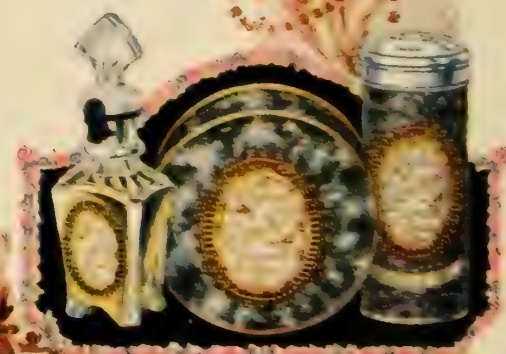


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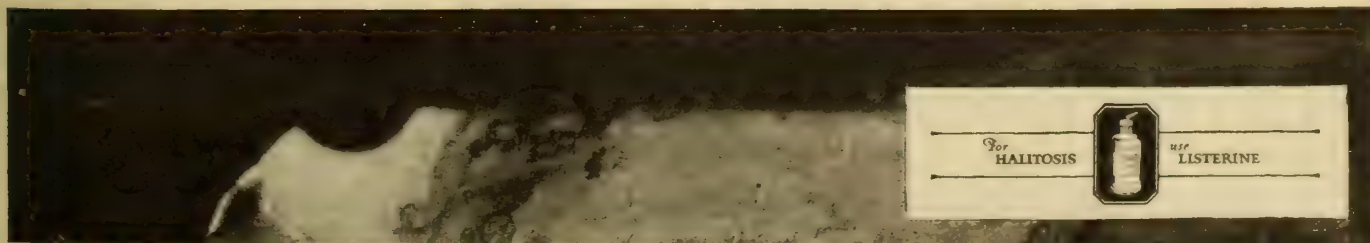
* * *

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"The Heritage of the Desert"

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"The Humming Bird"

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

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WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXV

No. 3

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Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?

Judging from the reams of scandal that have been printed about the motion picture people, there is no such thing as a happy married couple in Hollywood. Everyone is divorced or about to be. Marriage certificates are worth about as much as German marks. But it really isn't so. Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows more picture people than anyone else in California, has taken up the cudgels in justice to those of her friends in the profession who have not been touched by scandal—and whose names do not appear in the scandal publications because of that. Considering the mass of nauseous matter which has been published about the people in the picture industry, her article is truly surprising and decidedly fair.

Beautiful and Good

It is a saying in Hollywood that when Lois Wilson leaves the Western studios for the East, Hollywood's moral thermometer takes a sudden drop. She is the shining example of goodness to whom the motion picture people point when some reformer discovers that the industry is honeycombed with wickedness. But, in reality, Lois Wilson is very much a regular person. Her reputation for saintliness is hard to live up to, she says. And in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY she tells how she acquired it and just what it means to her.

Pola Negri's Autobiography

Pola Negri's amazing story of her life is continued in PHOTOPLAY for March. In the coming instalment she tells how she met Count Dombrowski, whom she married, of her first meeting with Charlie Chaplin, and of her success in "Sumurun" in Berlin under the direction of Reinhardt. It is a remarkably interesting document, and reveals as nothing else could the real Pola Negri.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACQUITTAL, THE—Universal.—One of the best mystery photoplays of the year. (January.)

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox.—A man unjustly accused, vanishes. He has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. (October.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—First National.—A faithful adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, splendidly acted. A little too strong for the children. (January.)

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. (November.)

ASHES OF VENGEANCE—First National.—One of the first—and best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle excellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Holbrook Blinn is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE—Commonwealth.—A touching and well done piece of work. Lots of good touches, and paths well put over. (January.)

BIG DAN—Fox.—A stereotyped story with a hero altogether too good to be true. (January.)

BILL—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris pushcart peddler, done by Maurice Feraudy. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK SHADOWS—Pathe.—A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Seas. (October.)

BLINKY—Universal.—The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN—F. B. O.—A machine-made story which turns into a picture of the same type. (January.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount.—Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Gloria Swanson wearing gorgeous clothes. (October.)

BOSTON BLACKIE—Fox.—The inside of the world's most disagreeable prison, with a happy ending. (August.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE—First National.—A fantastic picture, amusing and well done. The Oriental prologue is especially fine. (October.)

BROADWAY GOLD—Truart.—A formula picture of the good little chorus girl, forced into marriage with a dying rich man. (October.)

BROKEN WING, THE—Preferred.—A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a roof into the arms of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly. (September.)

BURNING WORDS—Universal.—The Canadian Mounted, and a trooper who gets his man. (August.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathe.—A dog star, Buck, a beautiful St. Bernard, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. (December.)

CHAPTER, IN HER LIFE, A—Universal.—A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine. (November.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CHILDREN OF DUST—First National.—A pleasant little story of old Gramercy Square, but with too much childish love-making. (August.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount.—A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. (September.)

CIRCUS DAYS—First National.—Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. (September.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Universal.—What Acton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." (November.)

COMMON LAW, THE—Selznick.—The cast saves this one from utter mediocrity. (January.)

COUNTRY KID, THE—Warner Brothers.—An old-fashioned picture with Wesley Barry as the oldest of three orphans, being parents to the other two. (January.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CROOKED ALLEY—Universal.—Another Boston Blackie story, but not particularly well done. (January.)

CUCKOO'S SECRET, THE—Bray.—They say it took ten years to get this picture of the world's laziest bird. It is interesting and instructive. (September.)

DANGER OF THE Nile, THE—F. B. O.—One of William P. S. Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE—Universal.—Baby Peggy the delightful center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (January.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH—Preferred.—High society, American heiress, decadent Russian duke and so on. Some novelty, but not much punch. (September.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Associated Exhibitors.—A Swedish production and a good one of the Dickens story. (January.)

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE—Universal.—A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with many surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.—An amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographer. Somewhat preachy. (November.)

DESERT DRIVEN—F. B. O.—The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert. (September.)

DESIRE—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE—Independent.—Absurd and artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. Unimportant. (December.)

DIVORCE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak is so beautiful, in this, that nothing else matters. Not even the plot. (August.)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vampire who grabs all the valuables in sight. It won't do for the children. (November.)

DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE—Universal.—A western that should have been a comedy. The small boy's delight. (August.)

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo.—Still the formula—and this time an old one. Just a programme film. (October.)

DRIFTING—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demi-mondaine. (November.)

DRIVIN' FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Wally Van in one of the auto-driving pictures that Wally Reid made famous. (January.)

DULCY—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE—Metro.—An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE—Fox.—Roaring melodrama for the youngsters. (October.)

ETERNAL CITY, THE—First National.—One of the most beautiful and entertaining pictures in months. (January.)

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Renee Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

EXCITERS, THE—Paramount.—A jazzy little comedy-melodrama with plenty of action and speed. (August.)

FAIR CHEAT, THE—F. B. O.—Rather hackneyed story, with chorus girl as heroine. Just so-so. (November.)

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—(Second Series)—F. B. O.—Prize fight stuff, with a new and blonde leading woman for the O'Hara boy. (October.)

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Steiner.—Badly written, acted and produced. (November.)

FLAMING YOUTH—First National.—A sophisticated ultra-jazz picture, with Colleen Moore doing about the best acting of her career. (January.)

FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. (October.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

A Startling Revelation of the Secret of Youth and Beauty

Corinne Griffith as the aged Countess Zattiany and the rejuvenated Countess—fiction, of course, but depicting a new and actual scientific fact. In center, Conway Tearle and Corinne Griffith.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FOG, THE—Metro.—A story of small-town ethics with the "how his soul was saved" angle played up. (September.)

FOG BOUND—Paramount.—One of the formulas. Innocent man accused—lovely lady saves him. Good cast, fine photography. (August.)

FOOLISH PARENTS—Associated Exhibitors.—The moral of this is that marriage is a great institution and should be in every family. Formula stuff. (January.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selznick.—A "thriller" of the early Spanish days in California with the usual ingredients. (January.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and well directed. (December.)

FRENCH DOLL, THE—Metro.—Mae Murray in a typical Mae Murray picture—legs, lingerie and lure. (November.)

GARRISON'S FINISH—United Artists.—The old race track story, with the Southern colonel, the doped horse 'n' everything. Jack Pickford has the lead. (August.)

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE, A—Paramount.—The story drags at the start, but picks up speed and becomes rapid and interesting. Above the average. (October.)

GIRL FROM THE WEST, THE—Aywon.—Commonplace and inane imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (December.)

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE—First National.—Another return engagement, but the fine old story marred by difficulties of casting. Warren Kerrigan and Sylvia Breamer the leads. (August.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies, with Douglas MacLean at his best. Laughs for the family. (December.)

GOLD DIGGERS, THE—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photodrama of New York. Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usually painted. (November.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verbose and cloudy piece of work, with Guy Bates Post as star. (December.)

GRAIL, THE—Fox.—A well made and well played picture, but somewhat lacking in plot. It's more or less of a Western. (November.)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a screen version of his famous play, which is as good as the stage version. (October.)

GUN FIGHTER, THE—Fox.—A feud picture with William Farnum in the midst of it, enjoying himself thoroughly. (November.)

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeiters. Amateurish, but with some good Houdini stunts. (December.)

HEART RAIDER, THE—Paramount.—Jazzy and often amusing, with Agnes Ayres setting the pace. (August.)

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro.—A formula picture, featuring a wrongfully-accused minister. (January.)

HELL'S HOLE—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Lety Flynn and Charles Jones as cow-puncher buddies. Excitement is fast and furious. (October.)

HIGH LIFE—Educational.—A Mermaid comedy with Lige Conley starred. A lot of old tricks. (November.)

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount.—Another lesson about the fast-stepping younger generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone.—Robert McKim as a most villainous villain in a Bertha M. Clay story. Full of "movie stuff." (November.)

HOMEWARD BOUND—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan as a salty hero in a lot of storms. Story is unconvincing and commonplace. (October.)

HOLLYWOOD—Paramount.—Dozens of the picture stars shown unconventionally to prove they are just humans after all. A rattling good picture. (October.)

HUMAN WRECKAGE—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's film protest against the drug evil. Not a cheery story, but one that will touch the heart and may do an immense amount of good. (September.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney, in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equaled. (November.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brimming with tears. It follows the Hutchinson novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Mark Sabre does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a little rich girl wants to see life and becomes an Apache in Paris. (January.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe.—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have been made in type. (December.)

ITCHING PALMS—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, A—Johnnie Walker.—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. (November.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount.—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount.—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph.—A poor adaptation of a famous old best-seller. A mystery story without mystery. (January.)

LEGALLY DEAD—Universal.—Theatrically un-leavened, with adrenalin used to bring a dead man back to life. (October.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hines is very good in this George M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and a good horse race. (October.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan.—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. (October.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Aywon.—Again the Texas Ranger is sent to get his man and gets him. (January.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony, his horse, have a lot more adventures, defying a great deal of death. (November.)

LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro.—The King is Jackie Coogan and this is one of the best things he ever has done. (January.)

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind that. (October.)

LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal.—Spanish ranch owner, gang of crooked capitalists, beautiful daughter of rich man loves rancher, and plot fails. (October.)

LOVE PIKER, THE—Cosmopolitan—Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart in the old tale of the girl who loves her father's employee. A good story. (September.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and dictaphones. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (December.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph.—Propaganda for the letter carrier. A simple story, filled with pleasant hokum and kindly folk. (October.)

MAIN STREET—Warner Brothers.—A difficult story to screen and, therefore, not an entirely satisfactory picture. Florence Vidor the great redeeming feature. (August.)

MAN NEXT DOOR, THE—Vitagraph.—Not good. Story is illogical, and acting and direction both below standard. (August.)

MAN OF ACTION, A—First National.—Likable Douglas MacLean as a society man playing a crook. Interesting, but incongruous. (August.)

MARK OF THE BEAST, THE—Dixon.—Thomas Dixon wrote, cast and directed this as a challenge to "machine-made pictures." The machine wins. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

A New and Sensational Discovery

A Million Dollar Secret

A New Joy

This new and startling discovery of a supreme natural law of life, health and pleasure is joyfully revolutionizing the lives of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is bringing them a new kind of pleasure, happiness, health, strength, confidence, energy and power of personality and success. It is giving them such marvelous energy of mind and body, and they enjoy life so fully, so intensely, so dominantly, and so thoroughly, that the old life to which they were accustomed appears totally inferior in every respect.

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device or assistance without these treatments.

Through this amazing natural law, anyone can rid self permanently of every human weakness. This unique natural law gives immunity from every disease of the inferior life. No matter who you are, this natural law can demonstrate to you that you do not yet know the full meaning of joy, pleas-

ure, happiness, vitality and gratification. This natural law is ready to give you a new realization of the meaning of life and enjoyment.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount.—The story is based on "The Faun." Fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

MARY OF THE MOVIES—F. B. O.—Again the Hollywood stars trailing by in a story of a screen-struck girl. That is the only interest. (August.)

McGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal.—Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual dauntless hero. Plenty of action. (September.)

MEN IN THE RAW—Universal.—A formula picture. Heart-of-gold cowboy, "little prairie flower," cattle rustlers and the rest. Jack Hoxie rides well. (January.)

MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal.—One of the best pictures in months. A Viennese story, with the atmosphere capably maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (September.)

MICHAEL O'HALLORAN—Hodkinson.—The too-sweet story of a Chesterfieldian street urchin, who shows a lot of rich folk how to behave. (August.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitaphone.—Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Everything happens. (November.)

MILLION TO BURN, A—Universal.—An amusing picture without much probability. (January.)

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines. Formula again. (October.)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE—Selznick.—An intelligent piece of work by a producer who has a real idea and who sticks to it, thereby deserving praise. Worth seeing. (January.)

MODERN MATRIMONY—Select.—A commonplace plot filled with homely sentiment. Just innocuous. (January.)

MONNA VANNA—Fox.—Would have been better if not so heavy. Crowd scenes are well done, and Lee Parry in title role is charming. Only fair. (December.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Gasnier.—Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz parties, lots of glitter—the usual thing. (October.)

MYSTERIOUS WITNESS, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and ailing mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. (September.)

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH—Vitaphone.—A fine cast miscast and wasted on a weak plot and poor direction. (January.)

ONLY 38—Paramount.—A delightful handling by William de Mille of a most appealing story. Lois Wilson's role fits her admirably. (August.)

OUR HOSPITALITY—Metro.—Buster Keaton in what seems to be a travesty on the old feud story. Not very good or funny. (January.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. (October.)

PENROD AND SAM—First National.—One of the entertainment gems of the month. Real boys with a story handled by William Baudine. (August.)

PETER THE GREAT—Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jannings, in the title role. This is a real picture. (September.)

PLEASURE MAD—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.)

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilms.—A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter here. (December.)

PONJOLA—First National.—An interesting and thrilling narrative of the African gold fields with Anna Q. Nilsson giving a startlingly good performance as a boy. (January.)

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage, with Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. (November.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that where there's love there's hope. (November.)

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson.—A screen version of "The Scarecrow," delicate and fanciful. A charming production. (November.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

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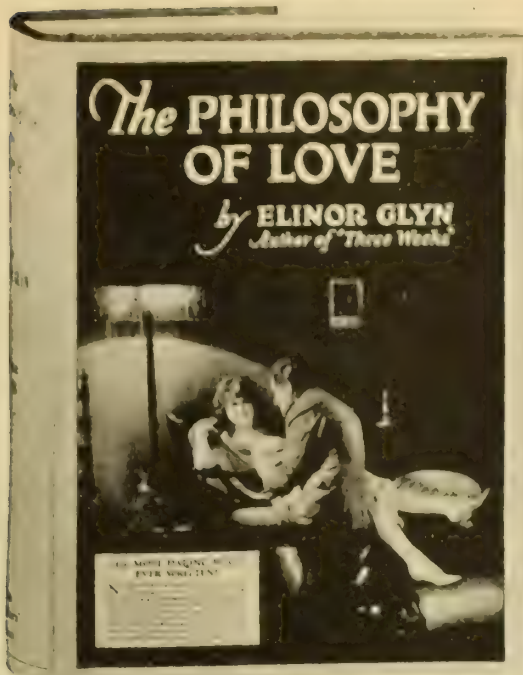
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- how to win the girl you want
- how to hold your husband's love
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- why "petting parties" destroy the capacity for true love
- why many marriages end in despair
- how to keep a husband home nights
- things that turn men against you
- how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon
- the "danger year" of married life
- how to ignite love
- how to keep it flaming
- how to rekindle it if burnt out
- how to cope with the "lusting instinct" in men
- how to attract people you like
- why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age
- are there any real grounds for divorce?
- how to increase your desirability in a man's eye
- how to tell if someone really loves you
- things that make a woman "cheap" or "common"

Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. "THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE" IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCING A PENNY.

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Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

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The Aristocrat

Elmira, New York.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: "Brickbats and Bouquets" will, perhaps, give me an opportunity to say something of the rather unjust criticism of Monsieur Charles De Roche in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.

I agree with the writer that Monsieur Valentino is good looking as well as an exceedingly good actor, but he is by no means perfect!

Monsieur De Roche's profile is not terrible. It shows unusual strength of character and his features are the thin, high bred features of the aristocrat.

VISTA S. COCHRANE.

A Comparison

The Walbert Apts.,
Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: Seeing Reginald Denny for the first time after seeing Rodolph Valentino is like coming out of a room in one of those old Moorish palaces one sees in Algiers—a room richly colored, whose hanging bronze lamps make it glow like a jewel; a room heavy with the scents of the East, spices, musk, and ambergris, and the black incense, that comes from Tomboucton. You open the door, you step out, and before you lies the blue ocean, sparkling in the sunlight. The salt spray strikes your cheek and you draw in deep breaths of the strong sea breeze. I do not mean that you never want to go back into that beautiful room, its spell is a powerful one and you do go back; but, how nice the crisp air feels outside! Reginald Denny is something new. He has that ingenious charm that was Wallace Reid's, he is full of a healthy vitality, and he has an appeal as potent as that of Valentino. He also can act—in spite of having a body like a Greek marble.

X. Z. Z.

A Direct Answer

Culver City, Calif.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: In answer to Mrs. Ramon Jamerson, PHOTOPLAY of October!

A genius, whether in literature, the theater or on the screen, should be judged by the quality of his work and by nothing else. Surely Mary Pickford, because of her ability as an actress, deserves to be classed as one of the famous women of the world.

Furthermore, if more people cared as much for their families, and did proportionately as much for them as Mary does, the poorhouses in the country would be empty.

And again, might not this be true—because Mary doesn't "make copy" of her charities, have we any proof they do not exist?

M. W. D.

Norma's Generosity

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: "Ashes of Vengeance" was shown here last week. I liked the picture very much. There was Wallace Beery as the cowardly, sneaking, domineering *Duc de Tours*, "Whose only claim to invade society was the accident of birth." Then there was Norma Talmadge, the lady as *Yoeland de Breaux*, and Conway Tearle as *Rupert de Vricac*, the hero. These three alone would make a good picture.

This picture was advertised as Norma Talmadge's production with Miss Talmadge as the star—how funny! If the story had depended on its star, then, it would have been a third over before it commenced.

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

What I mean to say is, that *Yoeland de Breaux* was only an incident in the story, while *Rupert de Vricac* was the center of the picture. Not a move was made but that it had some distinct bearing on the action of *Rupert*. If Miss Talmadge was the star, then her leading man ran away with the picture, and outplayed the stellar rôle.

I do not wish to discount Miss Talmadge as a star, for she is one, and rightly so, but this picture does not seem to be hers, but Conway Tearle's.

E. E.

Filling His Own Place

Pittsburg, California.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: I want to say a word of praise for Charles De Roche. I thought he was wonderful in "The Cheat," as did several of my girl friends. As for his taking Valentino's place, I should say not! He has a place on the screen all his own. May we see more of him. He is my favorite from now on.

EDYTH DRAPER.

Francis and Beverly—Their Letter

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: I am so glad my Idols, the Bushmans, are back! I have just read the criticism of their production, "Modern Marriage," in PHOTOPLAY. I am anxious to see it as it is over two years since a production by them was shown here.

Mr. and Mrs. Bushman, Francis and Beverly, have been my favorites for over six years and I am proud of this saying as they have given me so much happiness!

I have seen all their productions shown here, namely: "The Great Secret," that divine serial; "Romeo and Juliet," which I have seen fifteen times; "Graustark," "My Old Girl," which made me shed real tears; "Red, White and Blue Blood," "Under Suspicion," "Social Quicksands," "Pennington's Choice," "The Adopted Son," "A Man and His Soul," "The Hired Thief," "The Noble Impostor," "The Poor Rich Man," "The Brass Check," "Their Compact," and "A Pair of Cupids." I have seen all of these many times!

Won't you publish pictures of them in the future in PHOTOPLAY, as well as of their lovely baby Richard?

JOSE MALDONADO.

Local Busybodies

Scranton, Pa.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: Not many weeks ago I picked up the Sunday paper and, in looking over the theatrical news, I saw that D. W. Griffith's picture, "The White Rose," was to be shown at the Blank Theater for the entire following week. Right then I made up my mind to see it. The next day I happened to be in the vicinity of the theater so I went in and had a pleasant afternoon.

On the following Thursday I again looked through the theatrical notices; the theaters usually change their programs on Thursday and, to my utter amazement, I saw that the bill had been changed at the Blank Theater. The new picture announced for the balance of the week was "Strangers of the Night." Upon making inquiries among my friends, managers of other theaters, I was told that a few of the local ministers had protested because the picture was about a young theological student who went wrong.

My idea in writing this letter is to know if we are going to continue allowing local busybodies to run our picture houses to suit themselves. It seems to me that when a picture passes both the national and state board of censors it should be enough of a recommendation. I would like to hear from other readers of PHOTOPLAY in regard to this indiscriminate censoring of pictures.

"ANTHROCITE."

Dud Movies

Hawera, New Zealand.

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE,
New York City.

Dear Sir: What a pity some of the most prominent producers in the motion picture industry pursue the policy of starring some of their most capable players in a succession of "program" pictures.

For instance, why doesn't Carl Laemmle give Gladys Walton a chance? She is a very good little actress and I am sure she is capable of great things if she only had the chance. But the "pore gel" is compelled to limp from the tip of her toes to breakfast time in every picture she appears in. Then there's Alice Calhoun. If she were a tomato, she couldn't be treated much worse. As it is, her efforts are canned to make a steady production of flivvers. These girls are only two of the stars who have to satisfy their producers' demands by appearing in a steady production of dud movies.

Perhaps it is good money to the producers, but they will soon find that the time is coming when the fans will become more and more discriminating in their choice of entertainment, and will leave these uninspired pictures for ones having stronger stories and good direction with casts that are given a chance to act instead of being cooped up like chickens in a pen!

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assments, give you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount.—Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Madge Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is mostly wasted. (October.)

RAGGED EDGE, THE—Goldwyn.—A Harold McGrath romance, with a lot of new blood in the cast. From China to the South Seas. (August.)

RAILROADED—Universal.—A lesson in how wayward sons should, and should not, be disciplined. (August.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

RAPIDS, THE—Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the building of a town by a man with brains and foresight. (September.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture, filled with excitement and thrills. (November.)

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox.—Half scenic and half educational. Shows the heads of Soviet Russia. (September.)

RICE AND OLD SHOES—F. B. O.—A comedy of the honeymoon, with all the old situations worked overtime. (August.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors.—Wallace Beery is a two-fisted, meat-eating King Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alabama hills with E. K. Lincoln in the leading role. Good entertainment, with a great fight between Lincoln and George Siegmann. (December.)

ROSITA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. (November.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A highly amusing comedy, the locales being a Western "cow town" and a Hollywood Paris. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. (November.)

RUPERT OF HENTZAU—Selznick.—A lively, romantic tale, with lots of excitement and thrills, but behind its predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." (September.)

SALOMY JANE—Paramount.—Bret Harte's famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while. (November.)

SAWDUST—Universal.—Unconfined realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide. (September.)

SECRET OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures.—The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laid bare by a new photographic process. Extremely interesting. (November.)

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a Charles Ray role. (November.)

SCARAMOUCHE—Metro.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

SELF-MADE WIFE, THE—Universal.—Three-fourths of this picture is good. The end falls badly. (September.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off claim jumpers. Happy ending, after a good fight. (October.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artificial and badly acted. (November.)

SHOCK, THE—Universal.—Another hideously clever characterization by Lon Chaney as a cripple of the underworld. Strong, but unpleasant. (August.)

SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE—Universal.—Shell shock is the underlying theme of a swift Western. The hero, back from the war, walks into a feud which is fully as exciting. (September.)

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational.—One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting bill. "Kinograms," a Bruce scenic, "Speed Demons," Gene Sarazen demonstrating golf, and two comedies. (September.)

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson.—Desert stuff, camels against the sky and the other usual things. (December.)

SILENT COMMAND, THE—Fox.—A story of the navy. Propaganda type. A good narrative of the sea, well told. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. (November.)

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn.—Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement and a remarkably good cast. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal.—A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back. (November.)

SKID PROOF—Fox.—A racing picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place. (October.)

SLANDER THE WOMAN—First National.—And still the formula! Beautiful heroine, wrongfully accused, goes to the Frozen North. There, in the great, open spaces, things happen. (August.)

SNOW BRIDE, THE—Paramount.—A forced and artificial story of life in a Canadian village. Alice Brady, even, fails to register. (August.)

SNOWDRIFT—Fox.—A cooling Summer picture, with lots of ice and snow. A little wail, missionaries, Indians, impossible happenings. (August.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—A "find the woman" melodrama with Viola Dana as a society butterfly and not so good as usual. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. (October.)

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount.—Pola Negri's best American-made picture. A proof that the faults in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were not hers. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno's. (December.)

SPOILERS, THE—Goldwyn.—A new version of the Rex Beach Alaskan romance, with a capital cast. Milton Sills and Noah Beery stage a realistic fight. (August.)

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers which makes a picture of about the same era. Attempting to modernize the story has not helped it. (October.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. (October.)

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture in every way. Even better on the screen than as "Captain Applejack" on the stage. (November.)

SUCCESS—Metro.—Sentimental melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (September.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox.—An Al St. John comedy with the usual slapstick stuff, but also with some of the clever mechanical effects that he always has. (December.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors.—The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox.—A mixture of a lot of box-office drawing cards. Jazz, scantily clad nymphs, bathing girls, and a weak love story. (January.)

THREE AGES—Metro.—Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots. (November.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn.—A screen version of a stage success, with much hokum but with plenty of entertainment. (September.)

THUNDERING DOWN—Universal.—A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox.—Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Conventional and good for the family. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers.—Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks, missing necklace and the rest of it. (December.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. (November.)

TRILBY—First National.—A careful and artistic production of the Du Maurier romance with Andree Lafayette, the French actress, as star. (October.)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan.—A costume picture of the Louis XIII period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but rather draggy. (January.)

UNSEEING EYES—Cosmopolitan.—A splendid picture—if you like snow. (January.)

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a victim of a dual personality. Rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VICTOR, THE—Universal.—Rather obvious story of titled Englishman, stranded in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. (October.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Preferred.—Owen Wister's famous novel made into an exceptionally good Western. (January.)

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National.—If you are a daughter, wander away from this picture and save your time and money. (September.)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE—Grand-Ashur.—This picture starts well, but gradually dwindles. The title is tricky. (January.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES—Capital.—A shadow of "The Covered Wagon." Trite story of old plainsman and abandoned baby. (December.)

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING—United Artists.—A Ben Turpin comedy, and as full of laughs as any of his nonsense. (September.)

WHERE IS THE WEST?—Universal.—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. (November.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. It's a pity some of the two-legged players can't be as consistent. (November.)

WHITE ROSE, THE—United Artists.—D. W. Griffith's latest, bringing Mae Marsh back to the screen. The star's playing is wonderful. So are the sets and photography. (August.)

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another triumph for Lillian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. The picture, as a whole, is excellent. (November.)

WHY WORRY?—Pathe.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, A—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as a love-hungry wife in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a young newspaper woman who gets tangled in libel suits, jail sentences and a lot of things. (December.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists.—Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another proof of the genius of Charles Chaplin, who produced and directed it. Not for the children. (December.)

WOMAN PROOF—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a George Ade story, cut to fit and therefore entertaining. (January.)

WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES—Paramount.—A fast moving crook melodrama, always interesting, with some excellent acting by Betty Compson. (September.)

YOU ARE IN DANGER—Commonwealth.—Good little country boy in big city. Doesn't tell nor mean much. (January.)

YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson.—A story of the country youth in the big city. Full of jazz and other modern features. (September.)

ZAZA—Paramount.—A very interesting picture which gives Gloria Swanson a chance to prove that she is one of the leading actresses of the screen. (December.)

How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "The Philosophy of Love," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of today for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary

events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories for human interest right in your own vicinities, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios today—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some

simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

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Seats and upholstery make into comfortable bed full length of car.



Plenty of room for everybody—a wonderful family car.



Big doors front and rear—no folding seats—no seat climbing.



Front and rear seats adjustable forward and backward for tall and short people.



50 cubic feet loading space by removing rear seat and upholstery.

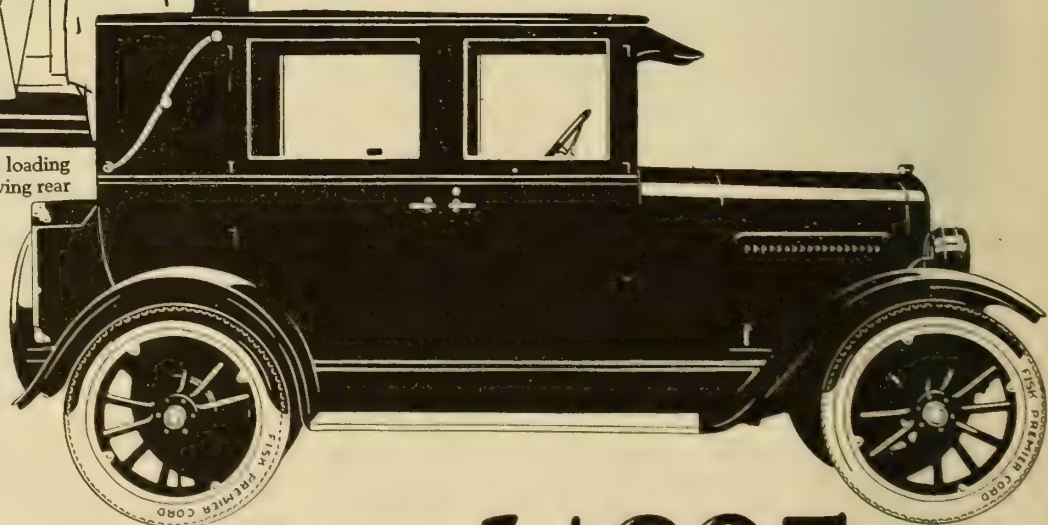
In Denver, in Muncie, in Elmira, in Beaumont, in Quebec. They knew that some day, some one would build such a car. They recognized it instantly—found it indispensable! Dealers are hard put to meet the mounting demand for the new Overland Champion.

Never such a car! Never one so handy! It covers every need of farmers, salesmen, tourists, merchants, families—everyone. The Champion has shown the world new uses for a motor car!

Both seats remove. Taking out the rear seat provides fifty cubic feet for sample cases, groceries—anything. Seats and upholstery make a full sized bed in the car—Pullman style. Seats adjust forward and backward. Tall people and short people ride in equal comfort.

Doors front and rear. No seat climbing. Upholstery washable—long-wearing. The sturdy Overland rear axle. Overland economy, dependability—*Overland action!* The big new Overland engine! See the Champion!

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New Pictures

AGNES AYRES, her so-devastating dignity having softened, is beginning to look like a charming sub-deb or an ingenue. She is next to be featured in "Holiday Love"—which might mean almost anything—or nothing much



Edwin Bower Hesser

JOHN BOWERS is convalescing, at present, from a broken leg—because he refuses to let a double do his trick riding! He will be the hero of Harold Bell Wright's "When a Man's a Man," the latest best seller to be translated into celluloid



Seely

PERHAPS the most perfect blondes in pictures—the sisters Novak. Jane, the elder, has a wistful look. But Eva, despite her unsmiling mouth, carries a laughing devil in her widely innocent blue eyes. Jane is the step-child of the screen—but try to abuse Eva!



Hessner

FROM Australia comes Miss Trilby Clark, bringing with her a pair of large brown eyes, a wealth of titian hair, and a bit of stage experience. She's to support Gallagher and Shean in "Around the Town." Does she remind you, a trifle, of our own Norma?



Hesser

PEGGY SHAW has climbed nearly all the rungs of the Fox ladder to stardom. But why shouldn't she—she was born in Pittsburg and received her education in the "Follies." And such is fame, especially when one has youth and beauty—both plus!



Even Sally Jollyco's natural beauty needs the protection of pure soap. For simple cleanliness is the basis of all beauty.

An announcement to all friends of Ivory Soap

The makers of Ivory Soap now offer you Guest Ivory.

To Ivory's purity, mildness and gentleness, Guest Ivory adds—

the daintiness of a new size, to fit the most delicate of slim feminine fingers.

the charm of a new design and a new blue-and-white dress.

the lowest price at which a truly fine soap for the face and hands has ever been sold (five cents).

Guest Ivory completes the Ivory Family

The Ivory Family now has four members, to serve every purpose which demands the protection of the skin and of delicate fabrics by the use of a fine, pure, mild soap:

Guest Ivory—for the face and hands

Medium size Ivory—for the bath

Ivory Flakes—for the most delicate garments

Laundry size Ivory—for the heavier fine fabrics

All are Ivory Soap, and that means each is as fine as soap can be, for if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap than Ivory.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

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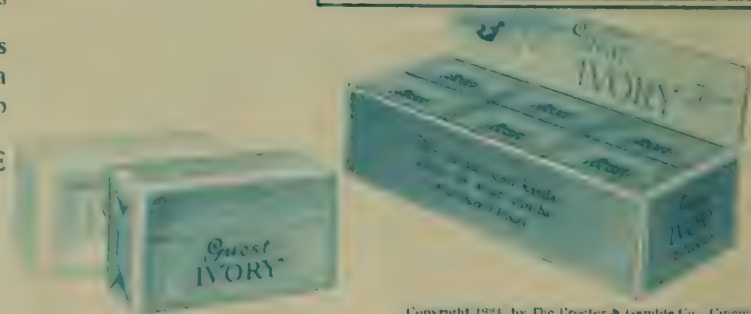


In Sally Jollyco's own gleaming white bathroom lies one of the chief secrets of her charm.

Look carefully, and you will see a dainty white cake of Guest Ivory in the soap-holder. She uses it night and morning, to keep her skin clean, soft and glowing with life.

Sally entrusts her beauty to Ivory with perfect confidence in its pure, mild, gently cleansing lather.

Guest **IVORY**
may be purchased in this
carton of 12 cakes.



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PHOTOPLAY

February, 1924

Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

RIGHT up on top of Pike's Peak, with the thermometer below zero, I would take off my hat and make a low obeisance to Allan Dwan for his production of "Big Brother."

He has made a truly great picture. In my opinion it ranks with "The Miracle Man." It is a classic. It is an art work, but Mr. Dwan gave his contemporaries a lesson in sane picture production, for it was made at one-sixth the cost of some productions which cannot approach it. Here was no egotist striving to outspend others to his own glory. "Big Brother" couldn't have been made more human, more appealing, more worth while with an added million of cost. By all means see it at your first opportunity.

More power to you, Allan. May your shadow never grow less.

WHAT Chaplin did for Jackie Coogan in "The Kid" Dwan has done for seven-year-old Mickey Bennett in this picture. Comparisons are distasteful. Jackie is wonderful. But Mickey, this freckled-faced youngster from the East Side of New York, is just as wonderful in a different sort of work. On another page of this issue is a story of this new prodigy.

SOME moving picture exhibitors are as bad as politicians. Here is one of the most promising of them all. This advertisement, which would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of a self-respecting porch climber, appeared in a Walton, N. Y., newspaper:

Smalley's Circuit
Which Means the FIRST and Best in Amusements
EXTRA-SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY, NOV. 17, ONE DAY ONLY
FOLLOW **The Covered Wagons** IN
THE MOST TALKED OF PICTURE IN ALL AMERICA, "PIONEER TRAILS"

It has all the sincerity of those old-time Peruna advertisements. I wonder how the folks of Walton enjoyed "The Covered Wagon."

FATE is a tricky dealer. Martha Mansfield was just on the point of stardom when she met her tragic death a few weeks ago. She had worked hard and sincerely since she was picked out of the "Follies" four years ago, and was to be starred in the picture on which she was working when some careless fool threw a lighted match on her lacy gown, which became a furnace in a few seconds and burned her to death. She was universally loved and respected, and was one of the most beautiful girls who ever graced the screen.

HERE'S a funny one. The class of ladies and gentlemen who have no regular address and no visible means of support have a new trick in Los Angeles. Every second or third person brought before the courts on a vagrancy charge claims to be a moving picture extra. They register as extras at a few casting directors' offices, but make no effort to work. When the judge asks why they are not extraing, they say they have applied day after day, but can find nothing.

WILLIAM DE MILLE recently participated in a discussion of motion pictures. A child educator blamed pictures for the delinquency of some of her little charges. A professor of history thought little of them, except for the purposes of visualized education. Under this barrage Mr. de Mille said:

"When going to the moving picture theaters pick your play, your star, or your producer the way you do with the theater. Do not expect us, as persons seeking to perfect this new method of artistic expression, to act as chaperons for all the children of the country."

Mr. de Mille, you said something.

Then he said something else worth quoting:

"The boards of censors, which are different in every State and comprise forty-eight varieties of ideas as to moral and immoral action, are made up of individuals whose intellect is of the Dark Ages, whose brains are medieval, and whose taste is Victorian."

He might have mentioned what the psycho-analysts say about their complexes. "To the pure all things are pure," is the underlying thought.

STRANGELY enough, women outrank men as continuity writers. Frances Marion is the greatest of all. Jeanie Macpherson, Cecil De Mille's assistant, wrote the script for "The Ten Commandments." June Mathis is editorial chief of Goldwyn. Clara Beranger has written all William de Mille's scenarios. Ouida Bergere has adapted everything for her husband-director, George Fitzmaurice. Bradley King adapted "Anna Christie" to the screen in a masterful fashion.

There must be some reason why women are more successful. Is it because the woman is more capable of detaching her own feelings and personality and throwing herself unreservedly into the author's own story?

THERE isn't a more conscientious producer than Joseph Schenck, who makes the pictures of Norma Talmadge, his wife, of Constance, and of brother-in-law Buster. Yet he doesn't seem to be able to do anything with Constance. "Dulcy" was bad, and "The Dangerous Maid" is no improvement. There are two faults, direction and Constance. But I know that Schenck is sparing nothing to get the best he can for her. It's not the easiest thing in the world to get stories that fit Constance. She's an odd size.



That indefinable attribute—magnetism—is found in Gloria Swanson, the smart, fashionable, finished Gloria



Alluring is the word that best fits Corinne Griffith. She is the quintessence of femininity, always reserved

What Kind of Women Attract Men Most?

By
Herbert Howe

Personal magnetism is the quality that makes one woman stand out in a crowd, says a writer who has studied the subject. It is what stimulates an unconscious interest in every man.

I AM supposed to know all about women. How this flattering fog of fiction ever settled on my shoulders I have no idea. But my acquaintance with the petted darlings of Hollywood was somehow supposed to have made me one of the sublime initiate. A few sweetly trusting individuals (and the editor of this magazine is not excepted) nursed the conviction that I was on terms of confidential intimacy with not only the stars themselves, but their present and ex-husbands, their personal maids, their *masseuses*, their *couturieres*, the servants in their houses and (in the exceptional cases) the skeletons in their closets. And being in this exalted know, I was marked as the one and only master-analyst of attraction to give the great secret of it to the world.

As soon as I received this order, I took a laboratory microscope, a chemist's apron, put my charming little girl-friends in the retorts and gave them a solemn, unemotional, hard-boiled once-over. And I am here to report that the only mental and spiritual attributes common to all the enchantresses of my Hollywood acquaintances are tolerance, understanding and breadth of mind.

Beauty, wit, intelligence, sex appeal, they have in varying degrees and varying expressions. But every woman I ever have

met who has been an unusually successful ensnarer of hearts has been, with all these aside, a good fellow.

There is undoubtedly some admirer for every woman in the world. You know what Thackeray said, that every woman who wasn't a monster could get some man. And Sir Clyde Engels, who has collected the celebrated "Assemblage of Curious Personages" for Ringling Brothers' and Barnum and Bailey's Combined Shows can go the great satirist one better. Every freak in his business, from five-hundred-pound Little Nellie to the Sword Swallower and the Damsel with India Rubber Hair, is happily married and not entirely unharassed by mash mail. So there is truly hope for every gal.

That beauty isn't the first essential is obvious. It helps. Oh, how it does help some block-head baby-dolls! But in the annals of dueling and high romance there have been as many enchanting women with imperfect forms and faces as there have been beauty-contest winners. Beauty is eliminated.

Consider brains. The aggressively brainy woman is a horror. A woman so intellectual that it hurts is out of the question. But a typically feminine intelligence, a subtle hint of knowledge, a lively logic full of unexpected loop-holes, brilliance with just a vague haunt of superficiality, these qualities in an excep-



Child-naturalness is dominant in Mabel Normand. She is the unbelievable combination of gamin and angel



Naive, emotional, beautiful, Pola Negri always commands notice. She is of elemental naturalness



When with Betty Compson, a man always believes he is the only one in the universe to her at that moment

tional feminine brain are interest-compelling and often quite attractive. Especially in collaboration with some other winning quality. Cunning and cleverness have made many a successful vamp, but a vamp is the sly, concentrated pursuer. She is seldom pursued. And it is the pursued with which these theories concern themselves.

Sincerity, for one thing, or a convincing semblance of it, is essential. That goes for interest, too. A woman who can subtly convince a man she is interested in him, not merely as a man, but as an individual, has half won him. There is a suggestion of flattery about this. That is one thing men love, when it isn't too crudely administered. Flattery applied with a shovel is distasteful. But gently spread on with the tip of one magnetic finger, it is irresistible.

She must have warmth. She must neither act nor look like an icicle. Thomas Walsh, the multi-millionaire miner and partner of King Leopold of Belgium, said, when he had met a queenly woman of great beauty: "What a fool a man would be to break his heart against that iceberg." A hint of potential warmth, at least, a man asks.

Florenz Ziegfeld, when asked whether there is any woman who is attractive to all men, answered

AT one time it was considered good form for a lady to faint at the mention of the element "sex-attraction." If she were not adept at fainting, the least she could do to preserve her illusions was to get up and leave the room. Today, the tendency is rather to overwork the term. It is supposed to account for just about everything in human as well as animal life.

The kindergarten children go through the whole subject from Ellen Key and Havelock Ellis to Freud.

In spite of this being an age of frank specialization in the subject, nobody has yet thought up an accurate definition for that peculiar charm which is the gift of some lucky mortals, or evolved a formula for the acquisition of it. Call it lure, attraction, magnetism, personality, or what you like, I believe it is a quality in which actual sex appeal is but a slight element. The truth, I believe, lies somewhere between "Flaming Youth" and "David Copperfield."

THE EDITOR.

"Yes, there she is." He nodded at a Kirchner drawing of "Temptation." The picture was one of a girl neither fat nor thin, but a pleasant medium. Her eyes held an invitation, a personal, ingratiating note, a "come hither" look.

A woman must have amiability. Every man detests a grouch. She need not be equally amiable on all occasions. The woman with a constant smile is monotonous. But amiability must be a wedded characteristic, and never long absent.

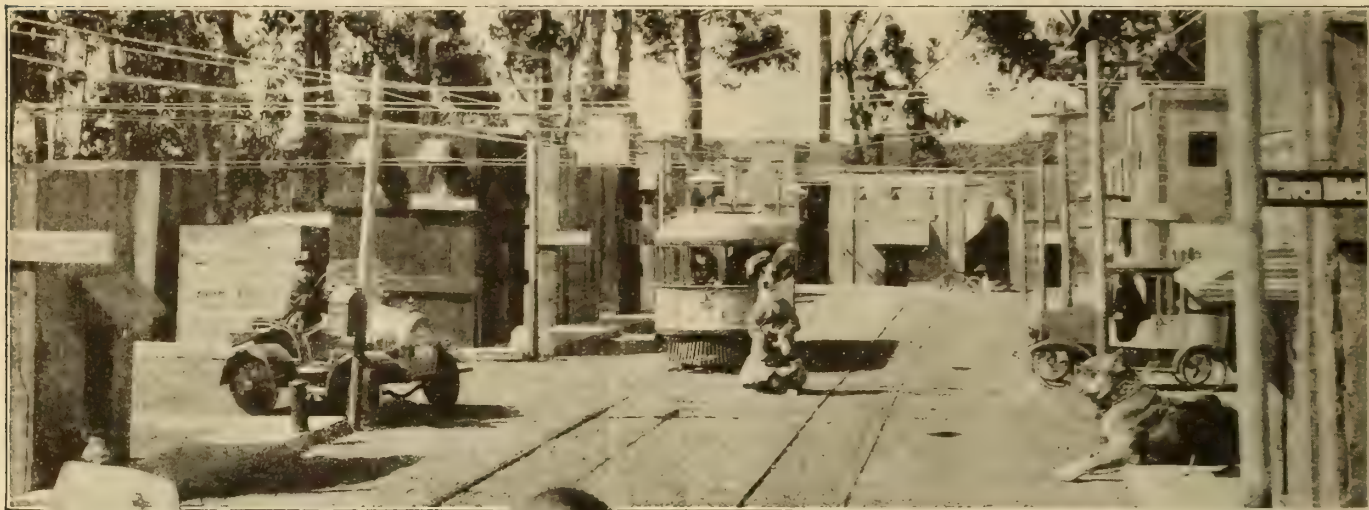
All men like vivacity. The woman who listens languidly to a man's jokes and stories stirs the murderous impulse. She need not be a chatter-box, in fact, must not. But a lively vivacity that listens as well as talks is what all men desire in woman.

She must be well-sexed. She must be essentially woman. She must not emulate the manner nor voice nor outlook of a man. Feminine curves, suggested by chiffons and laces, are more alluring than angular bones supporting exaggerated tailor-mades.

Magnetism! That is the word which tells the whole story. A compelling magnetism is the quality which makes one woman stand out in a crowd of them. It is the thing which calls you up with a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

How Those Animal Comedies are Made



Here is Dippy-Doo-Dadville, a city without Rotary Club or a Board of Trade. Also it has no human citizens, being peopled by Hal Roach's animal actors



The star of the company, with her leading man, both supported by the producer, Hal Roach, who originated and has carried to success the idea of these highly amusing animal comedies

OUT Culver City way, a new mad village has sprung up to rob the movie capital Hollywood of a measure of its fame. And this has nothing to do with western real estate. It is a social movement, entirely, fifty percent of which is dedicated to intellectual uplift and fifty percent to art. The place is the materialization of Delirium Tremens and bears the eloquent station-label, Dippy-Doo-Dadville.

As yet no movie stars have abandoned their Hollywood castles to emigrate to this fantastic metropolis. The city council wouldn't admit them.

The Chamber of Commerce has shut out all competition, for the city itself is in the picture industry, and its product already has found favor with the customers. You probably have become one yourself. The ducks, monkeys, cats, dogs, goats and guinea pigs who star in this particular community are probably familiar to you. If you have seen these curious little melodramas, acted entirely by animals, you certainly have asked yourself, "How do they do it?" And all around you in the audience you have heard whispers of the same inquiry.

Hal Roach, the successful comedy producer, is the father of the inspiration. It came to him one day as he stood before the cage of monkeys at the zoo, and watched their antics. They shared a common desire to please, charm, perform, and occupy the center of the stage. And he detected a subtle hint of the priceless essence which is known in the business as screen personality. Assuredly, the animals had it.

So he decided to attempt making all the old stock melodrama plots, the western, the mother-love story, the young-love story, the villain-riddled romances of the paper-backs, with only animals in the cast and the most grave and solemn direction. And in Len Powers, who had worked on the Roach lot for some years as an assistant director and cameraman, he had at hand a director with an animal complex.

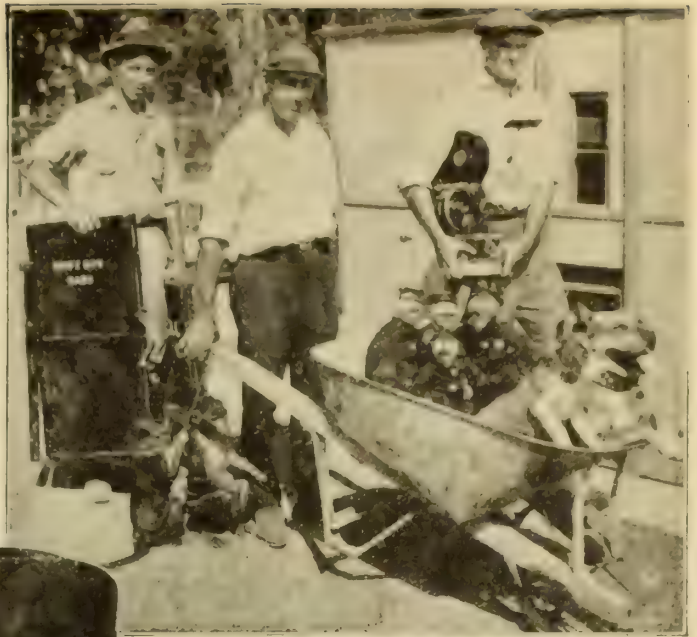
The first thing Mr. Powers found out was that patience—patience—was essential. Tactful and loving patience, too, with an effort to put yourself in the animal's place, with his particular degree of intelligence and his training, and see how things would affect you.

Monkeys are naturally imitative. The best results are achieved by doing a thing yourself, over and over again, and letting them imitate you. They are clever and quick, but they forget quickly, too, and have to be kept at a thing.

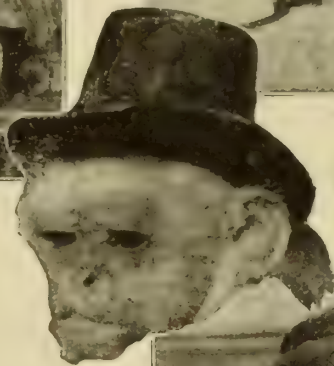
For instance, when Mr. Powers wished to teach the monkey leading man to smooth his hair [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



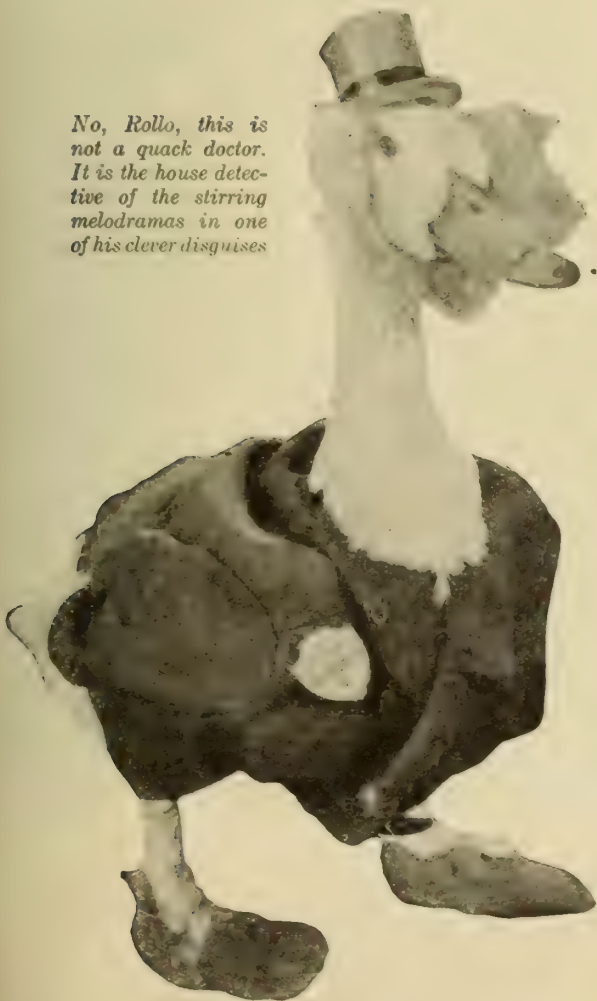
Director Len Powers meets socially "the lady that's known as Lou"



The company going on location in one of the city taxis with Director Powers as chauffeur



No, Rollo, this is not a quack doctor. It is the house detective of the stirring melodramas in one of his clever disguises



Len Powers combines with his directorial duties those of property man and make-up artist. Sometimes his temperamental stars rebel



Edwin Bower Hesser

Hollywood knows very little about Edna Purviance and calls her a woman of mystery. An enigma but—since her first starring venture in "A Woman of Paris"—conceded to be a great actress. Here is her latest portrait, which shows a charming maturity



*In an old comedy
with Chaplin. She
has never appeared
with or been directed
by anyone else*



The grown-up Edna Purviance. As Marie St. Clair, the tragically human heroine of Charles Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris"



And here is Edna Purviance only four years ago—a dimpled, rather rollypoly, but exceptionally pretty girl. The change is striking

Hollywood's Mystery Woman

*She is in pictures, but not of them.
But she is both in and of the very best in
California society*

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

IT IS very difficult to be mysterious in Hollywood. The only other place with so little privacy is the county hospital. Things that nobody can know, everybody does. Family secrets are front porch gossip. The whole world knows what the important inhabitants eat, what kind of bath salts they use, and if they have had the face done yet. And other little matters that aren't general information, the Boulevardiers know and tell.

Nevertheless, we have a mystery woman—a woman about whom we know almost nothing at all. She should, of course, be tall and dark and strange, with a smile done by Mona Lisa. She is none of these things. She is shimmeringly blonde, with one of those exquisite pale skins under which the roses glow and fade entrancingly. Her eyes are blue and there is a soft roundness about her.

Just the same, Edna Purviance is a mystery woman. An enigma. Less is known about her, both in Hollywood and among the fans, than is known about any other woman of prominence in pictures. Her career has been startlingly unusual. Her personality, her life, remain as baffling as ever.

Edna Purviance is in the pictures, but not of them. You never see her "around." Hardly anybody knows where she lives or what she does. Miss Purviance might take an aeroplane and fly off to Mars when she shuts her dressing room door, so far as the movie colony knows. Which is amazing in a small town like Hollywood where everybody knows everybody else's business.

Now it is very interesting—this mystery that surrounds Edna Purviance and her life and character, when you consider it in connection with her work.

It is my theory, right or wrong, that picture people see too much of other picture people, and too many pictures, and talk too much about pictures and how, why and when they're made. I may be wrong, but it often seems to me that the crying need of many picture stars is fresh contacts, outside viewpoints, mental relaxation and revivification. Most of them live, eat, sleep and dream pictures. They can or will talk of nothing else. They work at the studio all day and, when they go home, they either have a picture run in their own projection room or they go to see one at a theater.

Edna Purviance does her work at the studio and then she is through with pictures. When her car swings out of the driveway of the Chaplin studio, she enters another world. She is a dual personality. There is Edna Purviance, for eight years Charlie Chaplin's leading woman and now star of his first directed picture, and there is Edna Purviance, society woman and intellectual recluse.

Oh yes, really.

There are three things that intrigue my imagination about Miss Purviance tremendously.

First, "A Woman of Paris."

If that picture had never been made, Edna Purviance might have continued to exist in her little veil of mystery forever, so far as I was concerned. But her performance as *Marie* in Charles Chaplin's production placed her very, very high in my estimation as a screen actress. Personally, I do not know when I have enjoyed a performance so much. It was so marvellous to see the suggestion of maturity, the womanliness of thought and action, the life of a grown woman of developed emotions and problems. I adored [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]

The Paved Jungle

*A story of life
in the Roaring Forties, of a girl
who was in, but not of,
the jungle, and of how she
escaped—aided by a volunteer
literary animal tamer*

By Frank R. Adams

*Illustrated by
Arthur William Brown*

I
AT dusk the paved jungle begins to come to life. Cowardly men, their tusks bared occasionally in snarling laughter, lurk in the shadows ready to cut out and destroy any luckless weaklings who may stray from the flocks and herds.

Above all indeterminate rustlings and murmurings of the cautious creeping and crawling creatures of the wilderness comes the contemptuously raucous roar of the tired business lion. The king of the jungle is irritated and he is broadcasting his complaints to the cowering corners of his domain.

The trembling doe, who has come out of her hiding place to drink, suddenly finds herself surrounded by horrible chuckling noises and by a circle of glowing malevolent eyes slowly converging towards her upon silent padded paws.

II
ROSEMARY WINTERS was still beautiful. The process of starvation, since she had lost her job at the Moonmill Roof, had so far only served to emphasize the ascetic fineness of her charm. She had always been thin, so the loss of a little flesh made no perceptible change in her figure, and her face had not sharpened much yet, except her eyes, which burned.

The way she lost her job as left end of the line in the Moonmill chorus tells all you need to know about Rosemary.

If you ever saw the show you may remember her as the girl who looked as if she didn't belong. She had a way of wearing the costumes, which were rather less than half of anything anybody ever wore before, that attracted instant attention from the connoisseurs of femininity and brought admirers night after night to fill the front row tables of the *café chantant*.

Most of the girls had special friends. Rosemary had none. Instead she had hundreds of candidates for her favors. In a



way she was a much better drawing card than if she had been more complaisant. The hungry beasts of the jungle were certain that some day she would stumble and they were content to wait more or less patiently so as to be on the ground when it occurred.

All that would have been well if it had not happened that Quiller Banks, the owner of Moonmill Roof and other theatrical and restaurant property, had inadvertently fallen in love with her himself. In love, that is, in the Broadway sense. It isn't quite like the bucolic thing that James Whitcomb Riley wrote about or even the more sophisticated passion which has given employment to the pens of our present day poets. Rather it is a sort of gilded cave-man desire, stimulated by lights, liquor and cosmetics.

To attract the attention of Quiller Banks was and is yet the highest degree conferred by The Extension Department of the University of Jazzway. If he thought you were beautiful, by heck, you were, no matter what you looked like, and, pretty soon, hairdresses were beginning to imitate your coiffure and modistes were angling for your trade.

Quiller Banks was the Lord High Picker among the village



"All the charges I can think up against this young fellow are assault, burglary and murder," Quiller Banks commented grimly

Rotarians. In a city of hundreds of carefully selected Thirty-Second Degree Passers on Pulchritude he was the only one who could wear 33 in his buttonhole. If the President wanted to know who were the prettiest girls in the United States, Quiller Banks is the man he would send for just the way he would summon Charlie Schwab if he desired information on steel, or General Dawes if he couldn't spell moratorium or some such word relating to finances. No President *has* ever sent a hurry-up call to Quiller Banks as yet, but the chances are that every once in a while after having had a hard day reading proof on the Congressional Record, or something like that, he would like to.

Quiller Banks loved beauty perhaps because he had so little of it himself. Squat and ugly were words that applied both to his face and his figure. Actors, making up for villains, drew upon their memory of his features for a model. His nose could be imitated with putty and his eyebrows with black crepe hair in almost a straight line across the forehead, but the heavy expression of his mouth and eyes was something the performer could only stimulate by thinking of something pleasantly disagreeable, like stepping on a spider.

Quiller Banks did not go out with girls. That wasn't necessary. They came to him.

In accordance with his time honored custom he sent a note to Rosemary one evening to the effect that he would appreciate her company at his downtown apartment after the show.

Rosemary received the message and stood for a moment, quivering with fright. She wondered if she ought to run, just as she was, in the costume for the finale, out into the street and as far away as she could.

Of course she couldn't. And the beginning orchestra music of the last number carried her automatically out onto the dance floor. She smiled instinctively while her feet went through the well remembered steps. But, inside, her heart was jelly and her lips were really trembling with abject fear.

What she finally did was nothing. She went home. There was nothing else she could think of. But she lay awake most of the night wondering if he would come and get her. She could imagine him waiting, pacing the floor of his apartment, getting angrier and angrier at the insignificant person who had dared to flout him, and finally seeking her out to wreak his vengeance.



Rosemary received the message and stood for a moment, quivering with fright. She wondered if she ought to run, just as she was, out into the street

III

IT is a curious thing, but no one ever thinks of a coryphee as having a family. Other people are obviously just people like the rest of us, with relatives, detrimental or otherwise as the case may be, but the beautiful ladies of the ensemble, especially if they really are beautiful, seem merely orphan butterflies that flit for an hour or so and then fade into nothing until the lights come on again.

It is difficult to imagine them as having solicitous mothers, indifferent fathers, nagging brothers and sisters, disapproving aunts and all the other impediments that the rest of us drag through life in decreasing train, until at last there are none and we find ourselves not travelling on our own power at all, but merely hitched on as the caboose of someone else's Deathbound Limited.

But the gorgeous elf-clad midnight prancers do have everything, sometimes even husbands who are plumbers or something else certainly far more romantic. Wait, don't lay this story down,—this gal isn't married. But she has other troubles.

One of them was a not very old but a quite querulous father. He had reason to complain. He was very ill of a lingering sickness that rendered him inactive and a constant care to his

daughter. Once he had been a powerful, thundering man, purposeful and successful. To be weak and dependent broke his spirit. The expensive specialist whom Rosemary had in to examine her father was very discouraging about his case. To keep him alive at all was going to require constant care and scientific nourishment. Rosemary had set herself the task of providing both.

Besides Mr. Winters, Rosemary had one other responsibility. That was her phantom admirer. She knew he was an admirer, because,—well, just because. A woman can always tell. She called him a phantom because she never saw him, at least not to know that she had seen him. That was partly because he was employed at ungodly hours, more unchristian than her own even, and partly because he very evidently did not want to encounter her.

That was explained in one of his early letters.

"Dear Miss Rosemary:

"I met you once, several years ago. I was up from Princeton with a track team and you were in the same party that I was after the meet. You wouldn't remember me so do not try. You weren't so famous yourself as you are now,—just a school-girl, I believe. I've seen you once a month lately,—that's as often as I can afford the Moonmill [CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]



The Barthelmess Baby

THOUGH people insist upon calling him a juvenile, we aver that Dick Barthelmess is not mis-cast in the extremely grown-up rôle of father. In fact, he looks very much at home with Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr., in his arms. Although (in the circle) the young lady seems to take after her battling father—wait until you see the fight he puts up in “Twenty One”!—it would also appear that she inherits some musical talent from her mother, Mary Hay the first, who is starred in a singing and dancing comedy!



Odds and Ends the Camera Caught



What would royalty these days do without the picture stars? Here is Virginia Valli with Princess Sophia's earrings, for which the donor paid \$3,330,000 kronen. That's \$49.29—about



Here's a puppy-eye view of Douglas MacLean's new trousers. John Aasen, the giant, has nothing on Doug in the estimation of Peter Patch



When Gloria Swanson came East the boys at the studio tried to make her dressing-room homelike, with Hollywood atmosphere



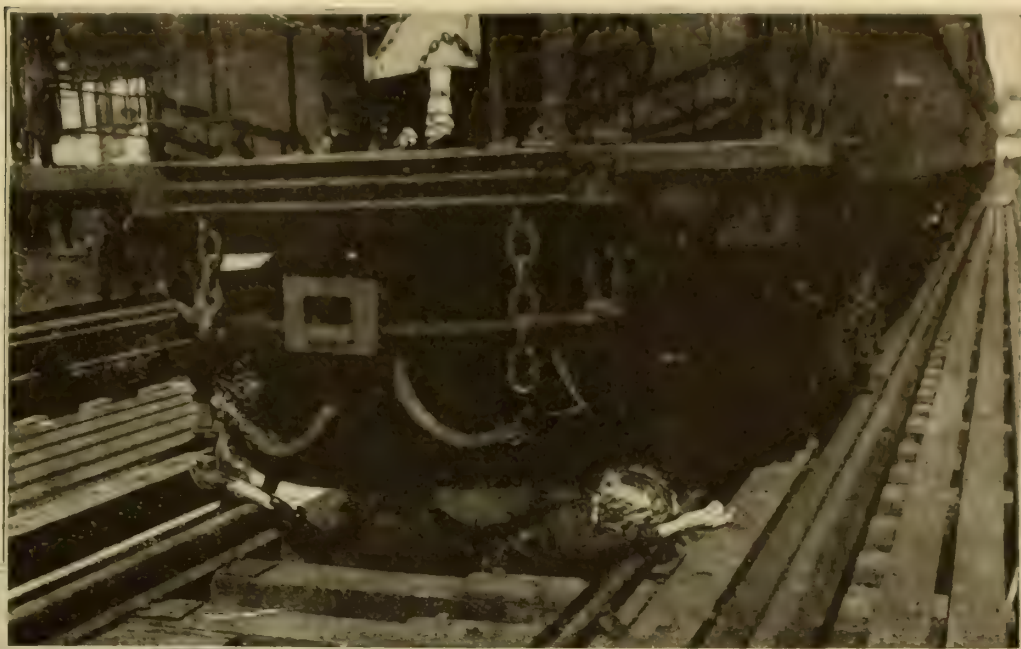
Conrad Nagel shows what the well-dressed man will wear. Trick, sawed-off vest, pleated trousers 'n' everything. Wonder if Conrad would wear them anywhere except to have his picture taken

No, children, this is not Betty Blythe nor Phyllis Haver. It doesn't seem reasonable, but it's really Norma Talmadge in "The Song of Love." Arthur Carewe is the owner of the grip



In the Studios and on Location

Claire Windsor is getting to be a desperate young person. As "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model," she just dares an elevated train to run over her. And what a lot of directors and cameramen it took to save her!



But the train didn't get Claire after all, for here she is as the chief gift in someone's Christmas cornucopia



They've been away a long time, these two — as time goes in pictures. But Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen are back — and in the same picture, "Let Not Man Put Asunder"



The first photograph ever taken of Jackie Coogan shows that his habits haven't changed. He liked to play with dough even at that early age

CLOSE-UPS & LONG

IRUSHED all the way from Hollywood to New York to patronize the art of Eleanora Duse, and on the first night of arrival went to see Peggy Joyce, the second night to see Jocko, "the ten-thousand dollar crow" (I forget what Peggy was listed at), and on the third night to behold Texas Guinan. In a word, only the most expensive attractions lured me. That's what Hollywood has done for me.

WHEN last I saw our old friend Texas Guinan, known in artistic circles as the female Bill Hart or the two gun woman, she couldn't make up her mind whether to play a female bullfighter, go hunting elephants in India or open a tea room for debutantes. Happily for the elephants, the bulls and the debs she did none of these. Upon my return to New York from Hollywood I found her atop the Beaux Arts Cafe, acting as hostess and dragging the Duke of Manchester around. It's a dull night, when Texas can't dish a duke or something democratic. She said they had been introducing one another over the radio, Texas saying, "Duke, meet the United States." Her brother, who lives on Long Island, says they never hear from her except over the radio. If you ever heard her sing you would wonder why she bothers with radio. All she needs is a tall building. She was wasted in the silent drama.

THE Latin is preferred to the home-grown artist in these pages for the following aesthetic reasons:

I. Upon my first arrival in Hollywood, Senor Tony Garrido Monteagudo Moreno, noble Spaniard, placed his car and driver at my direction, initiated me into the gayeties of the Ship Cafe, the menu of the Athletic Club and, in general, served as guide along the primrose path that leads straight to fame and destruction.

II. Upon quitting Hollywood I had at my disposal the car and driver of Signor Bull Montana, fine old Roman, who during my stay plied me with the delicacies of his Italian cellar and kitchen, together with the wit and wisdom of his profound intellect.

III. Upon returning from Europe the last time before a bleak and giftless Christmas Signor Rodolph Valentino, magnificent Italian, presented me with a handsome bottle of Benedictine anchored to an Ingersoll watch; and previously in Hollywood the signor proved one of the most charming of companions, one who can talk about himself and yet be entertaining.

IV. Upon uttering words of commendation anent Senor Ramon Novarro, gallant Mexican, I have been flattered by an appreciation never before encountered in a movie mime. After seeing him in "Scaramouche" I telegraphed congratulations declaring him the finest romantic actor west of Barrymore; his reply permitted of but one assumption—that I,

as a critic, had completely snuffed out poor old Bernard Shaw.

THERE'S such ado about "Romeo and Juliet" just now. Mary Pickford considered doing it, but, according to report, declared she would not undertake it unless she could get Valentino to play *Romeo*. Norma Talmadge intends to film it in the spring, but has not determined as yet upon her *Romeo*. Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess plan a scoop by doing it in the actual Italian setting of Verona. Why not have Italians in the leading rôles? I suggest Bull Montana for *Romeo* and Nita Naldi for *Juliet* or vice versa, since they both wear tights well. What a crash that balcony scene would be!



What a crash that balcony scene would be with Bull Montana as *Romeo* and Nita Naldi as *Juliet*—or vice versa

I REGRET that it is my duty as a critic of screen personalities to report Calvin Coolidge a flop. He simply does not register. Whether smelling a rose or talking to a congressman from the West his expression is ever the same. As a critic of high integrity, who heralded the discovery of Valentino, Charlie Ray, la Negri and other proved successes, I realize what I say is going to carry considerable weight at the presidential election. Let me state that my motive is simply patriotic, entirely free of party prejudice. As everyone knows, the chief duty of our executive today is to film and radio well. Mr. Coolidge does not. As a result the United States hasn't one tenth the boxoffice attraction of England, which stars the Prince of Wales. Wales has everything; good looks, personality and sex attraction.

EDITH ALLEN, playing her first rôle, scores emphatically in Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche." She has one of those instantaneous personalities, as fast-working as Mabel Normand's or Barbara La Marr's, but by no stretch of the imagination could one call her a hard

worker. When she saw herself in "Scaramouche" she was bitterly disappointed, alleging that the part, originally a big one, had been all cut out. Now Edie never read the story to learn the size of the rôle, but she had worked three days in succession, so concluded that she must be just about the whole show. However, no hard feelings. Incidentally, she doubles in the picture. In addition to the rôle of *Climene* she plays a fine anonymous bit, that of the peasant girl with a baby in her arms, who attracts Lewis Stone's attention as he leaves the slain poacher's hut, in the first chapter of the play.

When Edie came to Hollywood Alice Terry persuaded her to read "The World's Illusion" by Jacob Wassermann. "Say," ejaculated Edie after reading the first volume, "I never knew books were so good!"

Don't get the impression, however, that Edie is one of those beautiful-but-girls.

After dancing with a certain young actor at an affair recently

SHOTS *By Herbert Howe*

she said, "My Lord, but that fellow's envious of Ramon Novarro!" "Why, did he knock him?" I asked. "No," said Edie, succinctly. "He praised him."

I RECENTLY took occasion to congratulate Fred Niblo upon assembling such an invincible co-starring combination as Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr in "Thy Name is Woman." This month I give three vivas for George Fitzmaurice, who made "The Eternal City" with Barbara La Marr and Benito Mussolini. With Babbie and Benito in the cast the picture certainly should not be lacking in action.

REVERSING the formula of passing from stage to screen, McKay George, a young Juan of the cinema, quit the Universal lot, where he had been playing aimlessly, to take the juvenile lead in the Broadway stage production, "The Deep Tangled Wildwood." The producers of the play insisted that in shaking the Hollywood dirt from his shoes he should change his name. In the films he was Grant McKay. Since it is always a critic's duty to object to any change of name, be it of play or player, I carped on the ground that the public might confuse him with McKay Morris, another stage player.

"I wish they would!" exclaimed Mac—and then, even more hopefully, "Or with Grace George!"

THE producers have been making their annual stump speeches about the necessity for a cut in players' salaries. A pioneer actor of one studio upon reading such an oration delivered by his producer immediately wired the gentleman demanding a raise in salary. He got it.

THE motion picture industry from its birth has suffered with an inferiority complex. Producers buy published stories and plays rather than originals because having no faith in their own judgment they prefer to take something that someone else has passed on. They value both plays and players by the price tags. A director recently objected to an actor as being incompetent.

"But his salary is a thousand a week!" bellowed the producer.

"I didn't know that," gasped the director. "Well, if he gets a thousand a week he must be good."

A similar logic is to be found in most movie plots.

FOR the best answer to the question, what's the matter with the movies, I award a personally autographed photograph to the exhibitor in "The Deep Tangled Wildwood," a stage play.

"The trouble with the pictures is they're getting too artistic," says the exhibitor. "These bigger and better pictures don't go; what we want is more bad pictures."

AS Charlie Chaplin and I were leaving the Montmartre Cafe, after lunch, a little boy who looked as though his name might be Oliver ran up and said, "Oh, Mistah Cholly, may I take your picture?" Cholly chortled embarrassment and said, "Certainly." At the foot of the stairs Oliver's mamah appeared and throatily apologized for Oliver's nerve, saying they simply adored Mistah Chaplin and went to see all his pictures. So Charlie lined up on the pavement, placed his arm about Oliver, and mamah snapped the kodak while a curious crowd gathered. When it was over Charlie leaped into his car. "You know," he cried hysterically, "when I do a thing like that I always feel

as though I had a huge stomach with a heavy gold chain across it."



"When I take pictures with juvenile friends," said Chaplin, "I feel as though I had a huge stomach with a heavy gold chain across it"

THOSE who enjoy inveighing against the movies for their improprieties would have a good time viewing the New York stage plays this season. The following are a few that shocked me, coming, as I did, clean from Hollywood:

A comedy in which a husband calls his wife's guests names not used by our Bible Class.

A comedy in which a princess, the mother of three children, sets out to ruin a bullfighter with her husband's consent.

A musical comedy in which the star is apotheosized for her accomplishments as a gold-digger.

Three revues in which costumes are spared but the imagination not.

A great drama in which bad woman triumphs over chaste missionary and is applauded soulfully.

A comedy of *beaucoup* brilliant lines and cocktails where a lady upon becoming stiff says to a gentleman:

"Wheresh my fan?"

Gentleman: "In your hand."

Lady: "Never mind, I'll find it later."

WHEN I congratulated Adolphe Menjou upon his work in

Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," he replied, "Give the credit to Chaplin; no actor can be greater than his director."

Now there's a nifty line for you, Confucius!

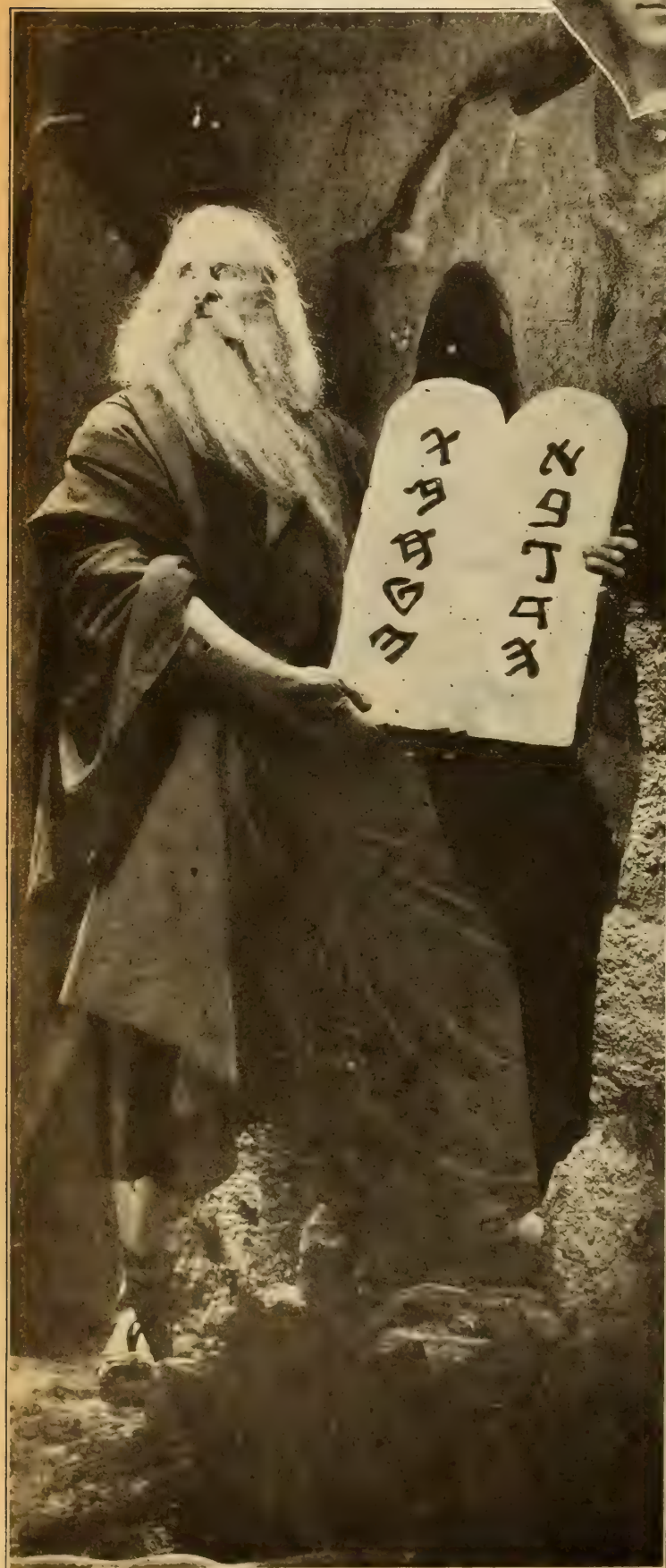
OF the messages of farewell I received aboard the S. S. Majestic as I set sail for Tunis, Malcolm McGregor's wins the PHOTOPLAY medal. Mal wired: "Remember that 'Nearer My God To Thee' is the song to sing when the boat is sinking."

INASMUCH as Rex Ingram, who was sent to Africa to make a picture for Metro, is spending all his time making sketches for PHOTOPLAY, I am going over for PHOTOPLAY to make the picture for Metro. It will be called "The Arab," and I will employ ten thousand (count 'em) harem beauties, twelve thousand little dancing girls, six regiments of trained sheiks, and thousands of those animals named after the famous cigarettes.

"The Ten Commandments"

Every Man,
Woman and Child
Should See
This Picture

By James R. Quirk



I HAVE never approached a review of a picture with such timidity, because I am fearful that I may appear extravagant in prodigality of adjectives on a motion picture subject. I shall endeavor to avoid them. I shall not call it a "super picture," nor "the greatest picture ever screened," nor "the greatest spectacle ever conceived by the mind of man." Unfortunately these adjectives mean nothing in a business where they are as apt to gild a turnip as a lily.

In another department of this issue I have reviewed this picture. Here I merely wish to advise very one of the several million readers of PHOTOPLAY to see it at the first opportunity.

In a previous issue of this publication I said:

"Cecil B. DeMille has carved for himself out of lights and shadows a monument far more enduring than granite or marble. 'The Ten Commandments,' which will be released soon, is appalling in its scope and a tremendous human achievement in its execution. Every theater in which it appears will be a temple and every screen a pulpit, not pouring a message of words into heedless ears, but burning with white light into the very souls of men and women and children the great lessons of God's infinite love, of the brotherhood of man, of peace on earth among men, and the futility of strife and hate. Wouldn't it be strange if, despised and censored and reviled for years, the motion picture should come to be recognized as the greatest interpreter of the Mosaic Law since the ancient prophet revealed the Tablets of Stone to the children of Israel?"

At the time I was criticized as extravagant in my praise, but I repeat every word of it. If the censors attempt to delete a single foot of the Old Testament part of this picture, God knows what they would do to the original of the greatest document civilization has produced if they got at it with their small minds and big scissors.

Right now in New York, and all over the world in fact, there is raging a great controversy on "fundamentalism," a dispute regarding the Divinity of Christ, the Immaculate Conception, the Resurrection of Christ. On each side is displayed a viciousness that is far removed from the spirit of the brotherhood of man that He taught.

But in the DeMille visualization of the events leading up to the revelation of the commandments and the actual revelation [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Cecil DeMille (above) and Theodore Roberts (below) add to their laurels in "The Ten Commandments." Roberts plays the role of Moses with marked dignity and majesty



BARBARA LA MARR, glancing into her mirrored eyes, must glimpse something of her own magnetism. The appeal of the eternal feminine is in her faintest smile and her every gesture is a thing of latent poetry. In this drab setting she is like a flame



BABY PEGGY looks as pleased as a chubby little kitten who has just had a canary for breakfast. Perhaps it's because she was born—not so long ago—under a lucky star. Or is one! Jackie Coogan's closest rival, she is—and his most ardent admirer



MARY PHILBIN'S wistful youth decorates that recent spectacle, "The Temple of Venus," and gives one Daniel Cupid something to worry about. Mary is as lovely and as charmingly modest, and as unassuming, as the heroine of a mid-Victorian idyl



Edd. Morrison

THIS wool-stockinged, high-necked picture of Mae Murray is from her just finished "Fashion Row." Almost infantile, she looks, as the little emigrant girl of the first reel. But, oh, how she does change! Who could keep that innocent expression on Fashion Row?



Donald Biddle Keyes

THE most popular man in pictures, Thomas Meighan, as his own lovable self. Stars may come and stars may go, but Tommy keeps right on glowing. And, take it from us, he's a whole constellation in one. Ask the Box Office—it knows!



Abbe

HAVE a good look at this—it shows our own Griffith with a smile upon his more or less classic face. Photographers usually put D. W. into a serious mood, but this one had a good line. Mr. Griffith is working on "America"—perhaps his greatest effort



Gene Kornman

ADELA ST. JOHNS once described Jobyna Ralston as "the refrain of a sweet, old-fashioned song." We'll go Adela one better and say that she's reminiscent of a lacy Valentine—faintly fragrant with the perfume of mignonette and wee moss-rose buds



THE Magnificent Negri—daughter of a Hungarian gypsy who was exiled to death in Siberia—unfolds a life drama of rare beauty and poignancy. A dancer, a great actress and a woman of exceptionally brilliant intellect she is, like all great people, utterly frank

The Autobiography of POLA NEGRI

In Three Parts

I CANNOT permit this first presentation of the life story of Pola Negri to pass without paying my respects to this remarkable woman. The negotiations for this amazing story were carried out by Miss Negri with the utmost graciousness and simplicity. I knew the story would be an interesting one, but I was not prepared to find it such a tremendous human document. The few who have enjoyed her confidence know her to be a woman of unusual frankness and sincerity, with a great capacity for friendship, and an almost slavish devotion to her work. My deepest impression of her is a feeling of wonder that a human being could pass through such suffering and retain a vibrant sympathy for life and in people.

JAMES R. QUIRK

PART I

POVERTY and suffering in my childhood and tragedy always.

Before I knew happiness I saw death. Death, imprisonment, the black plague and Cossacks killing, killing. Torture and oppression, war and revolution, starving children and frantic mothers, and friends shot down by my side. The Four Horsemen always riding over my country.

The Cossacks! To mention them makes me shudder. Yet they are my first recollection. Tales of their fiendishness would seem to you as incredible as fairy stories. But I, with my own eyes, have seen them riding like mad through the streets of Warsaw with wild cats under their arms; I have seen them fling these cats into a fleeing, shrieking crowd of people, and I have seen the eyes torn out of faces.

Happy days of my childhood. I can repeat that platitude only in irony. I am twenty-six years old. But I have lived, it seems, a hundred.

At Yanowa, near Liepnau, in Russian Poland, I was born—a Polish patriot—in 1897 and christened Appolonia Chalupec, daughter of the revolutionist Georges Chalupec, who was exiled to death in Siberia.

My father was a Hungarian gypsy, the handsomest man I have ever known, dark, fiery and daring. From him I inherit my restless temperament. He came from Budapest into Poland and became engaged in the manufacture of paper. Then he met and married Eleanora von Kielewska, my mother.

An amazing revelation
of the youth, the privations of war and
the artistic development of the great
Polish actress



Death, War,
Famine,
Exile



At the age of
fourteen,
Appolonia
Chalupec who,
as Pola Negri,
was to thrill the
world—danced
before the Czar
and Czarina in
the Imperial
Bollet of St.
Petersburg

They were prosperous when I was born, with a comfortable country place surrounded by great trees and gardens. But the restiveness and revolt which characterized my father's nature drew him into ardent sympathy for the Polish cause against Russia. He became a leader of the revolutionists.

The Polish revolution of 1905, when I was eight, took my father away among the volunteers. I remember the volunteers passing our house, my mother giving them food and drink. There were high hopes for Polish independence, but these were soon broken. My father was arrested and taken to the dreadful Pavilion Citadela, the prison for murderers in Warsaw. We went to see him several times. I shall never forget the last visit. It was in the evening. My father was unusually silent. I kissed him, clinging to him, and then I felt his tears over my face. Frightened, as by a premonition, my heart broke and I sobbed until they took me away. At midnight that night my father was sent away. He had assured my mother that he would escape, and she lived hopefully, but we never saw him again. He went to *Siberia*.

My mother and I returned to our home, and my mother continued to work in secret for the Polish cause. Then, one night, *the Cossacks!* They came dashing up to our house, firing at the windows. We hid, but they dragged us out, looted our home and, before our eyes, burned it to the ground. In response to my mother's cries they only said: "You are the wife of the revolutionist Chalupec."



The Czarina paid several visits to the school and presented us with little gifts. I revered her as a saint. She seemed to me the loveliest creature on earth, delicate, aloof and ethereal in her sadness. When, years afterward, I heard that she was killed with her husband and children at Ekaterinenburg I was deeply moved, for she was, to us dancers at least, "the little mother."

I also had the honor of being presented to the Czar, and on the occasion of his birthday anniversary I received a beautiful gift.

My most vivid recollection of those days in regal Petersburg is of a matinee for the court when Chaliapin sang. It was a great scandal.

Chaliapin sang the national anthem with all the power and fervor of which he is capable. The nobles applauded him enthusiastically, and he was invited to the Czar's box to partake of champagne and refreshments. Imagine, then, the consternation when he

Pola Negri as the Slave of Fatal Enchantment in "Sumurun" created a sensation on the stage of Warsaw, and later captured Berlin in the same rôle under the direction of Reinhardt. It was her success in this pantomime that inspired her for pictures

Broken in spirit and in health my mother went to live with my aunt and uncle, who sent me to the Countess Plater's school in Warsaw. A little later my only brother died of the black plague, and for two years my mother was insane. . . .

That was my childhood. . . .

I was nervous, impetuous and violent of temper, a very bad pupil, although I did study. When I was twelve I read and spoke four languages, Polish, German, Russian and French. While mastering Italian I fell in love with the works of Ada Negri, the Italian poetess, and when later I went on the stage I took her name, combining it with Pola—the diminutive of Appolonia—which I was always called from a child.

I was fourteen when I decided that I wanted to go to the ballet school. The stage had fascinated me at first sight when I saw a performance of "Cinderella." As it was necessary for me to earn a living, my aunt consented and, eight months later, took me to the Imperial ballet school in St. Petersburg.

The training for the Imperial ballet was terrible. We were treated like young animals. The masters did not hesitate to beat us, and many times I winced under the whip. Nevertheless, I loved the work and my one sustaining inspiration was my mother. I wanted to give her every luxury and care that I might revive her interest in life and restore her to health.

There were glorious moments, too, when we danced before the court. I worked nine hours a day, specializing in Oriental dances, and was rewarded by being made a principal in the company.



Pola in St. Petersburg. "We dancers were treated like animals," she writes. "The master did not hesitate to beat us"

reappeared on the stage for his next number and, with greater power and feeling, commenced singing the great revolutionary song! Imagine how we felt standing there in the wings as we heard the cry of rebellion soar in the silence like a death knell to that aristocratic assemblage. It was glorious! My heart exulted, for I was a rebel, hating the government with all my soul.

Chaliapin did not have a chance to finish the song. The nobles were infuriated by his daring, and he only escaped severe punishment because he was too great an artist to sacrifice to Siberia.

It was with tragic disappointment that I heard the school physicians advise my aunt to take me out of the ballet. My lungs were delicate, and they said that if I continued the strenuous exercise my health might be impaired permanently.

I was not dissuaded from my stage career, however, and upon my return to Warsaw I entered the dramatic conservatory where in one year I completed the three-year course.

On October 1, 1913, I made my debut in Hauptmann's "Hannele" and Pola Negri was proclaimed an actress. I was dazed with the ecstasy of success. I felt as though I were enjoying another's triumph. It was not Pola Chalupec, but Pola Negri who received the flowers and the praise and the kisses from friends. But it was Pola Chalupec who crept, weeping with happiness, into the arms of her mother in the little four-room apartment on the seventh floor of the Sanatorska Uliza. My mother was herself again, and her health



Pola Negri's mother who, with her little daughter, was driven from home by the Cossacks when her husband was exiled to Siberia. Miss Negri writes touchingly of "this only friend of mine"



At the age of twelve the wistful little Pola had already passed through tragedy. A student at the Countess Plater's school in Warsaw, she had mastered four languages—Polish, Russian, German and French

was rapidly mending. Such happiness after such suffering seemed to me a divine gift.

The next great thrill was when I received my salary at the end of the month. It was ninety rubles, amounting to something like forty-five dollars in American money at the rate of exchange before the war. Ninety rubles was a fabulous amount in my eyes. I rushed out to buy an armful of the most expensive flowers for my mother. When I burst into the room and threw them upon her, she scolded me severely for my extravagance. It was the greatest moment of my life.

My year of repertoire at the Kleines theater was strenuous, but through it I gained a contract to play at the Imperial theater with a salary of one hundred and fifty rubles a month. So I did not mind rehearsing all day and working all evening on the stage.

The thunder crash of war interrupted our season. Polish patriots, while detesting the yoke of Czaristic Russia, rallied to her colors in time of trouble. Troops were mobilized against the Germans, and there were wild patriotic demonstrations in the squares. The [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Russell Ball

There is something almost mystic, something compelling about Sylvia Breamer. Watch the eyes in the portrait above closely. They have a curiously arresting quality. Is she hypnotic? She says not. But read the story on the opposite page and decide for yourself



Russell Ball

The Girl with Hypnotic Eyes

What is the weird quality possessed by Sylvia Breamer which enables her almost to read one's thoughts and which seems to set her apart, even from her real self?

By Bland Johaneson

HAVE you ever analyzed the curiously arresting nature of Sylvia Breamer's eyes? They are enormous, but so are cows' and giraffes' and Rodolph Valentino's. There is in hers something more impressive than mere lush beauty. It is neither wistfulness nor sorrow, neither disappointments nor dreams, yet they have a strange, mystic quality which is hypnotic and compelling, and at grotesque cross-purposes with the healthy, simple, practical, regular-girl attributes which compose her real personality.

Sylvia Breamer is first of all a courageous, sane, well-balanced young woman—the sort that everyone admires. The secret which her eyes suggest she disclosed to me shyly, and only after I had stumbled upon a demonstrated revelation of it.

A bleak autumn dusk had settled over the room in which we were visiting. It was not yet lamp-time. Sylvia sat opposite me, facing the window. Twilight obliterated all her features but the dark, penetrating eyes. She was talking about Australia. Occasionally I interrupted with a question, to which she replied. Gradually, unconsciously, Sylvia began answering my thoughts. This might have been nothing but that inexplicable accident we call coincidence, but the ability to anticipate my questions made me uneasy, and when she repeatedly did it, I challenged her, "Sylvia Breamer, you're a diviner! You know the things that cats know!"

My accusation, half-serious, half-jocular, brought

from Sylvia a grave and convincing account of this curious power with which she had been endowed and how it had flowed as a steady undercurrent in the turbulent stream of her life. Although they do not challenge credence, she is shy about confessing her occult experiences. But her eyes bear eloquent witness to the reality of the girl mystic hiding in the personality of Sylvia Breamer, picture star.

To open her story it is necessary to resort to a movie trick, the flash-back, to India about twenty years ago. An officer of the British navy was departing with his family for Australia. One member of this family was Sylvia, a little daughter, and another was her native nurse. There is a law in Australia which forbids the entrance of blacks into the country for sojourns extending over six months. The little girl was to endure the

first hardship of the magnificent quantity Fate had in store for her, the separation from the devoted nurse she loved. The old soul shared the child's anguish. But life and law are inexorable, and as they bade farewell the little Sylvia heard her friend consign her to the mercy of Fate and promise that the psychic bond between them should acquire an elasticity to encompass the furthest corners of this world or another. Sylvia was little more than a baby, but this impressive ceremony stands out clearly in her memory. The old woman predicted a succession of trials for her charge, spiritual floods and fires and broken bridges, then a bright place such as only



Sylvia Breamer in a scene from "The Girl of the Golden West" in which she played the title role

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

A Modern Living Room, Italian in Spirit



This article is the
third of Photoplay's series on

Home Furnishing & Decoration

WE believe that the motion picture influences a great many people in the selection and purchase of the things that go to the building of their homes. As a matter of service, and of interest, we will each month take inspiration from some current film, and translate its goodness to your practical and economic use. Each article is written by a man whose knowledge of interior decoration is applied only to the practical, economical phases which are of great value to you.

THE EDITOR.



The photographs on this page are all from the photoplay, "The White Sister." The top one inspired our article, and the bottom two are examples of the type of Italian decorations which are not only difficult to follow, but far beyond the reach of the average pocketbook

is not as Expensive as it may seem



Here is a room furnished in Italian Renaissance style, showing the characteristic idea of grouping the furniture so that its beauty is set off by a simple background. Features are the mantel and fire place, the plain walls and the floor of wide planks

In designing this room prevalent circumstances of modern life and living were taken into account.

Modern adaptations of "Period" furniture are used to create a room that can be reproduced economically in your home



HISTORY has it that we guide our future by the experience of the past, and in no one phase of our life is this so true as in the furnishing and decoration of our homes. It is only through sad experience that we learn the things to accept, the things to reject in our scheme of home-making. So that when it comes to the consideration of refurnishing, or redecoration, either the old or the new home, we tread our paths of experience warily, mindful of the pits into which we once fell.

Each one of us is apt to regard "period" furniture askance. We remember it as one of the pits we might have avoided. And rightfully so, perhaps. For "period" furniture, as such, has little place in the average modern home. Most of it is too gorgeous, too formal, too "stage-setty" to allow of the comfort that is the requisite of every home.

Yet history, on this particular subject, offers us opportunities to judge from the past. We of this modern day are sitting on the hilltop of experience, and before us is spread the wonderful panorama of the decorative and cabinet-making arts of the ages, from which we can choose and pick those things which will go to make our surroundings characterful and comfortable. We have pointed out to us the beauties of the Classic Periods—Ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome. We have but faint interest in the Gothic period, which follows. We are most alive to the spirit and the possibilities of the Italian Renaissance, and following that, in the English Furniture of the great periods—which includes Early Jacobean, Elizabethan, Stuart, Late Jacobean, William and Mary, Queen Anne;—the Mahogany period of Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Sheraton, and the Adam Brothers. French Furniture of the great periods,—Louis XIV, The Regency, Louis XV, Louis XVI, The Directoire, and the Empire—has little fascination to most of us. Following which comes America's great designer and cabinet-maker, Duncan Phyfe, in whom we are all interested. And

By William J. Moll

then the Victorian period, when all that was good in furniture and decoration in America was torn down and settled into the most morbid degeneracy, from which

we are just recovering.

But in those great ages, or epochs, of furniture making and decoration, we find points of fascination—high lights, as it were, of the things we would like to translate to our own needs, and bring into our living because they are true and beautiful. They are the existing things of history which serve as a guide to true art. Most of the time we find them impractical or costly, unsuited to our modern needs. And so we come to adaptations—forms inspired by pieces of the past, and transmuted by clever manufacturers into acceptable furniture for our homes. We say "adaptations" because they are more frequent than faithful reproductions.

In designing the room which we picture to you here, we take our inspiration from one of the greatest periods of art and decoration, the Italian Renaissance. And it is strange that with all its gorgeousness, its costly appearance, furniture of this period really has qualities which are consistent with the home feeling. But before we go further, suppose we digress for a moment and recall the underlying facts of history which led to the creation of the Italian Renaissance—to read, if you please, the scenario of the play, so that we can better understand the action which follows.

The Italian Renaissance—a golden age in art—began in the 14th century, and was a natural reaction from the Middle Ages, in which art flourished solely for the glory of the Church. It was inspired by a revival of classic knowledge. Artists and artisans turned back to the fine examples of architecture and house-furnishings expressed in the work of the ancients of their own country. Added to this were the military and political conquests of the nation which brought into the country all of the artistry and loveliness of the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]



She was Juliet Shelby in 1912 when she made her screen appearance in "The Nurse," a Pat Powers production for Universal. The years ahead were to bring fame and a new name—Mary Miles Minter

Chapter XXIII

MOST of the crises and turning points of the history of the motion picture have been spectacular events. Picturesque, undisciplined personalities crashing in the conflicts of ruthless greeds have ever made even minor film affairs dramatic. Ordinarily the motion picture industry washes its linen on page one of the metropolitan press and debates its internal troubles with a battery of megaphones on the roof. Thus it has been from the beginning.

But one basic, fundamental, revolutionary fact of the development of the screen has slipped now some twelve years into the past without so much as a mention in the recorded annals of the industry.

In the period of our present considerations, the most serious of the many troubles of the Independents in their endless strife against the allied picture makers of the Motion Picture

Copyright 1924, by Terry Ramsaye

The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye

Now You Can Know How—

A borrowed diamond and a young moustache won Thomas Ince the directorial job that carried him into the top rank of the picture makers of today.

A luncheon at Luchow's in 1912 started Mack Sennett on the road to fame and fortune as the maker of the classic old Keystone comedies.

H. E. Aitken started a sensational career of screen promotions with a raid on Imp that captured Mary Pickford and brought Carl Laemmle rushing home from Europe.

Armed war broke out between the N. Y. M. P. and Universal in the merry summer of 1912, when Ince defended his studio with a Civil War cannon.

James Cruze, a vaudevillian from Percy Williams circuit, sought a summer job in the pictures with Pathe and started the career that has made him famous twice in a decade.

Patents Company was the problem of the raw stock, the film itself, the actual, emulsion-coated celluloid strips for their cameras and projection machines.

The Motion Picture Patents Company had an exclusive contract with the Eastman Kodak Company of Rochester, N. Y., the first manufacturers of film stock.

This contract was of course a part of the general scheme of the Patents company for the domination of the business.

Eastman film had grown up with the motion picture business. It will be recalled from 'way back at Chapter One of this narrative that Thomas Edison's solution of the problem of making motion pictures was reached only after William Kennedy Laurie Dickson returned from Rochester with the first sample of flexible celluloid photographic material.

Edison, in his war with Biograph, had tried to maintain a monopoly use of Eastman stock, both by negotiation with George Eastman and by patents contentions claiming an exclusive right to the use of film in the motion picture camera by authority of invention. But Biograph was an important customer and Biograph continued to get the



Mack Sennett of Biograph went to lunch one day in 1912 and came back with a company of his own—Keystone, the classic of comedy tradition

History of the Picture

film. When Biograph and Edison came to their big peace in the Motion Picture Patents Company in December, 1908, bringing into the fold at the same time all of the then existing American picture makers, the negotiation of the desired exclusive contract was easy—because there were no other customers for the film.

Thus it came that when "Imp," "Bison Life Motion Pictures" and the rest of the Independents came into the field to fight and compete with the Patents Company group, they were thrown upon the resources of the European film makers for raw stock.

Jules E. Brulatour, a dealer in photographic supplies and materials, with an establishment near Twenty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, New York, became the importer and dealer in various brands of foreign made motion picture film, chief among them Lumiere. The Lumieres of Paris and Lyons, France, went into the making of film well near concurrently with the making of the Lumiere Cinematographe, which was among the several motion picture projection machines that came from the seed of Edison's kinoscope.

The superior quality of the American made stock gave to the pictures of the licensed studios of the Patents Company group a vast advantage. Foreign film was produced in limited quantities, subjected to all the delays and difficulties of shipment across the Atlantic, and was besides often irregular in its chemical, physical and photographic properties.

The best motion pictures in the world from a photographic standpoint were coming from the printing plant of the Biograph, pictures made on Eastman stock by the best technicians that the industry had developed. The worst motion pictures in the world, measured by the same standard, were coming from any or all of the independent laboratories in the attics and cellars of New York.

How large an influence this distant and technical fact has exerted on screen reputations of today would be hard to calculate. Certain it is that the physical quality of Biograph prints was a very large contribution to the success of the pictures which laid the foundation of fame for that institution and for the names of Griffith, Mary Pickford, and all those who have shared in the hallowed glories of old Biograph tradition.

It was not only true that Griffith pictures were better, but the public could see them better on the screen. Fame grew out of that. It is easier to think in terms of personalities than in impersonal facts, like film stock. Names of people are the handles to all of the major facts of public interest, including the Ford motor car.

The toiling, sweating, cursing and

THIS revealing chapter deals with the gun-fighting days of 1911-12, when a standing army was part of the necessary equipment of many motion picture studios. In this period the innocent bystander was unable to tell at a glance whether the motion picture business was making melodramas or merely settling an internal debate. The action was much the same, whether on the set or in the president's office. Many of the startling events recited here have lived only in the traditions of the business and are now recorded for the public for the first time. In this busy period the commercial alignments began which have projected themselves down through the years into the structure of the industry of today. This chapter tells of the beginnings of some of today's motion picture successes and reveals the sources of some of its troubles. The motion picture patron of today can find here curious little threads of destiny that have been woven into the fabric of the screen glories of 1924.

JAMES R. QUIRK.

battling Independents yearned for Eastman raw stock, but they did not know how to get it. Despite the organization of the Sales Company combination, the Independents were as a body yet inarticulate. There is a strong probability that, had they united in a plea to Eastman supported by the facts and figures of their film consumption, they could have prevailed. But instead they did everything but ask for what they wanted.

Among the Independents, Eastman film stock came by boot-leg channels in quantities just large enough to constitute tantalizing samples. They were ready to pay any price for it.

The high premium on Eastman stock led to many and peculiar expedients, varying from plain theft to elaborate methods of purchase in the export markets of Europe and reimportation into the United States.

Export orders in shipment to fictitious foreign addresses were mysteriously intercepted on the steamer docks of New York, San Francisco and Vancouver to be turned about and delivered by stealth to the Independents' plants. Many a shipping case that left Rochester full of film arrived in Liverpool, Hamburg or Havre full of paving stones and gravel.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]

In the eventful year of this chapter, Harry E. Aitken (left) and C. J. Hite (right) played some high hands in the excitement of film politics. They appear here in the first office of the Mutual Film Corporation





"You're safe now," he assured her, "and it's all over. They're both dead. They'll never bother you again"

Not in the Scenario

By Kathrene and Robert Pinkerton

Drawings by R. Van Buren

In Preceding Chapters:

DAVE MANN'S film company had gone into the Canadian wilderness to find realism, and they found it in a drama of real life—with their leading man, Larry Moncrieff, as star. They discovered a mysterious couple—an old musician and a beautiful girl—living in a log palace. When Dave's directorial instinct offended, and they were ordered from the place, Larry was sent back as peacemaker. There, in the palace, he found himself drawn into the net of intrigue. He overheard the girl speaking with a ruffian who claimed to be her father, and who threatened the life of the musician unless she went away with him. Larry remonstrated with her but she, to save the old man, would not take any advice. So Larry was forced to follow her to prevent the villainy of her supposed parent. Tracing the pair by their footprints, he overtook them at last. They, and another man, were waiting on a jagged boulder over a river and just—curiously—about seventy-five feet from the entire motion picture company who were on the other bank. After a furious battle, in which both his opponents were killed, Larry rushed on to the rescue of the girl who was plunging, in a canoe, through the rapids.

Conclusion: CHAPTER VIII

WHEN the face of the crook disappeared in the angry waters of the Wolf-jaw, Larry stood watching the spot, fascinated. Yet he was not thinking of the fact that in the last sixty seconds he had killed two men, had exceeded in life anything Dave Mann had ever planned for his double on the screen. He was conscious only of a great emptiness, of futility, of the fact that Marguerite was gone, that he had been unable to save her.

In that moment of enervation the spell of the rapids, and of what had happened there, gained mastery. His glance was drawn downstream irresistibly and then out of the corner of one eye he caught a glimpse of Dave Mann and Roy Quigley still standing on the little platform above the falls.

Both were greatly agitated. Roy was still turning his crank with one hand, but with the other he was pointing at the big eddy. Both of Dave's arms were waving frantically. Suddenly he turned and scrambled up the side of the gorge.

At that moment Roy saw Larry watching him. He abandoned his camera and began to beckon and to point with great, exaggerated sweeps of his arms and suddenly Larry understood what all this meant. He turned and ran back up the trail.

Halfway to the place where he had fought his battle on the ledge he could look downstream as far as the falls. In the eddy, the powerful waters tugging at her body, her head and shoulder and one arm only out of the water, was Marguerite.

She was alive. He saw her arm move slowly as if she were endeavoring to get a firmer hold on the wet rock. But she was dazed, the swift current was tearing at her body and clothing. At any moment it might wrench her loose and hurl her over the falls.

At the foot of the rapids, out in the lake beyond the swirling current, Larry caught a glimpse of a big freight canoe propelled by half a dozen men. So rapidly had events transpired they were only halfway on the errand of rescue to which Dave Mann had dispatched them.

But what impressed Larry most as he looked downstream was the impossibility of rescue even when the woodsmen did arrive. The gorge was straight walled on that side and the snarling water filled it from bank to bank. Marguerite was caught on a tongue of rocks that ran out from the left side and afforded the sole means of lifting a canoe to the backwater beneath the falls.

A man could be lowered by a rope, if there were one long enough, and strong enough, in the camp. But before they could return for it the girl would have been swept away. She hung there, in sight of all, so near and yet so inaccessible. Her feeble efforts to cling to the slippery rock were plainly seen, and they might fail at any moment.

As Larry watched her, sick with horror, afraid to turn away and yet dreading to continue watching, he saw Bill Taylor join Fay and Peggy at the rim of the gorge above Roy Quigley. The mere presence of the woodsman gave Larry an idea, pointed out the only way possible to reach Marguerite in time. The next instant he was running back down the trail to the head of the rapids.

He remembered having seen a birchbark canoe there beside the one in which Marguerite had been sent into the stream and surmised that it was the Indian craft Bill Taylor had obtained to be used in the picture, the only type of canoe in which he would shoot the Wolf-jaw.

And as Larry ran he endeavored to recall in detail the method of accomplishing the feat which the woodsman had outlined.

"The current takes a canoe right around the first rocks if you let it go . . . Only one ticklish place . . . When it looks smooth, that's where it's bad . . . Let that big wave lift you over the ledge."

Larry did not stop to weigh the chances of his success. He only knew that it was the one way of reaching Marguerite in time, that Bill Taylor, who could do it, was across the river, that time was precious.

And he knew, too, that he must not fail, that somehow he, a tenderfoot, a stranger to white water, his hands yet sore from his first paddle blisters, must accomplish this hazardous task.

Thus it was not with a prayer but with a fierce resolve that brought coolness and concentration on one thing that he slid the birchbark into the water above the rapids, knelt in the center and paddled out to midstream.

The current, smooth and silent and yet irresistible, gripped the canoe and whirled it down toward the boiling,

hungry smother. In the middle of the river he turned the bow straight down and the next instant felt the cold dash of spray in his face and the frail craft plunging and lifting beneath him.

Directly in front the savage, jagged row of rocks which gave the Wolf jaw its name rose above the current, standing there immobile and awesome, rending the powerful current to bits and scattering it in every direction.

The canoe rushed on until Larry believed Bill Taylor had lied, that nothing could save him from those huge black teeth. But the thought had no more than flashed through his mind than he saw the rocks streaming past on his right. The next instant they were gone.

Now he entered a stretch of water in which great waves lifted him like a feather, in which eddies jerked the bow this way and that, in which the back-lash rose up from nowhere to smite him on one side and then the other.

The turmoil, the motion, the hungry waves reaching high above the gunwale, all were terrifying. Larry did not believe for a moment he could survive. He did not see how it was possible, but he remembered Bill Taylor's words: "Only one ticklish spot . . . When it looks smooth, that's where it's bad."

Larry wondered how anything could be worse than the place through which he was now passing and then it suddenly occurred to him that he was still afloat, that the bottom of the canoe was scarcely dampened, that he was being borne swiftly but still alive,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

Beginning next month

THE LOVE DODGER

The most fascinating novel of Hollywood life ever written

By

Adela Rogers St. Johns

whose stories of screen life are delighting millions in PHOTOPLAY and Cosmopolitan Magazine

"You're going to burn that film, Dave," Larry said, so sharply that Dave looked at him in amazement





THE CALL OF THE CANYON—Paramount

HERE is a semi-western, a story of modern jazz life immediately following the close of the war, and of western life that you cannot afford to miss. It was made by Victor Fleming from Zane Grey's novel, and it contains some of the most beautiful scenery you have ever seen in a moving picture. Fleming directed "To the Last Man," and "The Law of the Lawless," but he has here outdone himself.

Richard Dix, who also has one of the big parts in "The Ten Commandments," does some wonderful work as the returning soldier who, wounded and gassed, comes back after three years, broken physically, to find that his old set are a jazz-mad crowd with whom he has nothing in common. Lois Wilson as the girl he left behind, is delightful, and Marjorie Daw shares the honors with them both.



A LADY OF QUALITY—Universal

UNIVERSAL has been criticized for giving the rôle of *Clorinda Wildairs* to Virginia Valli. But we doubt, very much, that anyone else could have played it so charmingly—with such fire and passion, as well as sweetness.

After the birth of his fifth unwanted daughter, and the death of his wife, *Sir Geoffrey Wildairs* (Lionel Belmore) banishes the hated girls to the stable in back of his manor house, and refuses to see them. But the youngest, *Clo*, at an early age, forces herself into his heart. Raised by him to take the place of a son, she is taught to scorn women-made conventions. But she finally falls in love, with a rascal. And when the real love comes, this youthful affair tries to shadow her life. And then—the big punch.

Milton Sills and Earl Foxe are the hero and villain.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Paramount

THE best photoplay ever made. The greatest theatrical spectacle in history. The greatest sermon on the tablets which form the basis of all law ever preached.

Strong words, indeed, but written two weeks after seeing it, after serious consideration of Griffith's "Intolerance," and "Birth of a Nation." It will last as long as the film on which it is recorded. It wipes the slate clean of charges of any immoral influence against the screen.

A tremendous picture in theme and execution, "The Ten Commandments" will run for years in the motion picture theaters of the world, flashing its message continuously.

Not only the screen, but religion and civilization owes a debt of gratitude to Cecil B. De Mille for this achievement. Daring in its conception because of its very massiveness it is the voice of inspiration and the work of genius.

To state that a thing is indescribable is a confession of inability in descriptive power. We will let it go at that.

The picture opens with a prologue in color photography, visualizing the persecution of the Israelites during their bondage by the Egyptians, the flight under the leadership of Moses, the miracle of the Red Sea, and the destruction of the idolatrous Pharaoh and his army. The screen has never approached this in beauty or power, yet within a few minutes this too is surpassed in the episode on the mountain top where the voice of God comes thundering and flashing through the darkening skies, bearing the commandments to Moses, the prophet of Jehovah.

When the prologue ends it seems that any modern story would seem futile and unworthy. Yet the modern story holds its own, and is almost equally powerful. See page 42.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS	BIG BROTHER
THE CALL OF THE CANYON	TIGER ROSE
A LADY OF QUALITY	TO THE LADIES

The Six Best Performances of the Month

MICKEY BENNETT in "Big Brother"

TOM MOORE in "Big Brother"

ROD LA ROCQUE in "The Ten Commandments"

RICHARD DIX in "The Call of the Canyon"

VIRGINIA VALLI in "A Lady of Quality"

LEONORE ULRIC in "Tiger Rose"



BIG BROTHER—Paramount

ONE of the most human pictures ever made. Rex Beach wrote a great story but Allen Dwan has made a masterpiece of it in his translation of words to photography. What George Loane Tucker did with Frank Packard's story, "The Miracle Man," Dwan has done with "Big Brother." He has taken an unfeared cast and made a picture in which every rôle is perfect. He has taken a comparatively unknown child performer and directed him right into the star class. PHOTOPLAY proclaims little Mickey Bennett's performance of a tough, East-Side kid as one of the best that has been given on the screen in years. It ranks with Jackie Coogan's work in "The Kid."

Very briefly, the story is that of a gang leader, Jimmy Donovan, whose lieutenant, Big Ben Murray, is shot in a gang war, and dying, commits his motherless son, Midge, into the care of Donovan with a plea to save him from his environment of crime and poverty. To save the boy he finds that he must himself "go straight," but in spite of his attempt the little fellow is taken by the juvenile court and placed in an orphanage. Donovan is accused of a hold-up, is arrested, escapes, and goes out to get the gang that committed the crime, so that he may vindicate himself, for if he ever hopes to get the boy back he's got to keep his record clean. As they say in those teasing advertisements—now see the picture.

Tom Moore plays Donovan, the gang leader, and it is this reviewer's opinion that no one with the exception of Thomas Meighan could have equalled his performance. Edith Roberts is wonderful as Kitty Costello, "the best girl in the car barn district." The entire cast merit praise.



TIGER ROSE—Warner Bros.

LEONORE ULRIC, first of all, photographs beautifully. And her screen appearance is never marred by over-acting. In the story of the wilfully adorable, great-hearted French-Canadian girl, she does splendid work.

A fur-trading post and a waif who drifts down the river on a raft, and into the hearts of a group of wilderness men—a mounted policeman, a priest, a factor and a half-breed. And then the advent of a young engineer—and love, interrupted by tragedy. Not an unusual plot—but one that gives Miss Ulric a chance to turn from comedy to pathos, from intense drama to a smiling wistfulness. The picture is entertainment of the best sort. Claude Gillingwater, Forrest Stanley, Joseph Dowling and Theodore von Eltz give fine support—and Sidney Franklin's direction is splendid.



TO THE LADIES—Paramount

JOYOUSLY adapted from the Kaufman-Connolly stage success, and made real because of James Cruze's humaneness and subtlety. This director has scored his fourth success of the film year—a record, indeed! With a modest and starless cast, he has made a business comedy that will bring chuckles of delight and tears of joy from any little group of serious thinkers.

Three young clerks are trying, very hard, to land the coveted position of manager in a piano factory. Two of them have aggressive young wives—but the third is a bachelor, an efficiency shark, and the favorite. Just how one of the wives, played by Helen Jerome Eddy, puts her husband (Edward Horton) over the wire first, is a delicious bit of fun. Theodore Roberts, bless him, is the factory owner!



WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount

THE return to the screen of William S. Hart is marked with much gun fighting—most of which is successful. In a story which he has written around a colorful character of the frontier towns, Bill demonstrates that he still has the popular appeal. A drama of love, endurance and self-sacrifice with a couple of tearful moments and a wonderfully framed-up poker game. The Pinto pony co-stars.



THE EXTRA GIRL—Sennett

IF for no other reason than that it brings Mabel Normand back, this picture is welcome. She is one of the actresses that the screen cannot spare. Few have her freshness, her piquancy, her gift for comedy. She is a fascinating gamin, no matter in what she plays. There is plenty of comedy in "The Extra Girl" and also quite some thrills, including a remarkably good fight.



TWENTY-ONE—First National

RICHARD BARTHELMMESS appears, for a change, as a 1923 model youth—discarding his plumes and bare feet. And, in a simple story of an unwanted, misunderstood rich boy—who is poor because he is unloved—he scores again. The idea is not original, neither is the direction. But there is good suspense and sustained interest and the love scenes are youthfully tender. Dorothy MacKaill is the girl.



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—Paramount

EVEN with a scenario writer who attempts to improve on Kipling, and a director who has his bad moments, this picture is worth while. Largely because of the excellent acting of Percy Marmont and Jacqueline Logan as *Dick Helder* and *Bessie Broke*. The rôle of the artist, who suddenly becomes blind, suits Mr. Marmont admirably. Miss Logan is an able second as the little guttersnipe.



THE MAN FROM BRODNEY'S—Vitagraph

J. WARREN KERRIGAN plays the gentleman-adventurer hero of this George Barr McCutcheon romance. Falling in love with an inaccessible princess he goes in for a reckless life, and gets all tangled up in contested wills, savage islands and native uprisings. Improbable, but good entertainment; with a George M. Cohan finish of waving flags, American gunboats and a princess willing to give up her rank!



STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., is—according to his first picture—refreshingly different from the other juveniles of the screen. He does not try to imitate his acrobatic dad. In fact, in this Richard Harding Davis story, he stands firmly upon his own feet—except when doing a back flip over the railing of a balcony. Mothers will adore him—and so will their young sons. A family picture.



SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox

ALIGHT and very amusing photo-comedy has been made from William Anthony McGuire's popular play. Elmer Clifton has handled it with a deft touch and has made the most of the laughable situations arising from a poor man's effort to maintain an automobile. Ernest Truex repeats for the camera his excellent stage performance, and Florence Eldredge is an able second.



FASHION ROW—Metro

THE best Mae Murray picture in a long time. Miss Murray plays a dual part—a temperamental Russian actress and her saintly younger sister. As the younger sister she looks like an infant Gish. Posing as a princess, the actress marries—and lives in fear of her husband discovering her deception. But when the time comes for real bravery, she sacrifices herself.



SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn

FROM Balzac's "The Magic Skin," the imaginative quality of which makes it the hardest sort of a picture to appear convincing. A theme that wanders sometimes, but that comes back whenever Bessie Love or Carmel Myers is on the screen. George Walsh is splendid as the leading man—he is making a smashing comeback, this year. Not essentially a picture for children, but good entertainment.



THE DANGEROUS MAID—First National

HERE is a fairly good story, and good entertainment, but, Constance, you must do better. Something must be done about it. A costume picture of turbulent times in old England, with Miss Talmadge playing the part of a high-bred young lady of courage and resourcefulness, with Conway Tearle doing his best to save her from a bad predicament in which she has recklessly involved herself.



THIS FREEDOM—Fox

THE story of a girl who grows to womanhood in an environment of man power. And who, because of the vivid impressions of her youth, decides that she will shape her life along the lines upon which a masculine career is built. Love comes and marriage and children. But nothing is allowed to stand in freedom's way, with the inevitable result. Fay Compton heads the excellent English company.



WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick

BETTY COMPSON plays the part of a self-sacrificing dancer who, through a great love and the fortunes of war, becomes the mother of an illegitimate son. When the father—who has suffered a lapse of memory, through shell shock—finally appears upon the scene, he has married another woman. So the dancer, to give her child a chance, steps out of the picture in a heroic way. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



This picture was taken when Rodolph Valentino (shown at left) was at the height of his popularity. Opposite him stands Ramon Novarro, probably making \$7.50 a day and then really "the man in the mob," just as a bit of atmosphere

The Man from the Mob

GOOD screen actors are—as the old Forty-niner used to say about gold—where you find them. And one of the best discoverers of new blood is Rex Ingram. And thereby hangs a tale.

Mr. Ingram deserves credit for having, more than any other person, developed Rodolph Valentino. When the director had completed "The Four Horsemen" with Rudie as *Julio*, that young man was made, so far as being a star was concerned. In spite of what the director was doing for him, temperaments clashed and arguments arose between Mr. Ingram and Rudie. In the course of one of these arguments Mr. Ingram remarked one day: "You think I can't get along without you, don't you? Well, I'll show you. I can go out on the set, pick a man out of the mob of extras, and make him just as big a star as you are."

Valentino smiled—but Ingram did it. He looked over his extras, selected one, taught him, trained him, developed him. And the young man today is a real star, both because of that training and of his own ability—Ramon Novarro.





Edwin Bower Hesser

MILDRED HARRIS plays opposite Elliott Dexter in "The Way Men Love." As an earnest young settlement worker her wistful smile and twice wistful eyes cause great havoc—and not only among the deserving poor, either! Another pleasant come-back



Evans

MALCOLM MCGREGOR made good in "The Prisoner of Zenda's" smallest part. And another Ingram discovery is on the road to stardom



Seely

GEORGE O'HARA, of the "Fighting Blood" series, has been called the boy with the Jack Barrymore profile and the Jack Dempsey fists



Victor George

RALPH GRAVES was chosen, from an anxious host, to be Mabel Normand's screen lover in her newest starring vehicle, "The Extra Girl"



Donald Biddle Keyes

ROD LA ROQUE will appear in Cecil DeMille's spectacular "The Ten Commandments." He surely looks serious enough to be one of them!



Monroe

A PROMISING newcomer, Allan Simpson, who appeared in "The Glimpses of the Moon" and "The Exciters"—both starring Bebe Daniels



Alfred Cheney Johnston

Nor another photograph of Rod La Roque—this is Monte Blue. Not related in any way—but they might very well be twin brothers



Hesser

EDWARD BURNS is one of our most popular leading men. He will support Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird"—her latest effort



THOUGH he's still busy, on the legitimate stage, with "Merton," Glenn Hunter finds time to make another new picture every few days



Donald Biddle Keyes

LEATRICE JOY, with her unusual and lovely eye-brows hidden away beneath the brim of a picturesque, plumed hat, is registering that "come hither" look. One of the featured players in "The Ten Commandments;" A fine actress, and a star-to-be



May manages to look almost middle-aged in this shot. We hope she'll soon be disenchanted; we like her best when she suggests youth and sunshine

As she really is—the wistfully happy expression of a Barrie dream. Being ugly, even for a rôle, must be a real adventure to May!

You'd hardly recognize this pitifully plain little woman, with crooked nose and the scared expression, as the radiant May McAvoy. No, she had not been in a railroad wreck. She is only in character for her rôle in "The Enchanted Cottage"



Gossip— East & West

By Cal York

AS this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes to press Rodolph Valentino is negotiating with Famous Players-Lasky Company for his return to the screen under the auspices of that company. Mrs. Valentino is now his manager. A tentative understanding was arrived at by which he was to make two pictures for the company with whom he tried to break his contract and failed. The courts ruled that the contract was a binding one and that he could not make pictures for any company other than Famous Players-Lasky.

Evidently Rudy is beginning to realize that his continued absence from the screen is not doing him any good.

FIRST it was announced that Mary and Doug were to make "Romeo and Juliet." And then there began to be whispers

of another production in which Norma Talmadge was to be the tragic bride of Verona. Miss Talmadge, however, has just about decided against the production—she says that there's apt to be too much screen Shakespeare this season. And then came a third rumor—that Dick Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were, very soon, to play the immortal rôles. The continuity for the Barthelmess-Gish production is already under way—Josephine Lovett, who in private life is the wife of John Robertson, the director, is preparing the drama for the screen. John Robertson, of course, will do the directing.

One wonders which of the three performances—if all are made—will be the best—the most perfect. Certainly they will all be interesting. Norma is, perhaps, a shade too regal—as we know her—for the rôle of the passionate sixteen year old (or

was Juliet fourteen?). But Richard and Lillian, pining from opposite ends of a balcony, will be dramatically correct. And Lillian, in her bridal robe, on the bier—can't you just see her? And weep with her?

However, let it go on record that we'd rather see Doug leap from the balcony, demolish two enemies at once with a sword in each hand and a dagger in his teeth, and turn handsprings when overcome with emotion. And then, too, think of the lovely clothes; ever since "Robin Hood," Doug has been strong for tights!

THE film world is mourning the loss of Allan Holubar, the well known director and actor. He leaves his wife, Dorothy Phillips, and a nine year old daughter. Allan and Dorothy Phillips Holubar were known as the happiest couple in the motion picture industry. Allan directed Dorothy's pictures, they were seen together everywhere, and their home life was of the most contented and joyous.

Mr. Holubar was born in San Francisco about thirty-five years ago. His debut in pictures was as an actor for Universal. He was in the midst of directing a Metro feature when his death—following a major operation for gall stones—brought his career to an untimely end.

GLORIA SWANSON has been suffering from temporary blindness. "Klieg Eyes"—the scourge of the studio—had the audacity



History does repeat itself! Wallace MacDonald and Edith Roberts, in this bit from Fred Niblo's production "Thy Name is Woman," have managed to strike almost the same attitude that they did three years ago when they played together in "The Fire Cat." Only, in the thirty-six months, Edith's hair has grown many shades darker. And Wallace has lost the splendor of his beard!



to attack the lovely orbs of one of the screen's fairest. Miss Swanson was confined to a dark room, in a hotel just off Park Avenue—with her eyes hidden under bandages, cooling cabbage leaves (one of the most effective treatments for Klieg eyes) and ice packs. She was stricken while filming "The Humming Bird," her latest starring vehicle. And production was held up, for some time, on this account.

AND now Milton Sills is going to stage another big fight. Milton can't appear in a picture anymore, without somebody gets all mussed up! It's hard to remember that he was a college professor—once.

This time it's in "Flowing Gold," Richard Walton Tully's

picture that will be made from the Rex Beach story of the oil fields. Milt has been signed to take the part of Calvin Gray—a two-fisted hero, if ever there was one!

They tell a funny story about casting for the part of Buddy Briskow, who is to mix it with Sills in the great fight scene. One brawny juvenile, who fitted the bill in every way, was just about signed up when he was told that he would have to fight with the hero.

"Who is the guy?" he questioned idly, but when told that it was to be Milton Sills, his expression changed.

"Sills, eh?" he choked, "Well, I've a part offered me at another studio. Guess I'll take that! And—" he turned, at the door, to offer a suggestion, "say! I understand Firpo is goin' into pictures. Try him—or Bull Montana! Maybe they'll take it."

That last fight of Milton's, in "The Spoilers," has certainly taken him out of the parlor class.

MME. GANNA WALSKA, opera singer and wife of Harold F. McCormick, will desert the concert stage for the movies. She will make her debut in a production that goes under the working title of "The Minstrel Boy"—with Thomas Egan, tenor, in the title rôle.

The picture is being made by the Thomas Egan productions, and is an independent venture. Mr. Egan has appeared in feature films abroad, but it is his first appearance in American films.

The greatest authority on the manicure perfects a liquid polish

It has been carefully planned to have all the features the fastidious woman has wished for in a liquid polish. It

*spreads evenly and smoothly
won't peel off
gives a thin natural surface water
will not dull
dries almost instantly
lasts a whole week
needs no separate polish remover*



Spreads smoother—dries quicker

SOMEONE once said that liquid nail polish was the lazy woman's polish. And no wonder lazy women were the first ones to take advantage of it. For it is so quickly and easily applied and keeps the nails brilliant so long.

But for a long time fastidious women who were particular about every single detail of smart grooming were afraid that liquid polishes were thick and lumpy, looked artificial or peeled off.

Now Cutex, the greatest authority on the manicure, has perfected a liquid polish. You can depend on it as you have always depended on all the other lovely Cutex preparations. One that is quicker and easier to use, that gives a higher, more lasting brilliance.

Cutex Liquid Polish doesn't crack or peel off, it

*Needs no separate
polish remover*

doesn't dry in ridges, the brush never leaves streaks or marks. Water will not mar it.

Another advantage

Another advantage of Cutex Liquid Polish is that you do not have to bother with a separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put on fresh polish and wipe it off before it dries. The nails are left smooth and clean, ready for a new lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish for 35c at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and at chemist shops in England. It also comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Introductory Set

Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails; for this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures smooth a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort) on the nails to keep them smooth and healthy.

The special Introductory Set contains enough of each of these preparations for six manicures. Send the coupon with 12c for one today and try the complete Cutex manicure.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-2
114 West 17th St., New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name

Street
(or P. O. box)

City State



On location, somewhere in France, the principals of "Terror." You will recognize Edouard Jose, the director, and our own Pearl White. The lady between them is a beautiful French star, Renee Gerville. The whole cast waits, in boredom, for the villain to adjust his tie

THE Marion Davies production, to follow the just finished "Yolanda," will be a screen version of that well-loved novel, "Janice Meredith." Said novel was an enormous success in its day, and it was also a stage success. Mary Mannering created the rôle behind footlights.

It is, of course, a costume play. Marion Davies is too lovely in costumes to be sacrificed to the ugly gowns of the present. A revolutionary story that embraces the era between 1775 and 1783. Many important battles of history will be filmed—and many historically famous people will be portrayed. Cosmopolitan promises the most elaborate production, perhaps, that it has ever made.

AND now we know why the actor and actresses who take constant drenchings in the pursuit of realism do not also take their death o' cold.

Lloyd Hamilton and Ruth Hiatt, his leading lady, have given away the secret.

You see, in a forthcoming Lloyd Hamilton production, the star and his lovely comedy partner have been forced to spend days under a downpour of the wettest kind of studio rain. And, to protect themselves from the moisture, they have adopted a very ingenious sort of armor.

First of all they grease their entire bodies with vaseline and then put on dry woolen underwear (doesn't it sound terrible?). And then, over the woolen underwear, they wrap layers of rubber tissue. And over the tissue they don the clothing to be worn in the damp scene.

And, take it from Lloyd and Ruth, they emerge from wetness feeling just as if they've been toasting marshmallows in front of an open fireplace!

THE borrowers are at it again. No star is safe from them. Principal Pictures have borrowed Bebe Daniels from Paramount, and Paramount has also loaned Leatrice Joy to the Thomas H. Ince productions. Clara Bow has been loaned to First National, by Preferred—and there are more, too, if we only had time to name them over!

IT came as a great shock, the cabled announcement of the self-inflicted death of Mrs. Rupert Hughes—wife of the novelist and photoplay writer who is internationally known and admired. Mrs. Hughes was taking a

a year ago she endured an operation for cancer, and since that time she has been in a very nervous condition. It was to furnish her with a change of scene and a new interest that Mr. Hughes had allowed her to make the Chinese trip alone. He was planning to join her, early in the spring, in Paris.

Mrs. Hughes was a brilliant, as well as a beautiful, woman. The daughter of Marion Manola, the famous light opera star, she herself appeared for a time upon the stage. She is survived by two children—Mrs. Avis Saunders, and Rush Hughes, who has been seen upon the screen.

NEW YORK CITY—and the entire motion picture industry, whether it lives in New York City or not—is interested in the announcement that Louella O. Parsons has accepted the position of screen editor for the New York American. In accepting a position with William Randolph Hearst, Miss Parsons is leaving the important position of motion picture editor of the Morning Telegraph.

Louella Parsons is one of the best known women figures in the motion picture world. Though her first job was as a reporter on the Chicago Tribune, she quickly graduated, and became scenario editor for the old Essanay company, where she established a record of brilliant judgment and became an acknowledged authority on screen matters. She was the author of one of the first books to treat, in a serious manner, of motion picture subjects.

Upon leaving the Telegraph, to take over her new work, Miss Parsons was given a luncheon by some of the big figures of the motion picture and newspaper life of the city. The luncheon was given at the Hotel Astor.

ANNA Q. NILSSON was paid a bonus of several thousand dollars for the loss of her lovely blonde tresses—which she sacrificed to the production of "Ponjola." And so when

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



Just after the latest film wedding. Miss Billie Dove—screen star and "Follies" graduate—promised to love and honor Irvin W. Willat, director and producer

An Interview with Mrs. O.H.P. BELMONT on the care of the skin

"A woman who neglects her personal appearance loses half her influence. The wise care of one's body constructs the frame encircling our mentality, the ability of which insures the success of one's life. I advise a daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Alva E. Belmont—

IT was in the beautiful great hall of Beacon Towers on Sand's Point, Port Washington, Long Island, that I first talked with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont.

I was excited and eager for the interview because I knew that Mrs. Belmont not only has given lavishly to women's causes from her colossal fortune, has been and is a tremendous worker, but also is particularly interested in woman's special problem of how to keep her force and her charm through middle life and later.

From all this I expected to meet a very commanding woman the day I visited Beacon Towers. But Mrs. Belmont, on the contrary, is quiet and gracious and sweet. She could not have been a more charming hostess.

She herself opened the grilled iron door and I stepped into the big hall with its impressive mural paintings of the life of Joan of Arc and its wide doors opening straight onto Long Island Sound. Here, I felt instantly, is the spirit of beauty strengthened by sincerity.

After we had admired the glorious view she showed me the pictures of her two sons, and of her grandson, who will some day be one of England's dukes, and—very proudly—the latest snapshot of her very young Ladyship, a small great granddaughter.

"How fine textured and fresh her skin is," I thought. "And she has just acknowledged herself a great grandmother!"

Begs Women not to Neglect Themselves

"**N**OW," she was saying smilingly, "I suppose you want me to tell you what I think is the relation between a woman's success and her personal appearance."

"Yes," I admitted, "Just how important do you think personal appearance is?"

"It is vital. That is just as true for the woman at home or in business as for those who are socially prominent.

"Don't you know," she said, "how often the woman with an unattractive face fails in the most reasonable undertaking? Nothing is so distressing. Neglect of one's personal attractions generally comes from ignorance and as I am greatly interested in the success of women in every possible way, I urge them not to neglect themselves."



The Library of Mrs. O. H. P. BELMONT at Beacon Towers on Long Island, where this interview was given.

Mrs. Belmont, now President of the National Woman's Party is known all over America for her active services in securing the suffrage for women. Mrs. Belmont is also interested in better conditions for women, is strong for the abolition of child labor and for the improvement of Children's Homes. She is a trained architect; her three magnificent residences—Villa Isoletto in France, the famous Marble House at Newport, and the imposing country home, Beacon Towers on Long Island, being the products of time not devoted to politics and business.



Pond's Two Creams
*used by the women who must keep their
charm, their beauty, their influence.*

EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

Frenchwomen say, Cleanse and Protect

"**Y**OU spend a part of each year in France. Do Frenchwomen use creams much?" I asked Mrs. Belmont.

"In France," she said "they have always used cleansing creams and protecting creams, knowing that water is not enough and that the face cannot stand much strain and exposure."

"Then you think women should use two creams?"

"I know they should. That is why I advise the daily use of Pond's Two Creams, so that women can keep their charm and influence as long as they need them—and that is always," she smiled.

Use this Famous Method

GIVE your skin these two indispensables to lasting skin loveliness—the kind of cleaning that restores each night your skin's essential suppleness, and the freshening that, besides protecting, brings each time the beauty of fresh smooth skin under your powder.

For this, two distinctly different face creams were perfected—Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Every night—with the finger tips or a piece of moistened cotton, apply Pond's Cold Cream freely. The very fine oil in it is able to penetrate every pore of your skin. Leave it on a minute. Then remove it with a soft cloth. Dirt and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day, are taken off your skin and out of the pores. How relaxed your face is. Do this twice. Now finish with ice rubbed over your face or a dash of cold water. Your skin looks fresh and is beautifully supple again. If your skin is very dry, pat on more cream, especially where wrinkles come first—around the eyes, the nose, the corners of your mouth—and leave it on over night.

After every cleansing, before you powder, and always before you go out—Smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream very evenly—just enough for your skin to absorb. Now if you wish, rouge—powder. How smooth and velvety your face feels. Nothing can roughen it. When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, this cream will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours. And it will stay evenly powdered.

Use this method regularly. Soon your face will be permanently fresher, smoother and you can count on the charm of a fresh, young skin for years longer than would otherwise be possible. Begin now. Buy both Pond's Creams tonight in jars or tubes at any drug store or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

GENEROUS TUBES

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.
128 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



\$1,500—Mrs. S. M. Farrell
Ellensburg, Washington



\$1,000—Mrs. Helen K. Lucius
Hollywood, California



\$500—Madeline E. Doupe
Winnipeg, Manitoba

What the Prize Winners

AND now the cut-puzzle photograph contest is all over, and the prizes have been awarded. The happy winners are doing Pollyannas all over the country, and the ones who didn't win are being good sports about it—and are willing to admit that the chosen solutions were worthy of any prize at all. And we, in the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, are happily reading a handful of letters. Which we will quote, in their proper order, to you.

From Mrs. S. M. Farrell, the winner of the first prize, comes the first letter. She it was who sent, all the way from Ellensburg, Washington, a charming fan of orange georgette crepe and black lace. A work of art, really, which she had designed to hold her perfect answers.

"I had no definite plans in mind," writes Mrs. Farrell, "for spending the prize money. You see, I never expected to win the prize! Now that I have received the money my plans are still indefinite. But a home has always been my ambition and goal, a home of my own. And this reward will help to beautify one when the time comes. For the present it shall be my nest egg."

Mrs. Helen K. Lucius, of Hollywood, California—she won the second prize—has written to tell us how she plans to use the money that has come to her so unexpectedly.

"I have been a business girl," she says, "although I am now a happily married woman. And I feel that, because I have earned money, I am perhaps better able to appreciate just how much a thousand dollars means! My intention is to buy a good bond with my money—and when I tell you that I am the mother of a baby girl of two you will understand, in part, what this means to me. It means that whatever fortune should befall me and mine, there is



\$250—Frances E. Stadler
Decatur, Illinois



\$125—L. P. Stevens
Portland, Oregon

will do with Their Winnings

always a bulwark against financial hardship in my safe deposit box, thanks to the generosity of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE; it means that my daughter will receive an education which will equip her for the business of life. . . ."

From the third prize winner, Madeline E. Doupe, of Winnipeg, Canada, we have received a note of thanks. A note which ends with this paragraph:

"With the prize money I receive I shall be able to continue my music, from which I have been parted for some time. And I shall also be able to study art. I hope by so doing that I shall be using the money to the best advantage."

"And—I hope that the other lucky winners will fully appreciate their good fortune as I do mine, and that some who really needed the money most were among the winners."

The fourth prize winner lives in Decatur, Illinois. She is going to put her share of the contest into a savings account.

"For a number of years," she writes, "I have been an ardent follower of the silent drama, as well as an interested reader and subscriber to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. And I have received a great deal of joy from the solving of your most interesting contest."

There are so many letters, too, from men and women who have received some of the smaller prizes. One young man will put the money toward a course at law school; one woman will buy, with her share, a radio set for her invalid husband. A prize, in one case, means a

new winter coat, in another it stands for a series of symphony concerts. A young mother writes us that the money she won will be used for a baby carriage, and a tired business man speaks glowingly in terms of golf sticks. A middle-aged woman hints of a course in beauty culture. And so it goes.

for Economical Transportation

Quality Cars at Quantity Prices



Chevrolet now leads all high-grade cars in number sold.

Our new low prices have been made possible through doubling our productive capacity.

We are now operating twelve mammoth manufacturing and assembly plants throughout the United States in which thousands of skilled workmen are turning

out 2500 Chevrolets per day.

Notwithstanding our recent big reduction in prices the quality and equipment of our cars have been steadily increased.

Today Chevrolet stands beyond comparison as the best dollar value of any car sold at any price, due to its low average operating and maintenance cost.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

SUPERIOR Roadster	-	\$490
SUPERIOR Touring	-	495
SUPERIOR Utility Coupe		640
SUPERIOR Sedan		795

Commercial Cars

SUPERIOR Commercial Chassis	\$395
SUPERIOR Light Delivery	- 495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	- 550

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

WHAT AN UNKNOWN AUTHOR CAN DO



"Judgment of the Storm" is the first photoplay produced by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation from scenarios by students of that school. The author is Ethel Styles Middleton, a Pittsburgh housewife, who has never before written for the screen. The picture is an unusually fine dramatic production



A remarkable situation in the picture is shown above. Lloyd Hughes is called upon to choose between saving two children or his mother. He cannot save all of them. At left, Lucille Rickson as "The Girl." Others in the all star cast are George Hackathorn, Myrtle Stedman, and Claire McDowell



Proud of his Wife



*Palm and olive oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*

*Note carefully the
name and wrapper.
Palmolive Soap is
never sold unwrapped.*

FROM across the room you see them. She, poised—confident; warm cheeks and slim shoulders; the woman clever enough to stay young with her husband. He, with pride of possession in every unconscious action; the husband who is proud of his wife.

Yet how few women realize this simple subtlety of life! Too many of us believe the need of beauty caution ceases at the altar.

Youth! Enchantment! The radiance of school-girl days. We need no longer lose them.

The means are simple, as millions will tell you—just soap and water; the balmy lather of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

The correct method

Use powder and rouge if you wish. *But never leave them on over night.* They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. *Then repeat both washing*

and rinsing. If your skin is dry, apply a touch of cold cream. But wash regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and Youth Prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

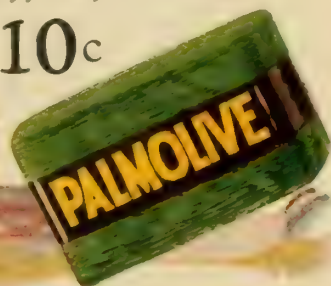
Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, represented as made of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

*Volume and efficiency produce
25c quality for only*

10c





A very bad habit is eliminated by this remarkable new tooth brush!

CLEANLINESS is more important in buying your tooth brush than in most any other article. Yet tooth brushes are often exposed to the most careless, dangerous handling. Many people even have the thoughtless habit of testing the bristles with their fingers—forgetful of the fact that fingers often carry infection or dirt.

The Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush is protected from this dangerous habit. It is the only tooth brush that may be seen without unsanitary handling. Each one is sold in a clean, transparent glass container. Exposed to the eye, but not to thumbing or dirt.

Every feature of the Owens represents a remarkable im-

provement! It is made of the highest quality materials that can be bought. A wonderful new machine ties each bristle tuft permanently into the handle with a hidden staple. Bristles won't come out in your mouth!

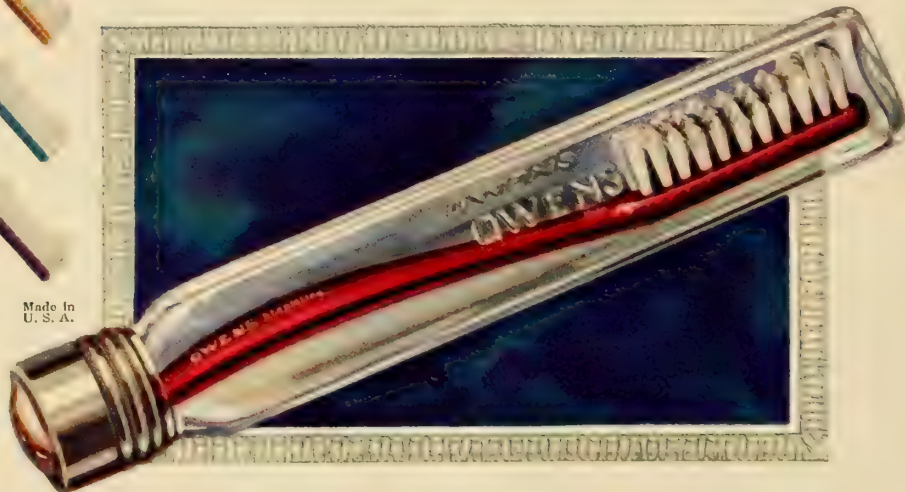
You'll be delighted with the design! The brush is small and shaped to the teeth. Bristles are wedge-shaped and spaced wide apart. The handle is softly curved to make correct brushing easier.

No other tooth brush can bring you all these advantages. Yet the Owens, improved in every way and sold in the glass container—costs no more than ordinary tooth brushes, 30, 40 and 50 cents each in child's, youth's and adult sizes. See it at your druggist's.

A feature you'll like

Handles are made in six different colors, red, blue, amber, green, purple and white. One for each member of your family. The clean glass container makes a convenient holder when traveling.

Made In
U. S. A.



OWENS

Staple tied TOOTH BRUSH

THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO

What They Were

Artist, Typist,
School Girl,
Butcher Boy

*Six years ago this is what
Helene Chadwick was doing.
Now she employs someone to
do this for her*



*Maurice Tourneur used to put his
pictures on canvas. Now he presents
them on the motion picture screen*



*Marjorie Daw, who is a native of Hollywood, says this is her
most vivid recollection of her "breaking in" days*

*And the first experiences that Lloyd Hughes had
in Hollywood was when he delivered meat*



Mickey Bennett

The New Kid



Here is Mickey—hard as his seven years have allowed him to grow and even harder in his own estimation. His fun—acting in “pitchers.” His aversions—kids who look like “sissies.” But he’s an actor. Wait until you see him in “Big Brother.” He’s going to be heard from now on

A NEW kid came flashing onto the screen with the release of “Big Brother,” Allan Dwan’s splendid picture, made at the Paramount studios on Long Island, just outside New York, and which is reviewed in “The Shadow Stage” in this month’s issue.

His name is Mickey Bennett, and he takes the rôle of a tough little tike on New York’s east side where they grow all the Tammany chiefs.

We are going to see a lot more about Mickey, and now that the “Big Brother” has proved such a success some of the copycat producers will probably rush right in and make pictures with a similar theme. So that the new kid will very likely be kept busy for quite a while.

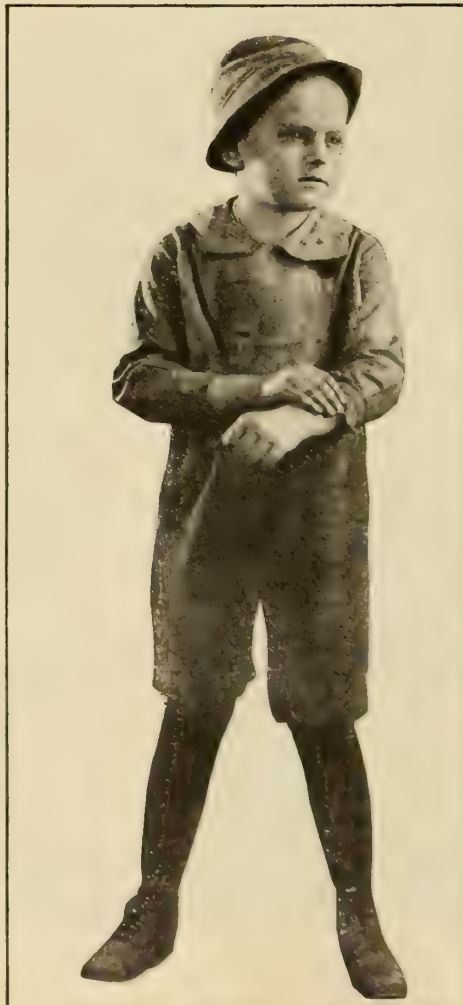
Although he is only seven years old, Mickey has already worked in several pictures. He is entirely different from Jackie Coogan, so that it isn’t fair to make comparisons. Like Jackie he is a stage child, his parents having been actors.

Mr. Dwan says he is the most remarkably quick and responsive child actor he has ever worked with and confidently predicts a great future for him.

When he was casting the picture the director interviewed a dozen candidates, but they were all nice, pretty little curly-headed chaps. They wouldn’t do.

Then it was that Mickey came into the office.

There was fight in his eye from the beginning.



“You’re not tough enough,” said Mr. Dwan.

“Listen, where do you get that stuff?” was the retort. “Don’t try to make a fool out of me. First thing you know you’ll find yourself talking to someone in the next room and you won’t know how you got there.”

“You’re hired,” said the director quickly.

Mickey insisted on picking his own gang.

“I won’t work with them sissies,” he growled sullenly. “There ain’t a fight in the whole darned mess of ‘em.”

One scene was taken at an orphan asylum where Mickey was playing an inmate. He had never played baseball in his life. He had been brought up in a theater, and there’s not room enough there to learn the game.

So when they put him up at the bat in front of a hundred other kids he was terribly humiliated. He flushed red as he missed time after time, but finally he cracked the ball on the nose and it struck the pitcher right on the head, bowling him over. Surprise and consternation on all sides.

“I guess that’ll hold you for a while,” yelled Mickey, and instead of running the bases, he swung around and started to beat up a red-headed kid who had been bawling, “Rotten. Rotten. Take that bum out.”

Then he strutted around, a hero in the eyes of the whole orphanage.

Sure, they’ll all tell you, that Mickey Bennett is a real kid.

Do You Envy the Health of Others?

*Read these remarkable statements of what
one simple food can do*

There is nothing mysterious about the action of Fleischmann's Yeast. It is not a "cure-all"—not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach, and general health are affected—this simple natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—inivigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion and assimilation, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active. *Health* is yours once more.



"A YEAR ago found me morose and irritable, with a nervous, rundown body and . . . an exceptionally bad complexion. Horrid pimples on my face were the bane of my existence. One day while sitting at a soda fountain I read a Fleischmann Yeast ad and concluded to give it a trial. . . . Within a week I slept better. Today I am a picture of health, have a wonderful complexion, and everyone says I look five years younger."

(A letter from Miss Jane Branch of Houston, Texas)



"IRREGULAR hours, eating in snatches, desperate hurry . . . nervous, little or no appetite, slept poorly, and worst of all suffered from constipation. Then I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Almost at once, 'evacuation' was easier, no stomach pains, no heartburn.' Today—practically complete elimination of bowel trouble, clearer skin, sounder sleep, better health."

(Extract from letter of a New York reporter, Mr. A. Kandell)



"I AM a graduate nurse. Back in 1911 while in charge of an operating room, I was afflicted with boils. I tried many remedies—still boils came, and I got run down and unable to carry on. Finally a physician told me to take Yeast. . . . That was twelve years ago, and I have never had a boil since. I have used Fleischmann's for hundreds of patients and for any number of different ailments. I am glad to say that twelve years have not dimmed my enthusiasm for Fleischmann's Yeast, or staled my appreciation of what it has done for me and for others in the course of my professional life."

(Miss Ann Batchelder of New York)



EAT 2 OR 3 CAKES A DAY REGULARLY

—before or between meals—plain, dissolved in water or milk or spread on crackers or bread. A cake dissolved in a glass of warm water before breakfast and at bedtime is especially beneficial in overcoming or preventing constipation. Fleischmann's Yeast comes in the

(Advertisement)



"UP to a couple of years ago I never have had regular intestinal action. I worked on this defect in many ways—abdominal exercises, vegetarianism, occasional medicine, Dr. Coué . . . Fleischmann's Yeast has been the only agent that, with me, ever produced normal movement continuously. And as a natural consequence, I now feel finer in other ways—enjoy everything more: food, work, play. Even my pipe seems to smoke better!"

(A letter from Mr. Henry J. Carroll of St. Louis)



"RUN-DOWN and ill from overwork, I had local neuritis, stomach acidity and insomnia; a formidable array of enemies for the brave little yeast cake to tackle! Yet in two weeks friends began to take notice. . . . In a month my complexion was clear and lovely, stomach in perfect condition, nerves 'unjangled,' gone the 'All worn out' feeling, and I was able to sleep like a top."

(Extract from letter of a Chicago business girl, Miss Dorothy Deene)

tin foil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. *All grocers have it.* Start eating it today. And write us for further information or our free booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. G-1 The Fleischmann Co. 701 Washington St., New York

The Newest and the Smartest Thing in Shoes



UNTIL recently, it was almost impossible for a woman to get a shoe that really combined beauty and durability. Now the shoe manufacturers have a new process called The Goodyear Welt, which enables them to make a shoe that will give real wear, real service, and extreme beauty of design. It's not a process owned by any one manufacturer, but it has brought about an almost revolutionary development in the manufacture of women's shoes. The Colonial style oxfords shown in these illustrations were posed especially for PHOTOPLAY by Doris Thompson, who has done some fine work in pictures.



A close-up of a shoe made with a new process which can be used for almost any occasion from shopping to the informal dance. The heel, while sensibly low, is gracefully designed



Posed especially for Photo-play by Doris Thompson



SHE watched the beautiful leading lady on this side—and he

He watched the beautiful lady on this side—and he pictured her smiling at him, some day, across their breakfast table—his leading lady for life!

The Beauty Aid of powder and rouge

By MME. JEANNETTE

Why are there so many more beautiful women than there used to be? They have learned how to make more of such looks as the gods have bestowed upon them.

The trail of beauty is lightly traced in the careful use of vanishing cream and the deft handling of rouge and powder puffs.

Pompeian Day Cream, a vanishing cream, is made especially as a protective foundation for powder and rouge. Distribute it carefully over the face and neck; it will disappear as you apply it, leaving a delicate little film that is cool and firm to the touch.

Wait a few minutes so every particle of the cream vanishes—and you will find a most agreeable foundation for the smooth going-on of powder and rouge.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is an absolutely pure powder, and of the consistency agreeable to the average woman's skin. It adheres with unusual tenacity—especially when used over Pompeian Day Cream. It comes in shades for all types of women—Rachel, Naturelle, Flesh, and White.

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge made to be used with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is a rouge

compact, and while it does not crack or crumble, it rubs off easily on your puff for use.

When properly applied, it brings as natural a coloring as though a little wind had flushed your cheeks. Made in Light, Medium and Dark, and the new Orange tint. The latter tint harmonizes especially well with the Naturelle and Rachel shades of powder.

Pompeian Lip Stick should always be used when rouge is used, so the lips will not look pale by contrast. It is a natural shade of red for the lips, giving them a healthy color as well as keeping them in a soft condition.

7

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM (vanishing) 60c per jar
BEAUTY POWDER 60c per box
BLOOM (the rouge) 60c per box
LIP STICK 25c each

FRAGRANCE (a tale) 25c per can
NIGHT CREAM 60c per jar
(cold cream)

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian Beauty Powder

WINTER WAYS AT YOUR TOILET TABLE

The winter days demand almost as great a change in the manner of your use of powder, rouge, etc., as they do in your manner of dress.

The cold, tingling air of winter brings about very definite changes in the condition of your skin.

The skin should have more attention now than in summer. More cream should be used to soften the skin. Care should be given to patting the face perfectly dry after touching it with water, to prevent chapping or roughening.

The foundation for your powder

When the frost is in the air there is very special reason for you to use Pompeian Day Cream as the base for your powder and rouge. It is a disappearing cream that touches your skin as lightly as a kiss, yet it leaves a beneficial film of protection to which your powder will adhere for hours at a time.

Over this invisible layer of cream you may use your powder generously.

Powder protects your skin

Pompeian Beauty Powder certainly enhances the loveliness of your skin. Even if you neglect to put on your powder as often as necessary in the house, never go out into the winter weather without careful attention to your use of powder.

With your winter clothes you require pinker cheeks to give your eyes brightness, and to obtain that exquisite appearance of sparkle and glowing health. After powdering comes the application of Pompeian Bloom. This is a compact rouge that blends perfectly with your powder, and that adds a natural color. The new Orange shade is very popular.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives the delightful appearance of youthful freshness to your mouth. It comes in a dainty gilt container, convenient for your hand-bag or your dressing table.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté



Get 1924
Pompeian Panel and
Four Samples
For Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors, size 28 x 7 1/2 in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon now.

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Faneuil Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose for (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named together.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____

Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp. After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified,

again working up the lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for

Corinne Griffith

Betty Compson

Patsy Ruth Miller

Colleen Moore

Anita Stewart

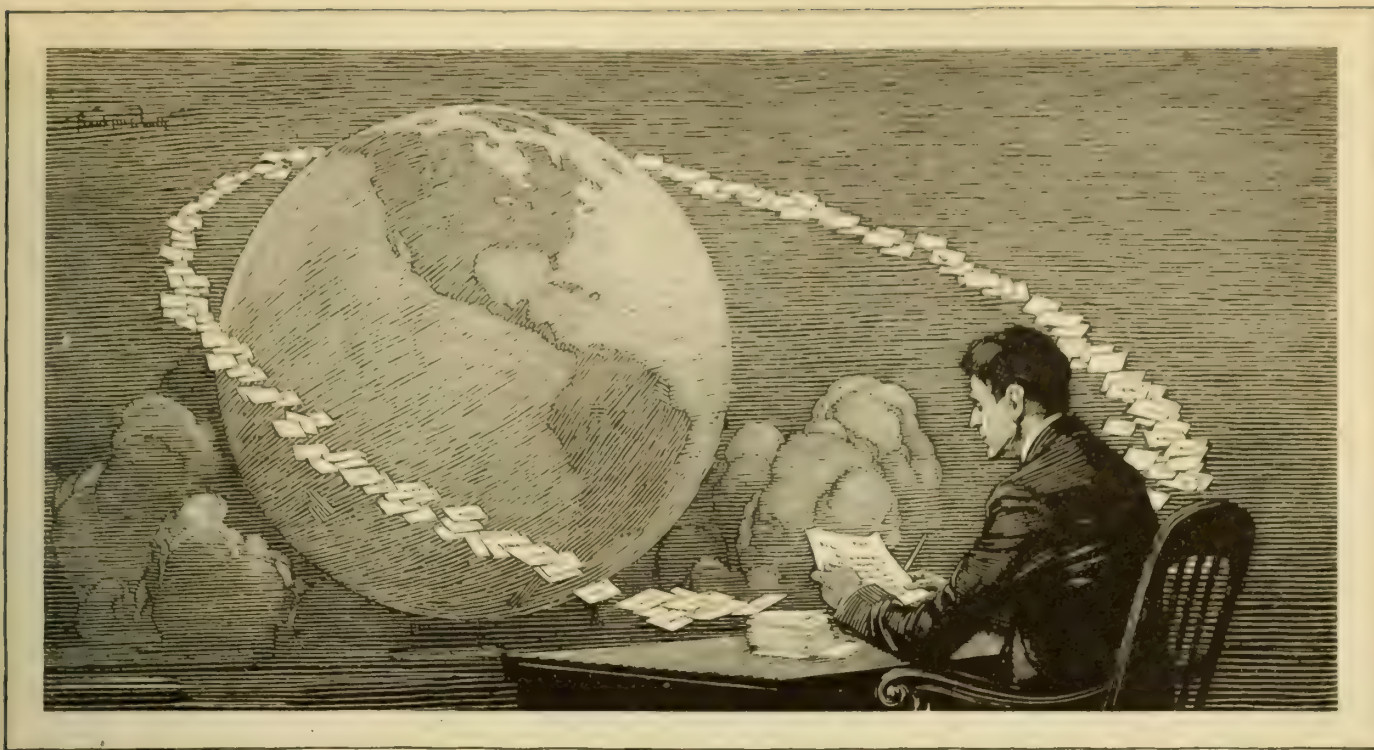
Priscilla Dean

a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children
—Fine for Men*

Mulsified
Cocoanut Oil Shampoo





QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

J. D. H., TAMPA, FLA.—Is Lionel Barrymore married? I'll say he is. Much. To Irene Fenwick, who is appearing in the play, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," with him. Charles de Roche is six feet tall. Pola Negri is the age which Balzac thought so alluring that he wrote a novel about "A Woman of Thirty."

D. Y., NEW YORK, N. Y.—A frank statement of your platform: "I am fifteen. I have just been graduated from High School. Like all other silly girls I want to be a motion picture actress. And I must know all these things about my favorite stars." Of a certainty, D. Y., Monte Blue was born in 1890. He was divorced last year from Gladys Blue. Some of his most famous pictures are "Brass" and "Main Street." His latest completed picture is "Cap'n Dan." He was with Mae Marsh in "Daddies." Rod La Rocque is not a relative of Monte Blue. Mr. La Rocque was born Nov. 29, 1898. He is not married. Recent pictures in which he appeared are "Slim Shoulders," "Notoriety" and "Ten Commandments." Mae Murray's birthday was May 9, 1886. Monte Blue supported her in "Broadway Rose," and Rod La Rocque in "The French Doll" and "Jazzmania."

HELEN, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Having seen Bert Lytell in person at a theater you want to know all about him. You are welcome to all I know, Helen of Troy, I mean Pittsburgh. He is escaping the harsh winter winds by a trip to Algiers. But not for pleasure alone. There he will help to film "A Son of the Sahara." Mr. Lytell's age is thirty-eight years. His height is five feet ten inches. As you may, or may not, have observed, according to the lighting of the theater, his eyes are hazel and his hair brown.

DIANE OF SASKATCHEWAN.—Where'd you get the "slim, aristocratic fingers" stuff, Diane? Tell all I know about Conway Tearle? Oh, Diane! He's very handsome, as you have noticed. The girls like him, as you must have suspected. He was a matinee idol on the stage. He was leading man for Grace George. Born of English parents, connected with the stage. Tearle is a famous name of the theater in England. He is darkly roman-

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

tic, as you have not failed to observe. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs twenty pounds less than two hundred. A hefty fellow. His age is forty-three. His wife is Adele Rowland, singer.

OLIVIA, ST. LOUIS, MO.—You say you are eighteen and "just the age at which most girls are boy crazy." Then, with the craftiness of your sex, you sidestep and demurely add that you have "experienced several little romances though none was very serious." Again craft, for you congratulate me on my "wonderful brain." Leatrice Joy's latest picture is "Triumph." Gloria Swanson has been divorced twice. Her latest picture is "The Humming Bird." Write her care the Paramount Studio, Long Island City, for her photographs.

M. B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—The article on "How I Discover Them" appeared in the June number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 1923.

ASHTON, FRANKLIN, LA.—I salute you, serious son of the South. The Pearl White serial to which you refer is "The Black Secret." A brilliant idea of yours that we "get the habit of saying 'Our Norma.'" Let's begin at once, Ash. Richard Barthelmess' last picture is "Twenty-one." Conrad Nagel, your emphatic choice of a successor for Wallace Reid, is twenty-eight. His height is six feet. Anna

Q. Nilsson's middle initial stands for "Querentia."

MRS. MAY, ASTORIA, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—I've been looking at the picture to which you refer. I'm for the coat of light color with the dark collar, Mme. Brevity.

BETTY OF IOWA CITY, IOWA.—Very well for the first time, Miss Betty. Your favorite actor, Thomas Meighan's birth year is 1879. I would write to the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, for his autograph. And enclose a quarter. He lives in New York or in California according to the needs of his picture producers. Leatrice Joy is married to Jack Gilbert. A request for her photograph should go to the same destination as that for Mr. Meighan's.

HELEN M., KOKOMO, IND.—I remember you, Helen. Glad to have another letter from you. The copy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE that had Betty Blythe's picture on the cover was September, 1921. That which bore Nita Naldi's was December, 1922. The studios to which you should write for the photographs you wish are Corrine Griffith's, Associated First National, United Studios; Nita Naldi's, Lasky Studios; Barbara La Marr, First National Studios.

"JUSTA NUTT," AUSTIN, TEX.—You—end your letter with "Yours Ivor Novello Crazily." And you "couldn't keep from crying when you saw 'The White Rose' not only because of the play but because Ivor Novello is so wonderful." A tribute so genuine merits prompt attention. Mr. Novello is of English birth. He is the son of Madame Clara Novello Davies, the vocal instructor. Mr. Novello is himself a musician, having written "Keep the Home Fires Burning." He is not yet thirty. At the time I write this he is appearing on the London Stage.

J. A. M., BROCKTON, MASS.—Hello! Are you imposing upon the credulity of the poor old Answer Man with those initials? I have a sweet tooth. A full set, thirty-two of 'em. Vincent Coleman of Mae Murray's company in "Fascination" is married to Marjorie Grant. She is an actress. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



JULIA HOYT
Painted in the manner of Gainsborough
by Howard Crosby Kenwick

On and off the Stage—

THE very word Gainsborough means smart grooming, charm, social prestige.

America's leaders of fashion on and off the stage depend upon the subtle aid of this distinguished Hair Net to create the smartest coiffure effects.

Gainsborough
Genuine HAIR NET
The Net of the Life-Like Lustre

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Dealers
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Cap or Fringe
The strong single
strand . . . 10c
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2 for 75c
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Canadian prices same
as U. S. A.



*The Largest Selling
Hair Net in the World*



THE WESTERN COMPANY, CHICAGO, NEW YORK
WECO PRODUCTS CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CANADA

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

THE SHEPHERD KING—Fox

THE story of David, the militant psalmist, done very well indeed by an Italian company—with Violet Mercereau, of erstwhile American fame—as the heroine. A Biblical theme made very real, except for some of the battle scenes which are badly directed. Often it's quite impossible to tell who shot what off of who's head, but the David-Goliath fight is well staged and convincing. An interesting effort.

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn

ADAPTED from Hall Caine's story "The Master of Man"—with a poorly assorted cast of players. This is not another "The Christian," it is, instead, a distorted narrative of a man who can never seem to choose between love, duty and justice. The director, Victor Seastrom, has over-played the long arm of coincidence and has dallied too much with contrasts. Conrad Nagel, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mae Busch and Creighton Hale.

THE UNKNOWN PURPLE—Truart

THIS stage success has lost something of the suspense that made it a footlight thriller. But the lighting effects and technical devices have been so well managed that much can be forgiven. The story of an inventor, wrongfully sent to prison by his unfaithful wife, who comes back to seek revenge with the aid of a mysterious purple light which renders him invisible. Henry B. Walthall stars—doing good work, but seeming old and tired.

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Paramount

THIS is one of the best and most complete travel pictures that has ever been given to the public. It's a pleasantly intimate sort of thing that will give an audience a cozy feeling, even while a flock of cannibals are dancing around a steaming kettle. The titles and editing, done so very well by Terry Ramsaye, add greatly to the charm of the thing—make it, in fact.

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING— Goldwyn

THIS screen version of Marion Crawford's novel is beautifully staged and costumed with care and good taste. The locale is Spain, and the action takes place all in one night. It is a shame, with the loveliness of the settings, that the direction and casting might not have been better. The story has been told carelessly, without finesse or attention to detail. Blanche Sweet is perfect as the heroine. She, and Pauline Starke, are the bright spots.

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND— First National

SLAPSTICK of the better sort, featuring Owen Moore, Tully Marshall, Sidney Chaplin and Sylvia Breamer. A riotous business of false white whiskers, long chases through tapestried halls, and falls from high windows. A strange will, compelling the heroine to be a widow before she becomes an heiress, causes all the trouble. Sidney Chaplin does a bit of pantomime worthy of his brother. Laughter for everybody.

THE MAILMAN—Film Booking Office

HAVING done right by the policeman, the fireman, and the engineer, Emory Johnson has turned his attention to the man who sees that our letters arrive promptly (especially on the first of the month). Full of human touches, homely humor and fool-proof pathos, with Ralph Lewis making an audience like

him, despite its better judgment. All the usual hokum, with the addition of aeroplanes. For the family, by all means!

WHITE TIGER—Universal

A STORY of two crooked men and a crooked girl who—to quote from the nursery rhyme—lived very crooked lives. When the time comes for them to put over the big job they get an attack of "white tiger"—which, in underworld parlance, is something like cold feet. But it ends nicely with the ringleader dying and the rest being reformed. Priscilla Dean, Matt Moore, Wallace Beery and Ray Griffith.

THE THRILL CHASER—Universal

A HOOT GIBSON special in which one of our best cowboys goes to Hollywood. With him we visit a number of sets, meeting directors and stars in the best comedy manner. And then, still with him, we go to Arabia where he becomes, for a brief and colorful period, a sheik of sheiks. This is genuinely amusing from start to finish—with some sustained suspense to lift it out of the commonplace class. Well worth seeing.

MAYTIME—Preferred Pictures

IT'S hard to transfer a tuneful musical comedy to the screen, without losing the greatest part of its charm. In "Maytime" this fact is especially evident—for as a stage success it was light and lovely, and on the screen it is heavy and dragging. A love story that stretches through three generations—stretches so far that it ceases to be elastic. No outstanding performances.

THE DAY OF FAITH—Goldwyn

A POOR imitation of "The Miracle Man." Most of the situations strike the observer as impossible, almost every climax seems absurd. The story of a humanitarian creed, and of a sweet young girl who tries to give it to the world. The creed, however, seems silly instead of sublime. The girl, Eleanor Boardman, is charming, and does good work. Raymond Griffith, as a reporter, also contributes a fine bit. And that's all.

HALF-A-DOLLAR-BILL—Metro

"HALF-A-DOLLAR-BILL" is a fresh salt water tale. Portions of it need to be taken with a grain of salt, but, on the whole, this story of a foundling adopted by a sea captain is convincing and interesting. The child is discovered with half of a bisected greenback pinned to its clothing—which gives us the title. From that point on there is plenty of action.

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME— Pathe

THIS, although it has no sex appeal, should prove an interesting box office attraction. For it tells, in detail, how elephants are trapped and are dragged, protestingly, from their native jungle. If it seems, to some of us, that it's a mean trick to play on a nice, peaceful flock of elephants—there are others who will find the struggles of the captive beasts amusing. Educational, of a sort.

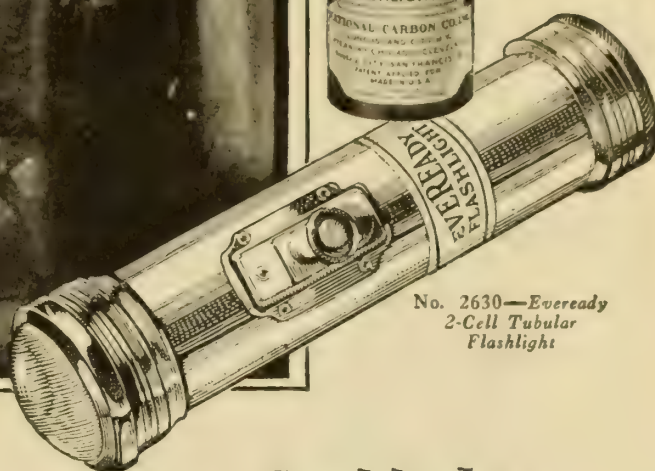
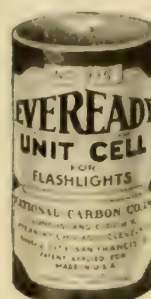
PIONEER TRAILS—Vitagraph

AN attempt to ride to popularity over paths made safe by "The Covered Wagon." With a resulting jumble of love, excitement and suspicion against an apparently blameless hero. The acting honors go to Otis Harlan and a baby donkey—although Alice Calhoun, Cullen Landis and various other near-stars



EVEREADY UNIT CELLS
make all flashlights
better

Eveready Unit Cells fit and improve all makes of flashlights. Eveready Unit Cells come in two sizes to fit every tubular flashlight. Know the Eveready size that fits your case. Then you can buy new Eveready Unit Cells without taking your flashlight along. Eveready Unit Cells mean brighter flashlights and longer battery life.



No. 2630—Eveready
2-Cell Tubular
Flashlight

For that dark closet - use your flashlight!

MORE light for all the dark places of your house. Instant light. Safe light. Keep a flashlight in each of those much-used closets. Tie tapes around them. Hang them where they will be instantly convenient. Don't stumble! Have another at the top of those dark cellar stairs. Don't fumble! Have another at your bedside for sudden needs at night.

Keep them loaded with Eveready Unit Cells and you will have plenty of bright, white light where and when you need it.

If you have a flashlight not in use, get it out and reload it with Eveready Unit Cells; long-lived cartridges of brilliant light. Buy them from any electrical or hardware dealer, drug, sporting goods

or general store, garage or auto accessory shop.

When you buy new flashlights, be sure they have EVEREADY stamped on the end. EVEREADY means the highest standard of flashlight quality, and Eveready Unit Cells give more light longer.

Prices from 65c to \$4.50 complete with battery anywhere in the U. S. A.

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Table covers, wall panels, cushion-covers, ties, etc.; also native-worked

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vases, bowls, plates, card-trays, ash-trays, etc. etc.; engraved by hand by the natives of the above countries.

TORTOISE SHELL

hair ornaments, trays, etc. and various articles in hand-made

HORN WORK

such as paper-knives, miniature krises, salad forks and spoons, pickle tongs, egg and salt spoons, etc., and

Fancy Articles of All Kinds



Enquiries invited.

All correspondence shall receive
special attention.

We guarantee all goods to be genuine
Native Manufacture

decorate the cast. An Indian attack upon a wagon train is the best bit—the rest is old-fashioned melodrama.

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathe

WILL ROGERS tries, very unsuccessfully, to be killingly funny. He impersonates various motion picture stars, including Valentino, Tom Mix and Bill Hart. And doesn't make any one of them worth a great deal. The title writer throws in a word now and then and makes things worse than ever. Why did Will leave his rope out of the script, anyway? And why is this called a comedy?

THE WHIPPING BOSS—Monogram

A SERMON against the evils of the convict leasing system—with the evils exposed brutally, and in detail. This picture should do a lot of good, but it isn't easy to watch. The American Legion is the St. George that slays the dragon of viciousness, and the story is taken, almost intact, from an actual occurrence. Barbara Bedford, Lloyd Hughes and Eddie Phillips head the cast.

THE RED WARNING—Universal

SLOW movement cannot be urged against this piece in which a lost mine, attempted claim jumping and the w.k. cattle thieves keep the plot boiling. Jack Hoxie establishes justice after instigating a war between the ranchers and the rustlers, and incidentally gets himself a bride. There's enough shooting and riding to have satisfied Buffalo Bill.

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox

WILLIAM FOX usually hitches his pictures to a star, and he has been fortunate here in his hitching post. However, even Shirley Mason couldn't save from mediocrity this very ordinary story by the Hattons. A maid is in love with a man. He proves to be married, but his wife dies in due time and all's well.

THE MASK OF LOPEZ—Monogram

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, "I've had enough of all these westerns?" For the 678,954th time we have the girl ranch owner being robbed by the cattle rustlers, the ring-leader proving to be her foreman. This is a case where the horse is the thing.

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox

TWO rival companies are out to get control of a mine on the Island of Pago Tai. Needless to say, the one represented by William Russell wins. Also needless to say there is a pretty girl who figures conspicuously and decides to change her name from Miss to Mrs. when the hard fighting is over. It is a mixture which comes to nothing.

THE DANGEROUS HOUR—Johnnie Walker

THE heroine pursued by a villainous mine owner, asked for a husband to save her, and got him—through the roof. This plausible incident, brought about by Eddie Polo's aeroplane tumbling into the lady's home, is typical of the picture.

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Apollo

A DESERTED husband was lonesome. A jazz-loving telephone girl was lonesome too. They married. But it didn't take. After Fate obliged by drowning the bride, the husband was happily reunited with "yesterday's wife." The whole matter strikes one as a tempest in a teapot.

THE NEAR LADY—Universal

THE invention of a sausage-machine results in the transformation of Gladys Walton from a mere manicurist into a lady of social position. Presented as a comedy-drama, this is neither comedy nor drama, and one wishes that some physician had amputated what the title writer doubtless regards as his sense of humor.

THE MIRACLE MAKERS—Associated Exhibitors

A LONG foreword tells us that "The Miracle Makers" are the brides, who "sacrifice everything" to continue the census. In spite of this typical movie *motif*, enacted by Leah Baird, the story proves to be the old hodge-podge of virtuous heroine, bold villain and Chinese dens.

FASHIONABLE FAKERS—F. B. O.

FIVE minutes after all due credits have been given, you know that Johnnie Walker, employed in a phoney antique shop, means to marry the girl next door, and just what will happen while he is trying to do it. The little that couldn't be guessed, you'd do as well to take for granted, and go quietly home.

THE SATIN GIRL—Apollo

IF we may believe authors, lady crooks may steal, and blackmail, and commit murder, but chastity is their middle name. The heroine is under the spell of a hypnotist. She steals from the rich to give to the poor, and after each "haul" leaves a fragment of her satin dress. An infant in arms could have captured the sinning lady, but she fools the entire police force.

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth

THE uncertain parentage of a little waif adopted by a wealthy family covers a multitude of reels in this film. The author goes all around Robin Hood's barn to prove that the child is not only an heiress but related to her benefactors. Virginia Lee Corbin plays the first half of the heroine's life, and Anna Q. Nilsson is good in the latter half.

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox

CHARLES JONES determines to become a fire-fighter like his dear old Dad. In doing so, he adopts a little orphan, Annie, as his "pal." His next step is to fall in love with the premier danseuse of the "opry" house. Later he rescues her from a blazing building in which her drunken husband is gently but firmly removed from the plot. Mr. Fox has dedicated the piece "to the firemen the world over."

If you are looking for intensely interesting fiction—fiction with unusual plot, suspense and humor—you can not afford to pass by

THE PAVED JUNGLE By Frank R. Adams

It is a story of extraordinary situations and surprises.

On page 34, this issue.

Day by day modern life is taking from your skin something you must put back



EVERY skin blemish and fault comes fundamentally from one cause. Neglect this cause, and no amount of treatments, however strenuous, will keep your complexion from being permanently clouded. Follow this simple

method of daily care, developed thirty years ago by a well-known physician, and you will unlock a hidden beauty. Just *beneath* your skin, perhaps only one short week away, is the complexion you envy today in others.

IS your skin dull and muddy? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes that special treatments do not seem able to remove?

Is it rough and blotchy—oily, coarse-textured, or over-sensitive?

Whatever special fault your skin may have, it is fundamentally from one underlying cause.

Thirty years ago a well-known physician made an important discovery

Continually confronted in his practice with extreme cases of skin disorder, and not content with mere patchwork treatment, a well-known physician thirty years ago set out to find the underlying cause of all complexion faults.

From the beginning one thing was clear:



Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face—

—lack of the blood-pulsing exercise so necessary to keep the tiny

glands of the skin functioning normally

—harsh, dry winds that roughen the surface that should be always soft and supple

—these are the forces in modern life that day and night are working against the complexion—the one fundamental cause of all skin blemishes and faults.

No girl can change these conditions. Yet if the skin is to have the clear, radiant glow of health, there *must be put back into it the elements that daily life is stealing from it.*

To stimulate the flow of blood—to soften the skin and keep it supple—to cleanse the pores of dust and germs—this was the physician's problem.

At last he achieved it—not in a complicated drug, but in a simple prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today you too can have this remarkable prescription

At first, the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use by thousands of women. Discouraged with the failure of many creams, drugs and preparations, women everywhere are turning to this simple, fundamental

principle in the daily care of the skin.

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. Do not rub or massage with harsh methods. If possible, leave it on over night. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too

In thousands of homes where Resinol was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath, where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send in the coupon below for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. They will keep your skin functioning normally—will put back into it the vital elements your daily life destroys.

Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

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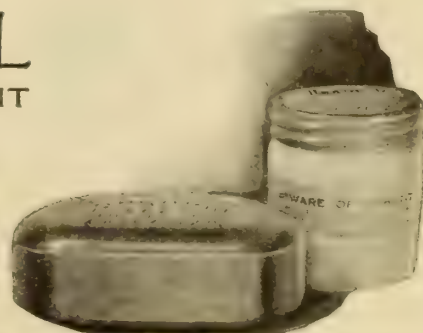
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Doug Fairbanks couldn't find just the man to create the role of the lazy, good natured Persian prince who is one of the principal characters in "The Thief of Bagdad." So he sent over to France for a certain fair Parisienne to play the part. Here she is, in costume—Mlle. Mat Comont

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

the director asked Jimmy Adams, of Christie Comedies, to have his head shaved, the boy did so in a manner that combined willingness and trust. Of course his hair, he realized, was not worth the same sum that Anna's golden locks had brought forth. But it was good hair, never the less; it was *his* hair—and worth something!

But the director, having used Jimmy—bald head and all—didn't mention any bonus. And now the comedian is waiting for his hair to grow before he can appear again upon the screen. And he is nursing both a barber's bill and a grouch.

INCIDENTALLY, Anna Q. Nilsson has been cast as the heroine of "Flowing Gold," to play opposite Milton Sills as Calvin Gray. Others of the cast will be Josephine Crowell, as *Ma Briskow*; Bert Woodruff as *Pa Briskow*; John Roche, finally selected as *Buddy Briskow*; Sills sparring partner, and Charles A. Sellon for *Tom Parker*. Joseph De Gra-se will direct the picture. And—a rare bit of news for the old timers—Cissie Fitzgerald will be a member of the cast, also. Cissie's wink, some twenty-five years ago, was the essence of all theatrical wickedness. It went with Olga Nethersole's kiss, Alison Skipworth's back and Anna Held's milk baths. One wonders if the wink will come to life, again, for the silver sheet?

DOUG. FAIRBANKS, JR., demonstrated at the wreck of the Twentieth Century limited, recently, that he was made of real

off-the-screen star stuff. Though just a boy, he was of real service to the doctors, helping them with bandages, running errands, and bringing mislaid and hysterical families together.

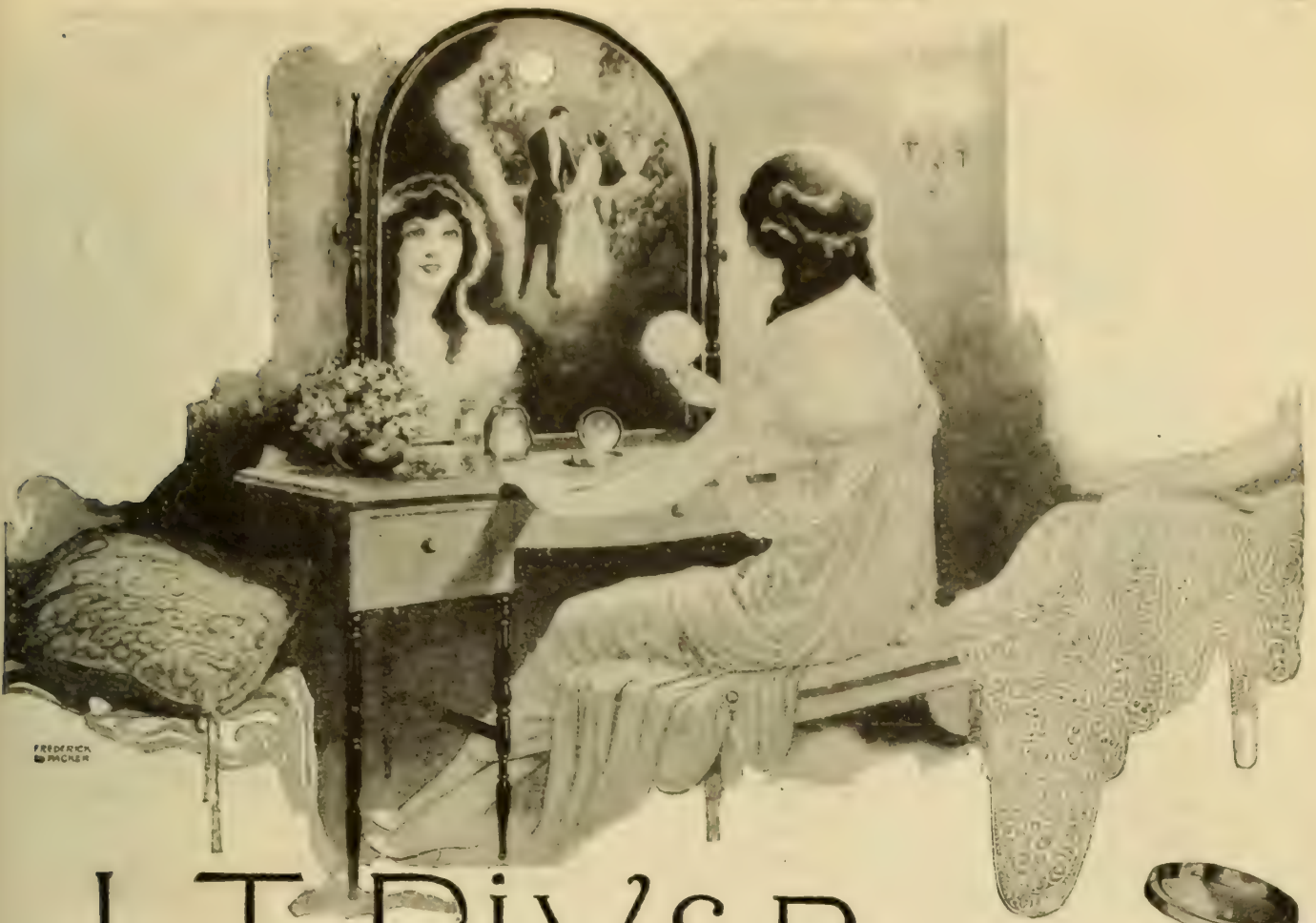
"My first thought," he said, "when the crash came was of my dog" (a magnificent chow) "who was sleeping in an upper berth. When I found out that he was safe, the two of us went out to help."

According to one of the attendant physicians: "I noticed one young man who worked like fury. He was everywhere. He even helped with the dressings. I didn't know, at the time, that he was young Fairbanks."

MARTHA MANSFIELD has left the screen forever. Just upon the eve of being named a star she was called aside—her death coming from burns received on location.

It was while they were making "The Warrens of Virginia," and Miss Mansfield—very lovely in her hoop-skirted, Civil war costume—had stepped forward for an interior scene. She paused for a moment to speak to a little extra girl, who was passing, and—in that moment—a careless smoker tossed a lighted match to the ground. One lacy ruffle touched the nearly-extinguished splinter of wood—and, in a second, Miss Mansfield was a living torch.

Her director, her leading man, her chauffeur, rushed forward. They tried to smother the flames—and succeeded. But they were just a bit too late. She died a day later from the burns received and from shock.



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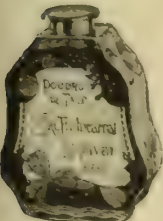
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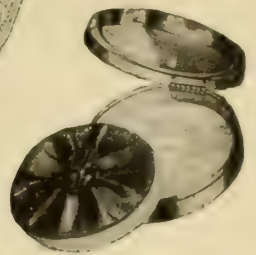
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Long, pointed, hook, pug, shrew?

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YOUR daily life is a constant "close-up"—and an imperfect nose is a drag to success—to happiness and most of all, to your personal charm. Glorious hair, lovely complexion, beautiful eyes are nothing if your nose is ugly.

My 15 years of experience in perfecting nose shapers have proven that to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shapen noses I can offer the most meritorious Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved model No. 25 (U. S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other nose shapers by a large margin.

This new model has every refinement that you might need: the adjustments are simple and such that it will fit every nose without exception. The apparatus is constructed of light weight metal and is afforded very accurate regulation for adjustment into any desired position. You can attain the absolutely exact pressure for correcting the various nasal deformities—such as: long—pointed nose—hook or shrew nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamois (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and corrects now all ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and, therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose write today for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

Clip the coupon below. Insert your name and address plainly, and send it to M. Trilety, Binghamton, N. Y., for the free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied, is his guaranty.

M. TRILETY,

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Dear Sir: Please send me, without obligation, your booklet which tells how to correct ill-shaped noses.

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Gloria Swanson as Toinette, in "The Humming Bird." We'll say that she's an appealing tough little gamin, if there ever was one. Guess what she's about to say—speaking with eyes and lips at one and the same time. Yes, you're right!

Miss Mansfield was just twenty-two years old. A former "Follies" girl, and one of the beauties of the nation. She made her first screen success as the leading lady for John Barrymore in his production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

THE Famous Players-Lasky Company were satisfied with one picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They did not see fit to take advantage of their option on three more pictures. Director Henabery, who made a very good picture out of "Stephen Steps Out," young Fairbanks' first and only film, declined to make another picture with him. It is understood that he resented the constant attempt at supervision of the picture by the boy's mother.

BARBARA LA MARR has signed a contract to make four pictures for First National. Their names have not been announced, but the contract has been made with Richard Rowland, of First National, and the pictures will be made under the personal supervision of Arthur H. Sawyer.

Miss La Marr has been free lancing for some time. Her rise to fame, during the past two years, has been almost phenomenal—until one stops to consider her remarkable beauty and her real ability as an actress. "The Eternal City" places her, without a shadow of question, in the front rank of the stars.

IT was twenty years ago that John Bowers—who is fast climbing the ladder to stardom—made his first stage appearance. He was known, then, as John Bowersox; a quaint name, but his own. And he was busily attending the Huntington Business University, at Huntington, Ind.

It so happened that as John was burning the midnight oil—preparatory to becoming a lawyer or dentist or any other regular sort of a business man—a show "went broke" in Huntington. And a certain actor, by the name of C. Garvin Gilmaine, was left without

any occupation. So he set about to organize a theatrical company.

To make a long story short, Gilmaine met young Bowersox. And, after much persuasion, convinced the youth that he had the makings of an actor in him. And the upshot of the matter was that Bowersox played the part of a villain—one Manuel Lopez—in a stirring melodrama called "Nugget Nell."

Since those days, John has gone a long way. He's added a list of characterizations to his history, and dropped a syllable from his name. And now, to cap the climax, he's going to appear in a Harold Bell Wright story.

WE should very much like to know what the new gag in Harold Lloyd's present picture is. It's a deep dark secret, but every time they mention it, Harold and his staff of helpers go into roars of laughter. There's one thing about Harold that's always amusing. If you ask him how his picture is going, his face falls, he looks utterly downcast and miserable, and with a deep frown shakes his head. "I'm afraid of it," he says. I remember that he said that about "Grandma's Boy" and "Safety Last" and "Why Worry?" It's a very progressive state of mind.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., went through the business of his first personal appearance like a born diplomat. It was at the first showing of his picture "Stephen Steps Out," at the Rivoli theater, in New York, that he made said personal appearance—meeting hundreds of people, and shaking hundreds of hands.

Although Doug, Jr., is just fourteen, he has a great deal of poise. And, although he has a great deal of poise, he is neither a sissy, nor conceited. He is just a regular American boy—the sort we like to think of as the "typical" American boy. And—if his performance in his first picture means anything—he shows promise of becoming one of the best of our juveniles.

“Be Sure You’re Right”



DAVY CROCKETT used to say: “Be sure you’re right, then go ahead.” That’s mighty sage advice. It’s a wise shopper who takes it to heart.

Glance through the advertisements and in a few minutes you can set yourself right on numerous things you either want to buy now or at some future date.

Advertising has stabilized prices. The advertiser names his price—the same for all. You can know that in paying it, you’re getting the same deal as the next one.

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Advertisements give you news of the latest and best things made with word as to what they cost and what they will do. They put before your eyes the pick of the country’s market and the selection of the particular kind, shape, size and color that best suits your taste and fits your pocketbook.

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Read the Advertisements



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Noted Parisian perfumer finally discloses the reason why his most popular odeur has for years been the favorite of so many women—

WHILE other perfumes have come and gone, Rigaud's *Parfum Mary Garden*, like the never-waning popularity of the famous opera artiste whose name it bears, has lived on and on for fifteen years like an ever-fragrant flower!

"The secret is a simple one," said the aged creator of Rigaud odeurs. "In formulating *Parfum Mary Garden*, we deliberately set for ourselves the task of achieving an odeur that would be so seductive, so fascinating, so bewitching that it would be utterly irresistible to men.

"To create this kind of a perfume, we did not trust our own judgment entirely; we investigated most carefully; we distilled nearly 100 new odeurs and secured dozens of women to give them actual tests in their social contacts with men.

"We did not rely upon the opinions alone of the beautiful women of France. We carried our tests into Spain, into Italy, into England, into Russia, and to America.

"And at last after eighteen months we reduced our researches and conclusions to just one odeur which we then perfected. And this became Rigaud's *Parfum Mary Garden*—a perfume with so distinct, so individual and so seductive a lure that men simply could not resist it!"

That is the secret of why it has survived so long—that is the reason it will live on for many years to come. * * * Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., 16th and Irving Place, N. Y.—Sole Distributors, U. S. A. and Canada.

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Jeanie Macpherson—who is responsible for the brilliant script of Cecil De Mille's "The Ten Commandments"—tells Aaron, of Old Testament fame, how he should handle his strange, triangular staff. Aaron, in his present incarnation, is James Neill. And Miss Macpherson, in all incarnations, is the axis around which the De Mille organization revolves. She was a screen actress herself before she began to write

AND now a Russian director is in America. A Russian director is the only Russian thing that has not discovered America in the last few years! We've had opera companies, art companies, *chauve souris*, *samouvans* and restaurants—as well as actresses, mysterious members of the nobility and the army, ballet dancers and a thousand and one objects that masquerade under the general name of art.

However, we're glad to welcome this special director to our midst. For he is Dimitri Buchowetzki, who handled the megaphone in the productions of "Peter the Great" and "Othello."

D. W. GRIFFITH has captured a Barrymore—Lionel, no less—to play an important part in his production of "America." This is Lionel's first appearance with D. W. for ten whole years—for he began his screen career in Griffith's stock company.

The rôle for which he has been cast is an unpleasant one—to say the least. For he will play the part of Walter Butler, who, in the pre-revolutionary days (and, for that matter, during the revolution) led a band of Indians in a guerilla warfare against his own people. He, himself, was known as the "Blue eyed Indian" and he was responsible for many brutal massacres—especially is he remembered for the bloody affair of Cherry Valley. Cultured, ruthless, a renegade from society, a traitor and an arch-villain—this is the part for which Lionel Barrymore has been selected. And, if we're any judge of good casting, he'll do a splendid bit of work.

ELINOR GLYN has returned to her beloved London for a brief visit. Brief, because she wishes to return to this country for the world premiere of her story "Three Weeks." She has been working with the producers on this production, and feels that she is entitled to a vacation—however short. Now the camera work is done, and the film is being edited and cut. And then—the censors!

LOS ANGELES—as far as possible, it would seem, from the stamping ground of our venerated Pilgrim fathers—has finally got its Blue Laws and its long-haired reformers. And, though the film city has been talked about as a place of parties, the harmless ball of the Wampas (the Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers) has been driven from its home town and will be held in San Francisco.

It happened this way. The reformers have put through a curfew law to stop all public entertainments—and private ones, too—at twelve o'clock. And so, to have their party undisturbed, the Wampas hold their annual dance farther north.

It would seem to the casual observer that the blue law faction is trying to oust motion pictures, and motion picture people, from Los Angeles. They put a stop to the directors' ball, and they have ruined a whole flock of good parties that would pass muster in any other city. Picture folk, rather than put up with constant question and insult, are leaving the town. And who can blame them?

AND now Griffith is a Colonel. Not just "D. W." any more—Colonel D. W., if you please. He was given this rank at the request of the "Daughters of the American Revolution," in recognition of his splendid work in bettering the average of the silver sheet. The Daughters, we believe, especially mentioned "The Birth of a Nation" and Griffith's forthcoming "America" in their petition. Said petition was granted by the governor of a state. Try and guess which state! Kentucky, of course!

PEDRO DE CORDOBA, while one of the gentlest and most popular of players, seems to spend most of his life under the shadow of tragedy. The story of how, despite his wife's death, he was compelled to play a matinee and evening performance in "Nemesis," to prevent the closing of the play, will one day be a great legend. This winter he has endured another

severe tragedy, for his talented younger sister has been threatened with blindness. As her trouble is a baffling one and requires an extremely delicate operation De Cordoba has sent his sister to Spain—where a certain great specialist may, he hopes, be able to cure her.

MRS. THEODORE ROBERTS brings from the Hollywood colony an amusing story of the advent of a titled woman of tremendous dignity. The titled woman's husband is a bit of a philanderer and addicted to holding a fair feminine hand longer than social usage demands.

At a tea at which his imposing spouse was presented to Hollywood's exclusive social circle an attractive member of the colony said: "Hereafter her husband may hold my hand as long as he likes. He needs it."

MARY BETH MILFORD and Louise Lorraine—leading ladies both, who have adjoining dressing rooms—have found a way of solving the h. c. of l. Wearing the same size shoes, they do their foot shopping together. And take turns wearing the same slippers. For instance, when Mary Beth's script calls for an evening frock and Louise is appearing in sports clothes, Mary Beth wears the silver slippers and Louise appears in the rubber soled buckskin oxfords. And *vice versa*.

LEACH CROSS, former contender for the lightweight crown, is back again in the ring. That is, in the near ring! For he's appearing as George O'Hara's opponent in a scene from Witwer's "Fighting Blood" series. We hope, for the sake of George, that Leach Cross doesn't forget where he is!

JOSEPH DE GRASSE, who is to direct Richard Walton Tully's production of "Flowing Gold," was interviewing an oil field worker who had spent a great deal of time in Ranger, Texas—the locale of the story.

"Ranger was quite muddy in those days, wasn't it?" asked De Grasse.



“—then my Dentist smiled
and said, ‘Use Colgate’s’”

“AFTER Dr. Stephens had cleaned my teeth, he held the mirror for me to see how white and pretty they were. They looked so nice and clean.

“‘My!’, I exclaimed, ‘I wish I could keep them that way’.

“Then my Dentist smiled and said, ‘Use Colgate’s’.”

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Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream gives you the secret of clean, beautiful teeth. It "washes" and polishes your teeth, without scratching or scouring. It brings out and preserves all the natural beauty of your tooth enamel.

Colgate's is the safe, double-action dentifrice. Its specially prepared non-gritty chalk loosens clinging food particles; its pure vegetable-oil soap gently washes them away.

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Martha Mansfield was just about to be starred in "The Warrens of Virginia" when the film broke, suddenly, upon her reel of life. Young, beautiful and talented she met death from burns received as the result of a lighted match, carelessly flung aside

"What a whale
of a difference
just a few cents
make"

All the difference
between just an ordinary
cigarette and the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

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—a mild cigarette

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Fashion and comfort demand that feet fit snugly into the dainty pumps of today. There must be no bump to mar shapely feet—no racking torture to upset comfort. Bunions are unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, harmlessly, pleasantly with the new, marvelous solvent, **Pedodyne**. Pedodyne stops pain almost instantly, banishes the disfiguring hump, and relieves the swollen burning sensation.

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The world famous scenario writers and directors tell you just how to do it—and how not to do it—The whole story of writing movies boiled down and made easy. Illustrated.
'HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS' Each 'BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES' \$1.50
George W. Jacobs & Co., 1628 Chestnut St. Phila.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The man laughed.

"I'll say it was," he answered. "Why, once I was walkin' along the sidewalk on Main Street, strugglin' in mud almost up to my hips. Glancin' down I saw a man's head, just above the mire in the street. Big hearted, I reached out an' offered him help to the sidewalk. An' d'yer know what he said? 'Never mind,' he said, kinder laughin', 'never mind. I'm a-ridin' a hoss!'"

IT began last August—the romance that has united Ann Luther and Ed Gallagher in the holy bonds, etc. Gallagher, whose name, without Shean's, is like pork without beans (not original, this rhyme), met the lovely motion picture actress when he was taking his initial dip into the film sea. The wedding took place in December, in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Said wedding was, of course, followed by a wedding breakfast, at which Al Shean was the master of ceremonies. Al, by the way, was best man. And, to say the least, the party was tuneful—everybody sang a certain song. Do you know it? Why, absolutely, Mr. Shean!

MALCOLM MCGREGOR was a visitor on Norma Talmadge's set, watching the star work in scenes of "Dust of Desire," when some one asked him if he would like to play *Romeo* with Miss Talmadge in "Romeo and Juliet."

"Not I," said Mac. "That takes a good actor."

And it takes a darned good actor to say that, we might add.

AT the opening of Emory Johnson's spectacular photoplay, "The Mailman," a prize was awarded to the best mailmen's band in the country. Of course not everybody knows that mailmen have bands, unless they happen to be radio fans, we should say, they don't know it!

The first prize—\$300 and a silver cup—was awarded to the New York Mailmen's Band. The second prize, \$200 and no cup, went to the mailmen's band of Newark, N. J.

UNIVERSAL announces that it has signed Al Lichtman in an executive capacity. His first job there will be the management of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Speaking of Universal, we see, by the S. E. P., that Carl Laemmle wants to buy a ranch. A great big ranch.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]

What Kind of Women Attract Men Most?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

jolt when one woman enters a room. It is a thing which stimulates an interest in your very unconsciousness before your consciousness is even aware of the presence of the embodiment of it. Pola Negri has it, the naive, egotistical, beautiful, emotional Pola. Gloria Swanson has it, the smart, fashionable, finished Gloria. Mabel Normand has it, the rogue, the wit. It is an attribute of beautiful Barbara La Marr, voluptuous Nita Naldi, alluring Corinne Griffith. It is the hundred per cent of personality.

Magnetism is the antithesis of "blah." It is always active. Personality can be negative. Magnetism is compelling. Personality is merely arresting. Magnetism is what makes the man-chased woman.

Pola Negri, for all her beauty, might be an uncourted school-ma'am were it not for a magnetism mentally stimulated. Here is a woman of elemental naturalness. The most unexpected, and perhaps the most winning quality of her nature, is her great ingenuousness. She is a blend of sophistication and utter naivete. Her emotional naturalness bursts through all control. She is incapable of sustained pose.

A Modern Living Room, Italian in Spirit

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]



Good adaptations of Italian Renaissance styles in furniture should always have the straight or classic lines shown in this sketch

then-known world. Commerce thrived, ships and caravans returned with priceless textiles and carvings. Wars in other countries drove workmen into the towns and cities of Italy, and, becoming inspired with classic lore, and with the impelling beauties of the fruits of Italian commerce, they took the things at hand and wrought from them the wondrous furniture and textiles and decorative accessories that serve as our inspiration today.

Domestic and industrial arts flourished. Princes and potentates threw the weight of their wealth to the support of both fine and applied arts. All history tells of the influence the powerful and wealthy family of Medici, in Florence, had upon the art of the day. Great painters were commissioned to decorate palaces, both public and private. Worthy artisans were encouraged to create the supreme in furnishings. Wonderful textiles, tapestries, and fabrics for drapery and upholstery were manufactured in gorgeous and colorful plenty.

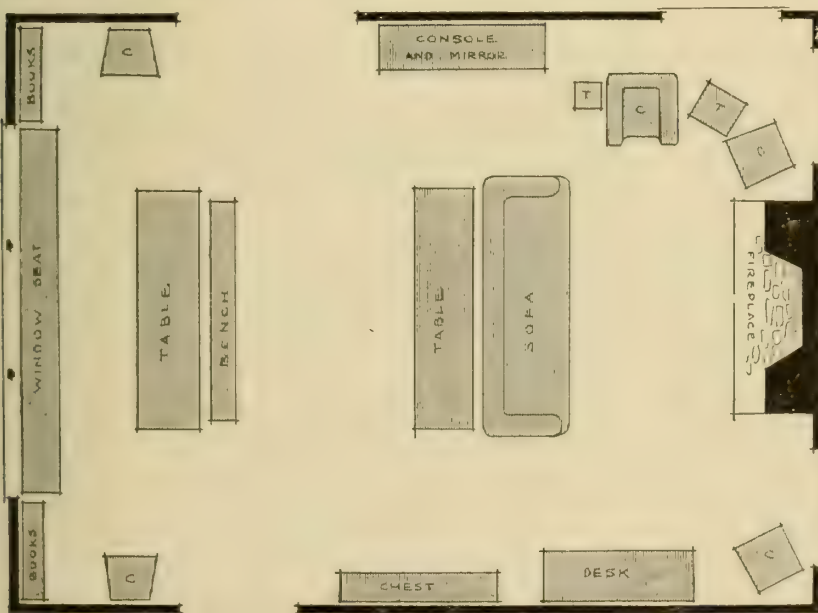
Naturally, it was an epoch in which these things were attainable to only those of great wealth. But like all such movements, the reflected glory of it was felt in the more humble homes, where the furniture and rooms could not help being influenced by the great art accomplishments of the wealthy.

So we come to know that there are two kinds of Italian Renaissance. One, the gorgeous splendor of the wealthy. The other, the more simple—yet beautiful—art of the average people. It is with the latter we deal here, for the simplest forms are always the best in home decoration.

It is one of the outstanding characteristics of Italian furniture that it was designed with the idea of concentrating enrichment in one spot and isolating it against a background of the simplest type. And that, also, is the outstanding characteristic of the room which we are presenting for your guidance. A general view of the room is given at the head of this article, and a more restricted view, and a floor plan, in other illustrations. Each piece of furniture, or group of pieces, is placed so that the beauty of it is shown to advantage against the simplest sort of background.

We had in mind a room embodying the most economical elements to either the builder of a new house, or to one who is redecorating a room in an old house. To the builder of a new house we would say—let your walls be sand finished, and tinted, either in the plaster or after it has been put on. Because we are not concerned here with the embellishments that typified the homes of the wealthy. Wall surfaces must be plain and rough in texture, and warm in coloring. Therefore the sanded finish. In redecorating an old house, there are a number of wall papers suited to give the effect desired. Papers in natural tones, creams, ochres, light chocolate, or grey; rough in texture or with surfaces blended by self colorings in conventional designs. The designs should not be too large, and the walls should be papered to the ceiling, with out a drop moulding, and finished either with a small cove moulding, or with a finishing-braid. The ceiling should be lightly tinted to harmonize with the walls.

The floors in such a room should be laid with



The placing of furniture is a most important part of the decoration of a room. Here is a floor plan, showing how the furniture is placed in the room illustrated at the beginning of this article



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wide planks in which the joints are apparent. If the floor is hardwood of the usual type it should be waxed after it has been tinted, a slightly darker color. Oriental rugs were used, but plain rugs—without borders—in shades of tan, tobacco, *tele-de-negre*, hold charming possibilities. Thus we have the requisites of the room—the walls, ceiling, and floor.

Furniture is our next consideration, and remembering that true "period" styles are not compatible with our scheme, we have only considered adaptations. There are good and bad reproductions and adaptations, of course, but most of our modern-day reproductions are good and suited to many modes of life. The pieces are very simple and there are fine examples of all styles. The simplest forms of all periods are apt to be the best expressions, and we have chosen only the simplest for our room. Any one can get modern Renaissance furniture which, while following the general characteristics of the period, is adapted to our needs and the size of the modern home.

Remembering that the fireplace is, or should be, the center of family life and activity, we start with a group of furniture around this place of warmth and cheer. First, the mantel. It would probably be the costliest item in our room, for it should be in keeping with the character of the whole plan. The normal wood mantel will not suffice. The lines, the details, the proportions should be Italian in spirit. A simple reveal and ledge of plaster, heavy wood, or art stone would do. It would be better, though, if some of the simplest decorative forms of the Renaissance were used. Bits of classical motifs, either architectural or floral, placed judiciously, in wood, plaster, or stone, will produce a charming result. If the mantel is wood, then the wood should be painted the color of aged stone, antiqued ivory, or a very light chocolate. If in plaster, the plaster should be tinted to the same effect. The stone mantel, of course, would carry its own color value. The mantel shelf need not be wide, because mantel decoration is very seldom needed and, unless handled very cleverly, would not be correct. The mantel in the illustration at the head of the article is a good guide.

Around the fireplace are grouped a sofa, two chairs, and several tables. The sofa, backed by a long table, is directly in front of the fireplace, sufficiently far away not to crowd the two chairs and tables at the left. One of the chairs to the left is a rather low, comfortably upholstered chair, of fairly modern type. The beauty of the furniture of the Renaissance is that it is so closely related to the furniture of

other countries in the same period, that combinations can be used. Intelligent combination of the "period" with the modern gives life and vigor to the setting. Simply be careful that your chair has fairly straight lines, and that the feet, or legs, be of the same general character as the turnings of the "adaptations" used. Remember that the Renaissance shape was always the same—always straight or classic lines, and that, while wood carving was characteristic of the period, it need not be evident in all the furniture.

In the wall space near the entrance door, is a cabinet console, and mirror. This console is of the "chest" type, and can be exceedingly plain in its design. The wood of this, as well as all other pieces, is of dull-rubbed walnut. The mirror over the console is framed in a simple wood moulding, and the mirror glass beveled into small panes. Opposite this, on the other wall, is a desk, of the cabinet variety. The doors swing open, disclosing compartments for stationery, letters, etc. For writing space, there is a ledge that slides out. Against the wall, near the desk, is a low, round-top chest, highly ornamented with the mouldings and decorations of the period.

At the other end of the room, under the wide casement windows, is a low window seat. On either side of the windows are bookcases, with small closet space beneath. Two chairs, of the most unobtrusive type, are set against the side walls near the bookcases. In front of the window seat is a long table, in duplication to the one that backs the sofa, and a simple low bench of peasant lineage. These two latter items can easily be eliminated if the room is too small to carry them well.

In drapery fabrics we come to the most conventional item of our style. Italian designs are large and conventional in character. And they are embodied in rich textiles. Cut velvets, brocades, brocatelles, and damasks of various colors—blue, red, burgundy, yellow, buff, sage green, dark green. But it is in these that modern adaptations are most beautiful. Textile manufacturers today have reproduced these beautiful designs on materials that are within the range of the average pocketbook. In addition to these fabrics of conventional character, we can use certain types of linens, wood-block printed in patterns resembling the needlework of the peasant folk of Italy. Crewel designs in embroidery on linen are also adaptable to the room. The fabrics of the Renaissance were thick and heavy. It is well to remember this when making your draperies,

IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE IN HOLLYWOOD?

THE sensational press and the scandal-mongering publications are fond of printing, with or without excuse, stories of quarrels, separations, divorces among the members of the screen colony in Hollywood. If one believes all these stories, one may easily think that the screen industry contains no happily married couples. Stories of husbands and wives who do not have differences are not published. They are not of interest to the scandal lovers.

PHOTOPLAY asked the question, "Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?" of its Western editor, Adela Rogers St. Johns, who probably knows more motion picture actors and actresses than anyone else in the United States. And she, from the depths of her years of experience and from her wide acquaintance, tells PHOTOPLAY readers the real facts. It is a comprehensive and extremely interesting article, and it sheds some real light on the marital affairs of Hollywood.

IN THE MARCH ISSUE OF PHOTOPLAY

Out February 15th

because the lighter fabrics will not suit the ruggedness of the rest of the room.

When furniture coverings are considered, it would be better to confine yourself to the cut pin velvets, tapestries in period, or to gross, or petit, point needlework. The coverings are sombre in hue, toned admirably to the wood, letting the walls and accessories stand out in contrast. If one color is used throughout, a dull red in some one of the various hues might be used.

The conventional designs of the drapery fabrics are in contrasting tones, such as buff and red, gold and green, etc., or they could as easily be in self tones. The draperies should be plain hangings at either side of the windows, simply gathered back on the rod, without valances.

LIGHTING fixtures are of the most austere character, mostly of wrought iron of simple turnings, fastened to the wall on shields, and shaded with the plainest of parchment shades. The lamps, both standing and table, and also the candlesticks, should be just as severe. The polychromed atrocities put out by the average manufacturer in semblance of the Renaissance are too freakish to hold our attention for long. It is true that polychromed pieces were used, but unless one has some accurate knowledge of color values, we are apt to go astray in our selections.

Better to stick to the simple forms, and select those pieces of simple wrought iron, or composition in black and gold.

And sometimes, if the color is needed, the parchment shades can be decorated with little motifs of fruits and flowers in the Italian manner.

The same care should govern the selection of accessories. A table runner, or a scarf to throw over a chest, could better be a piece of vivid silk, in harmony with the hangings, of solid color, rather than the figured and highly colored fabrics offered us.

If pottery is used it should be of the simplest type.

Rough, dull toned vases and bowls, rather than the highly glazed and colored ones, sometimes a piece of clear or tinted glass can be placed so as to catch the light and thus enliven a dark corner.

Particular care should govern the choice of pictures and frames. The whole room can lose its character when the wrong picture or frame is used. The frames should be restricted to walnut, with some old gold rubbed in, or, if gold frames are used, they should be in combination with some other color. If your dealer will allow it, hang the picture to see if it "fits," before deciding absolutely on the purchase. In small spots that need embellishment, a small polychromed plaque, or tryptic, of a Madonna, may be hung to give variation. Unless your purse permits of the purchase of really good tapestries, do not consider these for wall hangings. If you cannot have a good one, do without it.

This, then, is our room. If you treat it in adherence to the straight, simple lines and plain values that are its chief characteristics, it will result in spaciousness, dignity, formality to the right degree, and a richness that implies self-respect, culture, and appreciation of the fine things in life.



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LOIS WILSON

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Use Tanforan



FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

SITTING rather near two women, recently, in a smart Fifth Avenue tea shop, I happened to hear an interesting fragment of conversation, which I shall repeat to you, word for word.

"I think that Miss Altman-Brown is the best dressed debutante of the season," said the first woman. "Her frocks are always charming and perfectly suited to her. They are so a part of the picture that one is never conscious of them!"

The second woman laughed, softly.

"Many people," she said, "spend a great deal of money buying clothes that folk will be conscious of. Many people fling their clothes—as it were—in the face of the observer!"

The first woman joined in the soft ripple of laughter. But her voice was grave when she spoke.

"The right sort of clothes," she said, "are never obvious. They never intrude upon the interest. Perfect gowning and perfect taste choose the garment that is so suitable that it seems a part of the wearer—as much her own as her hair and her eyes!"

It is quite true. The well gowned woman is so definitely a part of her clothes that one does not think of the clothes as a separate unit. Her corsets fit so perfectly that they can not be noticed, her shoes and stockings and gloves are in tune with her personality. In texture, shading and style she has planned her wardrobe to match her mind and soul and heart.

Attention to the details of a frock, a costume, are very important if one wishes to attain this charming *tout ensemble*. The bizarre and the unique touches must take second place in the scheme of things. Unless, of course, one has a bizarre and unique personality. Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi, Gloria Swanson—they can afford to wear clothes that are different, and in doing so they are not stepping out of character.

Consider the clothes of Mary Pickford, of Alice Terry, of Bebe Daniels and Lila Lee. One is seldom able to think of them apart from their wearers. They are so well chosen, so true to type, that they belong.

Take your own favorite screen star—each one of you, I know, has a favorite! Notice the exquisite care with which her clothes are chosen—so that one is never conscious of them as clothes. So that they become, in truth, a frame for beauty, and not a distraction.

BONNY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

I am so glad to give you advice, upon any subject. Especially since you have no other

person to turn to for counsel. I will answer your questions in the order in which you have asked them:

First of all—you have light brown hair and grey-blue eyes and rosy cheeks. In your choice of becoming colors to wear you will have a large range, for you are of the lucky "mediums." Black, navy blue and brown, for street wear. Also the so fashionable tweeds. For afternoon and evening I advise French blue, rose, grey, Nile and jade green, and orchid. Because you are very slim, and not short, you may wear frilly dresses, pannier skirts, and two-piece suits with a bit of a flare to them.

In regard to your complexion. Keep on with the treatment that you are using, and also apply, weekly, an application of good complexion clay. And, after using the complexion clay, an astringent cream.

Your heart affairs are, of course, the most important of all. If you do not know your mind in regard to the young man—if you are uncertain of your affection for him, I think that you should see other young men and so give yourself a chance to judge fairly, and to come to a decision. Marriage should not be considered unless one is very sure. A loveless marriage is the most unfortunate thing in the world.

NORMA, DAKOTA.

If your face is long—and your chin especially so—I think that you should wear your hair low, and arranged loosely at the sides. A high style will make your face seem longer, by far. Done in a knot in the back of the neck, with soft puffs at the side and either a bang or a dip of hair over your forehead it will help greatly.

About brands of powder: If you will send me an addressed envelope I will be glad to advise you.

A. E. C., PENNSYLVANIA.

You should weigh at least forty pounds less than you do at present. The best thing for you to do is to go on a very strict diet—one from which you have omitted all starches, fats and sugars. You should also have plenty of exercise—regular setting up exercises, walking and skipping rope will help. Read "Diet and Health, with a Key to the Calories."

Plucked and shaved eyebrows are not nearly so smart as they were a few years ago. Why not leave yours "au naturelle"?

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante
She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

JACKY, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

Yes, there are ways to straighten a retrousse nose. But are you sure that you will look your best with it straightened? Your sort of a nose often lends piquancy to the face and is most attractive.

INQUISITIVE, DETROIT, MICH.

Permanent waving will answer the problem of your straight hair. With the curling fluid that you mention it is necessary to use curlers.

I do not think that your parents are old fashioned. I am afraid that you think, far too much, about your appearance. As for your nose—it is probably charming. I could give you the names of a half dozen stars who have just such noses!

M. L. G. A., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

You are a trifle underweight—and that is a good fault. And I think that a good cold cream always helps the skin. The powders and creams that you mention are quite safe to use, in fact I recommend them.

You belong to a slightly exotic type—with your blue eyes and olive coloring I should think that you might be called oddly attractive. Although you may not exactly resemble her, I should say that you belong to the Leatrice Joy type.

You are right. It is most important to be lovable, pleasant and generous. Beauty often grows out of a charming disposition.

A. C., NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

If you have a high forehead, you should never wear your hair straight back. In a bang, or slightly over the forehead will be best.

With brown hair and greenish grey eyes you will look your best in nile and jade green. You can also wear black, yellow, orchid and violet, flame, brown, dark blue and the pastel tints. Your weight is just about right.

BETTY LAYE, MISSOURI.

Many young married women have bobbed hair, and I am sure that it would be becoming to your type. Don't bob it, however, if your husband dislikes short hair. And don't tamper with the pretty color of it. Of course you should wear girlish clothes—you are too young to wear matronly garments. Don't try to dress like a flapper, though.

Often, when one is married, it is necessary to adjust one's circle of friends to meet the new situation. Don't make the mistake of choosing old friends, who are not congenial to your husband, in preference to him. Of course you should not give up your old friends, but remember that your husband should take first place in your life.

GREEN MOUNTAIN GIRL.

I cannot advise you in regard to your coiffure without knowing something about the shape of your face. Or seeing a snapshot of you. I might give you the worst sort of advice without knowing any details.

However, I can tell you that you will look well in greens, in grey and midnight blue, and black. Also in brown, henna, orchid, French blue and flesh. And I think that you should wear simple frocks, that follow a fairly straight line.

A cold cream powder will prove more adhesive than any other sort.

HAZEL, ARKANSAS.

Wear brown, tan, red, burnt orange, flame, rose, pale yellow and nile green. A brunette can, usually, afford to wear the warmer shades.

A good face powder will not harm your skin—I think that it will add to your attractiveness. And the soap that you are using is one of the best kinds.

You certainly take plenty of exercise—and so perhaps your weight is a result of careless eating. Try a diet from which you have omitted all butter, cream and sugar. Do without ice cream, candy, pastries and soda. And I don't doubt that you will notice a difference.

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The Autobiography of Pola Negri

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

theater was converted into a hospital, and I volunteered as a nurse for the Red Cross.

The reopening of the theater four months later took me back to the stage, but I continued to serve in a hospital by day.

Ah, what a drama I entered when I entered that hospital! Great, lovable peasant soldiers of Holy Russia, so brave, so ignorant, like children. They couldn't write, so I wrote for them, little love letters, simple, halting, pathetic . . . they broke my heart into pieces.

Then one day a terrible thing happened to me. I had seen the eyes of death, the miseries of women, children and soldiers. I had withstood it all. But one day a soldier, just a big peasant Russian boy, was taken into the operating room. When they brought him back his right arm was gone; it had been amputated just above the elbow. I went over to his cot to comfort him. He asked for a glass of water. I brought it to him. He looked up, and smiled. Then he reached for the glass . . . he reached with the arm that was gone! The glass dropped from my hand and broke upon the floor. I collapsed utterly. That one little pathetic gesture nearly killed me.

My health had not been good. The strain of work and trouble had so unnerved me that I was not fit for service.

Romance and Another Tragedy

A few brief months and I had developed from a girl into a woman. I made my debut at the Imperial theater at the age of seventeen in Sudermann's "Sodom's Ende." The favorable criticisms appearing the next morning established me, and I continued in repertoire at the Imperial.

It was during my second year at this theater that a young painter came seeking permission to do my portrait. I sat for him, and during the sittings I experienced, for the first time in my life, a deep and moving love. I think I loved him more than anyone I had ever known because he was more idealistic. We became engaged before the portrait was completed.

But happiness was not for me. Again my fate intervened. It is my fate to be unhappy in love. We were planning our marriage when he suddenly took ill with consumption. Without a thought of career or friends or money I dropped everything and nursed him. . . . He died in my arms one terrible December night.

I was desolate. I rebelled against my fate. He was the only one who had given me a real conception of love. For weeks and weeks I was inconsolable, not caring to return to my work or even to my old circle of friends. I had known a great deal of misery, but it was out of this suffering that I gained understanding and philosophy. When eventually I did return to the theater I was a greater actress.

My success as the *Slave of Fatal Enchantment* in "Sumurun," which Richard Ordynski directed, gave me my first idea of entering pictures. Then I saw an American film and was

captivated by it. I thought the cowboy hero fascinating. . . . I wish I knew his name, for I was as enamored as any school-girl fan.

Filled with a desire to try my pantomimic talent in pictures—as I had tried it on the stage in "Sumurun"—I set about overcoming obstacles. There was no technical equipment in Warsaw in 1915, but there was a motion picture camera. I secured it, rented a photographer's studio and commenced production of "Love and Passion," a terrible story which I wrote myself. Indeed, I was producer, director, scenario writer and star. The interior scenes were made by daylight in the studio and the exteriors in a garden, which I secured by agreeing to employ the owner's daughter in the picture.

I completed the picture within a month and exhibited it. The crudity of the production so discouraged me that I sold the entire rights for one hundred rubles, about fifty dollars. The man who purchased it made a small fortune exhibiting it in Poland and in Russia. Bad as it was, it had little competition in those days.

Acting Before the Enemy

In 1916 the Germans entered the city of Warsaw. The Russian forces, too weak to offer further resistance, had withdrawn to Praga, across the river from which they steadily bombarded the city for a week.

That week was the most terrifying of my life. Thousands were killed in the street. Bullets rained through the air, and the windows

of our apartment building were shattered. My mother and I had to live in the cellar.

Through it all I was compelled to act. The Germans ordered the theater to remain open, the performances to continue. Never will the experience of that first night of acting under shell-fire be effaced from my mind. On the way to the theater I saw bodies of German soldiers and of civilians in the street.

The theater was empty, except for a few German officers. None of the townspeople dared to attend. We had to act before those hundreds of vacant chairs and those few officers. Terror-stricken I crawled onto the stage and went through my part. For seven agonizing nights we played in that empty house to the accompaniment of shell-fire.

This nightmare passed. The Germans drove the Russians back and restored order in the town, and life went on as it had before.

While I endured the worst week at nervous tension the cumulative effect of my experiences told on my health, and I was able to continue only under a doctor's care. My nervous breakdown might have had serious results had I not been rescued by an offer from Max Reinhardt to appear in "Sumurun" in Berlin. I accepted gratefully, frantic to get away from the scene of my greatest suffering. Without once considering the difficulties that might confront a Polish actress in the Kaiser's capital, I set out for Berlin, arriving in January of 1917.

NEXT MONTH

POLA NEGRI tells of her romantic meeting with Count Dombksi, whom she married, and of her first meeting with Chaplin in Berlin. She dwells on her success in "Sumurun" in Berlin under Reinhardt's direction, and of her discovery of Lubitsch, who, she believes, is the greatest of all motion picture directors. It was Lubitsch who directed "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood," the pictures which won her first fame in America. She also tells of the orphanage she supports on her estate in Poland with the money she earns in the studios.

Her first impressions of New York and of Hollywood are extremely interesting. She describes her troubles and her heart-breaks over the adverse criticisms she received at first, her worries in adjusting herself to a new country and new methods, and her growing affection for America. And through all the story runs the philosophy of the woman, intermingled with the ambitions of the actress, making it a most fascinating document.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87]

ALICE AND MARCIA B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—You little girls believe that in union is strength—and courage. How do I know you are little girls? How does Santa Claus know Christmas? My children, handwriting is a tattler. Ben Alexander is ten years old. He may be such a girl hater as he plays in "Penrod and Sam." Girl hating begins with the awkward age and ends with it. Somewhere between eight and sixteen. He was born in Goldfield, Nevada. Gloria Swanson has a daughter. Miss Swanson uses her own name in her professional life. She has been married twice and twice divorced. Neither Alice Terry nor Harold Lloyd is a parent. Nita Naldi's birthday was April first, 1890. Her last picture is "The Ten Commandments."

PHOTOPLAY receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method:

Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to pay the expense of the photograph and mailing. The stars get hundreds of these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay the cost themselves.

HELEN, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Greetings. Rose of Alabama. It was Henry B. Walthall who played the owner of the saloon in "One Clear Call." Theodore Roberts was not one of the players. This was the cast: *Dr. Alan Hamilton*, Milton Sills; *Faith*, Claire Windsor; *Henry Garnett*, Henry B. Walthall; *Maggie Thornton*, Irene Rich; *Sonny Thornton*, Stanley Goethals; *Tom Thornton*, William Marion; *Colonel Garnett*, Joseph Dowling; *Mother Garnett*, Edith Yorke; *Phyllis Howard*, Doris Pawn; *Dr. Bailey*, Donald MacDonald; *Jim Ware's daughter*, Shannon Day; *Yetta*, Annette De Foe; *Starnes*, Fred Kelsey; *Jim Holbrook*, Albert MacQuarrie; *Toby*, Nick Cogley.

G. C., HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.—All right, Gertie. Otis Skinner's appearance in the movies was with "Kismet." Adolph Menjou was born in Pau, France.

J. S., DAYTONA, FLA.—Send your photograph and the lively description of yourself you have given me to the casting directors of the motion picture firms nearest to Daytona. Miss Jack. The addresses of the principal studios are published each month in this magazine. But leave out the "I'm so wild I can't be tamed" in your application. Some degree of taming and discipline are synonymous.

M. J., PITTSBURGH, KANSAS.—Address her through the United Studios, Hollywood. Can you qualify as "an exceptional individual in every respect"?

DAB, DRAPER, N. C.—Stars answer letters from their "fans" when they can spare the time. They receive thousands of such letters and there are only twenty-four hours a day. Art Acord married a member of Pasadena's smart set. Buster Keaton's latest picture is "Our Hospitality." Buck Jones' age is the not too ripe one of four and thirty. His last picture is "Mike McGee's Chorus Girl." Louise Lorraine is not married. William Hart's official age is forty-nine years. Mrs. Hart's name before her marriage was Winifred Westover.



Priceless Service

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It is right that the public should receive this type of telephone service, that it should expect the employment of every practical improvement in the art, and should insist upon progress that keeps ahead of demand. Telephone users realize that dollars can never measure the value of many of their telephone calls. The public wants the service and, if it stops to think, cheerfully pays the moderate cost.



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ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Mgr. Employment Dept
229 American Bldg., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Not in the Scenario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]



HOW MUCH do ARTISTS EARN?

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although he had not lifted a finger to help himself.

Suddenly, directly in front, he saw the smooth place of which Billy had spoken. In startling quiet and agreeable tranquillity the canoe swept forward. Directly in front was the ledge, which could be crossed only with the aid of the great wave on the left side.

"Let that big wave lift you over," Bill had said.

Larry saw it, frightfully menacing compared to the oily flow to the right, and then he realized that it was here Marguerite must have been wrecked, that it was here he must make the effort to save her.

With desperate strokes he reached far out over the side and tried to turn the canoe. At first he felt that he was not making an impression and then, as if suddenly possessed of a grim determination to shatter itself, the craft darted straight toward the lifting, engulfing wave.

THE bow rose high in the air, poised a moment and then jerked down. The stern sprang up. For a moment the canoe was entirely clear of the water. Then it leaped forward and down as Larry clung desperately to the gunwales. Before he realized that he was still upright he was darting straight toward the brink of the falls.

Again he paddled frantically. The bow barely crossed the V of foam where the current split and eddied violently inshore above the tongue of rocks, and the next instant it wedged between two boulders. Larry leaped out, scrambled a few yards over the wet, slippery granite and grasped Marguerite by one hand just as it had released its hold.

With difficulty he pulled her out and half carried, half dragged, her back to a higher, drier spot and laid her down.

"Marguerite," he whispered as he knelt beside her.

The girl's eyes were open and she smiled faintly.

"You're safe now," he assured her. "And it's all over. They're both dead. They'll never bother you again."

She shuddered, but she continued to smile, and then she began to tremble.

"I'm so cold," she whispered. "And my head. It aches terribly."

The roar of the falls drowned most of her words, but he comprehended that she must be gotten to a dry, warm place as quickly as possible, and he sprang to his feet.

He remembered that Bill Taylor had explained how the falls were to be circumvented, once the rapids had been passed. Climbing to the top of the point of rocks, he saw the quiet backwater shut off from the cataract by a high, natural wall of granite. Beyond, though the current was swift, there was an easy passage to the open lake.

Larry scrambled back to his canoe, dragged it out of the water and carried it across. Then he returned, picked Marguerite up in his arms and made his way carefully down beside it. Two minutes later he was being swept out into the lake and was paddling across to the camp of the movie people.

Dave Mann, Fay and Peggy and the others were there when he landed, and the two women immediately took charge of Marguerite. Larry helped carry her to their tent and then returned to the shore. Dave studied him closely.

"Well, you fish!" he suddenly burst forth. "You certainly went and messed up everything. Look at your face! Now there's the devil to pay. No telling how many thousand dollars it's going to cost us to wait around here until it heals enough for you to work again."

It was the first time Larry knew he had been cut and he felt of his bloody visage in amazement.

"And look at the chances you took!" Dave continued. "Fighting up there on that ledge!

Why you didn't go over I don't know. And then running those rapids! You, a greenhorn! Fool's luck is all that saved you. But look at you. Million dollar map! Ruined! And all—"

"Who's that coming?" some one behind Dave demanded excitedly.

A canoe, propelled by strong, swift strokes, was approaching from the open lake. No one had seen it until it was close upon them.

"The wop and the deaf-mute!" Dave exclaimed. "Too bad they couldn't have been here sooner to 'tend to their own affairs. Nice mess that fellow's gotten us into. Won't let us finish the work at his place and then gets my leading man all mussed up."

"Look here, Dave!" Larry cried. "There are other things in this world besides your damned movies."

"Don't I know it?" replied the director angrily. "Haven't I been trying not to show it? Do you suppose I thought I was watching a show when you were doing all those stunts across the river and me not able to lift a hand to help you?"

Suddenly his voice broke, and he threw his arms around Larry's shoulders.

"Damn it all, boy!" he half sobbed. "I—I—but you're back, all right. You're back and—"

Signor Zappettini had landed and both he and Angelo catapulted from the canoe to Larry's side.

"Marguerite!" the *maestro* wailed. "What happened? Where is she? Did you catch them? We saw their canoe coming this way."

"She's all right," Larry assured him. "She's in a tent getting dried out. You can see her in a moment."

Angelo thrust himself between them and, with his quick fingers, demanded an explanation. Zappettini told him with a few convulsive movements.

"But you, my boy!" he cried. "Your face! And those two! Where are they?"

"They're fish bait now," Dave told him jubilantly. "Talk about fights! You ought to 'a' seen that one. On a ledge, right above the falls! And Larry here alone against the two of them. And then—"

THE *maestro* did not wait to hear more. He had seen a tent flap thrown back and Marguerite emerge with Fay and Peggy on either side.

"*Cara mia!*" he cried, and both he and Angelo rushed forward.

He took the girl in his arms, kissed her repeatedly and then held her away from him as he stared at her, speechless but with a radiant face.

At her feet knelt Angelo. His fierce brigand's face was contorted grotesquely, and he was fumbling with the hem of Marguerite's skirt and pressing it to his lips.

"Here!" Peggy cried. "That's my dress you're slobbering over. Look at that, Dave! First time it ever happened, and the skirt wasn't on me when it did."

Her remark relieved the tenseness of the situation. Several laughed. Everyone talked. Six people suddenly and simultaneously felt inspired to tell the story of what had happened.

Marguerite, pale but smiling, glanced shyly at Larry, who tried to withdraw to the rear of the group.

At last each narrator seemed to have exhausted himself or to have realized the futility of going on. In the sudden quiet Dave Mann surveyed the principals in the affair and then burst forth with a question.

"Say!" he exclaimed. "What in Sam Hill was this all about anyhow? Who were those two guys and what were they running off with the girl for?"

Marguerite became even paler as she looked quickly at Signor Zappettini. The musician, still greatly excited, was agast. His mouth

opened, then shut, and he glanced wildly about him. His eyes finally met Marguerite's, and Larry, grasping the entire significance of the situation, felt suddenly sickened.

After all, he saw, the blackmailers might be dead but the impetus of their scheme was still carrying both Marguerite and the *maestro* on to disaster. Even two criminals, he knew, could not be killed in the presence of twenty people without that fact coming to the notice of the law.

And the law would not stop there. It would want to know what was back of it all. It would demand imperiously, as Dave Mann had asked curiously, why there should have been that struggle on the ledge.

And such a demand could not fail to bring out the very thing the *maestro* would die to keep hidden and it would drag into the mire of a sordid affair the pale girl now looking so fearfully at Zappettini.

"What was it anyhow?" Dave repeated.

Larry took a quick step forward and stood in front of Zappettini.

"I can tell, now that it's all over," he said.

"Those two had been after me for a year. They tried to frame me in New York and they almost did. But I fooled them. They threatened to get me and, of course, it was easy for them to find out we were coming up here."

Dave had been staring at him in amazement.

"Frame you!" he cried. "Fat chance any one would have hanging anything on you."

"But they belong to one of the biggest gangs in the country," Larry protested. "Clever as sin. They almost had me. And yesterday afternoon I went over to call on Miss Temple. They followed me. Must have heard us talking. Anyhow, they thought they saw a chance to make me whack up. They kidnapped her last night and then came and told me I'd never see her again unless I paid what they asked."

"How could they see you?" Dave demanded. "I didn't hear of anyone hanging around here."

"I couldn't sleep, worrying about them," Larry answered, "and I went for a little paddle along the shore. That's when I saw them."

"But why the fight?"

"I was to meet them up the lake, but I must have missed them. Then I saw their canoe at the mouth of the river and I hurried over. I was running across the portage to catch them when I met them on the ledge."

"I began to see red then, I guess. We were alone and Mar—Miss Temple could get away. I didn't think she was in any more danger and I just lit into them."

"I'll say you did!" Dave exclaimed. "Gad, what a fight that was! But I guess you needn't worry now, boy. You've got enough witnesses. We'll all say they jumped you. There's no need to worry about the police."

Larry was conscious that both Marguerite and Signor Zappettini were watching him. He felt embarrassed, decidedly uncomfortable, suddenly desirous of being alone.

"Guess I'll go and get cleaned up," he said as he felt of his face. "I don't think that scratch will show much, Dave. It'll be all right in a day or two."

He turned and hurried away to his tent.

CHAPTER IX

AS Peggy Dare was the first to predict, and as everyone expected, the happenings crowded into five minutes that morning gave Dave Mann several new ideas which had to be worked into the story. Larry had barely finished telling what happened before his active mind was at work.

But Dave also saw another possibility. When the excitement had died sufficiently for saner conversation he turned suddenly upon Signor Zappettini.

"Look here," he began brusquely. "You'd better change your mind about my using your house a little more. It means a lot to me, money and time and everything else."

The *maestro* held up his hands in protest.

1874

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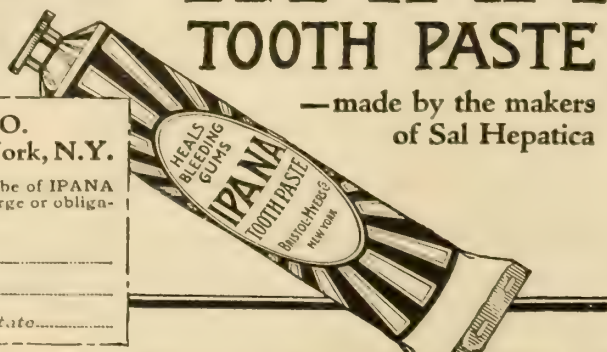
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1-2

"Sir," he said, "I am sorry you have asked that question. I am very sorry. I wish you had not."

"Good Lord!" Dave exclaimed. "You don't mean that after all—"

"I said I am sorry you asked it," Zappettini interrupted quickly. "It had been my hope, sir, that I could offer it to you, my house, myself, everything I have, to do with as you wish. I will never be happy unless you make a million pictures there."

Dave stared at him a moment and then thrust out his hand.

"I thought you were the right sort. And say! I want you to watch us work. I'll show you there is art in moving pictures."

"I am sure there is," Zappettini replied. "And I will be glad to watch you. But this Mr. Moncrieff, he is one of your actors?"

Dave gasped and then recovered enough to say,

"Yes, one of them."

"I hope he has a future," the musician continued, "but I imagine he is destined for smaller rôles. He is so modest, so unassuming, has so little of the ego necessary to an artist, I cannot foresee a great success. He is too much a regular—what do they call it?—a regular he-man, too self-sacrificing, too eager to slip out of the limelight. Even now when I wish to thank him I cannot find him."

"I don't know," Dave said slowly and without any thought of sarcasm. "They don't come any finer than Larry. But I don't make him out at all. He certainly hasn't any of the earmarks of the usual actor. But he's down there in that tent if you want to see him."

His mind had already turned to the new features he wanted to work into the story, and he hurried away to find Phil Sherwood and his typewriter. Zappettini went to Larry's tent.

THE *maestro* had regained control of himself, and he made his words of thanks as simple, short and sincere as he could. His Latin soul revolted at so mild an expression of a great emotion, but he had seen enough of Larry to know what he would prefer. Larry sensed the delicate consideration, but as soon as he could he asked.

"And you will take Miss Temple out, now that the only one who knows is dead?"

"I would have done so anyhow. I believed this man was in prison for a long time. And the other. You say he was young? He could not have been of the same gang. A new recruit, perhaps."

"And Miss Temple—she will sing in opera?" Larry interrupted.

Zappettini became at once the enthusiastic *maestro*.

"Such a triumph as she will have!" he cried. "France! Italy! New York! She will be acclaimed everywhere."

Larry excused himself and returned to his tent.

The next day Dave Mann began shooting at the rapids. There was never any question as to who would perform the hazardous stunts. Nat Haskell had received several sly digs about being out of a job, but Dave put him through all the dangerous work and kept Larry safe on the rim of the gorge.

"I'm not going to risk his neck in any of that stuff," the director growled to Roy Quigley. "He's worth a million, that boy is. I don't want him taking chances."

But Dave had not given all his attention to the picture. He dispatched two men on a mysterious errand, and he sent two others upstream to engage a band of Indians to hunt for the bodies of the blackmailers. The Indians refused to come. They had known men to drown there before, they said, and once a body was swept out into the cold, deep lake it had never come up.

Four days later the work at the gorge was completed and the entire party moved back to their camping place across from the Zappettini cabin. Larry's face had healed so that, with thick make-up, the cut on one cheek was not noticeable.

They arrived late one night and the next morning Dave rushed into the work. He and his cast had hardly arrived at the cabin before he was busy picking up the threads where they had been broken by the *maestro's* very entrance.

Zappettini and Marguerite were warm in their welcome, and when the work of filming began they were as interested spectators as ever sat behind a camera man.

The scene between Larry and Fay, which had been interrupted, was quickly completed and then Dave jumped to the climax and the meeting between the lovers, Peggy and Larry.

When it was finished at last to Dave's satisfaction even the *maestro* was loud in his praise. For to the musician's amazement he discovered that Larry was an actor.

To that love scene he brought something other than the usual smirking and greatly exaggerated sentimentality. There was an ease and a sincerity, a repressed passion and a smoothness, that dumfounded Zappettini, and yet which had already won the hearts of several million women.

"Marvelous!" he cried when it was finished. "A wonderful piece of work, Sir," and he turned and bowed to Dave, "I apologize again and again. The other day I thought it was silly mimicry. Today I know it is art."

"You bet it's art," the director beamed. "And it's art that pays, too. Wait until this picture is released. It'll be a hold-over in every house."

Later there were several small cuts to be cleared away, none of which required Larry's presence, and as the work went on he found himself beside Marguerite. He had seen her at the movie camp, had talked to her a few minutes the day of the battle, but only when many others were present. Since his return to the cabin he had avoided being with her alone. A strange embarrassment possessed him and he found it difficult to carry on a conversation. "You have never seen my dogs, have you?" the girl whispered. "Would you like to?"

"Dogs!" he exclaimed. "I always did like them. Are they huskies?"

She led him around the house and to the rear of the clearing. At last they came to an opening in the thick brush and Marguerite halted.

"There are no dogs," she said with an anxious glance at his face. "But I had to see you alone for a moment. There have always been others and I could not tell you what I think of the things you have done for the *maestro* and me."

Larry looked about uncomfortably.

"Please don't try to," he said. "I—I enjoyed it. That is, some of it. I—I—when you went down those rapids, of course—"

"It was wonderful, all you did there!" she rushed on when he halted in confusion. "But not nearly so wonderful as what you did afterwards, there at the camp. I never heard of so noble an act, your taking all that dreadful story upon yourself. It was—"

She faltered and tears came to her eyes.

"PLEASE don't," Larry begged. "And I've wanted to tell you—to explain about your father and—what I did to him. I'm sorry. I can't tell you how sorry, and I know you'll never forget that I killed him. But I thought he had killed you and—"

"Don't," she said. "You mustn't feel that way. He wasn't my father. He told me that last minute. But even if he had been it wouldn't have made any difference. I never thought of him as a father. I couldn't."

Larry looked at her, his face beaming in relief.

"And now you are going out?" he asked. "To France, and Italy?"

"Later in the summer, the *maestro* says."

There was no exhilaration, no anticipation, and she looked back across the clearing to the cabin. Larry watched her a moment. His heart was thumping, and there was a strange feeling in his throat.

"Marguerite," he began, and his voice had a peculiar squeak in it, "I want to see you again."



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You know, I—maybe this will be the last chance I get. I know I shouldn't say anything now, but—"

He broke off in confusion, utterly unable to go on. But he risked a glance at her face and found it very close. Her eyes held his. His heart thumped more violently than ever. He felt that he would suffocate. Something was the matter with his throat.

Then the next thing he knew his arms were around her. He was mumbling deliciously into her hair. He made an awkward attempt to kiss her and failed.

A half hour later they had talked over a thousand things and had said some thing a thousand times. Then they heard Dave calling Larry and started back to the cabin.

"Why is it, Larry?" Marguerite began with a mischievous glance at him.

"My name's not Larry," he interrupted. "I forgot to tell you. That's the name Dave dug up for me when he got me into the movies. My real name is Jones, Cliff Jones. I—I never liked Larry."

"But Cliff," she persisted, "why is it that on the verandah with Miss Dare you made love so wonderfully? It was the sort of thing I'd always dreamed of, that every girl must dream of, and yet back there a little while ago—why, you didn't even know how to kiss me. You got your mouth full of my hair and—"

"Huh!" Larry snorted. "That business with Peggy—that didn't mean anything. That was—it was just plain movie stuff."

And then he wondered why her hand slipped into his for a quick squeeze and her glance was more adorable than ever.

DAVE MANN rushed his work through to completion in the afternoon and announced that they would start back to the railroad in the morning.

"We'll finish the rest on the lot," he said. "We're going to make a time record on this picture."

Before supper that night Larry called Dave to one side.

"See here," he began. "I caught a glimpse of Quig turning the crank on me that day at the falls and I've been asking about it. I understand you told him to shoot the whole thing and that he did."

"He did!" Dave cried. "Every bit of it. Some of it's pretty far off, but it's corking stuff."

"Where's that film?" Larry demanded sternly.

"Where is it! What do you mean?"

"You're going to burn that film, Dave," Larry said so sharply Dave looked at him in amazement. "That was—well, it wasn't the thing to do, Dave."

"Not the thing to do! Are you crazy? Burn it! Well, I guess not!"

"But I mean that. Some things can be carried too far and that is one that shouldn't have started. I'll tell you now, Dave, confidentially—I don't want it to get out yet—but Marguerite and I are going to be married and that film—well, it's personal stuff. Understand? It concerns just us, and I want it burned. I mean it."

Dave stared at his leading man with complete lack of comprehension, but that didn't mean anything to Larry. He knew only too well the rapidity with which that mind worked behind the mask of apparently numbing emotions.

Then the director made the characteristic grimace which indicated that, having met a new problem, he had solved it.

"Personal stuff, eh?" he exclaimed. "Where do you get that? Nothing's personal or private with a movie actor. You've dodged it this far, but you can't any more. And do you think I'm a fool? Think I want to let these Canuck police tie you up for a long trial when I've got the proof right there in that film? Show it to a jury and they'd cheer you out of the court room. Personal stuff!"

He snorted and started away and then wheeled back with outstretched hand.



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"Congratulations, old boy," he said heartily. "She's a wonder, a marvel, but she's met her match."

Just before supper two men arrived in a canoe. For an hour they talked with Dave Mann in his tent.

After supper Larry slipped away and paddled across the bay. For a while he listened to Marguerite and Zappettini, and then he said,

"I think those two men who came today are detectives. I ought to have the name of that man, the one who said he was Marguerite's father, to make my story stick."

Zappettini told him, and for the first time he protested against Larry shouldering his own story.

"Nonsense!" the young man exclaimed. "You two understand and that's all I care about. It probably will never come out anyhow. And there's another thing. I forgot it that day at the falls and no one thought to ask me about it. Why would Angelo be bound and gagged if these men were after me?"

Marguerite and Zappettini were dismayed by this phase of the matter.

"The police will be sure to find out about that and ask questions," the girl said.

"Listen here," Larry interrupted. "I have it. They were after me, but they found you two folks here and saw a chance for another crime. They suspected that there was something funny in your living here alone."

"They watched the place and when you went away that day they came over, bound Angelo and searched the house. You can say that a trunk was broken into and your private papers thrown about the room."

He paused a moment and then said diffidently,

"And those letters, those five blue envelopes the man said were in your trunk. You should destroy them."

"Destroy them!" Zappettini exclaimed. "I destroyed them that night, years ago, within an hour."

"But—" Larry began.

"He was only guessing!" Marguerite cried. "He had broken into the trunk but he hadn't seen them. He believed that what he said was convincing enough to impress me or that the *maestro* would get back before I could look."

"They did search that day," Zappettini explained. "But I do not think that is why they bound Angelo. I believe they intended to use force to get Marguerite when we returned. Only you—"

It had become dark while they talked and the *maestro* was interrupted by steps on the verandah. He went to the door to find Dave, Roy Quigley and the two strangers.

"These gentlemen are from the Ontario Provincial Police," Dave began at once. "I sent for them that first day. It's always best to have everything clear and above board."

"They want to ask a few questions of Larry and you two, but before they do there is something I'd like to show all of you. Get that stuff, Quigley."

THE camera man went outside, and Angelo, at the *maestro's* order, brought a lighted lamp from the kitchen. Quigley entered with a projecting machine, a roll of film, a specially constructed battery and a bundle of white cloth.

"I understand that Signor Zappettini has seen only one motion picture, and that twelve years ago," Dave said as he helped Quigley stretch the cloth across one end of the room. "I want to show him one now. I'm going to prove to him that there is art in the movies."

He bustled about, directing the arrangement of chairs and the setting up of the instrument. Larry tried to draw him to one side but in vain. At last the lamp was turned down and Dave's private show began.

Probably no shorter, and no more dramatic or thrilling, picture was ever thrown upon a screen. No one in the little audience seemed to breathe. A suppressed cry broke from Zappettini's throat when he saw the crook hurl Marguerite into the canoe and shove it out into

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HE had neglected his teeth so long that he was actually ashamed to visit his dentist. And like so many people, he kept putting it off.

Finally he became so sensitive about their appearance that in conversation he habitually distorted his mouth in an effort to hide them from view.

A reasonable effort on his own part—consulting his dentist, conscientious use of his tooth brush and the right dentifrice—might have saved him this humiliation. But he even neglected these things. He was uncomfortable wherever he went.

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the rapids, and Angelo, denied any other form of expression, started to his feet and sprang forward before he realized what he was doing.

At the end Dave turned up the lamp and faced the two policemen.

"Well, gentlemen?" he demanded.

There was an awkward silence, and then one of the men cleared his throat and glanced at the other.

"You said you'd bring him if we want him," he said with a nod toward Larry. "You can go with that promise. But I don't think you'll ever hear from this. We'll make a full report and I guess that'll end it. They were only two crooks anyhow, from the States. Ontario's not much interested in them, now that they're dead."

Quigley stepped forward and handed a bundle to Dave.

"Miss Temple," the director began, "Larry's told me about you two. Larry's a fine boy, none finer, and I'm mighty glad to know that when at last he did fall he fell where he did."

"I'm a busy man. I have a lot of things on my mind and I forget easy. So I like to do things in advance and I'm going to give you a wedding present now. No telling what I'll be doing when you're married, or where I'll be."

"I don't intend to make any predictions. I think you're going to get along fine and dandy together, not more'n one quarrel in six months, say. But marriage is a funny thing. It's been tried a million times and no one's got it doped out right yet."

"But here's something that's going to help a lot, though I hope you never need it. I want you two to take it and keep it. No copy's been made of it. It's the only one in existence. It's that film we just showed you and whenever either one of you thinks things ain't running right, just get out your little machine and throw this picture on the screen."

He handed the film to Marguerite and then turned to Zappettini.

"How about it now?" he demanded. "Any art in the movies?"

"Sir," the old man answered with a smile, "who can say just what art is? Perhaps some day you will make me happy by asking me to write the music for one of your pictures."

[THE END]

How Those Animal Comedies Are Made

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

back, he himself sat down in front of a mirror and did it. The monkey was instantly interested. He peeped in the mirror, he peeped up at the director. At last he did it. Now—give him a mirror, even in the distance, and he immediately smooths his hair.

They love to be in things and to have things going on.

The other animals are much slower, except the dogs. They, of course, respond to instruction well, but the ducks, geese and chickens are at times almost impossible. It will take an entire week to get one scene that is no more than a flash on the screen. It is usually done by some trick, whereby they are led to do something natural to them, which fits in the picture and story. For instance, ducks will be kept away from water, then a little pond will be filled and they instantly sense it. They will start for it at once, in procession.

Cats are difficult, but patience and affection dominate them, although they can never be given intricate business. Goats are limited also, and the heavy work has to be borne by monkeys and dogs, with the others doing only such things as patience will at last gain from them.

Cruelty is something entirely unknown on the Dipp-Doo-Dad set. In fact, Mr. Powers, almost landed in jail for assaulting an Italian who brought his hand organ monkey out to

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work extra and struck him because he was slow in obeying. The Italian didn't understand any English, but a stiff right hand wallop has no nationality.

One great obstacle that has to be overcome is the natural antipathy of certain animals for one another. Monkeys hate cats, the fowls hate both cats and monkeys, and the cats hate the dogs. The monkeys and dogs are good friends and frequently become pals. The other aversions of the animals are overcome by discipline, which, in this case, is actually necessary, and by tact in making them eat together and giving them play times together.

Dippy-Doo-Dadville is ideal for the social life of little animals. There are busy streets for shopping and promenades (all innocent, of course) tram-cars, taxicabs and rigid traffic regulations. There is a non-sectarian church, a school, a courthouse, a shop, a make-up beauty-parlor. Then, of course, there is a certain amount of night life. And a miniature railroad in case the sheriff gives one of the fast boys twelve hours to leave town.

The monkeys are mad about the train. They are beside themselves with pleasure every time it figures in a plot. And the gossips (you know how ducks will talk) blame all the scandal on the broadening effects of travel, and look askance at Hal Roach every time the leading lady wears a new frock. One can't be too careful in Dippy-Doo-Dadville.

Hollywood's Mystery Woman

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

the humanness, the naturalness of her. I came away feeling that *Marie St. Clair* was a woman I had met, and I shall think of her often and, in time, forget that she lived only on the silver-sheet and think of her as a woman I used to know.

I think, when the motion picture public has seen "A Woman of Paris" they will want to know all about Edna Purviance.

The second interesting thing about her is her seclusion from the picture colony and her position in California's most exclusive social circles.

Now the truth is that Edna Purviance is the one film star who belongs in society. By that I don't mean she is the only one accepted. There are many screen stars who are welcomed and honored guests in any home.

But Edna Purviance is a part of the most aristocratic and select set of Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and Pasadena. She doesn't come as a film star, a lion, a brilliant curiosity. She is one of them. She lives their life, spends her time with them.

Her most intimate friend is Katherine Elkins Hitt, society leader, daughter of former Senator Elkins and the object of much international attention at the time of her romantic courtship by the Duke d'Abruzzi, brother of the King of Italy. Mrs. Hitt is famed for her wit as well as her beauty. When she is at her splendid Montecito home, Miss Purviance is her house guest most of the time. Now that Mrs. Hitt is wintering at her estates in Middleboro, she is wiring frantically for Edna to join her there before she starts her next picture.

I could name you any number of bachelors, belonging to old California families, who have been devoted to Miss Purviance. Her engagement to young Carlton Burke, polo ace, was rumored at one time. Polo games, yachting cruises, golf matches, week ends at Riverside—that is where you are apt to locate Miss Purviance.

And she has assumed the manner and the outward appearance of that class rather than of the picture stars. I do not think anyone would ever take her for an actress. She has a calm, decisive, indifferent way with her. Her hair is cut short and she wears it plainly brushed back, and—her eyes trouble her from the lights—she puts on heavy, shell-rimmed glasses when she reads or writes. Her clothes

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are quite simple. Her voice, particularly, is pleasing, low and round.

I had a dreadful time discovering where she lives. Yet it is one of the most attractive homes I have ever seen—back of the Wilshire Country Club. Her mother lives with her, and she has two married sisters, much older than herself, who visit her frequently.

Once in a while she spends an evening with Mabel Normand, an old friendship that survives from the early Sennett days.

The third thing is the friendship that exists between her and Charlie Chaplin, and the strangeness of her professional career, which is largely a result of that friendship.

BACK in 1915, little Edna Purviance, just out of a Los Angeles finishing school, met Charlie Chaplin at a party where she had gone with one of her married sisters. They were terribly thrilled at meeting a real "movie actor." Charlie took one look at the lovely, young blonde and said:

"Did you ever think of going into pictures?"

Edna giggled. "I should say not," she said, with her nose in the air.

It happened to be true that she had no desire to act. But she did want to see how a movie was made. So, when Mr. Chaplin asked her and her sister to come down to Niles, California, next day and see them work, she went.

Ten minutes after her arrival, Charlie had a make-up on her. And she's been his one and only leading woman ever since. She has never worked with anyone else, never been directed by anyone else. A circumstance that is without a parallel in pictures.

Several years ago a big dramatic part was offered her. Later, one of the big producers made her a starring offer. She refused them both. Charlie found out about it, and he said to her: "That's right. You stick by me now while I need you, and some day I'll make a dramatic star of you myself."

"A Woman of Paris" is the result of that promise.

Years ago, when they first worked together, everyone expected them to marry. I don't remember whether an engagement was ever announced, but certainly they were very much in love. But in those days, Edna was full of life, full of desire to see life. They had a quarrel, Edna dashed off to Honolulu with some friends, and, when she came back, Charlie was married to Mildred Harris.

Strangely enough, out of that youthful romance has grown a deep and wonderful friendship. Edna Purviance is Charlie Chaplin's oldest and truest friend. For eight years they have been friends, the kind of friends who rejoice in that inner feeling of mutual trust and dependence and affection. Other women have come and gone in his life, but Edna is the only one who has remained—the only lasting feminine influence in his career, the only woman to whom he has always been consistently devoted and to whom he has turned in his moments of trial.

She was born in Nevada, but she came to California when she was very young and it has been her home ever since.

"It isn't true," she said to me the other day, "that I'm not ambitious. But when I leave the studio—I leave pictures. I have to. Besides, in working with Charlie, there have been long spaces between pictures, and I have had to build my own life outside. I believe I'm happier. And I believe I can give more to my work, now that my big chance has come."

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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

Brulatour was acutely aware of the situation. He saw the independent demand for film rise from zero to 800,000 feet a week. He made pleas to Eastman at Rochester and even dared invade the offices of the Motion Picture Patents Company with a proposal that they agree, for a fee and consideration, to let the Independents buy Eastman film. The Patents company smiled back.

"All of the Independents will be in jail pretty soon, and then they won't need any film."

There were times when the legal aspects of the situation made it seem that this was right, or, if not right, certainly correct.

At a time in the early weeks of 1911 when the legal joustings had given the Independents a temporary respite and the pressure of the raw stock situation began to make an effect, Colonel Theodore Marceau, who operated a chain of important portrait studios in New York, Boston and other cities of the east, became interested in the plight of the Independents. His interest arose through his acquaintance with J. J. Murdock, who will be recalled as one of the early importers of foreign pictures through the International Film & Projecting Company, a factor in the development of the Independents.

MARCEAU was a considerable consumer of Eastman wares and felt a certain assurance in his acquaintanceship with George Eastman.

"I can fix it," Marceau ventured to Murdock, who in turn went to Brulatour with the idea and a partnership suggestion.

"I've been talking that same thing to Mr. Eastman and if anybody gets it I ought to," Brulatour responded. But he was willing to share profits with anybody who would get him Eastman stock to supply the clamoring Independents.

Marceau went to Rochester, and failed. But his efforts had perhaps an important part in paving the way.

Brulatour renewed his attack and argument.

"If you can let us have stock I will guarantee that the Independents will absorb a million feet a week," he urged upon Eastman.

Eastman agreed that he would take it up with the Motion Picture Patents Company to see what they might allow under their exclusive contract.

There were other factors in the situation besides commercial pressure. But the commercial reasons were enough. Here was a growing, eager market for more film.

The situation was also opportune in that the screaming Independents had begun to direct attention to the monopolistic character of the Motion Picture Patents Company and J. J. Kennedy's brain-child, the General Film Company, which handled the licensed pictures to the trade. "Restraint of trade" was a phrase that began to roll trippingly off the tongues of the belligerent Independents. They were ready to use anything from a locust club to the Sherman act to get what they wanted.

An ironclad and continued application of the terms of the exclusive contract for raw stock would have been politically and legally dangerous from many angles. Neither the Motion Picture Patents Company nor the Eastman Kodak Company could have gained from sitting on the film lid any longer.

So, abruptly but unostentatiously one day in February of 1911, George Eastman announced to Brulatour that terms could be arranged for supplying him with raw stock. The price was approximately five per cent over that paid by the licensed picture concerns of the Patents Company. Five per cent was nothing to the film hungry Independents.

About March 1, 1911, the lid went off.

A new era of film history began. The

blood in his eye and that there would shortly be hell-a-popping in the Sales Company crowd.

Meanwhile, the ruthless raiding started. And on October 28, 1911, Majestic announced the acquisition of "Little Mary Pickford" and Mr. Owen Moore, this over the signature of Tom D. Cochrane, general manager. This Majestic company was surely starting something. It was not an admitted published fact, but Miss Pickford had been acquired away from Laemmle's Imp concern at the amazing figure of \$275 a week, an increase of one hundred dollars a week.

Cochrane reached about, taking what and whom he chose for the Majestic stock company until the imposing roster included David Miles, Mabel Trunelle, Anita Hendrie, Amy Oliver, Herbert Prior, George Loane Tucker and Paul Scardon.

November 26 Majestic offered its first Pickford release entitled "The Courting of Mary." Now that the producers were fighting over her Mary had really become a star.

THE waxing prosperity of the Independents brought growth and swift development to every competently, or half competently managed producing concern. The early autumn of 1911 found the Baumann and Kessel interests, flourishing with the New York Motion Picture concern, on the eve of widely extending their operations. Rumors got about that the N. Y. M. P. would soon be in the market for a new and outstandingly able director. It was reported that they were going to be willing to pay a considerable price to get the best man in the business.

This report reached young Thomas H. Ince, who was progressing merrily but not conspicuously as a director for Laemmle's Imp company. Ince again gave a demonstration of Yankee strategy. He regarded a very young face in his shaving mirror and decided that it would be well to have a bit of a moustache to conduce to a scenic effect inferring more age and experience. When the moustache had reached the required pictorial proportions, Ince borrowed a large and impressive ring set with a four carat Kimberly monolith and went to call on Adam Kessel.

As they sat talking across the corner of Kessel's desk, Ince held his chin propped in his hand in a thoughtful deliberate pose, which, quite incidentally of course, exposed to Kessel's dazzled view the scintillations of the big diamond.

The diamond ring, by the bye, was and probably still is the property of "Doc" Willat, who was then Imp's technical chief.

Kessel blinked at the diamond and listened respectfully to Ince's impressive remarks. Kessel quite forgot that this same Ince was something of an actor as well as a director of pictures. In fact Kessel was so impressed that he did not even tap the motion picture's grapevine telegraph to find out what Ince's salary might be at Imp. Instead he took another look at the diamond and murmured something about possibilities for advancement and a starting salary of a hundred dollars a week. That was just forty more than Ince was getting at Imp.

But Ince stroked his new moustache with tender consideration and yawned. He was not outwardly moved. He pretended not to have heard Kessel's offer. A man with a diamond that big could hardly afford to listen to a mere hundred a week.

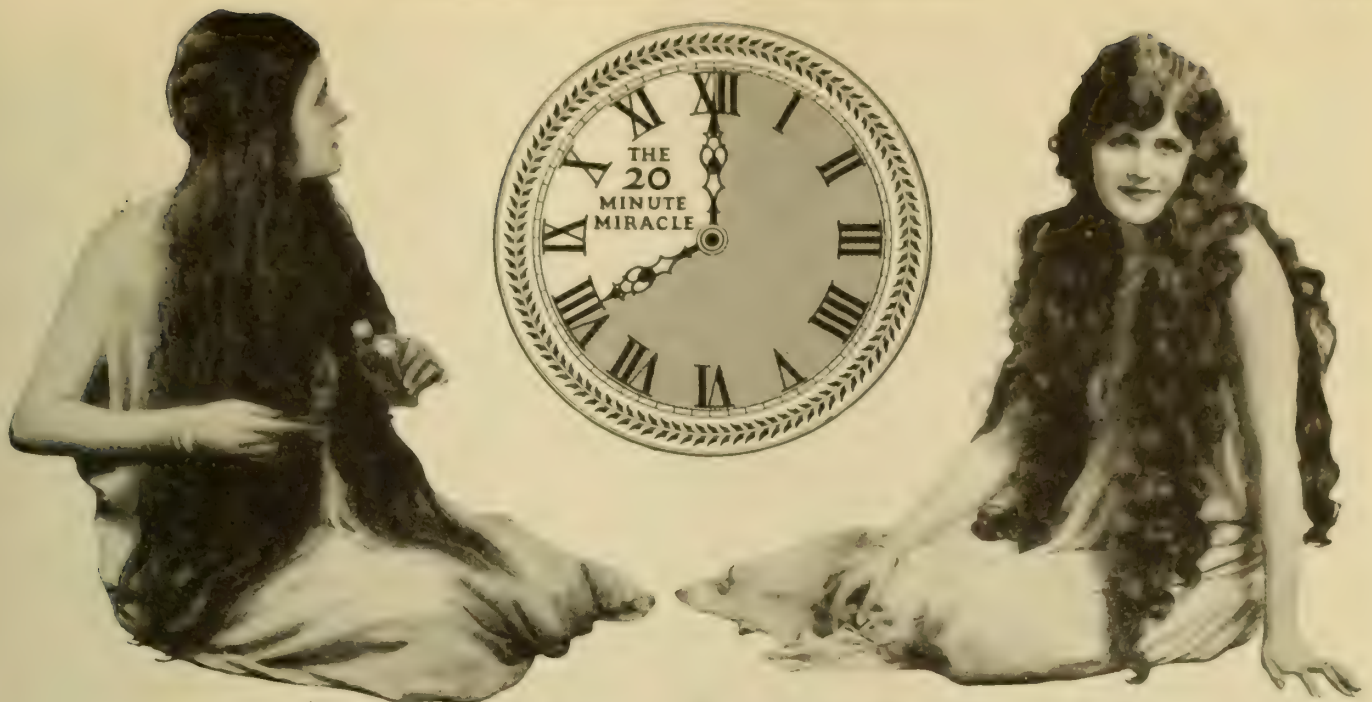
"Oh, I'll see you again some day," Ince replied and sauntered out.

This was most convincing. Kessel sent for Ince after a few days had passed.

"How about \$150 a week?"

Ince deliberated two or maybe three seconds before he could trust his trembling voice to say "Yes" without too much color of anxiety.

Ince, accompanied by Mrs. Ince, Ethel Grandin, Ray Smallwood and Charles Weston of the Imp company, went to Los Angeles to make pictures for the N. Y. M. P. at the old Edendale studio.



Marvelous New Spanish Liquid Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the tousled-hair twins. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing—or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop, who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodby and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"*Hija mia,*" he said. "You have been very kind to an old man. *Dizamelo* (tell me) *senorita*, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"*Oigame, senorita.*" he said—"Many years ago a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizados* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of *pesos* to the man who would fulfil her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

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I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

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Kessel and Baumann were ready to plunge. Charles O. Baumann went to the west coast to see the new director launched in his work. Ince's first N. Y. M. P. effort was a one reeler entitled "The New Cook." Tradition says it was a hit. En route to a mountain location near Santa Monica canyon, Ince discovered that the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch show was wintering in the vicinity. He remarked with a director's yearning that it would be a grand thing to have that show to play with in the pictures.

Baumann seemed to like the notion. He did some negotiating and then wired Adam Kessel:

"Can get 101 Ranch show for the winter at \$2,100 a week, what do you think?"

Kessel thought it over and answered in good race track fashion:

"Take a chance."

The reader accustomed to the billion dollar publicity barrage laid down by the press agents of the screen of today can scarcely realize what a speculation this two thousand dollar a week project was in that day. It was without parallel or precedent. It was an epochal beginning. The art of the motion picture was about to enter upon its astonishing career of spectacle building.

Baumann signed the 101 Ranch show for the season.

No one could have been more amazed, delighted and perplexed than one Thomas H. Ince. He had grown accustomed to the ordinary problems and methods of the director of the day and was probably vastly more competent than most of them. But this, this matter of operating a wild west show in conjunction with a motion picture company, was something else again.

That first morning when Ince saw the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch show strung out on the road, an imposing caravan which seemed to reach clear into infinity, he bethought himself of the cost—twenty-one hundred dollars a week!

"This," he remarked abruptly to his cameraman, "had better be pretty good."

Up to this juncture Ince had no scenario for the utilization of the big wild west show. However, he started shooting scenes and the story was born then and there, under fire. It became a two reel picture entitled "Across the Plains."

Baumann wired Kessel in excitement and enthusiasm:

"Got everything, a hundred and fifty horses, fifty-two Indians."

Baumann started east with the two reeler under his arm.

A TWO reel picture in 1011 was sensational. Split reels with two or three subjects were common and a one reel picture was the accepted standard production of the day.

Now the N. Y. M. P. product was going to the exchanges through the Motion Picture Distributing & Sales Company, at the standard price of ten cents per foot. This placed a very definite limit on the earning power of a picture. There was a demand for about thirty-five to thirty-eight prints of the N. Y. M. P. subjects. At ten cents a foot this meant a loss on these expensive Ince two reels with the 101 Ranch show in them at \$2,100 a week.

There were some sleepless nights for Kessel and Baumann.

They decided that they would have to take the radical and unprecedented step of raising the price. Ten cents a foot had become an established fact, something akin to Holy Writ in the one track, narrow gauge mind of the trade.

Baumann and Kessel issued a circular to the buying exchanges, customers of the Sales company group, to the effect that the price on the two reels of the Bison brand would be twelve cents a foot.

This is significant. Here and now for the first time the factor of quality production came into the American producing field to introduce

the terrifying fact that the motion picture was perhaps an art merchandise, not merely merchandise. As was to be expected, a storm of indignation arose. The spirit of conservatism and standpatism is always the widely prevailing one of the motion picture industry. The vaunted enterprise and initiative of the business is always expressed in airy words. In intent and in deeds the picture industry is the world's most conservative commercial institution. It is an ultra conservatism that leads to the most violent extravagances of money and effort to avoid the pain of thoughtfulness and originality.

This spirit prevailed then. Until this moment when Baumann and Kessel found that the enthusiasms of Ince had carried them up into a new high level of producing cost, it had been the accepted notion that all exposed motion picture negative was worth a dollar a foot and that all positive prints were worth ten cents a foot. It was traditional. There are a good many motion picture men who still think of the picture in the same terms. As long as that line of thought prevailed, the industry of making and selling pictures could be kept in neatly standardized channels, as routine as the making of bricks, buns or bonbons. The goods could be measured with a yard stick.

NOW came the first inkling of a new element of valuation. That subtle thing called quality, an element of value which called for the bloodsweating process of the application of mind and judgment, was creeping in to poison the rocking-chair rhythm of the routine making of routine pictures for routine profits. No wonder there was opposition.

The exhibitors liked the pictures, but the exchangemen did not enjoy the idea of paying two cents more a foot for film when they could get it at ten. They had never heard of quality anyway. It was a mere stuck up notion. One reel of film was just as long and just as good as another reel if it measured a thousand feet. It was easy for those who felt inclined to foment cancellation of print orders against Kessel and Baumann.

Remember that this same precious pair "K & B" had raided the "Imp" for Ince and several important players, that also they were in a somewhat friendly relation to Majestic, which had looted "Imp" of the services of Mary Pickford.

Remember, too, that the Independents, while they were nominally allied, had been driven together in the Sales Company by fear of the Motion Picture Patents Company rather than because of love for each other.

So it might have been anticipated that Carl Laemmle, the chief of Imp and the head of the Motion Picture Sales Company, would not be entirely in sympathy with this upsetting price-raising departure of Kessel and Baumann. Laemmle's exchanges, of which there were many, cancelled orders for the K. & B. product right merrily. The rest followed.

To save the face of the situation while they thought out a solution, Kessel and Baumann issued a letter saying they were going into production exclusively for the European market. Which of course was mere conversation.

Meanwhile the rip-tearing Indian shooting process of making pictures with Ince and that costly 101 Ranch show was going out at Santa Monica canyon, piling up costs on the ledger and negatives in the safe. A few weeks more of that and K. & B. could see the bottom of the bankroll rising to telescope with the top.

But Kessel and Baumann had enjoyed the charmingly effective discipline of looking fate and luck in the face together when they had been following the ponies, "making book." They were ready to make a new bet against the field on an unknown and untried horse. It was time to re-assert their independence by a departure from the Independents with their costly Ince-made two-reelers.

Shortly K. & B. appeared in the "Moving Picture World" with a one page advertise-

Reduced 53 Lbs. In Nine Weeks!

Society Leader Takes Off Every Pound of
Excess Weight—From 191 Lbs. to 138 Lbs.
Mrs. Bayliss Tells the Way She Did It

"I NEVER dreamed you could do it, Mr. Wallace," wrote this well known young matron of Philadelphia's social elect. Her letter is dated in February, and refers to reducing records purchased late in November. A reduction of more than 50 pounds in a few weeks! But read her own story:

"Here I am, back to 138 lbs. after my *avouirdupois* had hovered round the impossible two hundred mark! Your perfectly wonderful music movements—nothing else—did it. You have reduced my weight from 191 to 138, and lightened my heart as no one can know who has not had activities and enjoyments curtailed for years—and suddenly restored.

"Thanks to Wallace I am dancing, golfing and 'going' as of yore, and wearing styles I would have had to forego with my figure what it was. Because I once laughed at the idea of 'getting thin to music' I offer in humble apology this letter, my photograph and permission to publish them should you desire."

* It's SO Easy To Do!

Most women of bulky figure would make almost any sacrifice to attain the symmetry Mrs. Bayliss' photo reveals. But you need not sacrifice your health, comfort or even convenience. The process is *enjoyable*. You use Wallace's records but ten minutes a day! Yet the reduction is felt within five days of starting; the second week will bring a noticeable improvement; the third or fourth week will find you lighter by many pounds.

The beauty of Wallace's method is its absolutely *natural* reduction and *redistribution* of weight. Unlike the drastic dieting and drugging methods, there is no loss of flesh where you cannot afford to lose it.

How long will it take? Some lose seven or eight pounds in the first five-days test period; others but two or three. Much depends on the individual constitution. But you *can* and *will* lose *steadily* by this method—as fast as is good for you.

And everyone who ever reduced this way will tell you it's downright *fun*.

There Is No
Need of
Starving or
Otherwise
Punishing
Yourself

Scores of society women have reduced by this now famous course in reducing. Many of them would never have done so had it required the strenuous and tedious effort and self-denial once thought to be the only means of defeating superfluous flesh. "It is downright fun" is what most folks say, from the first day they take up this exhilarating form of reducing.



Mrs. JESSICA PENROSE BAYLISS of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, did not find it hard to go from 191 lbs. down to 138. Do you see a single sign of gauntness, or any flabby look?

It is easy to get thin to music—and extremely easy to prove that you can. The first reducing record awaits only your word that you want it. Try it only five days—and note the result in even this short time.

**Free Proof—
Send No Money**
Just try Wallace's way for five days.

That's all he asks. Don't send any money; don't promise to pay anything now or later. The trial is *free*. If you don't see surprising results in even these few days—simply mail back the record and you will not owe Wallace a penny. Let the scales decide. Here is the coupon that brings first week's reducing lesson complete, record and all:



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CHICAGO

Brings First Lesson FREE

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID your first reducing record for a week's free trial.

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No Deposit of any kind

Read this—the fairest diamond offer ever made! We will send you either of these genuine diamond, 14K. solid gold rings without a deposit of any kind. Send no money. Do not pay one cent C. O. D.

These rings are solid 14K. green gold, with 18K. white gold tops, exquisitely hand engraved and beaded. The pictures only give a small idea of how striking they really are.

Genuine Diamonds

Each ring is set with a fine, large, extra brilliant, perfectly cut, blue-white genuine diamond. These rings sell regularly for \$50.00 each. We cut the price to only \$38.75, payable \$3.75 a month, no interest.

Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Send the coupon without a penny and enclose your finger size. When the ring arrives pay no C. O. D. We ask no deposit of any kind. Just accept it and wear it a week. After the free trial decide—and if you do not wish to buy, return the ring and call the deal closed. If you decide to buy, send us only \$3.75. Then pay balance at \$3.75 a month.

We make this startling offer because we know we can save you 20% to 30%. We import direct and sell direct—no middleman's expense or profit. You pay absolutely nothing unless satisfied after trial. We ask no deposit. What could be fairer than that?

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Send me free of all charges the solid gold, genuine diamond ring checked below for a week's free trial. I enclose no money—I will pay nothing on arrival. At the end of one week I will either return the ring to you by registered mail or send you first payment of \$3.75 out of price of \$38.75 has been paid. Title remains with you until fully paid. I enclose my finger size.

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City

Age

Occupation

State

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ment, offering to all and sundry on a "state's rights" basis the wild west pictures at the unprecedented price of fifteen cents a foot. To their joy and amazement they sold most promptly a total of sixty-five prints per production. This took them into a handsome profit as against the loss incurred by the sale of only thirty-five to thirty-eight prints through the Sales company.

Incidentally, some pleasant by-play came into the situation. Examining the orders carefully, Adam Kessel found that some of these fifteen cent prints were being bought for Laemmle exchanges. He cancelled the orders, just by way of revenge.

The seeds of a glorious new war were sprouting, while the old wars with the Patents Company still raged.

Meanwhile additional and lovely complications were arising elsewhere in the Independent branch of the industry. Among other excitements an excellent row was brewing between Carl Laemmle, as the dominant factor of the Sales company, and H. E. Aitken, the soft spoken producer from Wisconsin with his Majestic company.

The head of the Sales Company began to realize that the control of the channel to the market for the wares of the studios meant power. It was suggested that Majestic should, as a new comer and an outsider in the field, pay a higher price for distribution than the "charter members" of the Sales Company.

Straightway Aitken took a leaf from the budding thorn hedge of litigation between William Fox and the Patents Company group, and made formal charges against the Sales Company as a combination in restraint of trade in violation of the well known and sometimes enforced Sherman Act. Now both the distributing concerns, licensed and unlicensed, were under indictment as unlawful combinations and conspiracies. Which doubtless they were, morally if not legally.

To the present day student of the industry, this period and its movements are of special importance because it was then that distribution, the profit-devouring ogre of the industry, became recognized for its importance.

The more shrewd factors in the formation of the Patents Company, Kennedy, Marvin and Kleine, had foreseen the large economies and consequent profits that would arise out of unified distribution of the pictures made by the licensed studios and they were more than vindicated by the vast success of the early years of General Film, the concern formed to handle that unified distribution.

The Sales company, beginning as a defensive alliance, soon demonstrated the same large merchandising fact to the Independents and provided in itself a bone of contention among them.

FROM 1911 onward the business of distributing and selling motion pictures became the major concern of the chieftains of the industry. The channels of distributing became more important in the making of money than the wares that went through those channels.

The General Film Company arose as the agency of the big monopoly. The Sales Company set out to be another monopoly of the same sort, and very shortly came other concerns, each in its lesser way trying to be a lesser monopoly. The ambition of every motion picture boss from Gilmore or Edison down to this year of 1924 has been total control of the industry. Every expedient known to the violent competitions of business has been applied by every concern to the maximum of its ability to that end—except the persistent pursuit of good pictures.

This disproportionate attention to selling instead of production is a considerable factor in the many ills of which the motion picture is today complaining, but a discussion of that aspect must be left until today has also passed into screen history along with the men who are building themselves niches in the Hall of Oblivion.



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Anklets, for reducing and shaping the ankles. Send ankle measurement.

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It may be observed in passing, however, that nearly everything sells on a rising market with an unsatisfied demand. The motion picture market has for some years been sufficiently supplied to indulge itself in a disposition toward critical choice. The producers and distributors of 1911 had no such condition to face. All pictures sold well, some sold better than others.

Of course, Nitken's attack on the Sales company with his complaint of combination in restraint of trade was followed by more direct action—the organization of the Film Supply Company of America. This purported to be a selling alliance of independents who were ready to break away from the Sales company standards. The Film Supply company was announced May 18, 1912.

But, meanwhile and concurrently, a similar project involving identical purposes and wider ones was under way in the West.

One snowy afternoon in December of 1911, John R. Freuler, owner with Aitken in the various Western Film exchanges, sat in his room at the Hotel La Salle and mulled over a list of film exchanges and film makers which he wrote down on the back of a hotel laundry slip. He had had many conferences and discussions of a project among the Independents which was to follow very much the same commercial pattern as the General Film Company. This project was before long to come to flower in the organization known as the Mutual Film Corporation.

Conferences at the Hotel Astor followed in which the project got well noised about. The incorporation of the Mutual Film Corporation of Delaware in March of 1912 was followed by counter moves in the opposing faction of the Independents, resulting in the organization of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, announced June 8, 1912, with Carl Laemmle president, and C. O. Baumann, of Kessel and Baumann, one of the aggressive organizers.

THE Mutual took in the Western Film exchanges owned by Freuler and Aitken, and various other film exchanges, and formed alliance with various producers and importers, chief among them the Thanhouser studios of New Rochelle, the American Film Company of Chicago and Santa Barbara, Calif., and the Majestic.

The Universal included in its group the Laemmle producing interests, Imp, P. A. Powers' Power Picture Play company, David Horsley's Nestor pictures, Porter and Swanson's Rex brand, Mark Dintenfass' Champion pictures, Kessel and Baumann's 101 Bison, and a few minor importers and producers, and various exchanges.

The trouble began at Universal's second meeting, a session held at the Astor. Adam Kessel charged that the Kessel-Baumann concern had been misled into a situation where they were putting up real completed picture negatives against mere scenarios, listed as productions by the other participants in the incorporation.

Then the row started. Kessel beckoned across the room to Baumann.

"Let's beat it—this gang is framing up—they've got together and ribbed it up to skin us for a couple of Dutchmen."

Kessel and Baumann went out of the meeting and out of Universal.

The law suits started promptly.

And the fight did not wait on the slow processes of the courts. The Universal set out to take possession of the Kessel and Baumann studios of the New York Motion Picture company, both east and west.

Accompanied by some robust assistants, Mark Dintenfass was dispatched to the N. Y. M. P. studios at 251 West 19th street to take possession of the property. A stenographer engaged the expedition in conversation while a warning was telephoned to Kessel and Baumann.

Kessel went into action, recruiting his forces as he went. He arrived at the studio with a taxicab load of strong arm men and a pitched

"ZIP is delightful, actually checking the growth by devitalizing the roots simply and absolutely without any irritation. I recommend ZIP."

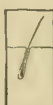
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Look in your mirror and ask yourself whether you can afford to ignore these objectionable hairs on your face, arms, underarms, back of neck, and limbs, or shaggy brows. Can you longer neglect to use a method which really lifts out the hairs from under the skin, gently, quickly and painlessly and in this way devitalizes the roots and checks the growth? Such is the action of ZIP and it accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary sulphide depilatories which merely burn off surface hair and leave the roots to thrive.

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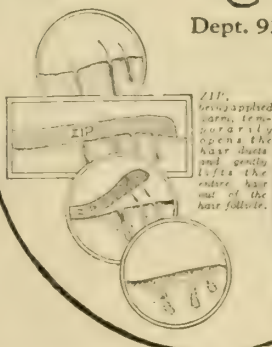
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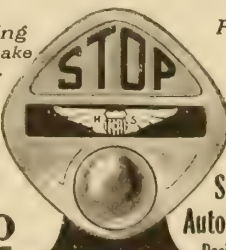
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Mail us 20c with any size film for development and six prints, or send us six negatives, any size, and 20c for six prints. Trial 6x7 enlargement in handsome folder, 25c. Overnight Service.
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battle ensued. The police records of June 28, 1912, relate a riot and the arrest of two men, said to have been employed by Universal. Neither of them otherwise figures in screen history.

From that day on a battalion of gunmen and sluggers was employed to protect the premises.

P. A. Powers was not satisfied that Dintenfuss had exercised sufficient force and strategy, so he organized a night attack of his own. The shooting and slugging was free and promiscuous. The raid would have been more successful if some of the mercenaries of the attacking army had not discovered that they belonged to the same gang as the defenders.

The state of siege introduced many precautionary moves. Adam Kessel contributed to the gaiety and content of the besieged establishment by cooking "hot dogs" for all hands about the studio. In view of the proximity of strong forces of gunmen and gangsters, it was also thought well to take extreme precautions about the payroll. Miss Agnes Egan, previously mentioned as the first woman to conduct a film exchange, was in this period a member of the staff entrusted with accounting affairs. At the instance of the nervous proprietors of the studio, she carried the payroll money from the bank in a guarded taxicab with the bills divided into many small sums, each concealed in a different portion of her attire. After she arrived from the bank on payday it took a wardrobe mistress and two maids to assemble the payroll.

Out in California the fight for the possession of the N. Y. M. P. studios was conducted by William Swanson. Thomas Ince, advised by wire of impending difficulties, found himself invested with the responsibilities of a general as well as director in charge. An old Civil War cannon was mounted to command the studio enclosure, loaded to the muzzle with scrap iron, and guards with sawed off shot-guns stood at the gates. Ince grew a corn on his hip carrying the largest obtainable size of Colt's frontier model forty-five revolver. A clash of arms was avoided or the canyon of Santa Monica would have been running deep with gore and other things.

When the war was all over after a confusion of moves, legal and illegal, Kessel and Baumann parted with \$17,000 and the brand name of 101 Bison, and were permitted to withdraw from Universal.

The product of the New York Motion Picture studios went to the Mutual Film Corporation and, through subsequent developments, brought many now famous names into the motion picture.

Mutual was in the first flush of its short-lived success when, in the late summer of 1912, this same industrious team of Kessel and Baumann, while at lunch at August Luchow's justly celebrated restaurant in Fourteenth street, spied Mack Sennett of Biograph at an adjacent table. They drew him into conversation and suggested that he ought to be making comedies on his own account. There was, they intimated, an opportunity for a bright young man to go into business for himself.

OUT of that idea came Keystone Comedies, the pictures which carried Sennett's name to fame. Sennett was given 33 percent of the Keystone stock, Thomas Ince got 10, and Kessel and Baumann held fifty-seven. The Keystone trade-mark was adopted from the Pennsylvania railroad, with no royalties.

The first Keystone comedy was entitled "Cohen at Coney Island," released September 23, 1912. With that title any reader can fancy the cast and scenario. Along with Sennett, Keystone acquired Mabel Normand, Ford Sterling and Fred Mace.

Keystone was an instant success. After making four pictures in New York, the Keystone company was shipped to Los Angeles.

All of the members of the company were not aware of the internal financial arrangements. Ford Sterling in time was given the direction of comedies. A large efficiency idea overtook



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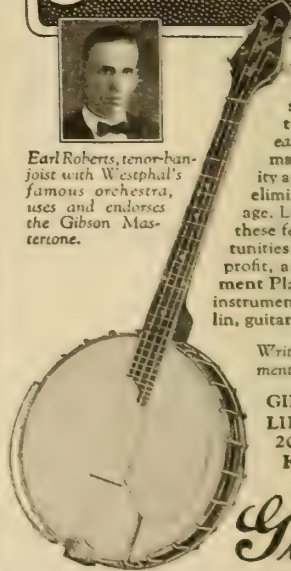


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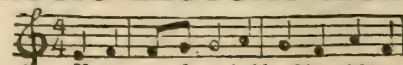
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him. Ince, working nearby, was using large sets and vast armies of extras. Sterling plotted to utilize these in his humble comedies at no expense. Taking advantage of the lunch hour, Sterling and his company would sweep down on an unoccupied set and feverishly shoot scenes until the lookout reported Ince returning. Also, when Ince was in the field with his mobs of extras, Sterling's camera was sniping shots to be worked into Keystone comedies.

Sterling was unaware that Ince, with his ten percent interest in the large profits of Keystone, was enjoying the piracy and sharing it with pleasure.

Before leaving the year 1911 we must record the coming to the screen of James Cruze, who had just risen to motion picture fame for the second time in his eventful career. In the summer of 1911 Cruze, who had been in vaudeville on the Percy Williams circuit, found himself with nothing to do and the more or less pressing importance of doing something. An agent sent him to Pathe's New Jersey studios, where he made his first screen appearance in "A Boy of the Revolution." Shortly Cruze went to New Rochelle to work in Thanhouser pictures. There, in the cast of "She," he met Marguerite Snow, who became Mrs. Cruze. In the course of his long engagement with Thanhouser, Cruze appeared with Miss Snow in "The Million Dollar Mystery," a famous serial success, and gained national fame thereby. He was overtaken by ill health and disappeared from the screen for a considerable period.

Several years elapsed before Cruze was heard from again and the screen world had forgotten him. Then, not so long ago, he turned up in a modest way, playing bits in Los Angeles studios at \$5 a day.

But fate was kind again and now has come the triumph of "The Covered Wagon," directed by James Cruze.

In the autumn of 1911, Mabel Taliaferro, who had enjoyed a considerable stage fame, made her first appearance in motion pictures in Selig's "Cinderella," released January 11, 1912.

On January 27, 1912, Juliet Shelby, now known as Mary Miles Minter, made her first screen appearance in "The Nurse," a one reel production from the Powers studios. Juliet was then playing with Dustin and William Farnum in "The Littlest Rebel," at the Liberty theater.

A reader of the trade journals of the time is struck with the first appearance in 1911 of that mysterious circle of stars which gleams from the Paramount trade-mark on the screens and billboards of today. But in the pre-Paramount days of 1911 this starry band appeared about the heads of the players in Rex pictures for Universal release. It was soon to go with E. S. Porter to Famous Players—but that is another chapter.

With Baumann and Kessel out, Universal's excitements had only begun. In the next chapter comes the story of how salt herring and diamonds laid the foundation for bigger and better fights than ever before.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Epitaph on a Hollywood Romance

I vowed that I'd love her
Forever and aye:
By the stars* bright above her
I vowed that I'd love her—
But now I discover
I don't. . . Strange to say,
I vowed that I'd love her
Forever and aye!

(*Meaning, of course, the celestial bodies. Otherwise, had I hinted any stars were above her, our romance would have ended even sooner.)

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You Needn't Tell the Secret

My method of restoring the original color to gray hair is so sure and simple that every woman can do it herself. There is no outside aid required, no expert skill needed. No one need know your secret.

My restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, and as pure and dainty. It is easily and quickly applied by combing through the hair. The restored color is perfectly even and natural, and permanent. There is no greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash off or rub off.

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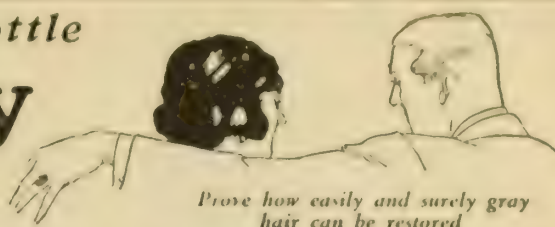
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Just Mail the Coupon

My free offer really is absolutely free—I even prepay postage. Just fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair, and, if possible, enclose a lock of hair in your letter. By return mail you will receive a free trial outfit.

Then, when you have proved how surely, safely and easily you can restore your gray hair to its original youthful, beautiful color, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you, write direct to me and I will take care of your needs.

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN
176-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

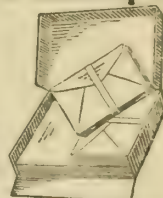
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Bond with
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FAT

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As Well As Appearance

The Cause of Many Serious Ailments
Safe Way to Get Rid of It

In spite of the fact that most people believe the loss of attractiveness and appearance is the only serious result of overweight this is by no means the case. Doctors and health authorities have now definitely proven that FAT is the cause of a great many ailments, such as liver and kidney troubles, high blood pressure, diabetes, etc., which often prove fatal. Insurance Companies consider fat folks poor risks and only recently an eminent authority stated over the radio that FAT is a disease and as such, prompt measures should be taken to get rid of it before it is too late. So if you have made no real earnest effort before now to reduce it is very evident that you should take steps at once to do so to protect your health. To take off fat quickly and safely there is nothing better than the highly improved way Science now offers in



NARCI Reducing CREAM

This wonderful discovery positively will eliminate fat quickly, safely and permanently in many cases, and one of its great merits lies in the fact that it can be applied exactly where needed without interfering with the rest of the body.

Unlike other methods, reducing with NARCI does not leave flabby folds of sagging skin—it does not leave your skin wrinkled, harsh or shriveled—that makes you look old in spite of your loss of flesh. NARCI keeps your flesh firm and round—your skin smooth and lovely—in other words, you grow YOUNG as you grow SLIM.

NARCI Reducing Cream is delightfully fragrant—contains nothing injurious and everything beneficial. Every tube carries with it a guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

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With NEET Virginia Brown Faire removes hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion. Just apply NEET, a dainty cream, as mild as your favorite cold cream. Spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone, rinsed away, and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to NEET, the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. Used by physicians. Money back if NEET fails to please. 50c at Drug and Department stores. Trial tube 10c by mail.

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The Girl With Hypnotic Eyes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

white women could demand in the heart of public acclaim and approval.

The little girl departed for Australia secure in the custody of a cherished father she was soon to lose. (Sylvia's last memory was of his lying happily back in his snug armchair as she sat at the piano one twilight—but he had died long before this.)

She was sent to an aunt on a sheep-ranch at one of the little hill stations in the heart of the country. Here she lived in rural tranquillity until one day a traveling-show passed through the neighborhood. The possibility of being a trouper never had entered her maturing mind. She watched the performance without harboring a single wish to be a part of it. But that night she couldn't sleep. Without even a conscious desire, without a logical idea, she simply ran away and overtook the troupe as it was approaching its next stand.

The show was no Broadway production. An "eminent" doctor, according to the posters, entertained with "entirely harmless but completely hilarious, thrilling, mystifying, marvelous and awe-inspiring exhibitions of the legitimate science of mental-suggestion or hypnosis, using positively no trapdoors, false boxes, wires, or tricks of any kind connected with his illusions."

THE eminent exponent of this legitimate science took on the new applicant at nothing a week without a single scientific quail. She played atmosphere—the cough back-stage, the human pin-cushion, the maiden suspended in air, with a slavish devotion to her job. She was the quickest subject the doctor ever had imposed his will upon—that is, she was able to discard her own violation and read other people's minds with miraculous ease. The doctor predicted a brilliant future for her, probably touring with subjects of her own as La Sylvie, the girl with one thousand eyes.

But these crude psychological experiments were not to the girl's aristocratic taste. She wanted to be a real actress, with a real hero making love to her and a real villain in pursuit. So, when her company reached Sydney, she precipitately jumped it, and signed up with a troupe of barnstormers for a tour of New Zealand in a repertoire of such thrilling classics as the old saw-mill melodrama.

Her sixth sense lay dormant. She was an actress. Each successive job was a better one. She acquired the standing of ingenue leads in long run productions right in Sydney and Melbourne. And until there were no new Australian worlds to conquer, she was satisfied. But when she had hit every tank in the Antipodes, she began to think about New York. Obviously, a theatrical child-prodigy from Australia could fall right into a Broadway production at countless shillings a week. By the practical system of "doing without" Sylvia Breamer saved the important sum of five hundred dollars and started to conquer the new world.

"I spent most of my money in Honolulu," said Sylvia roguishly, "and paid three hundred dollars flat for a ticket straight through to New York. I arrived at the Grand Central station with less money. I guess, than the average commuter brings to town for his lunch. And I went to one of the best hotels because some of the people on my boat had told me it was a 'nice place for young girls.'"

"I had no idea of the value of American money, but I did know that four dollars a day for one small room was rather more than I could afford. But I was confident of getting work, so I began to look around,"—she put a rueful wrinkle in her nose. "Agents' offices! Whew, the very words conjure up a nightmare for me. Weeks and months of impertinent office boys, and wet feet, and empty stomach,



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You need not know a thing about music, even if you have never touched a piano; if you can hum or whistle a tune, I can teach you to PLAY BY EAR. For a short time I am offering a

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Emollient Cream

Based on the same formula as the famous D. D. D. Prescription. The action of D. D. D. Emollient Cream is calm and gentle; still it soothes the irritated skin instantly. Rub D. D. D. Cream over your pimples or blemishes. It will remove your skin affliction and allay the irritated tissues.

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No foolish or dangerous systems, but a real tried and very successful natural method that WILL be extremely pleasing and beneficial. You can't fail if you follow the simple instructions. Everything mailed sealed for only \$1.00. Do not miss this opportunity. It may not be repeated.

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and aching back, and a chronic lump of loneliness in my throat that was slowly choking me to death.

"In the meantime I had looked in the paper and found a little third floor back in a rooming house in the West Fifties. I wasn't eating much those days. Times were bad. Nobody was casting. I used to walk past the Astor Hotel and look up at that north dining-room, with everybody at the windows looking fat and stuffed enough to burst, and I'd have starved if it hadn't been for that sweet little landlady who'd feed me when I got to the fainting stage. It seemed that every restaurant on Broadway had a food display in the window, and that every agent had his office up two flights and over a pungent chop suey parlor.

"And lonesome—this is the loneliest place in the world. That's not an original thought, I know, but it's a sincere one. All those months I didn't make a friend. I didn't get a bit of encouragement. I wasn't offered even a little job, or an honorable meal. I didn't get a chance to read parts. The office boys saw that I didn't get to the right people!

"This is an old story to every girl who tries to break into the show business, but I think I found it harder than most because I was so far away from home and so alone. And after I had left my name and address a dozen times in every office in town, and was just at the point of death from weariness and malnutrition, and had about an ounce of very weak blood to keep me going, a curious thing happened to me, something almost fatalistic.

"I came out on the brown stone stoop very early one morning. It was snowing. I never had seen snow. It thrilled and bewildered me. The street was deserted. As I stepped down I slipped and bumped all the way to the bottom. My head was split completely across the back. The blood simply poured out all over the snow. I passed out. Then as I regained consciousness I opened my eyes and the eyes that stared into them seemed familiar, although I never had seen them before in my life. I felt my first secure moment since I had left home. This man carried me into the house, and waited until the doctor came to sew up the gash. I had the curious feeling that he belonged there, like a close relation or someone I had always known. Then when I was out of danger he went away, and I never saw him again. He was a Hindoo."

THIS accident marked the change in her fortunes. Sylvia convinced me it was the broken bridge her nurse had prophesied. She recovered her courage with her strength, and the first day she resumed her search for work, walked boldly into the William Brady offices. The inevitable office boy opened the inevitable argument.

"I stood there debating with him, and demanding to see Mr. Brady. He kept insisting he wasn't in. Yet, I could catch a glimpse of that gentleman, comfortably smoking in an inner office, the door of which was ajar. I was desperate. I made up my mind that if I'd never used my psychic power before and never would again that was the time for which it was intended. So I just stood there and without saying a word ordered that theatrical magnate to come out and give me a job. The boy kept hopping around kind of panic-stricken, because I must have looked wild. But within a few minutes the door opened and, still chewing the cigar, he walked out, right up to me and said very gently, 'What do you want?' I said, 'A job.' Well, when I left that office I was replacing Mary Nash in the New York company of 'Major Barbara' in which Grace George was starred."

During this engagement Sylvia received an invitation from Parker Reid to make a film test. She accepted without keen enthusiasm. She went to Fort Lee, made the test, a very bad one, and was thrilled by a sight of Theda Bara luring one of her victims. The result was an offer of a year's contract, which she accepted, because, as she said, "a year's work was a year's work, and I'd rather eat in Holly-

"How I Became Popular Overnight!"

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't 'wake up' until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.

"That night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first class failure. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 10c—especially since you guaranteed to teach me.

How Dancing Made Me Popular

"Being a good dancer has made me popular and sought after. I am invited everywhere. No more dull evenings, no bitter disappointments! My whole life is brighter and happier. And I owe it all to Arthur Murray!

"I was astonished to see how quickly one learns all of the latest steps through your diagrams and simple instructions. I mastered your course in a few evenings, and, believe me, I surely did give the folks around here a big surprise when I got on the floor with the best dancer and went through the dance letter perfect. Now that I have the Murray foundation to my dancing I can lead and follow perfectly and can master any new dance after I have seen a few of the steps.

"My sister's family have all learned to dance from the course I bought from you, and it would do your heart good to see how fine her kiddies dance together after quickly learning from your new method of teaching dancing at home without music or partner."

Learn Any Dance in a Few Hours

Whether you want to learn the Fox-trot, One Step, Waltz or any of the new dances, you won't have any trouble in doing it through Arthur Murray's new method. More than 90,000 people have learned to dance by mail, and you can learn just as easily.

Arthur Murray is America's foremost authority on social dancing. Through his new improved method of teaching dancing by mail he will give you the same high-class instruction in your own home that he would give you if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10 per lesson.

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So sure is Arthur Murray that you will be delighted with his amazingly simple methods of teaching that he has consented for a limited time only to send FIVE FREE LESSONS to all who sign and return the coupon.

These five free lessons are yours to keep—you need not return them. They are merely to prove that you can learn to dance without music or partner in your own home.

\$500 CONTEST

We want a fourth verse for our song, "Empty Arms." \$500 will be paid to the writer of the best one submitted. Send us your name and we shall send you the words of the song and the rules of this contest. Address Contest Editor, World M. P. Corp., 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 752B, New York, N. Y.



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Dancers, Monte
Carlo, 1928
Arthur Murray
Dancing School
New York City

Write for the five lessons today—they are free. Just enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay cost of postage, printing, etc., and the lessons will be promptly mailed to you. You will receive: (1) The Secret of Leading, (2) How to Follow Successfully, (3) How to Gain Confidence, (4) A Fascinating Fox-trot Step, (5) A Lesson in Waltzing. Don't hesitate. You do not place yourself under any obligation by sending for the free lessons. Write today. ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 8, 801 Madison Ave., New York City.

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801 Madison Ave., New York City.

To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening you may send the FIVE FREE LESSONS. I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to pay for the postage, printing, etc.

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Address

City..... State.....

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THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

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Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back, corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust, relieves backache, curvature, nervousness, ruptures, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

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Under which Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in life, your future prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings and many other vital questions as indicated by **ASTROLOGY**, the most ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you, free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, inclose twelve cents in any form and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and to inclose 12c. Print name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

Write now—**TODAY**—to the
ASTA STUDIO, 309 Fifth Ave., Dept. PH, New York

DIMPLES!



"Jane, dear, do you remember how unhappy I was at school? None of the boys noticed me, and oh, I was so lonesome! Then one day I saw the ad for the Famous **DOLLY DIMPLER**, and at once I thought how popular girls with dimples always are. I answered the ad, just as you will this one, and in a very short time I had the dandiest dimples. Everyone said how much prettier I was—but the most fun was when the boys began to notice me. Now I haven't a chance to get lonesome, nor do I have to sit by and simply envy the other girls who have dimples."

DOLLY DIMPLER "Many of the noted film stars get their dimples with the **DOLLY DIMPLER**—that's the secret of their charm. And you can have them, too. Just use the coupon below and send \$1 for everything mailed sealed. Results are guaranteed and it is as easy as it is harmless to use. Don't wait a minute longer, Jane, and you will never regret it as long as you live."

DOLLY DIMPLER CO.
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Herewith find \$1 for the famous **DOLLY DIMPLER**, with full instructions for use.

Name.....
Address.....



New Liquid Darkens Lashes Instantly

Here's a new discovery that makes even the scantiest lashes look dark, thick and lustrous.

Unlike ordinary preparations, Lashbrow Liquid, as it is called, is **WATER-PROOF**. Tears cannot affect it. It positively will not run, rub off or smear. Dries in a smooth, natural effect, instantly darkening and beautifying the lashes and brows—yet it is itself **INVISIBLE**—cannot be detected! Contains certain natural oils that stimulate growth and keep the lashes soft and pliable.

Try Lashbrow Liquid today. Is on sale at all good toilet goods counters everywhere.

FREE TRIAL

For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement, enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and shipping and send it at once to Lashbrow Laboratories, Dept. 22, 417 Canal Street, New York City.

wood than starve in New York, for another winter."

Now Hollywood is her home and there is very little danger of her ever starving anywhere. She worked in pictures a few years and then sent for her mother, who is with her. Her success as "The Girl of the Golden West" is being repeated in her later pictures.

Maybe, some day, she will be cast as some sensitized girl Svengali and given an opportunity to feature the eyes which are so remarkable.

"I am intensely interested in the occult. I have had more startling experiences and curious premonitions," said Sylvia, throwing on the lights as the thickening shadows intruded on our tete-a-tete. "When a soldier of whom I was very fond was killed in battle, I knew it and the circumstances of the death, two days before I got the cable. I believe in thought transference and often just for fun used to impose my will on a voluntary subject. I believe in divination of the future, although that is supposed to be the fetish of the scullery maids. My will is ordinarily strong, but under the influence of any one I love, it melts like butter on a baked potato. I never have permitted my interest in the mystic to absorb me, because every psychic experience I have undergone has been followed by the most dangerous fit of depression. If I were to overuse this mixed blessing, I would be a nervous wreck in a year."

"Well, what would you rather be than a nervous wreck, Sylvia?" I attacked her morbid solemnity, "I've heard they're very smart in Hollywood."

"I'd rather be a successful picture actress," she answered slyly. "They may not be as fashionable but surely they are a bit more unusual."

And a knowing twinkle drove the enigma from her big brown eyes.

The Ten Commandments

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42]

and its consequences, there is not a single thing that any fair-minded theologian can resent. It is the actual visualization of the Old Testament.

I sat spellbound through the Biblical prologue. I was living it. I saw the bondage of the Israelites. I fled with them from Egypt, a follower of Moses, the prophet of the Great Jehovah, and I followed them with the avenging chariots of Pharaoh. The picturization of the opening of the Red Sea at the command of Moses, and the destruction of the Egyptian hordes, because of the immensity of the theme, may never be surpassed. I felt that no modern story could hold my interest after that. But it did, because the same great theme was there. What a sermon! Those who attempt to break the Ten Commandments, it declares, must themselves be broken.

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Stores in Leading Cities

The Paved Jungle

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

Roof,—a little oftener than I can afford it if the truth must be told. Still I list the expense as a necessity and trim off a little here and there on such luxuries as food and clothes and it comes out all right in the monthly balance. My balance is rated O. K. when I haven't spent any more than I can borrow.

"I don't come to call because I am a little ashamed of being pretty much a failure in life,—so far,—and because I have nicer words to wear than I have clothing,—I'm more presentable clad in nouns, adjectives, adverbs and all that sort of thing than I am in my very best suit which looks exactly like my very worst.

"Then why do I recall myself to your attention at all? Because I can't help it. I love you. It won't hurt you any to know that there is one more nut in the world and I am a sort of a harmless one. It might even help you someday to know that there is a man who doesn't expect anything from you but who would gladly give his rather useless life if you needed it.

"Strangely enough I live near you. From my room I can see the window of yours. Every building in sight is a boarding house so I know you can't tell, from my description, where I live,—that is, always supposing that you cared to think about it. I'm telling you this for the foolish reason that I'm hoping that someday if you should ever get into a tight place from which you couldn't see any way out you might think of me. If you do, if I can help even a tiny bit, just hang a signal of some sort out that window, a towel, a sheet, anything white that I can make out against the background of the brick wall. As soon as I see it I'll be over like the fire department.

"That's a silly idea isn't it? It would not have occurred to me, I suppose, if I were not an amateur maker of plots, a novelist with never a word in print, a playwright, who has never heard his lines spoken save by himself. It must be that I think in terms of melodrama.

"Forgive me for bothering you this much. I have the best excuse that a man ever has for writing to a woman. Take that into consideration before you condemn,

"PETER."

That was all, just "Peter."

NOT that it made any difference but there were so many Peters that the Christian name, all by itself, was not much of a clue to guide her back through memory to anyone she had met during her school days. It couldn't be done.

Besides she would never have any occasion to think of him again. In that premise she was mistaken as mortals frequently are.

He sent her another letter in about a week.

"Dear Rosemary:

"You see I begin it just like a conventional letter for fear you will tear it up without reading down to where I can say something to hold your attention.

"My pretext for writing this time is to correct a wrong impression which I may have given by my first communication. I said I was a novelist and a playwright. You might think from that statement that I was absolutely penniless. Far from such. I have another job, one that pays real money. I am an assistant in a bakery and work all night at it. I get twenty dollars a week for wearing flour on my nose and putting demountable rims on doughnuts. My writing I do only when I am off duty, usually at the time you are sleeping behind that tightly drawn window shade of yours that I sit facing right now.

"When you put it up, along about noon, as you usually do, it's a little bit as if you said 'Good morning.'

"I never go to bed myself until I get that signal which tells me you are all right for the day.

"Do my letters annoy you? It's a little late to ask but if they do I'll try not to repeat



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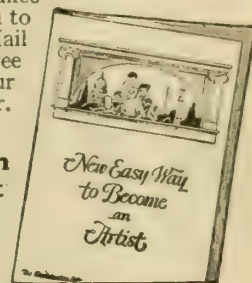
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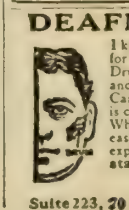
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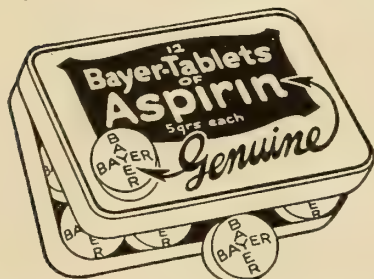
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the offence. I'll not presume to ask you to write an answer but if you want me to stop pull your shade down tomorrow before you leave the house for the afternoon. I get up before dark and the first thing I'll do is to look for the verdict. I'll not be any less your well-wisher even if you say 'No'. I'll be here anyway ready if you need me.

"Always,
Yours,
"PETER."

How did he mean that "always?" Not that Rosemary gave a darn but it was rather an itching way to finish the note. It might mean "I'll be here always if you need me," or it might be intended as a sort of short cut for the conventional "always sincerely," or it might be a bold declaration "Always yours, Peter."

Anyway, he seemed to take a lot for granted. If she encouraged him he would doubtless get too fresh. Perhaps he was a sort of a cake eater and would want to sit in her lap if she would let him.

It was thoughtful of him to have placed in her hands a cut-off switch by which she could disconnect him.

So that afternoon before she left she carefully drew the shade, all the way down, even over the part of the window which was open. Let there be no possibility of mistake.

When she opened the door of her room to leave, the draft created made the bottom part of the drawn shade flap in the breeze and then, as she closed the door afterward, the shade went up with a loud bang, just as window shades have been in the habit of doing ever since they were first invented.

Rosemary, outside her door, with her hand still on the knob, in fact, heard it, knew what it was even, but did not go back. Instead she smiled to herself and went on about her business. Perhaps it hadn't been the shade after all. Heaven knew she had done her duty.

So there had continued to be notes, not many but gradually increasing in intimacy, almost as if she were answering the things that he said.

He explained her unspoken thought on that subject:

"I do write much more often than you know. Did you think that I mailed all my letters? I wouldn't dare take a chance on frightening you away. Most of them are destroyed by spontaneous combustion,—a few I have to touch a match to. It's only the ones which I write with a deliberately careful pen that I ever send you.

"Thank you for letting down your guard against me a little as you have. How do I know you have? Any lover could tell you. Besides, I am not entirely telepathic,—I saw you reading one of my letters once and you smiled. No, I don't spy on you with a telescope,—don't change your room, please—this was on the street. You were in a hurry, leaving your house, when the postman handed you your mail, but you looked my note over anyway and you didn't throw it away but put it inside your dress. It made me so conceited that I almost gave up my job at the bakery. Anybody who can write anything that you will read twice is too good to be biting crinkles in pie crust."

HE needn't flatter himself, Rosemary thought. She did not get so much mail as Peter probably imagined and, besides, what woman could help being interested in any kind of fiction that was written to her in the form of a personal love-letter? Good idea,—she must remember that and tell it to Peter when she,—or rather if she ever,—knew him: "Write fiction so that it sounds like a personal love-letter to every woman who reads it."

He wrote but one uncheerful letter, or at least he did not let her see any others if he did write them.

"Dear:" (he had gotten as fresh as that now and she did not resent it) "I've been fired from the bakery. It isn't so bad getting manuscripts back from the publishers and the producers but to find that I'm not even a very good pretzel knoter makes me sink very low

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in my own esteem. It takes a certain amount of highly specialized talent to write and sell plots, so it's no great disgrace to fail simply because one has aimed above his ability, but to find that a Bohemian biscuit blacksmith stands higher with my boss than I do is almost more humiliation than I can bear. Just when I was beginning to think that someday I might dare to woo you with waffles as well as with words. It's a harsh world. I didn't know there was any job lower than oven-stoker on the night shift in a bakery but there must be, and I've got to find something suitable to my talents.

"If I didn't have you to tell my troubles to I'd probably become a Bolshevik and grow a set of barber's despairs from ear to ear so that when I wanted to wash my face I'd have to get a shampoo. So I'm asking you not to turn away from me even if I do seem to be a very dark cloud on the horizon today. I need you for a few minutes ever so often, even though I realize that with the vanishing of my job I may have to deliver my messages myself. Two cents is two cents."

THAT letter had arrived the week before the incident at the Moonmill Roof. There hadn't been anything since. Rosemary wondered if he had found another job or if he was starving to death like a gentleman in some cheap hall-room within sight of her own window.

Rosemary when she struck her own problem wished that she might talk to Peter and lay it before him. She couldn't think of anyone else to turn to. Certainly it was not a matter about which she could annoy her father. One look at his grey mask of a face told anyone that he must be guarded from everything but his own suffering, which he had to battle alone in the dark corridors of his soul.

Dim in the recesses of her memory she recalled that in his first letter Peter had suggested that if she ever needed him badly enough she might signal to him out the window. She had almost forgotten it and he doubtless had, completely, so it was not anything to do. Besides her need was not serious enough yet. And what could he do to help her anyway? A legacy of a thousand dollars to see her father through his perhaps remaining year of life was the only thing that would give her a chance to turn around for air. Peter had no money. By his own confession that was one of the things he had everything else but. The only sort of a friend who could be a friend to her in her need must be wealthy.

When Rosemary had finished her final two weeks at the Moonmill Roof she had applied for work at other similar even if less pretentious entertainments. No luck. Beautiful and experienced in the work though she was there seemed to be no openings. Rosemary, in her bitterness, suspected that she was on a blacklist, that Quiller Banks had exerted his power in the theatrical world to bring her to her knees, and incidentally to his own by calling upon his associates to help him starve her into submission.

She made tentative essays in other avenues of employment but, unfortunately, Rosemary had no training save in charm and a little dancing. She thought of the job of nurse or governess but when she answered an advertisement and told what her last position had been she met with a book-agent's reception. Even the most liberal minded mother would naturally hesitate about entrusting her offspring to the mercies of one who has just graduated from the most sophisticated chorus in the world.

She did not tell her father that her job was gone. For one thing she could not tell him how it had happened. Mr. Winters would have risen from his bed and gone to kill the man who had tried to make his daughter fair prey. He was an old fashioned man like that and did not know that the theatrical profession has an entirely different code of ethics from his own formal one which was brought over with Cavaliers.

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Another reason for deceiving her dad about the ex-position was that he must not be worried. How they were to exist after the last week's pay was spent must be exclusively her own problem.

In order to fool him she had to pretend to go to work every night at the usual hour, leaving him all fixed with food and medicines at his bedside. Then she would creep back quietly a little later and sit miserably in her own room waiting,—for what? It was not difficult to dupe the sick man. His once alert faculties were now dulled by pain and drugs. All his remaining consciousness was concentrated in an effort to withstand the struggle between him and The Champion. Sometimes in a semi-delirium he called to her and she even went in to him and cared for him during the hours that she was supposed to be away. He never knew or when he did seem to remember having seen her during the night she told him that he had dreamed it.

IV.

THE money was all gone. They had no credit.

There was no milk. Her father lived on it. The last bottle had been emptied for his supper. Rosemary herself had not had anything to eat for two days. That did not matter. Worry is an excellent substitute for food.

She made ready to leave,—for the nightly pretense of going to the job that had long since gone. It was harder than usual. The idea of the coming back was what appalled her the most. How could she return with empty hands? She couldn't,—that was the answer. A day without nourishment would be the end of her father. In his weakened state he could not withstand hunger. There had to be an alternative.

So she faced it. Rosemary had known all the time that when the time came there was the one sacrifice that she could make. It had hovered in the background like an ugly storm cloud that she had been hoping might pass over but which had been growing blacker and blacker each time she had looked at it fearfully over her fleeing shoulder.

In her tiny desk table, too cheap and too old to be worth anything at the second hand dealer's, was that note from Quiller Banks. She fished it out to get his address.

Then she dressed carefully. The one-piece frock she had worn as a street dress to and from the theatre was still smart enough. One had to dress unobtrusively but well when one worked for Mr. Banks.

She thanked heaven that her father was, for him, feeling moderately well. He seemed more lucid than he had for days past and when she left he was sitting up in bed fussing with a tiny Japanese block puzzle that she had brought him once in the days, a few weeks back, of quasi-prosperity. It was one of those wooden balls made of a dozen or more cleverly fitted together bits of wood. It filled in many an exasperated hour when Rosemary was away and his eyes were too tired for reading.

V.

ROSEMARY had been gone perhaps an hour when the "assembly" of an approaching thunderstorm aroused Mr. Winters from his self-imposed mental entanglement. For a few moments his one-track mind of invalidism pondered over the meaning of the noise. Then he knew, of course. It was early fall and the heavy rains were probably about to set in.

He called, "Rosemary! Rosemary!" before he remembered that it was the time of night that she was always away.

So he laboriously lifted himself from his bed by his still powerful arms and rested his weight on his feeble and more uncertain legs.

It was quite a job getting his window down and he was fairly exhausted by the time he had accomplished it. Still the impulse of the good householder was upon him and he made his perilous way to his daughter's room where the

preliminary gusts of the storm were already whipping the cheap mesh curtain into excited flutters.

The window was hard to pull down. Perhaps it was stuck or maybe most of his strength was gone. At any rate he could not budge it and his fingers slipped on the casing.

Starting to fall through the opening he clutched wildly for something to support himself by. There was nothing at first but finally his fingers encountered the fluttering mesh curtains. One of them held but the other tore loose from the fastening above and came down in his hand. The curtain that sustained his weight prevented the fall. He was saved from the dizzy plunge, but his tiny fund of reserve strength was exhausted and he lay gasping across the window sill, his head and one arm outside in the pattering rain.

Instinctively he held onto the curtain, the one that had saved his life and the other which had treacherously betrayed him. The latter hung down against the brick wall outside from the hand that extended into the rain.

He was still there ten minutes later when someone rapped at the door. He heard the knock but did not feel able to negotiate the trip. Besides it was probably a mistake. No one ever rapped at their door at that time of night. A visitor seeking a neighbor, perhaps had confused the doors.

IT was a very positive sort of a mistake, apparently, made by a person of no patience whatever. He rapped once more and then there was the sound of splintering wood as the lock gave way. Someone seemed to be coming in regardless of conventions.

Mr. Winters from his position at the window faced the outer door which led from Rosemary's room (they had only two). He was not afraid. Himself once a man of direct action he rather admired the trait in others and he was most curious as to what was about to transpire. Danger was something he did not mind,—danger and death. It was pain that had sapped the manhood which had been his boast. To finish under full speed ahead,—that was what his soul craved. Perhaps—

He stood up.

The door swung open.

"Where's Rosemary?"

The question was fired immediately by the young man who stood in the ravished doorway. His appearance was that of Harold Lloyd or Ed. Wynn,—that is to say, thin, brittle, mild and owlish,—horn rims and everything. But his manner,—my dear,—exactly that of Captain William B. Kidd, himself, stepping over the lee scuppers or what have you of a captured hulk. The manner was so perfect and so serious that it defied criticism. You didn't even want to laugh when you saw who was wearing it. The spirit that animated the not very formidable body might well appall Mr. Dempsey himself if he met up with it in a dark alley. Especially if it carried in its hand the article with which the young man had effected his entrance, a short bar of steel flattened and curved at one end, a sort of a cross between a "jimmy" and a housewrecking crow-bar.

"Where is she?" the young man repeated.

"Who are you?" the old man demanded. He had some spirit himself.

"I'm Peter. But that doesn't matter. Rosemary's in trouble."

"How do you know?"

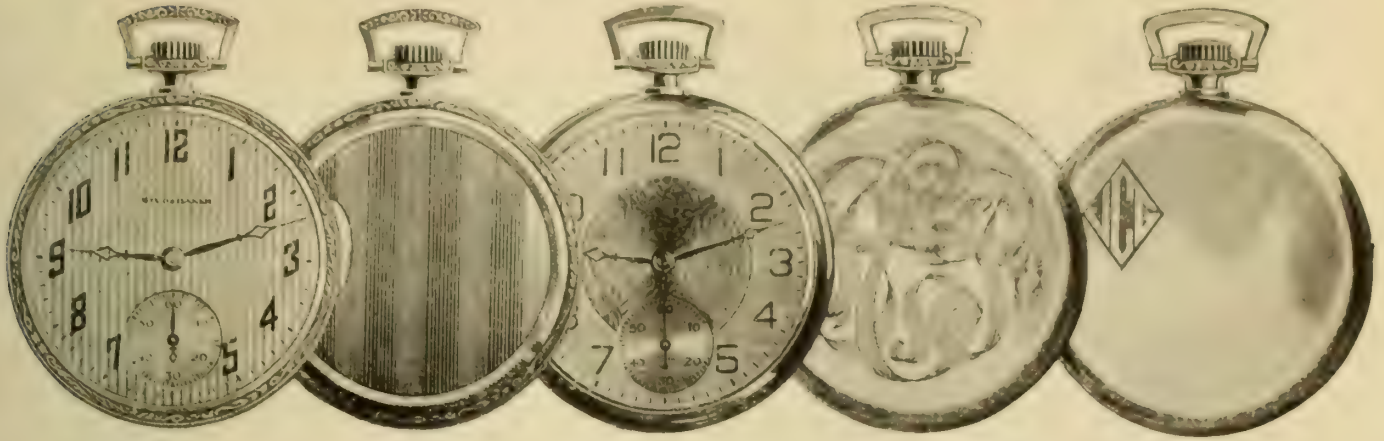
"She signalled to me from that window with a white cloth."

"Impossible. She hasn't been here for some time and besides the white cloth you saw out the window was in my hand. It was the window curtain which accidentally came loose when I touched it."

Peter considered the punctured denouement of what had promised to be the great adventure of his life. Like everything else that he had ever prepared for it hadn't come to pass.

He started to go. Then he turned back politely. "Before I leave is there anything I can do for you or your daughter?"

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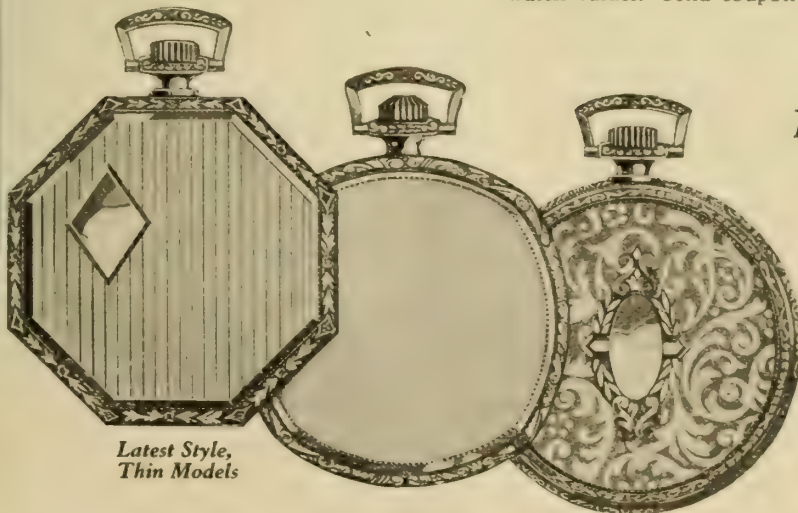
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So that was what she told her father she was doing?

"You say she is still employed there?"

"Yes, she never misses a night."

Peter couldn't betray her by demolishing her bravely constructed fabric of lies. But where was she? He knew that she was not working at the Moonmill Roof. He had been there only the night before and not seeing her in the chorus had gotten up his courage to enquire for her and had learned that it had been two weeks since she left. His serviceable mind told him that, not having apprised her father of any change in employment, she had not secured any position whatever to take the place of the old one she had lost.

"I guess," the old man interrupted his thoughts, "I guess I'll ask you to help me get back into bed. Putting down the windows kind of used up my strength and so long as you're here—" he ended apologetically.

"Of course," Peter sprang instantly to his side. It would have been only too easy to have carried the emaciated form but the younger man sensed that such a course would have fretted the spirit of the invalid who preferred to think that he was still the captain of his ship.

"There," the old man sighed as he sunk back on the pillows which Peter had arranged in a tempting incline. "That feels good. You're pretty handy, young man. How did you ever learn about sick folks?"

"Oh, my dad used to be ill." Peter didn't explain that the "used to be" meant that he had died in his son's arms.

Mr. Winters did not ask either. Instead he said, "There is something else you can do for me. I feel hungry. Rosemary didn't give me as much supper as usual and I think I could drink another glass of milk. It's in the ice-box."

Peter found the ice-box, a tiny zinc-lined chest. In it was a forlorn fragment of ice about the size of a fist,—nothing else.

That told the entire story. Peter knew as well as if it had been on a sign-board that there was no food in the apartment, that the last morsel had been consumed at the old man's supper. He suspected that the invalid was the only one who had eaten anything at all that day. Searching for confirmation he looked through the shelves that were tacked up against the wall. There were tins that once had contained coffee, bread and other supplies but there was left only salt and pepper, absolutely not a crumb of anything else.

Except one lone scrap of paper with an address written on it and a memorandum, "I shall be expecting you at about two o'clock after the show. Q. B."

It was not dated and Peter certainly had no way of knowing that it had been written two weeks before. He started to look in his pocket for his watch, forgetting that there hadn't been one since the last trip to the pawn-brokers. There was no clock in the apartment either, perhaps for the same reason. Still, it wasn't two yet. He was fairly sure of that.

It is to be regretted that Peter forgot all about Mr. Winter's request for milk. His mind was too crowded with problems and probabilities of a more serious nature. He hadn't done any eating to speak of himself for a few days but that, too, sank into the extreme background of the picture.

He let himself out of the Winters apartment and started to descend the stairs like Sir Galahad in search of a photographer. Half way down the first flight he stopped and went back for his steel bar. One never could tell.

VI.

ROSEMARY WINTERS climbed the single flight of stairs reluctantly. To her they symbolized the first false steps. But she was committed to the adventure. There was no other way out, in fact, and she pursued the flight to the top step and before she had a

chance of panic rapped hastily upon the door which confronted her. It was a heavy mahogany door very highly polished except just at one spot next to the casing where it was slightly scratched and splintered.

There was no response to her knock although there were sounds from within the apartment. Rather strenuous sounds of panting and scuffling, subdued but tense, as if there were at least a conflict of wills going on behind the door. She rapped again. There was no further noise but no one answered the door even then. It's rather disconcerting after having made up one's mind to a desperate measure to find that the carrying out thereof is impossible. Rosemary didn't want to see Quiller Banks any more than she really wanted to see the devil himself, but having decided upon this hideous alternative to death and starvation for her father she wanted to go through and that immediately.

So she rapped again.

This time there was the sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened. A young man stood inside and permitted her to enter.

HE looked a trifle disheveled and he was brushing a little dust off the sleeve of his coat even as she stepped into the apartment. Of course she paid very little attention to him anyway. He was doubtless Mr. Banks' man servant.

He corrected her as to his identity. "I am sorry, miss, but Mr. Banks is detained at the theater. I am his secretary and he has asked me to see that you are entertained until he arrives."

The young man didn't seem to be able to see very well and aimless fishing in his pockets eventually resulted in the discovery of a pair of horn rimmed spectacles which he put on with a sigh of relief. He gazed at her, then, in obvious contentment. Who wouldn't? Rosemary, *au naturel*, was very lovely: keyed up and flushed with excitement, as she was now she was probably a more interesting picture than Herr Rufus J. Solomon could have looked upon at any of his wedding anniversaries.

"Ah," murmured the young man and then suppressed it.

Rosemary thought he was a trifle fresh but heaven knew she was prepared for at least that. She could not afford to take offence at anything now. When necessity drives conventions have to go by the board.

"As you will notice, Mr. Banks' servant, before he left, prepared a little something for your supper." He indicated a well supplied tea table with places set for two. "Permit me to act as your host in the absence of my employer."

Rosemary hoped she had not greeted the food with too eager an eye. Well, why not eat? She needed it and the collation was very tempting.

So she made no objection when the owlish looking young man shoved a comfortable chair up to the table for her.

"Pardon me." He stopped her as she started to sit down and removed a short steel bar from the cushioned seat. "A servant carelessly mislaid the ice-pick."

It was rather pleasant to defer the meeting with Quiller Banks and, instead, to appease an aggravating hunger with this younger man as a table companion. No use to tell him that she was not the girl who was expected, that her engagement had been many days before and that she had come to dicker not to dine. It would be just as well under any circumstances to eat that meal before the real guest arrived. Something might happen and after all a meal is a meal you know.

This was an especially dainty one,—dainty, that is, without lacking in substance. There was canape caviar, lamb chops in a little charcoal heating oven, tiny green peas, toast as thin and crisp as Mme. Melba herself could have made it, *bar le duc* with clotted Devonshire cream, and coffee. Evidently Quiller Banks did not believe in starving his lady

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friends. Or himself. Recollecting his figure one surmised that the latter person was the more likely reason for the meat course.

The two guests at the banquet watched each other politely at first to see if the convention of "no appetite" was to prevail and then discovering that they were both frankly hungry, they devoted themselves wholeheartedly to the total destruction of all the supplies in sight.

There was champagne, too, and other things in bottles but by tacit mutual consent not a cork was pulled. There was stimulus enough in youth and warm food and—add belatedly,—pleasant companionship.

For Rosemary discovered before they got as far as the *bar le duc* that the young man, who said his name was Hengel, was a most entertaining sort of a rabbit. He was very shy, which was strange for an employee of Monsieur Banks, and he had a way of making a statement uncertainly as if he were not quite sure whether it was proper or not, as if, perhaps, he were presuming too far in even thinking of such a thing.

Once during the meal there was a peculiar noise in an adjoining room, a sort of cross between a grunt and a sigh.

"What was that?" demanded Rosemary. Mr. Hengel had heard it, too. "Mr. Banks' dog, I think. He was sleeping but may have had a bad dream. He's an Ethiopian shepherd and perhaps the smell of these lamb chops aroused his herding instinct. If you'll excuse me, I'll go and pet him a little to reassure him."

"Not with that ice-pick?"

"Pardon me, I hadn't noticed that I had picked it up. Absentmindedness, I suppose—that and my natural instinct for tidiness."

BUT when he returned a few moments later he still had the pick in his hand and he carefully deposited it on the floor within easy reach.

"After all," he said, relaxing back once more into the character of a well-fed dinner *vis-a-vis*, "there is nothing so tantalizingly intimate as a meal *a deux* in privacy such as this. It was very thoughtful of Mr. Banks to give me this opportunity of becoming well acquainted with one of his charming friends."

"Do you substitute for him often?" Rosemary asked maliciously.

"Not very frequently. It is not often that he gets business and pleasure mixed up the way he has this evening. In fact I think I may say that he will not recover for several days from his regret at having missed you. He is fearfully upset about it, more than I can tell you, even."

A clock somewhere in the apartment struck three. Mr. Hengel glanced up. "I fear that Mr. Banks will not be able to keep his appointment. Something was said to the effect that if he were not here by three why,—"

"Oh, but I've got to see him."

"Yes?" Rosemary hesitated. "You've been so kind that I suppose it is only fair that I should tell you."

And she did, her entire story. All except about the letters from Peter. That was strictly her own affair. And, besides, it would sound silly in telling, even if it was a tremendously sort of vivid thing in real life. Besides again, she felt that this adventure was a sort of a violation of faith with Peter. It was something which had to be done, but she felt that it automatically severed her relations with the phantom admirer, who had placed her on so high a pedestal.

"So, you see," she said in conclusion of her narrative, "I've just got to see Mr. Banks, himself. My daddy simply must have nourishing food and—"

Tap, tap, tap.
Front door.

"Now who the deuce can that be?" asked Mr. Hengel chiefly of himself.

Rosemary thought she knew. It was doubtless the girl Quiller Banks was really expecting.

"Do you mind," began the young man

reflectively, "stepping into this room here a moment and just standing in the dark until I can dispose of this customer?"

Rosemary started to protest, but he gently, albeit firmly, led her to the only door other than the outside one and shoved her into the darkness behind it.

Then he himself went to the outside door which he opened.

"I'm sorry," he began, "but Mr. Banks—" "Ouch! That's my foot you're trying to shut the door on. Pardon me for stepping right in." It was a feminine voice, a trifle excited, "but you can't expect me to stand out there in the hall all night. God knows I've had a tough enough time getting here in the rain and everything—"

"I tried very hard to get you by telephone, Miss—"

"Never mind the name. Mr. Banks is expecting me."

"But he has been called away."

"Who with? Some other dame, huh?"

"I didn't say that."

"You didn't have to. I know him. I was the one that stole him off of Gladys Hawthorne. Ain't men dreadful? I don't mind him handing me the red light so much. I knew that was coming anyway. But by golly, he's got to come across with that diamond bracelet he promised me. I was to get it tonight."

"I'm very sorry," the young man began again.

"Sorry—rats! Get me the bracelet and we'll call it a day. It's in the wall safe there. He showed it to me just the other night."

"But—"

"Nix on the 'Buts.' Get it."

The young man started obediently for the safe; then, upon reflection, stopped and picked up his steel bar. It was a handy thing and perhaps it might persuade even a safe to give up its secrets. He inserted the sharp flat end under the door of the safe about to pry it open.

Much to his surprise, it swung ajar without an effort. The combination had not been set. With a sigh of relief he opened the door wide and extracted therefrom a tray, which contained several trinkets and a roll of currency.

"Is this the bracelet?" he said, offering the only article of jewelry of that description.

"Yes, and I guess those are my twenty dollar bills, too."

"Not on your life," denied Mr. Hengel. "Don't be greedy or you won't get anything. This way to the gate. I'll tell Mr. Banks that you called."

"Never mind. I'm never going to call again just as he expected. I can buy quite a lot of government bonds with what I can get on this." She shook the dazzling bracelet in the eyes of the man who had been kind enough to get it for her. "When I get my new apartment, come around and see me sometime. Perhaps I could learn to love you for yourself alone."

Mr. Hengel thanked her with an apprehensive glance towards the door, behind which he had disposed of the previous guest. "Perhaps I will," he murmured politely. "Good night."

THE next sound was the slamming of the door. He stood in the middle of the floor a moment, counting the bills which he held in his hand. "Five hundred dollars will be plenty," he decided to himself and put the rest back in the safe. "You can come out now," he said over his shoulder and then turned back to recounting his bills.

"Well," said a voice behind him.

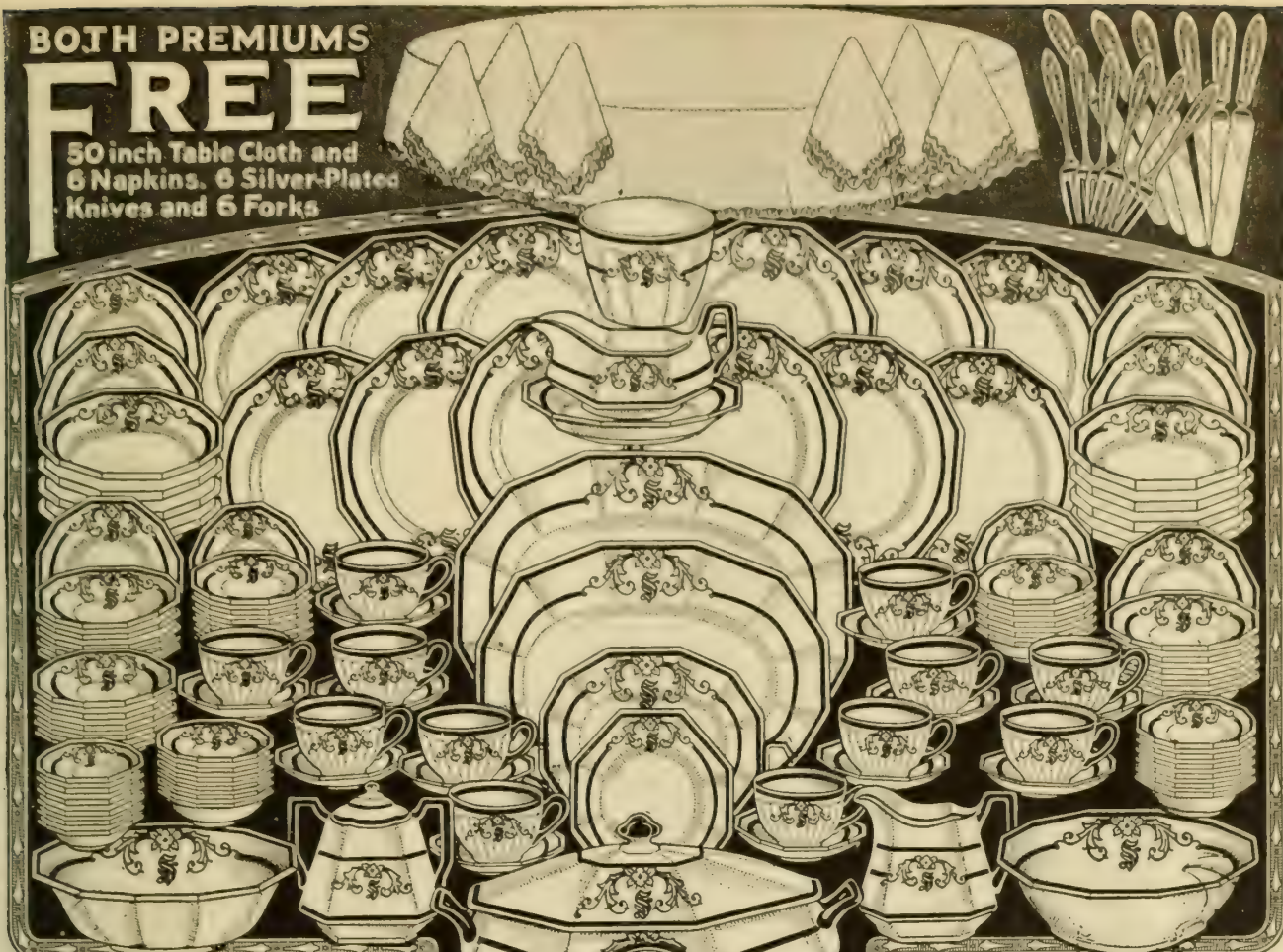
The word wasn't so unexpected as the fact that it was uttered by someone with a deep bass. The young man turned, startled in midcount, and looked automatically for the steel bar. His eyes found it. The person who had addressed him was standing on it.

"This is a disarming conference," said Mr. Banks pleasantly.

"What have you done with her?" demanded Hengel.

Enter Rosemary from the room. "I'm

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here," she said frightened a little bit at the antagonistic attitudes of the two men.

"Great," declared Peter, removing his glasses and methodically putting them in a place of safety. "Here's five hundred dollars." He held out the roll of bills, but she refused to accept it. "Take it and beat it home to your dad. That will last you until I can crack another safe. I want to keep this gentleman from using the telephone or getting help in any other way until you are safely out of the building."

"But I don't understand," the girl argued, "why you should do all this for me."

The young man grinned at her. "I'll tell you why. I'm Peter."

"Oh!" His attention was distracted from her lovely dismay by the fact that Quiller Banks made a pass at him.

Peter shoved the disputed roll of bills into his pocket and passed back. Thereupon ensued the usual climax of the motion picture thriller, namely, viz. and to wit, the hand to hand struggle between the hero and the heavy, the smashing of glass, the overturning of chairs and tables, the torn coats and shirts, the bleeding gash in the swollen lip, everything that Rex Beach himself could think of.

The only thing that was different was that towards the close of the riot Rosemary, who had stood fascinated,—she didn't want to run anyway, not while Peter was in trouble,—had an inspiration. The short steel bar was lying unobserved on the carpet. Neither of the men had time to put a foot on it. Rosemary picked it up and aimed a blow with it at Quiller Banks' home of thought. The only trouble was that she missed it and hit Peter a glancing blow on the pompadour that turned on an instantaneous lullaby for him.

"Good heavens, what have I done?" moaned Rosemary.

"Thanks," grinned Quiller Banks, taking the persuader from her hands. "I couldn't have been neater myself. If it hadn't been for you he would have had me down in about one more round. My mind isn't what it used to be. As it is, we can talk turkey."

THE manager tied up the wrists and ankles of his prisoner with his own handkerchief and necktie. "All the charges I can think up against this young fellow are assault, burglary and murder," Quiller Banks commented grimly.

"He did it for me," pleaded Rosemary.

"Humph. He's coming to. Let's hear what he has to say about it. Wake up young feller and hear the birdies. We've an especially fine record by a nightingale."

"Where am I?" Peter requested.

"Just coming out of the tunnel," Quiller Banks assured him. "That dim light you see ahead is the end. The smoke hurts the eyes, doesn't it?" he queried with friendly concern.

"Waugh!" Peter, coming to a full sense of what had happened, started to get to his feet.

Quiller Banks shoved him over again immediately. "Behave. This is a peace conference as I told you before you began to get nasty. If you promise not to start anything I'll let our little friend here hold a wet handkerchief over the place where she hit you with the ice pick—ice pick, ha, ha, ha! Do you promise to be good?"

Peter, wavering slightly even though he was sitting down, promised weakly.

"Good. Little lady, do your stuff."

Like a mother-bird, returning to the nest with a succulent worm, Rosemary flew to Peter's side and, with Quiller Banks' offered assistance, dabbed cold water on some of the places which must have hurt the worst, notably that particular lump that she had caused herself.

She cried a little over the havoc she had made of his masculine beauty. "Oh, Peter dear, I'm so sorry."

Quiller Banks looked on at the scene with some perplexity. "The thing I don't just understand is why the deuce you two love

birds chose this hour in the morning and my apartment as the time and place to do your cooing. Rosemary, where did you pick up this yegg lover of yours?"

"I never met him before tonight—or if I did it was years ago and I had forgotten what he looked like."

"But you called him by his first name just now, and you acted as if you were in love with him. Are you?"

"N-n-n-n-no, that is, I don't think so."

Quiller Banks turned suddenly on his prisoner. "You heard what she said. What do you think about it?"

Peter regarded him with sullen antipathy. "She doesn't care anything about me—doesn't even know me, just as she said a minute ago. So far as I'm concerned I've been in love with her all my life, but it's nobody's damn business but my own."

"Spoken like a man and a burglar," commented Banks admiringly. "But the explanation is distinctly cloudy. Suppose you both tell me some more facts and see if I can get the outline of the real plot."

So under the stimulus of not unskilful questions both Rosemary and Peter told the essential incidents that led up to their having met that night for the first time at the Banks apartment. Parts of the story were news even to the principal actors in it, and the piecing together of the continuity was so interesting that they nearly forgot the unpleasant situation they were in.

But Peter remembered after it was all over. "You might as well call the police and get the darn fuss over with."

"First, we'll just take back that \$500 you removed from my safe."

Quiller Banks turned over his trussed prisoner and extracted the roll of bills from Peter's pocket.

He counted them carefully and then handed them to Rosemary.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"The coin is yours. We both give it to you. Your story is worth it, whether I believe it or not. Stop—don't throw that money in my face. There may be germs on it. Besides, I guess I do believe you. You have to admit, though, that the stuff about the silent, guardian lover watching for the signal of distress, which is given just in the nick of time by someone who doesn't know anything about the plan, doesn't sound so much like real life as it does like a play. A play—"

He stopped himself. "I wonder if maybe it wouldn't make a play. Young feller, I've seen some of your manuscripts and they're rotten, but maybe with a good idea and the right kind of inspiration you could do something. Try writing this plot out during the next month and if it's any good maybe—I say maybe—I might produce it."

"Aren't you going to send me to jail?"

"Not unless you think you'd do better work there than back by your own window where you can watch Rosemary to see that she doesn't elope with somebody else before you make enough money to keep her in the virtue to which she is accustomed."

Quiller Banks didn't seem to expect an answer or a decision. He untied Peter's feet and wrists and, helping him to stand up, escorted them both to the door.

"Good night, folks, I got to get some sleep. When you're my age, a love story, especially someone else's, won't keep you awake all night. Don't say a thing about it." He stopped them when they tried to thank him.

"When you come to write the play, you might put in a good word for the villain somewhere if you can think of an alibi for him. You might make him a feller that wouldn't always be quite so hard boiled if he understood a little better."

Yawning slightly, Quiller Banks closed the door in their faces.

VII.

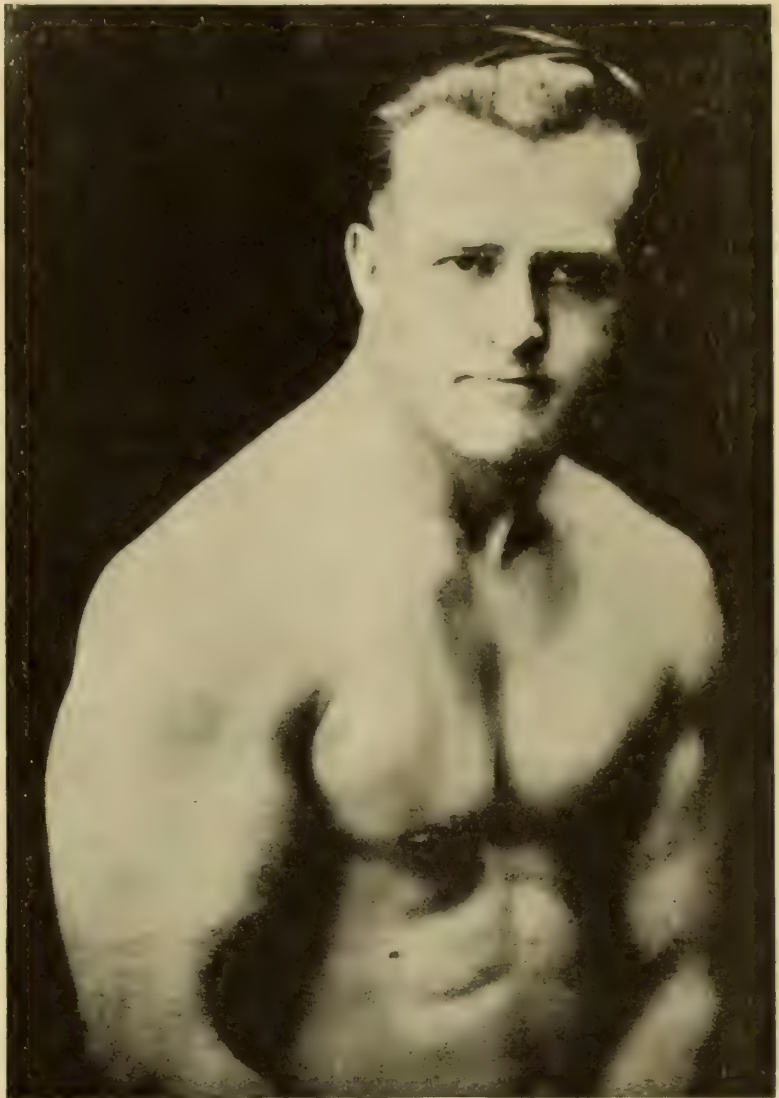
ROSEMARY and Peter left the place as rapidly as if the police were pursuing them. Several blocks away they halted in the rain.

Are You Ready for the Ash-Can?

Do you realize what it means to neglect your body? Do you know that you will clog up with waste matter and deaden your life just as ashes do in a furnace? Are you going to drag yourself through a life of misery and be ready for the undertaker when you should really be only starting to enjoy life? Come on and brace up. Take a good hold of yourself and shake those cobwebs out of your brain. Give me a chance at that weak backbone of yours and let me put a pair of man-sized arms into those narrow shoulders.

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Leading hotels right now want 80,000 trained men and women for their existing positions. Meals and often room furnished. Splendid chances for advancement. More positions open than we can fill. Secure YOUR opportunity now. Send this ad as a reminder to write today for booklet H 165.

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INST.
Carlton Court
BUFFALO, N. Y.

"Let me look at you, Peter," said Rosemary. She shook her head. "No, I don't remember ever having seen you before."

"You never have. I made up that stuff about Princeton, too."

"I'm darned. The nerve of you—on paper, that is."

Peter puzzled over the meaning of that. At last a glimmer of light broke in upon him. As he put on his spectacles he asked, "Rosemary, may I kiss you for the first time?"

She was silent.

"Are you angry?"

More silence.

"What's so wrong about asking you for a kiss?"

She turned on him fiercely. "Everything is wrong about it. Did you ask Mr. Banks if you could break into his flat tonight? Did you ask him for his five hundred dollars? But you ask me for a kiss. Of course I've got to say no and keep on saying no, no, no—"

Peter got the idea.

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

THEY do say that Virginia Valli has never walked off a set, or held up a production on account of a temperamental fit. In which case she stands alone among women! She also—and this seems to set her even more apart from the sordid world of squabbles and petty jealousy—has never been known to have a quarrel, or even a disagreement, with a director. "I've never worked for a director that I couldn't really like!" she admits. "Directors are not ogres."

Heretofore there have been only seven wonders of the world!

DERELYS PERDUE comes into the lime-light without the aid of Craig Biddle, this time. For Derelys skinned her legs the other day, without help from anybody, and now she's in bed, resting up and having the lacerated shins bandaged.

It was this way. In her newest picture Derelys was asked, by an unfeeling director, to cross a rough hewn log that was stretched over a river that flowed through a jagged chasm. While the lady was crossing, a battery of wind machines were turned upon her. And a gust from one of the machines blew her dress up over her face, for an instant, and blinded her. A misstep—and the lady was sliding down the chasm—skinning her legs at every slide. (And this is a serious thing, for Derelys was one of the Morgan dancers, before the movies got her, and her legs were not an unimportant part of her equipment!)

MARY PICKFORD in an address at Los Angeles recently warned young people of the nation against becoming movie struck, and laid down ten commandments for aspirants to film fame. They were:

1. Know some other vocation to fall back upon.
2. Have money enough to last a year.
3. See if you have talent.
4. Gain some stage experience.
5. Get professional experience, if possible.
6. Bring as many photographs as possible.
7. Bring a large and diversified wardrobe.
8. Try to get a screen test.
9. Be sincere and ambitious.
10. Success in the motion pictures can only be gained in the same manner as in other businesses.

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City

Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Chas. Ray Productions, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Greendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City

Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City

Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Merald Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City

(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.

(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.

British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England

Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif.

King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions, International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Caluenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif. Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City

Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.

Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Reo Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

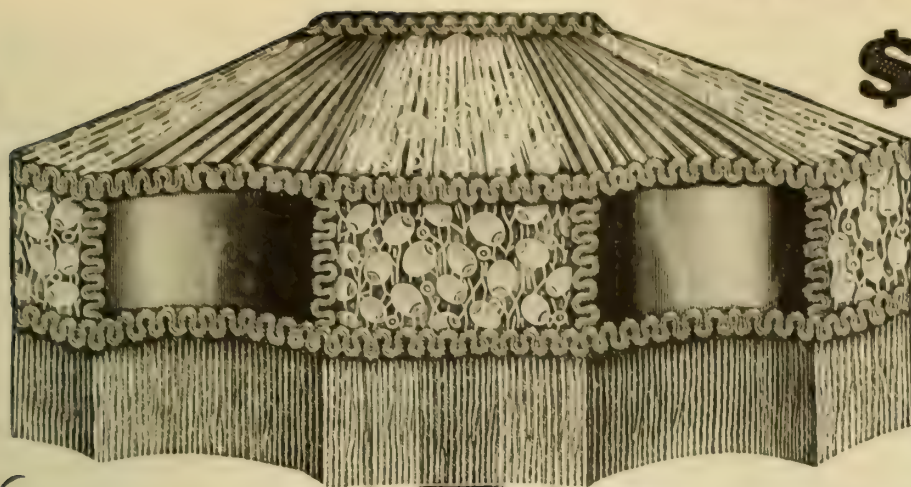
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.



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Made in Fifth Avenue design, 24 in. in diameter, of delft blue silk, shirred top, alternating plain and fancy art silk panels. Twelve panels in all, tinsel braid border, with four inch Chenille fringe. American beauty shirred lining. The harmonious color scheme gives effect of red light shining through a blue haze—a rich warm light. Shipping weight, 27 pounds.

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Also pair of Marshall silky fringe cords with 3½ in. silky fringed tassels, giving an added luxurious effect.

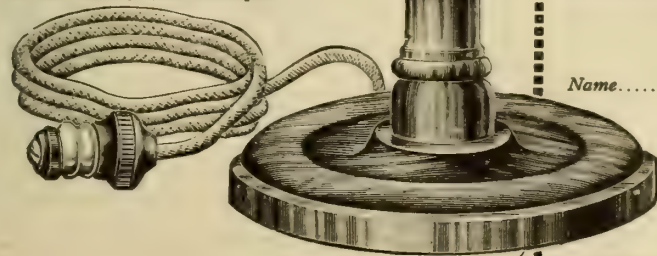
For gas use, order by No. G6332NA.

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Send only \$1 with the coupon, \$2 monthly. Total Bargain Price for lamp and shade, \$19.85.

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Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, rugs, curtains, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.



Floor Lamp With 5th Ave. Silk Shade

Here is something you have always wanted—a beautiful floor lamp with handsome and elegant Fifth Avenue silk shade—to add an extra tone of elegance and luxury to your home. On this generous offer you can see just how this floor lamp and silk shade will look in your home, without risking anything. Send only \$1.00 with the coupon below, and we will send it complete to your home on approval, equipped for use with either gas or electricity. We take all the risk.

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When the lamp outfit comes, use it freely for 30 days. See how beautifully the colorings of the handsome silk shade blend and harmonize with everything in the home. How useful it is, too—so handy for reading, can be moved around with ease to furnish a beautiful light and rich warmth and coziness to any room in the house. If after 30 days trial you decide not to keep the lamp, just return it at our expense and we will refund your \$1.00 deposit, plus any freight or express you paid. You cannot lose a single penny.

\$2.00 a Month

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Luckily the lady can swim. When she landed in the river—at last—she was safe, comparatively.

DON'T answer advertisements that guarantee to make you a screen actor or actress after the outlay of a certain sum of money. Listen, instead, to the story of Iliodor—who was known as the "mad monk" and whose life in Russia, during the past twenty years, reads like some distorted and unbelievable romance. For Iliodor, after escaping all sorts of trouble, has fallen afoul of a motion picture promoter, who sold stock for the "Rising Sun Productions, Inc."

Of course, there's a humorous aspect to the thing, as far as Iliodor is concerned. But there's a great deal of tragedy back of each film swindle. A good many people have thrown away hard-earned money—a great many dreams and hearts have been broken. Don't answer advertisements that offer to make you an actress, or an actor, without either experience or talent or anything—but cash!

IN Chicago an allegedly bogus concern has been getting investors by the unwarranted use of the name of Muriel McCormick, daughter of Harold McCormick. Four men connected with the Popular Motion Picture Products Company were arrested as a result. This outfit asked \$50 to make a movie star of anyone who had that much money. And they made it easy—\$5 down and the balance later. Their chief argument was, "Muriel McCormick has signed up with us." Needless to say, the McCormicks never heard of the concern.

EDWIN CAREWE, who has always wanted to go to Africa, is at last going to realize his ambition. He has already left for Algiers, where he will make a picture from Louise Gerard's novel, "A Son of the Sahara." He is taking with him a cast that is headed by Claire Windsor, Bert Lytell, and Walter McGrail—and he, with the cast, will stop off in Marseilles, Paris, Rome and Venice.

MAE MURRAY played a double part in "Fashion Row," her latest. She was a famous actress and an innocent little immigrant girl. And so now Jane Novak—wanting to capture the record for blondes—has appeared in a picture in which she takes three parts. The picture is called "The Lullaby" and, in it, she plays an Italian immigrant, a broken, middle-aged woman, and a lovely debutante.

ANNA Q. NILSSON says that she likes her cropped hair. Of course it's no longer so short as it was when she played the part of a boy in "Ponjola." In fact it's grown to an interesting length—and is now a mass of curly ringlets. She says it's by far the most comfortable coiffeur that she ever wore—and it is certainly more distinctive than the ordinary flapper's bob! But then, of course, Anna is not a flapper. And, under no circumstances, could she be called ordinary.

THERE has been considerable stir in French motion picture circles over the reported decision of the French government to allow an American film company *entree* to the palace at Versailles, for reproduction of the life of the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette. The honor of making this picture was offered to Norma Talmadge, last October, by an official representative of the French government, and for a while it was thought that she would accept. Certainly the part held possibilities for her.

But, now that there has been such a commotion, Miss Talmadge has graciously declined the offer. Always the gentlewoman, always courteous and tactful, she has stepped aside. If the French producers feel that this picture should be made with a French cast and a French star, she would not enjoy making it. She has announced that she understands the patriotic feeling back of their protests. But she adds that she greatly appreciates this honor

that the French government has offered her.

However, we'd like to ask what French star could do the story of Marie Antoinette better than Norma Talmadge?

ANDREE LAFAYETTE, the charming French star who came to America to appear in "Trilby," has said "au revoir" to her Hollywood friends, and has started back to Paris. She will appear there in a feature picture which, she thinks, will be about three months in the making. And then she will come back to the land of her adoption.

On her way across the continent she made only one stop—to visit, for a short while, with Amy Leslie, the noted dramatic critic, of Chicago. She will also stay, for a week or two, in New York.

WHEN the work of cutting and titling his latest production, "The Lullaby," was just about half finished, Chet Bennett, the producer, was stricken with a serious illness. And the doctors refused to let him leave his bed. So he had a special projection room rigged up in a wardrobe, and did his work in bed, and fooled the doctors.

IN connection with the much talked-of plan of increasing the percentage of motion picture production in the East and decreasing that in the West, announcement has been made that the world's largest motion picture studio is to be built in Queens borough of New York City, in which the Long Island City studio of the Famous Players is located.

This new plan has the support of Richard Rowland, of First National Pictures; Samuel Goldwyn; E. L. Smith, of Inspiration Pictures; and Arthur Friend, of Distinctive Pictures. There will be a series of studio units providing, at first, for nine stages. Each unit will have its own carpenter shop, dressing rooms, and executive offices. There will also be a laboratory building, film storage vaults and a scene storage house.

All the units will be served by a central lighting and heating plant and by motor trucks. There will be a motion picture theater in the plant for the use of all. The site is said to be within twenty minutes of Times Square.

RUMOR says that Mary Miles Minter will compromise the suit which she recently instituted against her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, for an accounting of the \$1,000,000 which she claims that she has made since she entered the movies at the age of eighteen. Mary has worked fast—she doesn't look a day over eighteen now. Anyway, her mother is willing to settle, so the rumor says, for \$200,000, and M. M. M. may accept the settlement.

SOMEBODY went over to see Mabel Normand the other day. The maid said she was in, but came back in a few moments with a puzzled expression on her face, declaring that Miss Normand had been there just a second ago but had disappeared. The friend joined in the search and they found Mabel—out on the back curbstone, shooting fire crackers. Mabel doesn't care whether it's Fourth of July or not. She adores firecrackers.

AFEW days ago, when the reviewers were coming down in the elevator from the first showing of Owen Moore's latest starring vehicle ("Her Temporary Husband") at the First National projection rooms, they received a shock. For, as they stepped off on the ground floor, there stood Owen. Owen, himself, looking much more engaging than he had upon the screen.

The bewildered reviewers, rubbing their eyes, said at first—"Gosh, but that looks like Owen Moore." And they then smiled and said—"Darned if it isn't Owen Moore!" But Mr. Moore, not knowing that they had just viewed his picture, looked bewildered and—would you believe it?—a trifle fussed.

What Do Chiropractors Mean

by Innate Intelligence ?

THE temperature of a normal human body is approximately 98.6 degrees. You may sit in a room the temperature of which is 80 degrees, or go out of doors when the thermometer registers zero and your temperature, if you are in health, will not vary a single degree, because, resident in your body is an intelligence that generates, distributes and regulates the heat of the body, and instantly adapts it to the change in temperature.

If you start in June to take a plunge in the lake every morning and continue it every day until December, this same power resident in the body will intelligently adapt the body to the seasonal change in temperature.

This innate power gave the polar bear his long hair, that he might live in the land of eternal ice, and the gentle deer his speed, that he might escape his less swift foe. It is this power that in the struggle for existence gave wings to the birds and cunning to the fox, spots to the leopard and strength to the lion. It is this power that elongated the neck of the giraffe so that he could reach the high-hanging foods and for obvious reasons webbed the feet of the duck and goose. This inborn power adapted the stomach of the carnivora to a meat diet, the stomach of the herbivora to a vegetable diet, and the stomach of man to both.

maintains its vigor and then slowly lets the house in which we live decay. During all the circling three-score years and ten it coordinates the physical functions, heals the body's wounds, mends its breaks, adapts it to the change of season, occupation and pursuit and performs the miracle of changing common

food into living, breathing, sensate bone and flesh.

It laughs at all our efforts to locate it or to imitate its work and yet some people, because they cannot find it, weigh it or measure it, question its existence and say "Vital force is a chemical phenomenon."

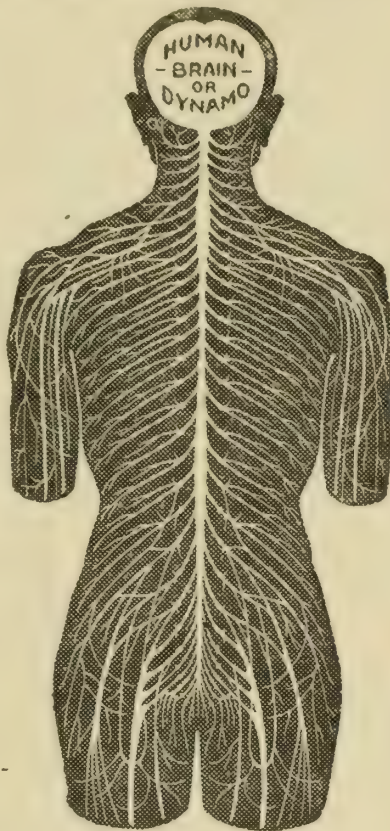
Call it what you will, it's there—a rose by any other name is just as sweet.

This "power within" Chiropractors call Innate Intelligence and all their philosophy, science and art is built upon this fundamental fact. They teach that "Innate Intelligence" functions through the brain and nervous system, and that disease is but the abnormal expression of one or more of the nine primary physical functions. Any pressure of a harder tissue (bone) upon the soft nervous tissue, impairs the conductivity (function or work) of that tissue and results in disease. All that is necessary for a complete restoration to health, is that the impinging tissue be adjusted to normal position, which permits the nerve again to function normally.

Scientists call the *modus operandi* of the "power within" the law of adaptation. Among the professions engaged in getting the sick well, chiropractors alone recognize the existence of the thing itself, and the law of its expression, through the nervous system.

That is the reason Chiropractic succeeds where other methods fail.

This power develops the body from a blastoderm to its full growth in thirty-five years; for ten or more it



DEFINITION

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JUDGMENT of the STORM

A PALMER PHOTOPLAY PRODUCTION

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We discovered Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton, the Pittsburgh housewife who wrote "Judgment of the Storm." Through the co-operation and training provided by our Educational Department she learned to write for the screen in spare-time

study in her own home. Through our co-operation likewise the authors of our next two releases attained success. Those pictures will be:

"Lost," by a former mechanical engineer.

"Unguarded Gates," by a former salesman.

See "Judgment of the Storm." See "Unguarded Gates." See "Lost." Decide for yourself whether their dramatic appeal is not different.

We believe there are hundreds of men and women everywhere, in all walks, who have the same fresh imaginative powers as the housewife, the salesman, the mechanical engineer. We believe they, too, can learn to write for the screen in spare-time study in their own homes.

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"Judgment of the Storm" was written directly for the screen. The publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co. has novelized the screen story. The cutting script—that is, the working chart used at the studio to regulate the assembling of thousands of feet of film in order to retain the utmost in suspense, interest and entertainment value—is included as a supplement. Never before has a cutting sheet of a picture been distributed outside the studio. To screen lovers this makes "Judgment of the Storm" one of the most fascinating novels ever published. Read the book—see the picture!

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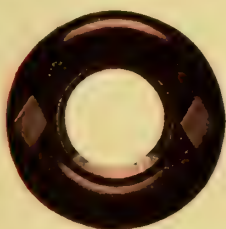
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Mr. Novarro has achieved his present popularity by consistently distinguished work. Not only subtleties of character, but every detail in the costuming of his roles has had the painstaking care which only the finished artist bestows.

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You *can* have a lovely skin, if you will. Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. By giving this *new* skin special care, you can actually make

your complexion over—you can give it a clearness and smoothness it has never had before.

You will find the special treatment your skin needs in the booklet of famous skin treatments, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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"BIG BROTHER"

By Rex Beach

An Allan Dwan Production with Tom Moore, Raymond Hatton and Edith Roberts. Written for the screen by Paul Sloane.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"

A George Melford Production with Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers. By Byron Morgan. Written for the screen by Harvey Thew.

"DON'T CALL IT LOVE"

A William deMille Production with Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Kosloff and Rod LaRocque. Screen play by Clara Beranger. From the novel "Rita Coventry" by Julian Street and play by Hubert Osborne.

GLORIA SWANSON in "THE HUMMING BIRD"

A Sidney Olcott Production. From the Play by Maude Fulton. Written for the screen by Forrest Halsey.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"

By Zane Grey

An Irvin Willat Production with Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes. Written for the screen by Albert Shelby LeVino.

GLENN HUNTER in

"WEST OF THE WATER TOWER"

With Ernest Torrence, May McAvoy, George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts. From the novel by Homer Gray. Adaptation by Lucien Hubbard. Written for the screen by Doris Schroeder. Directed by Rollin Sturgeon.

Kate Jordan's

"THE NEXT CORNER"

A Sam Wood Production with Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Cortez and Louise Dresser. From the novel and play by Kate Jordan. Written for the screen by Monte Katterjohn.

POLA NEGRI in "SHADOWS OF PARIS"

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THOMAS MEIGHAN in "PIED PIPER MALONE"

By Booth Tarkington. Written for the screen by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Alford E. Green.

"THE STRANGER"

A Joseph Henabery Production with Betty Compson, Richard Dix, Lewis Stone and Tully Marshall. From the story "The First and the Last," by John Galsworthy. Written for the screen by Ralph Block and Edfrid Bingham.

WM. S. HART in "SINGER JIM McKEE"

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WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXV

No. 4

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*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 16*

What type of Man is most Attractive to Women?

Last month Herbert Howe, using noted screen actresses as examples, discussed what types of women attract men most and what the quality is that attracts. Now, in the April PHOTOPLAY, Adela Rogers St. Johns will discuss the other angle, telling from her experience, what type of man is most attractive to women. Adela St. Johns is more than a brilliant writer; she is a thinker and an analyst, and she has the knack of putting her thoughts into vivid and convincing word-form. She knows her sex as no man could, and in this article she dissects her sisters for the benefit of PHOTOPLAY's readers.

She, too, goes to the screen for her examples, and she tells just what quality it is that makes each male star popular. There are probably a number of writers who could go that far, but there undoubtedly is not another one who could so keenly and cleverly put into words the mental reactions of women to the attractions of these actors. And the best of it is that the women themselves, even though they may deny the truth of some of the things she says, will privately admit that she is absolutely right.

Pola Negri on Hollywood

In the third instalment of her autobiography, Pola Negri tells of her arrival in America, of her first impressions of New York, and of her trip across the continent to Hollywood. Although a keen observer, with the trained mind of a brilliant woman of the world, this Polish star has a child's capacity for enjoyment, and a sense of humor that is delightful. Her comments on Hollywood and its people are most entertaining.

And in this instalment she gives an even deeper insight into the real Pola when she talks of her ambitions and what her screen work means to her. It proves, as nothing else can, the mental capacity and alertness of this great screen actress.

In the April
PHOTOPLAY
Out March 15

Why Did She Do It ?

'Life will probably never be the same to her, now, poor girl. The door to all her cherished fancies had swung open, finally—and swung shut again. It was just a guileless little slip. But it must be paid with humiliation and sorrow.

Why did she do it?

Over and over she asked herself this futile question as she lay sobbing on her little bed—sobbing in keen appreciation of her loss by that one pitiful mistake.

With the first dawn of budding womanhood, she had built a wonderful dream—a vision of a distant day when hopes should be reality. She had shaped her whole life to it. She had studied. She had worked. At first, he had been only a dim somebody. Then, as she knew more of her world, it narrowed down to the ONE man who could crown her life with the fullness of success. From the instant of that realization she had planned for the momentous day that should be the climax.

And when, finally, in reality, it came—Why did she do it?

It was no crime she had committed to be thus sentenced to a life term of misery. But it was a grievous blunder. And she felt never, as long as she lived, would the distasteful memory be thrown off. Always she would see that gay group of friends—and him!

He had not laughed at her, as had some of the others. He was too well-bred for that. But even open laughter would have been better than that grave look of surprise—disappointment—disapproval—that flashed across his face.

She did not realize that it was wrong. Yet the instant it was done she felt a change in the jolly atmosphere and her intuition told her that she had made an unforgivable mistake. But then, it was too late. Cheeks flaming, she burst from the room, barely able to withhold the flood of tears. So she groped her way home, blindly, to wage a losing battle for forgetfulness.

People Do Judge by First Appearances

Perhaps first appearances are deceiving. But people do judge you by them. Certainly in all superficial society, you pass for what you seem to be.

If you have perfect poise, are well at ease, and do the right thing at the right time, you are accepted. You make new and valuable acquaintances readily—and profit thereby.

But the people who hesitate and stammer when they meet others; who never know which is the "right fork" at dinner; who do not know how to make a proper introduction; who blunder at the dance, the theatre, the weekend party, on the street—these seem out of place. Indeed, this is so apparent that they soon are weeded out and excluded.

Social Knowledge of Vital Import

Every one has his ambition—man and woman alike. Many will spend years in acquiring some specific knowledge that is intended for their life work. This is as true of the woman making herself strong, beautiful and sweet for wifehood as of the doctor or engineer. Yet the one thing of vital importance is often neglected.

No knowledge, no ability, no talent is of value save as it is made profitable through contact with our fellowmen. Here, those best succeed who are always sure of themselves; who are always self possessed; who retain a calm dignity under all circumstances; who know exactly what to do and say in any emergency; who depict their well-breeding in every mien and action.

A charming manner goes further than crude, inherent worth in getting along with people. It should be cultivated. And now it easily can be.

How to Avoid Embarrassing Blunders

People are too prone to acquire their "manners" from those about them. But how are they to be sure that those whose example they follow are right?

There is a code of good manners just as there is a code of law. It is not meant to be dictatorial. It is intended to be helpful. It is a sensible code. Sometimes, to the individual, some of its edicts may not be understood, yet the network of society, taking a broader view from years of broader experience, has found these ways the best ways. They should be accepted.

There are many perplexing questions; the customs of weddings, funerals, social calls, calling cards, formal dinners with their invitations and precise acceptances, theatre parties, dances—indeed, of every function. There are the niceties of teas, showers, decorations, introductions, letters, dress, conduct in public conveyances, hotels, and all such things that often lay one open to embarrassing blunders. And



often a great, great deal is lost by a little slip. Tragic catastrophes hang on slender threads! Hundreds of thousands of people have solved this difficult problem for all time by

the aid of the famous Book of Etiquette. You will find the new knowledge it imparts both interesting and extremely helpful. It gives you the answer to every social question. It develops self-assurance. It banishes doubt. It dispels dismay. It will give you poise, confidence, perfect ease in all situations.

What is YOUR Problem ?

Perhaps there is some little question you would like answered. Perhaps you'd like to know what to say to your partner after the pleasure of a dance. Perhaps you'd like to know whether it is proper to invite a gentleman into the house after he has accompanied you home. Perhaps you have wondered how to eat corn on the cob, or peas or asparagus. Perhaps the sight of a finger-bowl sends shivers of uncertainty down your back.

Send No Money

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Surely you are not going to let this offer slip by. Clip and mail the coupon NOW while you are thinking about it.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ACQUITTAL, THE—Universal.—One of the best mystery photoplays of the year. (January.)

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox.—A man unjustly accused, vanishes. He has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. (October.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—First National.—A faithful adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, splendidly acted. A bit too strong for children. (January.)

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. (November.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture. (February.)

ASHES OF VENGEANCE—First National.—One of the first—and best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle excellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Holbrook Blinn is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE—Commonwealth.—A touching and well done piece of work. Lots of good touches, and pathos well put over. (January.)

BIG BROTHER—Paramount.—A really big, human picture, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (February.)

BIG DAN—Fox.—A stereotyped story with a hero altogether too good to be true. (January.)

BILL—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris pushcart peddler, done by Maurice Jerryaudy. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK SHADOWS—Pathe.—A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Seas. (October.)

BLINKY—Universal.—The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN—F. B. O.—A machine-made story which turns into a picture of the same type. (January.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount.—Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Gloria Swanson wearing gorgeous clothes. (October.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE—First National.—A fantastic picture, amusing and well done. The Oriental prologue is especially fine. (October.)

BROADWAY GOLD—Truart.—A formula picture of the good little chorus girl, forced into marriage with a dying rich man. (October.)

BROKEN WING, THE—Preferred.—A story of Mexico and an American aviator who crashes through a roof into the arms of a pretty girl. Moves rapidly. (September.)

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE—Paramount.—A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathe.—A dog star. Buck, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. (December.)

CHAPTER, IN HER LIFE, A—Universal.—A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine. (Nov.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CHILDREN OF JAZZ—Paramount.—A fast story, unique plot, quaint costumes and delightful photography. (September.)

CIRCUS DAYS—First National.—Jackie Coogan's new one. This shows the lovable boy star at his best and funniest. (September.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Universal.—What Acton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." (November.)

COMMON LAW, THE—Selznick.—The cast saves this one from utter mediocrity. (January.)

COUNTRY KID, THE—Warner Brothers.—An old-fashioned picture with Wesley Barry as the oldest of three orphans, being parents to the other two. (January.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CROOKED ALLEY—Universal.—Another Boston Blackie story, but not particularly well done. (January.)

CUCKOO'S SECRET, THE—Bray.—They say it took ten years to get this picture of the world's laziest bird. It is interesting and instructive. (September.)

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dashes through flames, saving imperiled women. (February.)

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE—F. B. O.—One of William P. S. Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE—Johnnie Walker.—Eddie Polo's fall from an airplane through a roof is the feature. (February.)

DANGEROUS MAID, A—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (February.)

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE—Universal.—Baby Peggy the doughty center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (January.)

DAUGHTERS OF THE RICH—Preferred.—High society, American heiress, decadent Russian duke. Some novelty, but not much punch. (Sept.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Associated Exhibitors.—A Swedish production and a good one of the Dickens story. (January.)

DAY OF FAITH, THE—Goldwyn.—Made of impossible situations; rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

DAYS OF DANIEL BOONE, THE—Universal.—A serial with much interesting and historical value. Plenty of adventure and with many surprisingly real characters. (September.)

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.—An amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographer. Somewhat preachy. (November.)

DESERT DRIVEN—F. B. O.—The best picture Harry Carey has made for a long time. It starts in prison and ends in the desert. (September.)

DESIRE—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE—Independent.—Absurd and artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. Unimportant. (December.)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vampire who grabs all the valuables in sight. It won't do for the children. (November.)

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo.—Still the formula—and this time an old one. (October.)

DRIFTING—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demimondaine. (November.)

DRIVIN' FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Wally Van in one of the auto-driving pictures that Wally Reid made famous. (January.)

DULCY—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE—Metro.—An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE—Fox.—Roaring melodrama for the youngsters. (October.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a wife, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

ETERNAL CITY, THE—First National.—One of the most beautiful and entertaining pictures in months. (January.)

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Renee Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand heads the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (February.)

FAIR CHEAT, THE—F. B. O.—Rather hackneyed story, with chorus girl as heroine. So-so. (Nov.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS—F. B. O.—You know all about this one after the first five minutes. (Feb.)

FASHION ROW—Metro.—The best MacMurray picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (Feb.)

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

Douglas MacLean

in

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| .. Sales Manager | .. Sanitary Engineer |
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING BLOOD—(Second Series)—F. B. O.—Prize fight stuff, with a new and blonde leading woman for the O'Hara boy. (October.)

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Steiner.—Badly written, acted and produced. (November.)

FLAMING YOUTH—First National.—A sophisticated ultra-jazz picture, with Colleen Moore doing about the best acting of her career. (January.)

FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. (October.)

FOG, THE—Metro.—A story of small-town ethics with the "how his soul was saved" angle. (Sept.)

FOOLISH PARENTS—Associated Exhibitors.—The moral of this is that marriage is a great institution and should be in every family. Formula stuff. (January.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selznick.—A "thriller" of the early Spanish days in California with the usual ingredients. (January.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and directed. (Dec.)

FRENCH DOLL, THE—Metro.—Mae Murray in a typical Mae Murray picture—legs, lingerie and lure. (November.)

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE, A—Paramount.—The story drags at the start, but picks up speed and becomes rapid and interesting. Above the average. (October.)

GIRL FROM THE WEST, THE—Aywon.—Commonplace and ineane imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (December.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies, with Douglas MacLean at his best. Laughs for the family. (December.)

GOLD DIGGERS, THE—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photodrama of New York. Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usually painted. (November.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verbose and cloudy piece of work, with Guy Bates Post as star. (December.)

GRAIL, THE—Fox.—A well made and well played picture, but somewhat lacking in plot. It's more or less of a Western. (November.)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a screen version of his famous play, which is as good as the stage version. (October.)

GUN FIGHTER, THE—Fox.—A feud picture with William Farnum in the midst of it, enjoying himself thoroughly. (November.)

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro.—Interesting and well played story of wait adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeiters. Amateurish, but with some good Houdini stunts. (December.)

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro.—A formula picture, featuring a wrongfully-accused minister. (Jan.)

HELL'S HOLE—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Lefty Flynn and Charles Jones as cow-puncher buddies. Excitement fast and furious. (Oct.)

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A riotous comedy, full of laughs, providing a joyous entertainment. (February.)

HIGH LIFE—Educational.—A Marmaduke comedy with Lige Conley starred. Lots of old tricks. (Nov.)

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount.—Another lesson about the fast-stepping younger generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone.—Robert McKim as most villainous villain in a Bertha M. Clay story. Full of "movie stuff." (November.)

HOLLYWOOD—Paramount.—Dozens of the picture stars shown unconventionally to prove they are just humans after all. A rattling good picture. (October.)

HOWEARD BOUND—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan as a salty hero in a lot of storms. Story is unconvincing and commonplace. (October.)

HUMAN WRECKAGE—F. B. O.—Mrs. Wallace Reid's film protest against the drug evil. Not a cheery story, but one that will touch the heart and may do an immense amount of good. (September.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney, in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brimming with tears. It follows the Hutchinson novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Mark Sabre does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a little rich girl wants to see life and becomes an Apache in Paris. (January.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction not good. (February.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe.—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have been made in type. (December.)

ITCHING PALMS—F. B. O.—Melodrama, stupid and badly told. (September.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, A—Johnnie Walker.—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. (November.)

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal.—A charming story, excellently played by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount.—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

LAW OF THE LAWLESS, THE—Paramount.—A colorful drama of the gypsy borderland between Asia and Europe, with Dorothy Dalton and Charles De Roche in suitable roles. (September.)

LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph.—A poor adaptation of a famous old best-seller. A mystery story without mystery. (January.)

LEGALLY DEAD—Universal.—Theatrically un-leavened, with adrenalin used to bring a dead man back to life. (October.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture, excellently acted. (February.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hines is very good in this Geo. M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and good horse race. (October.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan.—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. (October.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Aywon.—Again the Texas Ranger is sent to get his man and gets him. (January.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony, his horse, have a lot more adventures, defying a great deal of death. (November.)

LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro.—The King is Jackie Coogan and this is one of the best things he ever has done. (January.)

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind that. (October.)

LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal.—Spanish ranch owner, gang of crooked capitalists, beautiful daughter of rich man leaves rancher and plot fails. (October.)

LOVE PIKER, THE—Cosmopolitan—Goldwyn.—Anita Stewart in the old tale of the girl who loves her father's employee. A good story. (September.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and dictaphones. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (Dec.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph.—Propaganda for the letter carrier. A simple story, filled with pleasant humor and kindly talk. (October.)

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. Interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

MAN FROM BRODNEY'S, THE—Vitagraph.—Wildly improbable, but also wildly exciting and, therefore, good entertainment. (February.)

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount.—The story is based on "The Faun." Fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

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I reduced my own weight 50 pounds in less than 9 weeks and at the same time marvelously improved my general health and appearance.

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From the results in my own case and those of my friends, I am absolutely convinced that any man or woman burdened with rolls of ugly, injurious, unwholesome fat can take it off easily, quickly and surely by the same simple way which did so much for me. The secret is one I learned in Paris, where women of every age pride themselves on keeping their figures slender and graceful, and where the men detest a heavy waistline or double chin.

With this simple new way, which will only cost you a few cents a day to follow, you can in your own home reduce all parts of your body or you can simply get rid of excess flesh from the places where it shows.

No matter how fat you are, or what you have done in the past to reduce, I want you to send me the free coupon below, and I will explain to you personally and confidentially what I did to reduce.

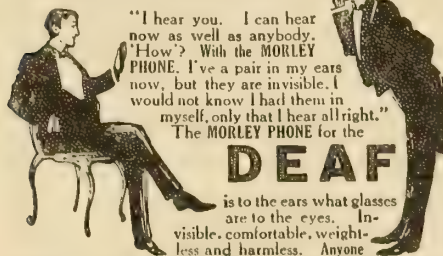
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

MASK OF LOPEZ, THE—Monogram.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn't help this dainty musical play. It is heavy and dragging. (February.)

MCGUIRE OF THE MOUNTED—Universal.—Another Northwest Mounted Police story, with the usual dauntless hero. Plenty of action. (September.)

MEN IN THE RAW—Universal.—A formula picture. Heart-of-gold cowboy, "little prairie flower," cattle rustlers. Jack Hoxie rides well. (January.)

MERRY-GO-ROUND—Universal.—One of the best pictures in months. A Viennese story, with the atmosphere capably maintained, and exceptionally well acted. (September.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitagraph.—Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Everything happens. (November.)

MILLION TO BURN, A—Universal.—An amusing picture without much probability. (January.)

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines. Formula again. (October.)

MIRACLE MAKERS, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-heroine-and-Chinese-den formula. (Feb.)

MODERN MATRIMONY—Select.—A commonplace plot filled with homely sentiment. Just innocuous. (January.)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE—Selznick.—An intelligent piece of work by a producer who has a real idea and who sticks to it, thereby deserving praise. Worth seeing. (January.)

MONNA VANNA—Fox.—Would have been better if not so heavy. Crowd scenes are well done, and Lee Parry in title role is charming. Only fair. (December.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Gasnier.—Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz parties, lots of glitter—the usual thing. (October.)

MYSTERIOUS WITNESS, THE—F. B. O.—More formula stuff. The sweet and ailing mother, the self-sacrificing son and the rest of it. (September.)

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn.—A Hall Caine story with the long arm of coincidence stretched out of shape. (February.)

NEAR LADY, THE—Universal.—Poor comedy, with the titles the poorest. (February.)

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH—Vitagraph.—A fine cast miscast and wasted on a weak plot and poor direction. (January.)

OUR HOSPITALITY—Metro.—Buster Keaton in what seems to be a travesty on the old feud story. Not very good or funny. (January.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. (October.)

PETER THE GREAT—Paramount.—Another foreign film, with that truly great actor, Emil Jannings, in the title role. A real picture. (September.)

PIONEER TRAILS—Vitagraph.—Imitation of "The Covered Wagon" without the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

PLEASURE MAD—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.)

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilms.—A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter here. (December.)

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage. Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. (Nov.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that where there's love there's hope. (November.)

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson.—A screen version of "The Scarecrow," delicate and fanciful. A charming production. (November.)

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount.—Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Madge Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is mostly wasted. (October.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

RAPIDS, THE—Hodkinson.—A conventional story of the building of a town by a man with brains and foresight. (September.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture. Excitement and thrills. (November.)

RED RUSSIA REVEALED—Fox.—Half scenic and half educational. Shows the heads of Soviet Russia. (September.)

RED WARNING, THE—Universal.—Even Jack Hoxie gets out of breath keeping up with the story in this thriller. (February.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors.—Wallace Beery is a two-listed, meat-eating King Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alabama hills with E. K. Lincoln in leading role. Good entertainment. A great fight between Lincoln and George Siegmann. (December.)

ROSITA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. (November.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A highly amusing comedy, the locales being a Western "cow town" and a Hollywood Paris. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. (November.)

RUPERT OF HENTZAU—Selznick.—A lively, romantic tale, lots of excitement and thrills, but behind its predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." (Sept.)

SALOMY JANE—Paramount.—Bret Harte's famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while. (November.)

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lady crook fools the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

SAWDUST—Universal.—Unconfined realism, starting with a circus and ending up in one of those palatial homes and an attempted suicide. (September.)

SCARAMOUCHE—Metro.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a Charles Ray role. (November.)

SECRETS OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures.—The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laid bare by a new photographic process. Very interesting. (Nov.)

SELF-MADE WIFE, THE—Universal.—Three-fourths of this picture is good. The end falls badly. (September.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off claim jumpers. Happy ending, after a good fight. (October.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artificial, badly acted. (Nov.)

SHEPHERD KING, THE—Fox.—An interesting story of David the Psalmist, done by a capable Italian company. (February.)

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson.—Desert stuff, camels against the sky and such things. (December.)

SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE—Universal.—Shell shock is the underlying theme of a swift Western. The hero, back from the war, walks into a feud which is fully as exciting. (September.)

SHORT SUBJECTS—Educational.—One and two-reel novelties, grouped together in interesting bill. "Kinograms," a Bruce scenic, "Speed Demons," Gene Strazen demonstrating golf, and two comedies. (September.)

SILENT COMMAND, THE—Fox.—A story of the navy. Propaganda type. A good narrative of the sea, well told. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. (November.)

SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—A light and amusing comedy, well handled, with Ernest Truex doing excellent work. (February.)

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn.—Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement and a remarkably good cast. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal.—A train wreck on the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back. (November.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



"I guarantee that the method which penetrates to the starved root cells will produce a new, healthy growth of hair in 30 days or your money will be refunded. And furthermore, I want you as the user to be the sole judge. My special free book, now ready, explains the method in detail and tells you precisely why I am able to make this unusual free proof guarantee."

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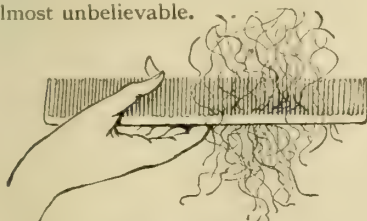
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Alois Merke discovers a new simple method guaranteed to grow thick, beautiful, luxuriant hair or money instantly refunded. Gives new life and health to hair that is thin, falling, lifeless.

At the Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, letters are pouring in from all over the country requesting information concerning this new method for growing hair. So successful is this method that it has been guaranteed to grow new hair in 30 days or cost nothing!

To women this method is particularly interesting as it often transforms thin, falling hair into rich, luxuriant beauty in an unbelievably short time. It is unlike anything ever known in this country. It penetrates to the starved root cells, revitalizes and nourishes them—and the hair grows thick, lustrous, beautiful.

There is no massaging, no singeing, no unnecessary fuss or bother of any kind connected with this new method. It is simple, pleasant. Already hundreds of women who had thin, falling hair, hundreds of men who were "thin on top," have acquired new luxuriant growths of hair. Often the results are almost unbelievable.



Thin, falling, scraggly hair is a sign of starved root cells. But now a method has been perfected which penetrates to these cells and stimulates them into new activity.

Thin Falling Hair Given Glorious New Health

Is your hair thin, lifeless? Does it fall out, break? Is it dull and without lustre?

All these conditions are nature's signs of starved or atrophied hair roots. Ordinary methods cannot revitalize the roots, cannot reach them—no more than rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark of a tree can make the tree grow. You must get right at the roots and stimulate them. This remarkable new method provides at last, an efficient way of invigorating the roots themselves. The hair becomes brighter, fluffier. New growths make their appearance within 30 days—if they don't there is no cost to you.

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The proof-guarantee is made possible only through splendid results that have already been achieved—as these few excerpts from letters testify. The letters are on file at the Merke Institutes and anyone may see them by coming to the office.

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"Am glad to say I can see such great change in my hair. It is growing longer and my head is full of young hair that has made its way through since I have been using Merke Treatment."

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of the new special booklet "New Way to Make Hair Grow," explaining in detail the remarkable method for growing glorious, healthy hair.

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The Soul of the Student Body

9 Massachusetts Hall, Hanover, N. H.
Industries are looking to the college boys for indications of the future, because, presumably, the college students of today will be the leading citizens of tomorrow. Up here, as we are not in contact with women, we more readily express ourselves. Every student in the audience takes it upon himself to inform the entire gathering of his views about the picture which is being shown. Up to date the most popular pictures this year are "Ruggles of Red Gap," "The Spoilers," "Safety Last," and "Zaza." In contrast I shall name "The French Doll" and "The Brass Bottle." It is red letter day for the student body when Nita Naldi is on the screen. The most popular stars are Milton Sills, Gloria Swanson, Jack Holt, Betty Compson, Thomas Meighan, Lila Lee, and Harold Lloyd. But even these can't make a bad picture good in our estimation.

I may truthfully say that what we fellows want is action, good action. You might think that such pictures as Mae Murray appears in would be popular in a college town, but the boys realize that she can't act.

Perhaps, what I have expressed is true only of Dartmouth and not of the college boys in general. Still, we have the reputation of being regular fellows, and not tea hounds, lounge lizards, or cake eaters.

M. L. JACOBS.

He Has Earned a Photo!

New York.

As a mild, plaintive voice of protest against your Beauty Contest, I venture the opinion that such a challenge is, to us plain folk, alias the public, rather exasperating and seemingly unfair to the motion picture actresses concerned.

An impartial choice and preference is a rank impossibility among movie stars as brilliant and dazzling as the stars on the blue firmament. What astronomer would command the audacity to proclaim Saturn or Venus or O'Rion, or some other Irish star, as the most magnificent and distinctive?

Sir, how dare you ask our opinion about the charm and magnetic aura of jewels, all of which belong to the 24-karat class? It is asking too much.

Does a violin merit more admiration than a piano or a harp?

ERNEST SMOLD.

For Lois and Dick

New Berlin, Ill.

We have just seen "The Call of the Canyon" and we think it one of the best pictures, of its kind, we have ever seen. The western scenery is wonderful, as it is in all of Zane Grey's pictures. It clearly brings out the truth of the old saying, "God made the country and man made the town." We do not think that the movies are going from bad to worse as long as they have an actress so charming and sincere as Lois Wilson, an actor of such ability, one who so thoroughly seems "every inch a man," as Richard Dix, and a writer like Zane Grey.

MARY CAROLLTON.

Ramon Forever

Philadelphia, Pa.

Ramon Novarro is a splendid actor; but why say that he can never take Valentino's place? Ramon does not have to take it, he already has it!

Beloved Rodolph? No, I think not. That is, not beloved of every fan. Rodolph may be the "only one" to some fans, but please do not think that everyone feels the same. Ramon surpasses Rodolph, by far, both in looks and acting ability. Consider the "Pris-

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

oner of Zenda," Ramon's first chance. As *Rupert*, he was perfect.

Overnight Ramon has stolen Rodolph's popularity and he's going to stay!

LOUISE V. BURKHART.

Posies for Percy

Meriden, Conn.

I should like to commend the photoplay "If Winter Comes" to all the readers of this magazine. Though I have heard the criticism that it is too "drawn out," I think to shorten it would spoil the effect of a wonderful picture of real life. The acting of Percy Marmont, especially, is superb.

Mae Murray in "The French Doll" is a most absurd, frivolous thing. Why these wild jazz types?

E. M. G.

Duse and Owen Moore

Washington, D. C.

Just a line to express the humble opinion of one of your readers. Eleanora Duse played our home town yesterday; she was greeted rapturously by everyone in their six-sixty seats.

Former Presidents turned out, something unusual for them. Society was there en masse and I took the last fifty-five minutes of Government time coming to me and hiked myself over there. I got in just after the beginning of the act and watched the thing in amazement. A nice elderly lady, with snow white hair, something like an aunt of mine, was playing the part of a passionate Italian's (young and handsome like our Rodolph) mistress, or would be, or once was, or something—I never did find out until I got on the car and read the program!

Nevertheless, I saw Duse. Then, to square myself with me for such treatment, I went into a local house and watched Owen Moore work in "Thundergate"—now, that was something like!

HAZEL ANNA RYAN.

Tennessee Opinions

Kingsport, Tenn.

I can't understand why Casson Ferguson is not more popular than Rodolph Valentino. I think Valentino is a "perfect mess." I read in the January PHOTOPLAY that only ignoramus from the country did not appreciate him—well, I am sure it is the other way! I am a Southern girl of Tennessee, and I think he is the most common actor I have ever seen; I have seen all of the popular and unpopular stars, as we have three nice theaters in this town and get the latest pictures.

I think Dorothy Dalton is a wonderful actress, I admire her kind of pictures more than those of any other actress. I hate to see the heroine stand back scared to death, or faint while the hero fights the villain. Dorothy, as you will notice, generally takes care of herself and enters the fights.

L. C.

Why Throw Bricks?

Morris, Okla.

Why can't there be more bouquets than brickbats? Or, at least, why can't people keep from hurting others' feelings?

We all have our favorites, but is there any use in making the others feel badly? They are doing their best to give us a pleasant afternoon or evening, so why not use this column to let them know we appreciate their efforts?

We can't see our favorites all the time, so let's not say such bad things about others.

MRS. ELVESSA CREEKMORE.

Get Together and Kick

New Haven, Conn.

Managers seem to have a tendency to kid the public. Reissues have come to cash in on the popularity of a later version.

Yet, this isn't all that is going on. A theater in this town, recently renovated, has come forward and is trying to fool patrons. In the balcony there are two sections of seats. The lower are thirty-five cent seats, the upper, twenty-three cent seats. On Sunday night about one tenth of the upper section's capacity is sold. Then, thirty-five cents becomes the only price available. When the lower section is filled, people paying thirty-five cents are compelled to sit in the upper section until room is made in the lower section, which happens after you have seen the show from the upper section.

In this way the management makes twelve cents more profit. Has a theater this privilege?

JOSEPH BACK.

Last Straws

Dallas, Texas.

I have been going to movies for quite a long time and have been reading movie magazines for quite as long a time, and never before have I registered a complaint against one of the players or one of the plays. But, like the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back, or was it a donkey's, Hope Hampton and Mae Murray did the work!

I was very resentful when Miss Hampton sailed through "Lawful Larceny" at the head, mind you, of a cast including Nita Naldi, Lew Cody and Conrad Nagel, but when Mae Murray's much advertised "finger" in that atrocity, "The French Doll" flashed across the screen, well, words fail me!

G. DAVIS.

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Both 10-Piece White Kitchen Set & 9-Piece Enamel Canister Set

Guaranteed for Life

Wonderful 32-Piece Aluminum Set consists of 2 Bread Pans; Doughnut Cutter; 2 Loose Bottom Jelly Cake Pans; Combination Teakettle and Rice Boiler with lid; Saucepan Set with lid; Dipper; Colander; Measuring Cup; Percolator; 2 Pie Pans; Castor Set; Tea or Coffee Strainer; Fry Pan; also Cooker Set of 5 pieces, making 11 separate utensil combinations, as follows: Preserving Kettle; Convex Kettle; Combination Cooker; Casserole; Pudding Pan; Tubed Cake Pan; Colander; Roaster; Corn Popper; Steamer Set; Double Boiler.

No Money Down!

Not a penny now. Just mail the coupon and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you this splendid complete 32-Piece Aluminum Cooking Set, and with it absolutely FREE the 10-Piece Combination Kitchen Set and handy 9-Piece Canister Set described at right. When goods arrive make first payment of only \$2 on the Aluminum Set. *Pay nothing for the Kitchen Set or Canister Set—they are Free.*

Use all three sets 30 days on Free Trial, and if not more than satisfied, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay only for Aluminum Set, a little each month. Keep both the Kitchen Set and Canister Sets as gifts from Hartman.

Complete 32-Piece Heavy Gauge Aluminum Cooking Set

This is Hartman's famous, special, selected set of heavy gauge Aluminum Ware—a complete cooking outfit, light to handle, easy to clean, always bright as silver. Will never chip, crack or rust. So durable that we guarantee it for life. 32 utensils—everything you need for baking, boiling, roasting, frying. And, think of it—

FREE 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Pc. Canister Set

Both sets free with Aluminum Set. Kitchen Set includes: Potato Masher, Mixing Spoon, Measuring Spoon, Ice Pick, Egg and Cream Beater, Can Opener, Vegetable and Pan Brush, Fork, Egg and Cake Turner, Wall Rack. All have white enameled handles and hang on wall rack. Canister Set includes: Large containers for Tea, Coffee and Sugar, small containers for Pepper, Cinnamon, Allspice, Nutmeg, Cloves and Ginger, all enameled in colors with black lettering designating contents. Offer limited.

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FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
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Order by No. 417FMA9. Price for Aluminum Set, \$18.95. No money down. \$2 and postage on arrival. Balance \$2 monthly. 10-Piece Kitchen Set and 9-Piece Canister Set are Free.

Mail the Coupon Now!

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or Street and No.
Town..... State.....
Occupation of Head of Household.....
How long have you lived at present address?.....

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Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

Studio Directory

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Chas. Ray Productions, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Gower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Mermal Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.

International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Hillside Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.

Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal. E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) Mayer-Schulberg Studio, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif. Tom Forman, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

R-C PICTURES CORPORATION, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif.
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.

Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles, Calif.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

SKID PROOF—Fox.—A racing picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place. (October.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balzac's "The Magic Skin" in celluloid. Rather vague, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—A "find the woman" melodrama with Viola Dana as a society butterfly and not so good as usual. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. (October.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox.—Shirley Mason is good in a mediocre and unconvincing story. (Feb.)

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount.—Pola Negri's best American-made picture. A proof that the faults in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were not hers. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno's. (December.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. (October.)

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers which makes a picture of same era. Attempting to modernize the story has not helped it. (Oct.)

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount.—The first and only picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February.)

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture in every way. Even better on the screen than as "Captain Applejack" on the stage. (November.)

SUCCESS—Metro.—Sentimental melodrama. A screen version of a stage play which was not a success. (September.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox.—An Al St. John comedy with the usual slapstick stuff, but also with some of the clever mechanical effects he always has. (Dec.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors.—The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox.—A mixture of a lot of box-office drawing cards. Jazz, scantily clad nymphs, and a weak love story. (January.)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and a marvelous sermon. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February.)

THIS FREEDOM—Fox.—An English company, headed by Fay Compton, makes the Hutchinson story fairly entertaining. (February.)

THREE AGES—Metro.—Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots. (November.)

THREE WISE FOOLS—Goldwyn.—A screen version of a stage success, with much hokum but with plenty of entertainment. (September.)

THRILL CHASER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson goes to Hollywood and thence to Arabia, becoming a sheik. (February.)

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal.—A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

TIGER ROSE—Warner Brothers.—Excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Lenore Ulric in her original role. (February.)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox.—Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Conventional and good for the family. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers.—Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks, missing necklace and the rest of it. (December.)

TO THE LADIES—Paramount.—A joyous entertainment and—incidentally—Director James Cruze's fourth successive hit. (February.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. (November.)

TRILBY—First National.—A careful and artistic production of the Du Maurier romance with Andree Lafayette, the French actress, as star. (October.)

TWENTY-ONE—First National.—The 1924 model of Richard Barthelmess in an interesting, but not great, picture. (February.)

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathe.—Will Rogers impersonates a lot of other stars and isn't very funny. (February.)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan.—A costume picture of the Louis XIII period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but a bit draggy. (January.)

UNKNOWN PURPLE, THE—Truett.—Less thrilling than the stage version but nevertheless worth seeing if you like suspense. (February.)

UNSEEING EYES—Cosmopolitan.—A splendid picture—if you like snow. (January.)

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a victim of a dual personality. Rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VICTOR, THE—Universal.—Rather obvious story of titled Englishman, stranded in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. (October.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Preferred.—Owen Wister's famous novel made into an exceptionally good Western. (January.)

WANDERING DAUGHTERS—First National.—If you are a daughter, wander away from this picture and save your time and money. (September.)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE—Grand-Ashur.—This picture starts well, but gradually dwindles. The title is tricky. (January.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES—Capital.—A shadow of "The Covered Wagon." Trite story of old plainsman and abandoned baby. (December.)

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox.—William Russell wins the mine and the pretty girl again. (Feb.)

WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY THIS EVENING—United Artists.—A Ben Turpin comedy, and as full of laughs as any of his nonsense. (Sept.)

WHERE IS THE WEST?—Universal.—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. (Nov.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. It's a pity some of the two-legged players can't be as consistent. (November.)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram.—Based on the peonage system. Tells brutal truths but is unpleasant. (February.)

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another triumph for Lillian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. As a whole, excellent. (November.)

WHITE TIGER—Universal.—A crook story with plenty of thrills and a conventional ending. (Feb.)

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME—Pathe.—Interesting film of trapping of elephants. (February.)

WHY WORRY?—Pathe.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, A—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as a love-hungry wife in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount.—W. S. Hart's return to the screen in a picture filled with gunplay and other stunts his admirers like. (Feb.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a young newspaper woman who gets tangled in libel suits, jail sentences and a lot of things. (December.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists.—Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another proof of the genius of Charles Chaplin, who produced and directed it. Not for children. (Dec.)

WOMAN PROOF—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a George Ade story, cut to fit and therefore entertaining. (January.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick.—Betty Compson, always charming, in a picture that grown-ups will like. (February.)

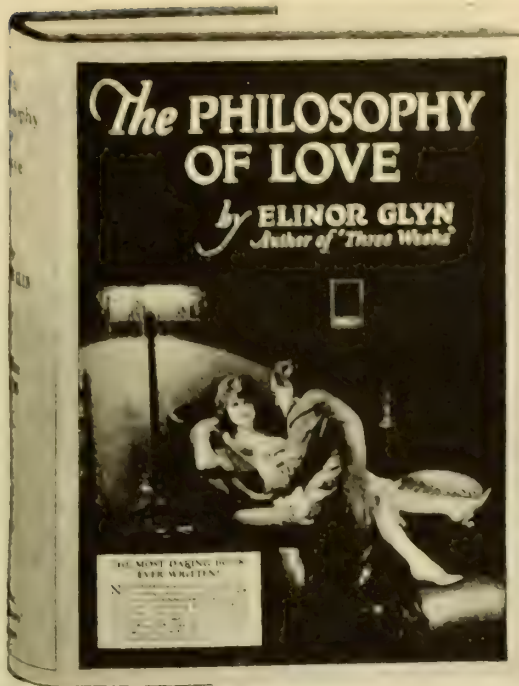
WOMAN WITH FOUR FACES—Paramount.—A fast moving crook melodrama, always interesting. Excellent acting by Betty Compson. (September.)

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Apollo.—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

YOU ARE IN DANGER—Commonwealth.—Good little country boy in big city. Doesn't tell nor mean much. (January.)

YOUTHFUL CHEATERS—Hodkinson.—A story of the country youth in the big city. Full of jazz and other modern features. (September.)

ZAZA—Paramount.—A very interesting picture which gives Gloria Swanson a chance to prove that she is one of the leading screen actresses. (Dec.)



What Every Man and Woman Should Know

how to win the man you love
how to win the girl you want
how to hold your husband's love
how to make people admire you
why "putting parties" destroy the capacity for true love
why many marriages end in despair
how to hold a woman's affection
how to keep a husband home nights
things that turn men against you
how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon
the "danger year" of married life

how to ignite love—how to keep it flaming—how to rekindle it if burnt out
how to cope with the "loving instinct" in men
how to attract people you like
why some men and women are always lovable, regardless of age
are there any real grounds for divorce?
how to increase your desirability in a man's eye
how to tell if someone really loves you
things that make a woman "cheap" or common

you right about these precious things and you will be bound to admit that Madame Glyn, who has made a life study of love, has written the most amazingly truthful and the most downright helpful volume ever penned. She warns you gravely, she suggests wisely, she explains fully.

We admit that the book is decidedly daring. It had to be. A book of this type, to be of real value, could not mince words. Every problem had to be faced with utter honesty, deep sincerity, and resolute courage. But while Madame Glyn calls a spade a spade, while she deals with strong emotions in her frank, fearless manner, she nevertheless handles her subject so tenderly and sincerely that the book can safely be read by any man or woman.

Certain shallow-minded persons may criticize "The Philosophy of Love." Anything of such an unusual character generally is. But Madame Glyn is content to rest her world-wide reputation on this book—the greatest masterpiece of love ever attempted!

Elinor Glyn Dares to Tell the Truth About Marriage

ELINOR GLYN, FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THREE WEEKS," HAS WRITTEN A WONDERFUL BOOK THAT SHOULD BE READ BY EVERY MAN AND WOMAN—MARRIED OR SINGLE. "THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE" IS NOT A NOVEL—IT IS A HELPFUL SOLUTION OF THOSE PROBLEMS OF LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABOUT WHICH MOST OF US KNOW SO LITTLE AND CONCERNING WHICH WE SHOULD BE SO WELL INFORMED. READ BELOW HOW YOU CAN GET THIS THRILLING BOOK AT OUR RISK—WITHOUT ADVANCING A PENNY.

WILL you marry the man you love, or will you take the one you can get?

If a husband stops loving his wife, or becomes infatuated with another woman, who is to blame—the husband, the wife, or the "other woman?"

Will you win the girl you want, or will Fate select your Mate?

Will you be able to hold the love of the one you cherish—or will your marriage end in divorce?

Do you know how to make people like you?

IF you can answer the above questions—if you know all there is to know about winning a woman's heart or holding a man's affection—you don't need "The Philosophy of Love." But if you are in doubt—if you don't know just how to handle your husband, or please your wife, or win the devotion of the one you care for—then you must get this wonderful book. You can't afford to take chances with your happiness.

What Do YOU Know About Love?

DO you know how to win the one you love? Why do husbands often grow increasingly indifferent even though their wives strive tirelessly to please them? Why do some men antagonize women, finding themselves beating against a stone wall in affairs of love? When is it dangerous to disregard convention? Do you know how to curb a headstrong man, or are you the victim of men's whims?

Do you know how to retain a man's affection always? How to attract men? Do you know the things that most irritate a man? Or disgust a woman? Can you tell when a man really loves you—or must you take his word for it? Do you know what you **MUST NOT DO** unless you want to be a "wall flower" or an "old maid"? Do you know the little things that make women like you? Why do "wonderful lovers" often become thoughtless husbands soon after marriage—and how can the wife prevent it? Do you know how to make marriage a perpetual honeymoon?

In "The Philosophy of Love," Elinor Glyn courageously solves the most vital problems of love and marriage. Her book will thrill you as you have never been thrilled before. It may also upset some of your pet notions about love and marriage. But it will set

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Over 75,000,000 people have read Elinor Glyn's stories or have seen them in movies. Her books sell like magic. "The Philosophy of Love" is the supreme culmination of her brilliant career. It is destined to sell in huge quantities. Everybody will talk about it everywhere. So it will be exceedingly difficult to keep the book in print. It is possible that the present edition may be exhausted, and you may be compelled to wait for your copy, unless you mail the coupon below **AT ONCE**. We do not say this to hurry you—it is the truth.

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Please send me on approval Elinor Glyn's masterpiece, "The Philosophy of Love." When the postman delivers the book to my door, I will pay him only \$1.98, plus a few pennies postage. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the book does not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return it any time within five days after it is received, and you agree to refund my money.

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After Thirty—can a woman still gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch"?

SOME women have a better complexion at thirty or thirty-five than they ever had in their twenties.

The reason is simply that they have learned to take better care of their skin.

At twenty, contrary to popular tradition, a girl's complexion is often at its worst.

Too many sweets—late hours—and, above all, neglect of a few simple rules of skin hygiene, result in a dull, sallow color, disfiguring blemishes, and ugly little blackheads.

By giving your skin the right care you can often gain a lovelier skin at thirty than you ever had before.

Remember that each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. Whatever your complexion has been in the past—by beginning, now, to give this new skin the treatment it needs, you can gradually build up a fresh, clear, radiant complexion.

The cause of blackheads and blemishes

Blackheads are caused by dirt and oil collecting in the pores of your skin. A large-pored skin, or one that is much exposed to dust and soft-coal smoke, is especially susceptible to blackheads. Blemishes are generally the result of infection from bacteria carried by dust into the pores.

Don't neglect defects like black-



Often the best of life doesn't begin for a woman until she is thirty. Often it is only then that she begins to realize herself and her own possibilities. Don't think of your age, whatever it is, as a limitation—think of it as an opportunity! Use the knowledge you have gained from life to overcome past faults and disadvantages. Make up your mind to be lovelier every year—and you will be!

heads or blemishes. They can easily be overcome by the following two treatments:—

To Free your Skin from Blemishes

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a re-appearance of the blemishes.

A Special Treatment for Blackheads

Every night before retiring, apply hot cloths to your face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear hot water, then with cold. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Special treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Follow the treatment you need regularly and see how much clearer your skin will become and what a world of difference it will make in its attractiveness.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Three Woodbury skin preparations—guest size—for 10 cents

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 503 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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New Pictures

YOUNGER, by far, and simpler and quite lacking in artifice and sophistication—this new portrait of Gloria Swanson. It shows another side of an already complex character. Miss Swanson plays a charmingly "different" sort of role in her "The Humming Bird"



Richard Burke

COLLEEN MOORE reached the climax of a colorful career in the flapper part in Warner Fabrian's "Flaming Youth." Indeed, she looks the part with her straight bobbed hair and her mischief-filled eyes. Once upon a time she wore curls—and a demure expression



Edwin Bower Hesser

THIS looks like the Mae Marsh of yesterday—the little sister in “The Birth of a Nation” and the pitiful girl mother of “Intolerance.” Miss Marsh has lately appeared in “Daddies”—a Warner Brothers’ production in which her wistful appeal is very happily placed



Edwin Bower Hesser

THERE'S a language of fans—did you know it? Just as there is a language of flowers. Carmel Myers, by resting the bit of lace and ivory against her left cheek, is saying "No!" But her eyes—and her smile—belie the fan's cruel and negative message



Melbourne Spurr

RICHARD DIX—who does some very fine work in the modern episode of "The Ten Commandments"—and his pal, who goes by the unromantic name of "Penny." Talk about a dog's life all you want to—but just take note of the smile on Penny's face!



Edwin Bower Hesser

ANNA MAY WONG plays the part of a dancing slave girl in "The Thief of Bagdad"—and advance reports say that she walks away with quite a bit of the applause. We can't help feeling that she might have posed for the Coles Phillips of Turkey's magic city!



Edwin Bower Hesser

THE sweetest expression in pictures, some say—the most womanly of the leading ladies. After scoring as the queen in "Rosita," Miss Rich has come back across the centuries to play opposite Monte Blue in "Lucretia Lombard." They were starring partners in "Brass"



Your new laundry problem

HOW TO MEET IT:

A FEW years ago nearly everything you wore could go safely into the family wash. Today the situation is reversed.

What were once cotton garments now are silk or wool—filmy crêpe de chine, cobwebby chiffon, silk blouses so delicate that they can almost be drawn through a finger-ring, fluffy wool sweaters.

Not one of these delicate things should *ever* be subjected to the cruelties of the "family wash." So you have a different washing problem today, and you therefore need different soap and different methods.

In recommending gentle laundering by squeezing luke-warm Ivory Suds through your delicate modern garments, we are supported not only by hundreds of experiments of our own with practically every known kind of material, but by the experiences of literally millions of women who have found this method to be the finest kind of safety insurance.

For Ivory Suds use either Ivory cake soap, or Ivory Flakes, which is Ivory Soap flaked for you and ready for instant use. Ivory in either form is economy, not extravagance. Ivory—so gentle and mild—is as harmless to colors and fabrics as is pure water alone. Silk and woolen garments, washed by the Ivory method, actually last *longer* than cotton garments washed by old-fashioned methods.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



Important washing points

Except for very soiled and very bulky things, you need only a small amount of Ivory Flakes—just whip up the rich Ivory Suds from a teaspoonful of Flakes dissolved in about two gallons of water (see directions on package). Then dip the garment, squeeze the suds through and through it—don't rub hard, don't wring.

...

In washing silk or wool, the entire operation should not take more than five minutes.

...

For setting colors, see directions on the Ivory Flakes package.

...

The best way to dry delicate garments is to spread them on a bath-towel in a dark place, making sure that embroidered portions, if any, are kept clear of the body material.



A conclusive test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

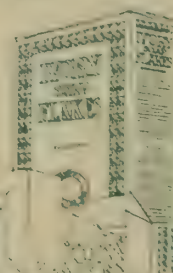
"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes, your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.



Free sample of Ivory Flakes

A generous sample of Ivory Flakes and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments." Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 45-CF, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

I V O R Y
99 1/100% PURE IT FLOATS

PHOTOPLAY

March, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

SO far, motion picture producers have refused to pay \$200,000 for the screen rights to "The Seventh Heaven," one of the year's stage hits. I know a few of them who won't be able to buy even standing room in the first heaven for a million.

AND speaking of heaven and motion pictures, wouldn't it be disappointing if, having renounced the ways of this world and its pleasures all your life, you got there only to find yourself assigned to pal around for eternity on the same cloud with the Pennsylvania and Ohio boards of censors?

ANYHOW, Cecil B. DeMille ought to get a reserved seat for making "The Ten Commandments." That is, unless Moses accuses him of stealing his scenario without credit, and for spite, shows St. Peter "Adam's Rib," or one of his popular bath tub dramas.

AFAMOUS Egyptologist played hookey from his academic sarcophagus long enough to denounce Mr. DeMille as having committed fourteen glaring anacronisms and other errors in the Biblical episode. Well, Cecil gave us a thrill, and that's more than any grave-robbing Egyptologist ever did.

AMONG other trifles the professor says the ancient Israelites did not wear BVD drawers. He certainly was looking for something to criticize if he examined the trademarks on their underwear. Would it appear impertinent to ask what he found out about Nita Naldi when she appeared in the second half of the picture? His wife had better keep him away from Mac Murray pictures. He's too curious.

WHAT we motion picture fans want is more people who can make good pictures and less people who write cynical criticisms.

I WONDER how the Chicago board of censors are going to get around the seventh commandment when it comes flashing through the skies onto the screen. Those high and narrow minded individuals don't permit the word in the picture theaters of their city even if it is used in Sunday school lessons.

THE opening night in New York thunderous applause greeted the commandments as they burst onto the screen. It sounded like a popularity contest. "Thou Shalt Not Steal" didn't get much of a hand. Perhaps there were too many scenario writers there.

HENRY FORD having withdrawn in favor of Calvin Coolidge for the republican nomination, on behalf of Charlie Chaplin I withdraw his name as a candidate.

I'M for President Coolidge because he's a picture fan. That improves he's human and I'd rather trust a human being than a politician. We mean no direct offense to Hiram Johnson, but I'm afraid that if Johnson thought he could get the flapper and Italian votes he'd promise to make Valentino secretary of state.

TALKING pictures are perfected, says Lee De Forest, the inventor. So is castor oil.

'TWAS Christmas Eve. So Mrs. Natacha Rambova Valentino gave out a pretty interview. Speaking for Ruddy she said something about "Peace on earth—good will to men," etc., possibly explaining why he was going back to work.

THE truth of the matter, expressed perhaps in coarse language, is that the Valentinos got wise to themselves. That so-called beauty contest that Ruddy conducted for the cosmetic concern didn't augment his popularity any. Nor did his dancing act. Nor did his eternal ranting about the demon producers. Never—Never—Never would he go back to work for Famous Players-Lasky—no never. Nevertheless he did, and we are glad of it. Over a year ago Famous Players-Lasky offered him everything he professed to be fighting for, and seven thousand dollars a week thrown in. He should have done it then. He has since learned that publicity cannot replace photography, and that fans want to see their favorites on the screen, not hear them on the corner soapbox.

STARS come and go. But the wiser they are the slower they go. The public throws roses in their path one year and banana peels the next.

FIRST, "Flaming Youth." It was a hit. So along comes its poor relatives, "Flaming Barriers" and "Flaming Passion." That last is a hot one. They'll need non-inflammable film. We'll probably see "Flaming Souls" and "Flaming Sin" next. And then the "Idiot Film Company" will offer a prize for the best title containing the word "Flaming." That ought to burn it up.

THE real estate men want to be called "realtors" but the moving picture actors don't want to be called "movacs."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



Upper center—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks (Mary Pickford) in their Beverly Hills home.

Upper left—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey. She is the business manager of the family.

Upper right—William Desmond and the family seem to be on very friendly terms.

Center—Erich Von Stroheim drops the megaphone to take some notice of the family.

Lower left—"Conway," says Mrs. Tearle (Adele Rowland), "I hope that role suits you."

The general impression seems to be that residents of the western film capital combine the marital beliefs of the South Sea Islands and Turkey

Is Matrimony a Failure

HAVE you ever noticed that when you pick up the Monday morning paper you always read about how many accidents happen on Sunday, but it never says anything about all the perfectly beautiful and safe rides the other folks had?

When I am pelted with the question which titles this story, "Is matrimony a failure in Hollywood?" I always think of my Monday morning paper.

Everyone I meet who isn't directly connected with Hollywood asks that question. The general impression seems to be that residents of the western film capital combine the beliefs of Turkey and the South Sea Islands, and that marriage,

in its moments of sanity and domestic bliss, is practically unknown.

Now I should hesitate to answer the simple question, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" In fact, when it's mentioned, I always begin to feel like the caterpillar in "Alice in Wonderland," and the only answer I can think of is, "Why not?" Which is no answer at all.

But when they become geographical about it, when they try to tie it onto Hollywood alone, where I am well acquainted with all the cooks and chauffeurs, I feel I'd like to rise and make a few remarks.

It is perfectly true that all marriages are not happy in Holly-



Upper center — Matrimony is surely a success in the lives of the Bryant Washburns.

Center — It is easy to see why there is no failure in the Tom Mix family.

Upper left — Wheeler Oakman evidently has just lost a bet to Mrs. Oakman (Priscilla Dean).

Upper right — With a garden like this, why shouldn't Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray be happy?

Lower right — Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland (Marjorie Daw) enjoy the same books.

Before
criticising
Hollywood,
statistics on the
divorce question
from the rest of the
United States should
be considered

In Hollywood?

By
Adela Rogers St. Johns

wood, any more than they are in Yonkers or Terre Haute. A few tragedies, such as happened to Charlie Chaplin and Bill Hart, cast a gloom over the whole subject, and when, in addition, Gloria Swanson's two failures and Corinne Griffith's recent divorce and the unexpected separation of the Vidor's are prominently and frequently mentioned, it isn't any wonder that the public raises its eyebrows and says: "They can't seem to make a go of marriage in Hollywood."

Now it is plain enough to anyone that Hollywood has more problems to face, when it comes to marriage, than any other place in the world. In the first place, practically all the women are financially independent, which is bound to make them stand

less than other wives have to. In the second place, sudden wealth in itself had been a cause of many and many a catastrophe in the sea of matrimony long before Hollywood was on the map, and we have lots of sudden wealth. Add to these, tremendous flattery, enormous popularity, difficult working conditions and long and uncertain hours, unprecedented familiarity between men and women as a necessity in the regular line of work, ambition running wild, and you have a condition that is tougher for those breaking into matrimony than will be found in most places.

But even with all that, I don't believe the percentage of divorce in Hollywood is higher than [CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]

13 Baby Stars Count 'em—13

EVERY year the Wampas, which is the club name of the members of the Western Associated Motion Picture Advertising men, picks from among the younger actresses those considered to have the best chance of becoming stars of the screen during the coming year. These are the choices for the year 1924, and all were presented formally at the Frolic of the Wampas, held in San Francisco.

*Julanne Johnston—
languorous and
stately. Age, 20.
Black hair, brown
eyes. From Indianapolis*



*Dorothy Mackaill—
English type. Repres-
sed, but can flame. Blonde
hair, green eyes. From London.*



*Ruth Hiatt—
demure and petite.
Eighteen years old.
Dark hair and eyes, and was
born in Cripple Creek, Colorado*



*Elinore Fair—slender and buoyant. Twenty years
old. Brown eyes, and hair of same color. A Rich-
mond F. F. V.*



*Lucille Rickson—winsome and girlish. A regular
kid sister. Fifteen years. Brown hair and eyes.
From Chicago*



*Clara Bow—real flapper type. Seventeen years old.
Dark bobbed hair, and has brown eyes. Hails from
Brooklyn*



Marian Nixon—typical American girl. Pretty and good sport. Nineteen years. Brown hair and eyes. Minnesota



Hazel Keener—wildflower type, but stately. Nineteen years old. Brown hair, hazel eyes. From Davenport, Iowa



Margaret Morris—wholesome and eager. Nineteen years old. Dark eyes and hair. Appealing and enthusiastic



Carmelita Geraghty—patrician and athletic. Twenty years old. Black hair and eyes. From Rushville, Ind.



Blanche Mahaffey—vivacious and starry-eyed. A "Follies" graduate. Auburn hair, blue eyes. From Cincinnati



Gloria Grey—demure and wondering and sunny. Seventeen years old. Blonde hair and blue eyes. Born in Sacramento



Alberta Vaughn—piquant-and-naughty type. Eighteen years old. Dark hair and eyes. Ashland, Kentucky, claims her

Odds and Ends the Camera Caught

Interesting bits of photography gathered in the studios and on location in two continents



A built set that grows. Trees and grass were transplanted to the studio for "The Enchanted Cottage" and, under the glass roof, grew so fast that a gardener had to keep them in control until the "shooting" was over



No, children, this is not Rasputin, the Black Monk. 'Tis Will Rogers! Honest it is, in a satire on the Little Theater movement



George Walsh drew the most coveted role of the year and will play Ben Hur. In circle above, Gertrude Olmsted is shown in the character of Esther



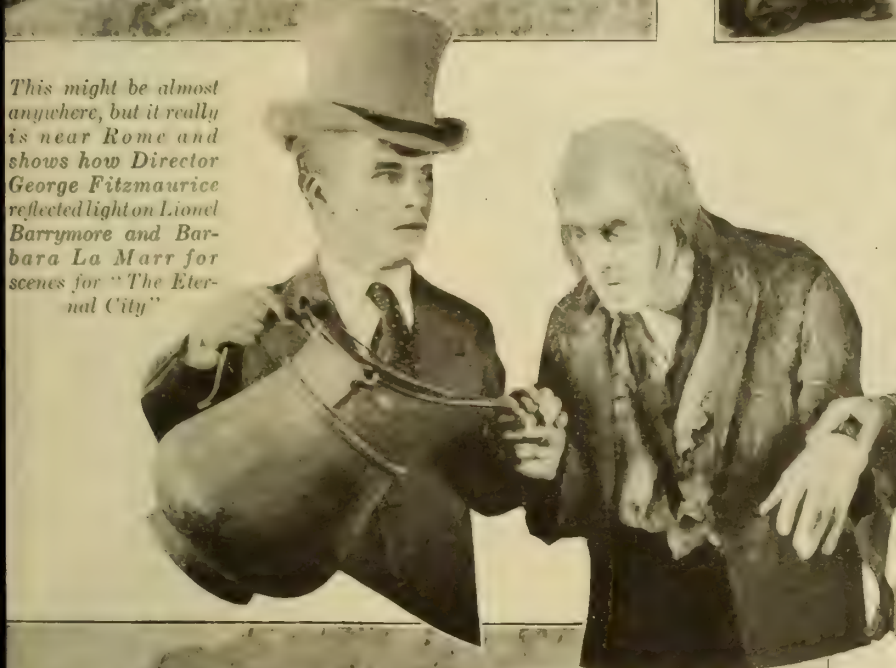
Trust Connie Talmadge to do the original. Now she has a four-band headdress, the upper band being of silver flowers and the other three of little cups in which diamond flakes were blown



This might be almost anywhere, but it really is near Rome and shows how Director George Fitzmaurice reflected light on Lionel Barrymore and Barbara La Marr for scenes for "The Eternal City"



The troops start for the front—in "The Eternal City"—led by Hero Bert Lytell, and preceded by the camera on a hand-car, the motive power being Pete Props



Just above—"The Heritage of the Desert" company on location in Utah. Ernest Torrence, Bebe Daniels and Lloyd Hughes in center of picture

Page center—Beau Brummel Barrymore looks near death. But Drs. Chaplin and Fairbanks may save him. Charlie is an allopath, all right, and Doug has long felt the pulse of the public



The late Sarah Bernhardt—one of her last photographs—taken while working on the scenario of a picture she hoped to make



Could Gloria Swanson play Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew"? Well, see what she's doing in "A Society Scandal"!

The Legend of Hollywood

By
Frank Condon

Illustrated by
R. Van Buren

I FIRST heard this story soon after my arrival in Hollywood and have always regarded it as more or less a gem. A weazened little man with a tuft of whiskers was telling it, the first time I heard it, to the cigar stand clerk in the drug store at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue, and I regretted my late arrival, on that occasion, because all I overheard was the very tail end.

It stuck in my memory, like a tack in a tire, and twice during the following twelve-month, it was retold. Once, an actor recited it to an admiring audience at a Christmas Eve party at the home of Adolph Menjou, and though he was unknown to me, when he finished, I singled him out in the gay crowd.

"That was an interesting little anecdote," I said to him. "Who was this fellow?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I heard the story two years ago, but the girl who told it to me didn't know the name of the man. Nobody seems to know."

"Curious," I remarked, "especially seeing it happened right here in Hollywood."

"It's a sort of legend," he explained, smiling. "We probably never will hear who he was. Time covers up such things rather effectually."

I had no intention of letting Time cover it up, however, and as I continued to hear the story my curiosity grew proportionately.

It annoyed me.

Here was a legend, a tradition of the community, a tale of Hollywood, which is a brand new city of shining homes, and why, I demanded to know, should the facts remain concealed?

Ireland has its fairy stories, but Ireland is old and hoary, and its legends are from the cloudy past. India is full of strange

tales, but they were born a thousand years ago. Hollywood is new, and the story is new. I heard it in garages, with a dirty-faced mechanic telling it to a farmer from Iowa, as he tugged at a rusty nut. It came to me in the studios, where pictures are made, and I determined to run it down, to find this nameless hero, greet him with blandishment and beg that he go over the story for me, in his own way, telling me the details of the drama, as the main actor in it.

Well, I failed, and I admit it. At this instant, I have advanced not a single inch. The man is still shrouded in mystery, though I pursued him in the highways and byways. I inquired diligently, even of strangers, and of course among my friends, who have lived in Hollywood long enough to be regarded as old-timers.

One of the veterans of Hollywood is T. Roy Barnes, the actor, who owns real estate and two shiny automobiles. He sat patiently upon his veranda and listened to me with tolerance.

"Certainly, I have heard that story," he said, when I paused. "Heard it long before you ever did."

"Then who is the fellow?" I asked. "What is his name and where does he live?"

"I can't answer that. Never did hear his name. You might ask Jimmy Cruze about it. Cruze hears a good many things."

I found Mr. Cruze coming out of the court house, where he had been testifying against a bootlegger. He is an old-timer in Hollywood and its secrets are, to him, an open book.

"Yes," said Mr. Cruze thoughtfully, "I remember that story well. I first heard it years ago, and I still hear it every now and then."

"Did you know the man—the hero of the tale?"

"I don't know him and never heard his name. He is probably here in Hollywood today. George Melford might know. See George about it."

"One each day," he said aloud. "I have gambled with life and lost, and now I gamble with death."

Here is a mystery of a desperate man and seven little glasses which many in Hollywood believe, but which none can solve. Perhaps you can?

"OH," said George. "That story. Of course, I've heard it. Who hasn't, I'd like to know. Say, that's as famous here in Hollywood as Paul Revere's ride."

"And you can't tell me the nameless hero?"

"I cannot. Nobody ever seemed to know his name. When I was directing 'Behold My Wife,' there was a lad in the company who claimed to know him, but I never believed it."

"Well," I said firmly, "I'm going to find out. Who'd be likely to know?"

"Try Ernest Torrence," George advised. "He might know; or Allan Hale."

I encountered these gentlemen eventually, seated in the Alice-blue restaurant on the Boulevard, where the tourists from Kansas City crowd to stare without charge at the eating lions. I put the question straight. Did they ever hear the story? They did. Would it be possible for them to tell me

the name of the strange and interesting figure about whom the tale revolved? No. They did not know it.

"I'd know it," said Mr. Hale, "if anybody could know it."

Clad in disappointment, I stumbled forth anew upon the quest of my man. I wandered upon Joseph Henabery, the director, and Wallace Beery, both familiar with the lore of Hollywood.

"I've heard it," Joe admitted.

"So have I," said Mr. Beery.

"But," I said, forestalling them, "you don't know the man?"

They shook their heads, and suggested that I see someone else. For weeks I followed the trail, approaching this one and that, and my quest was like asking people if they had heard the tale of Little Red Riding Hood.

\$1000 REWARD!

Are you the man in this story? If you are and if you need a thousand dollars, read and decide if you wish to reveal yourself to the people of Hollywood.



*"What are you crying about?
Why should you cry over a
trifle? I'm not crying and,
God knows, I have cause to"*

Mr. Herbert Howe, fresh from New York, had heard it. So had Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows more interesting facts about Hollywood than any other observer. Likewise, it was known to Frank R. Adams, E. K. Lincoln, Tom Geraghty, Tommy Buchanan, Williams, the grocer; Jim Hall, the cop at Hollywood's main crossing; Joe Woodman, the filling station expert on Sunset; Walters, the druggist; Mary O'Connor, the scenario chief; Joe Engel, manager of the Metro Studios; Perley Sheehan, the transplanted novelist; Ralph Block, Jack Cunningham, Bert LeVino, Wally Young, Betty Weeks, Percy Heath, and so on without end. I append these names to indicate the vigor with which I followed a faint trail. They knew the story, but they did not know the name, and the name was what I wanted.

There were, of course, variations of the narrative, and it came to me in many ways, but not one of my informants could tell me the man; or the girl; or the boarding-house mistress; or whether the boarding-house is still running as such.

And so, down to the present moment, the facts remain, but the identity of the actors has eluded me. Here is the story, as I have so often heard it, incomplete and necessarily vague in places. I tremble for a reporter who would turn in such an account to a capable city editor.

IT seems that five or six years ago, when Hollywood was insignificant, and smaller than it is today, and when studios were fewer and you could still find a parking space for your car on the Boulevard, a man, comparatively young, drifted into town, clasping to his bosom a Great Idea. What that Great Idea was, I cannot say, because, if it was afterwards given a name, there was none to connect it with the young stranger. It may be as familiar a thing as "The Birth of a Nation" or the "Miracle Man"; or, it may never have been released.

At any rate, it was the young man's Opus Magnificent, and he set to work in a small room, an attic in reality, at the top of a bungalow; and the bungalow was a boarding-house on a side street, owned and rigorously operated by an Irish mistress, a none too kindly soul. She has been described as an Italian and likewise a German, but no one is certain.

The history of the fellow was unknown and his conduct mysterious. One version had him a civil engineer, a failure; and another told of him as a painter of portraits. Sometimes he was an artist, then an actor, and then again an author. He burned with high ambition, yet there was about him the grim manner of one who has failed, and who yet means to succeed.

We will have to call him Plain John Smith. He bestowed little or no information upon those about him, was looked upon as a sullen and unfathomable creature, given to fiery moods, and kept to himself. During the day, he worked feverishly, and in the evenings, he strolled, usually by himself.

He was in bad financial circumstances, as are many venturers into Hollywood, and his room was the poorest and barest in the house, but he toiled as one possessed, and slowly his Idea grew into definite form. He desired it to be a motion picture, a different kind of motion picture, greater in every way, a mark for other men to shoot at; and it took him months to put his plan on paper.

Now there enters into the story, the little maid. She was a

bright, happy, dark-eyed little thing with glossy black hair and flushed cheeks, and her lot was humbler and more obscure than his. She was the char girl for Mrs. Rooney, the general servant of the establishment, and each morning she came tripping into John's work room with her pan and duster to set the place to rights. Sometimes she brought him cold food on a tray, or a rare letter from the mail man.

She watched John Smith at work, admiring him as he sat crouched over a small table, and presently she fell in love with him, though it was many a long day before he noticed it. He called her Marie, when he called her anything, though I have heard other names fastened to the little slavey girl. Amid his work came the knowledge that the house drudge loved him, and he smiled at her, spoke kindly and finally kissed her.

"You work hard," she said to him, each morning, smiling in from the doorway, and if he were ready for such things, he would have observed that she was pretty.

"I am writing a motion picture," he answered. "I hope to have a fine piece of work, when it is done."

"Oh," said Marie. "You, too, are in the movies?"

"I hope to be—after this." He indicated the piles of paper. "So far, I have done nothing but examine this strange new art and try to decide why so much of it is rubbish."

"You are a writer?" she asked.

"I have never thought so, before. But I am an artist, because I know the good from the bad. This that I am doing, will be good."

"I am sure of it," said the girl. "You will have a great success."

Her sharp eyes saw everything. His possessions were few, and she wondered about it, and about the gauntness in his face. If John Smith had any money when he came to Hollywood, it slipped away, and there was no income to replace it. His only recreation was walking; and on those evening strolls, Marie went with him, clinging to his arm, adoring him. They climbed the hills and looked down upon the future capital of filmdom, and John told the girl of his ambitions. He was capable of fine things, he was sure, and she agreed with him. When

he grew silent, she urged him to talk. At no time, did she remotely understand him.

PRESENTLY, his slender store of money gave out completely, and the difficulties gathered. Mrs. Rooney spoke to him about his rent and he promised to find the cash, but he never did. Eventually, his potential masterpiece was finished, lay upon the little table in a neat pile, and he fingered it lovingly, read it over and over, and sent it to the offices of the then greatest film company in California. On that morning, he assured Mrs. Rooney that she should have her money.

"That," he said, "is a trifle."

"It's no trifle to me," she answered. "I need me money."

Delays and more delays followed, and the days sped on. A great silence came from the offices of the corporation, which he could break neither by letter nor the personal call. He and his work were not rejected, nor were they accepted. Nothing happened. He had one letter, after a long time, stating that important officials were in New York and that no action would be taken until their return.

Mrs. Rooney reached the limit [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

\$1,000.00 for Information

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE offers one thousand dollars for information about the man in this story of Hollywood, but that information must come from the man himself, if he is alive. This magazine wishes to publish his photograph and inform the public of his present condition and standing in the community.

It is entirely a matter of news and will be treated as such, and the thousand dollars will be given to any Hollywood charity he may designate, in case he is now beyond the need of money himself.

Any communication from him will be held confidential. We will present his history, subsequent to the events told, if he so wishes. We will withhold the story of his later career, if that is what he desires. The main things we want from him are his name and his photograph.

EDITOR.

"I have become so super-sensitive on the 'good-girl-of-Hollywood' epithet," says Lois Wilson, "that I'm tempted to commit a murder just to establish my claim to flesh-and-blood-ness"

Below, Miss Wilson as Hollywood displays her



By
Bland
Johaneson



Must She Commit Murder?

Bored to tears by the appellation of "Hollywood's Good Girl," Lois Wilson fears she must do something desperate to show that she is just human and regular

SHE flung open the portals of her chamber and stood there, in chaste lavender felt slippers, a wistful supplication in her deep, grave eyes. Not far away "The Covered Wagon" rolled along the tenth month of its Broadway journey. Outside was the city and wickedness. But here was a Sunday morning sanctuary—the radiant presence of Lois Wilson, the beautiful and pure. A modest black satin negligee, lined in ecclesiastical purple, enveloped her dis-

creetly. The most sensitive eyes I ever have seen held a mute, frightened query. I thought of all that I heard about her—

"They call you the good girl of Hollywood—" I began reverently. But I was interrupted by a soul-searing sigh and the blessed damozel sank wearily into a chair. Her optic plea had gone unheeded: her fears were confirmed. I had said the wrong thing. "Oh, I was afraid you were going to mention that," breathed Lois in pathetic resignation.

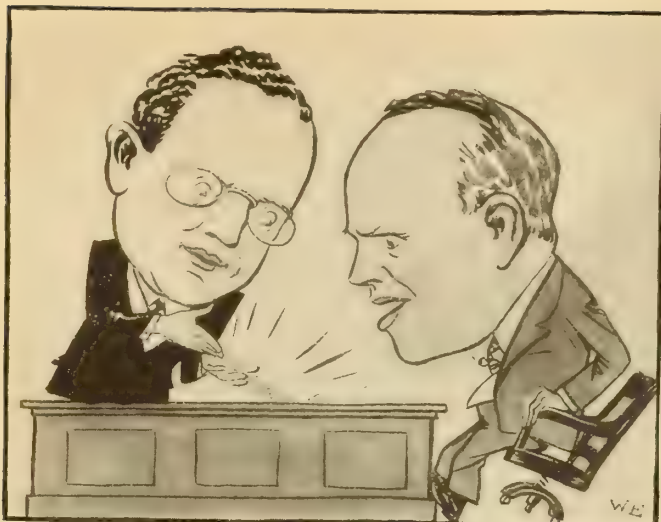
"Is that forbidden?" I heard myself mutter apologetically, thinking of the editor's instructions—Ask her how to be good.

"Forbidden, but in vain. I began this so-called 'being good' by inclination and consideration, now I have to devote my life to explaining it. I have created a Frankenstein monster to rise up and devour me. Really, people have begun making me feel that I ought to apologize for it."

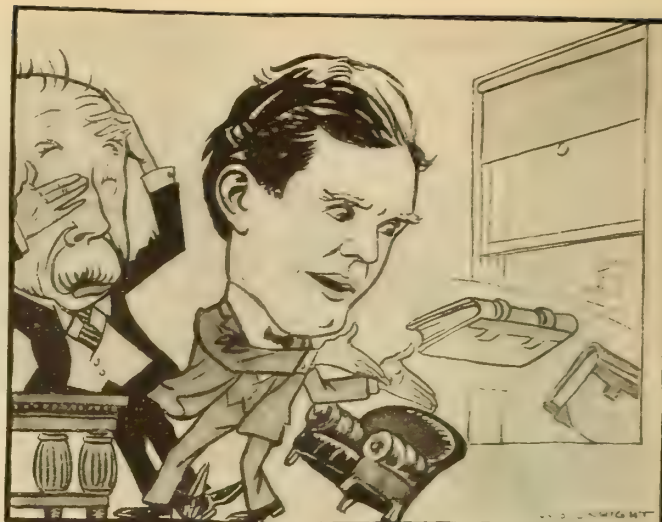
"Never to me. Virtue rests upon your head, an invisible but dazzling halo. Not even a succession of all-night debauches, an elaborate program of amatory intrigue, a lake of Gordon gin, the whole Dunhill output crammed with the purple sins of the poppy, could obscure a single beam.

"Fine-breeding, intelligence, charm, sincerity and sweetness walk with you everywhere. You are a good girl, Lois Wilson. Herb Howe says so.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]



Lewis J. Selznick, former Sixth Avenue jeweler, dazzled Carl Laemmle's eyes with diamonds—and then sold him Mark Dintenfuss' stock in Universal



P. A. Powers and William Swanson broke up the stockholders' meeting by tossing all the Universal books and the great seal out the window into Broadway

This Chapter Tells How

LEWIS J. SELZNICK, a Sixth Avenue jeweler, declared himself into the open game of the motion picture in 1912.

CARL LAEMMLE and P. A. POWERS battled for the control of Universal, an action drama of lawsuits, police, studios, raids and the kidnapping of the corporation's books.

H. E. AITKEN was the first to bring Wall Street into the field of the motion picture, with the birth and rapid evolution of the Mutual Film Corporation.

GENERAL GRANT lost his whiskers in a picture of "The Battle of Shiloh" when "Pop" Lubin sat in as censor of his own product.

DOROTHY AND LILLIAN GISH went to Biograph looking for their friend Gladys Smith and found her to be Mary Pickford.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the first motion picture publication independent of the motion picture industry, began as a theater program in Chicago.

The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye

Chapter XXIV

WITH the Independents aligning themselves with some semblance of cohesion into the two camps of the newly-formed Mutual Film Corporation and the Universal concern, the industry of the motion picture entered upon a new phase in the early months of 1912.

Promotions, screen politics and corporate manipulations came in to supplant the slowly dying strife of the patent litigations. The litigations continued in the background for some years yet, but for curious reasons, which will in due season be set forth, they ceased to exert a controlling pressure on the industry as a whole.

The film makers of the earlier period had, as we have seen, found a solidarity and a certain stability at the close of the wars that ended in the establishment of the iron dictatorship of J. J. Kennedy in 1908. Among the licensees of the Motion Picture Patents Company, Kennedy was still boss.

But in 1912 there was considerable question about who was going to be boss among the Independents. There were several candidates in each of the independent organizations.

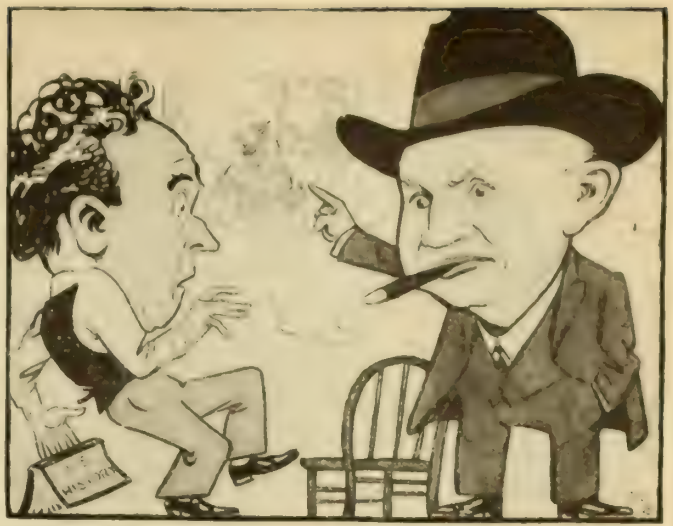
The public which supports motion pictures may have an impression that making pictures is the purpose



Never - before - published pictures of Dorothy Gish in her pre-screen days. She had been on the stage—in "East Lynne" and as a newsboy in "Her First False Step" before she went with Biograph



Laemmle got \$179,000 in cash—mostly \$1 bills—to buy Horsley's stock, and it took a staff of clerks all night to count the great pile of money



"General Grant can't wear no whiskers in my pictures," said Sig. Lubin. "Take 'em off." And that was the finish of the film, "The Battle of Shiloh"

History of the Picture

HERE is an amazing revelation of the influence of the tiny and the trivial upon the course of great events. In this chapter a vastly significant phase of the motion picture is shown in clear cross-section tracing back from some of the impressive personalities and institutions of today to their sources and origins in little things dramatic in their commonplaceness. One man's taste for salt herring, another's like for diamonds, a chance acquaintance of two little girls, the blustering bravery of a Broadway swash-buckler, the careful cunning and amazing luck of his opponent—all these are factors in the complicated web of picture evolution. This is a tale of real life, intense with drama and cross-lighted with flashes of comedy, high and low. These events recited here are of the days when the motion picture, growing without precedents or traditions, treated every remote possibility as an immediate probability. The grotesque and unexpected became the usual. Similar affairs and movements are to be found in the background of every large industry involving many men and many minds, but the motion picture is revealing because it lives in a glass house. This chapter is made up of basic events never before set before the public and patrons of the screen.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor*

of the motion picture business. That is a mere appearance. The purpose of corporations is to dominate the business and the purpose of men is to dominate the corporations. The making of pictures is a detail affair for employees.

Back in '12 this question of who was to be boss among the Independents had to be settled in some slight and temporary degree before the motion picture could go ahead toward its development into the institution of today. The progress of the picture waited while the candidates fought it out. The candidates or their successors are still at it in 1924, and the progress of the picture is still waiting. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

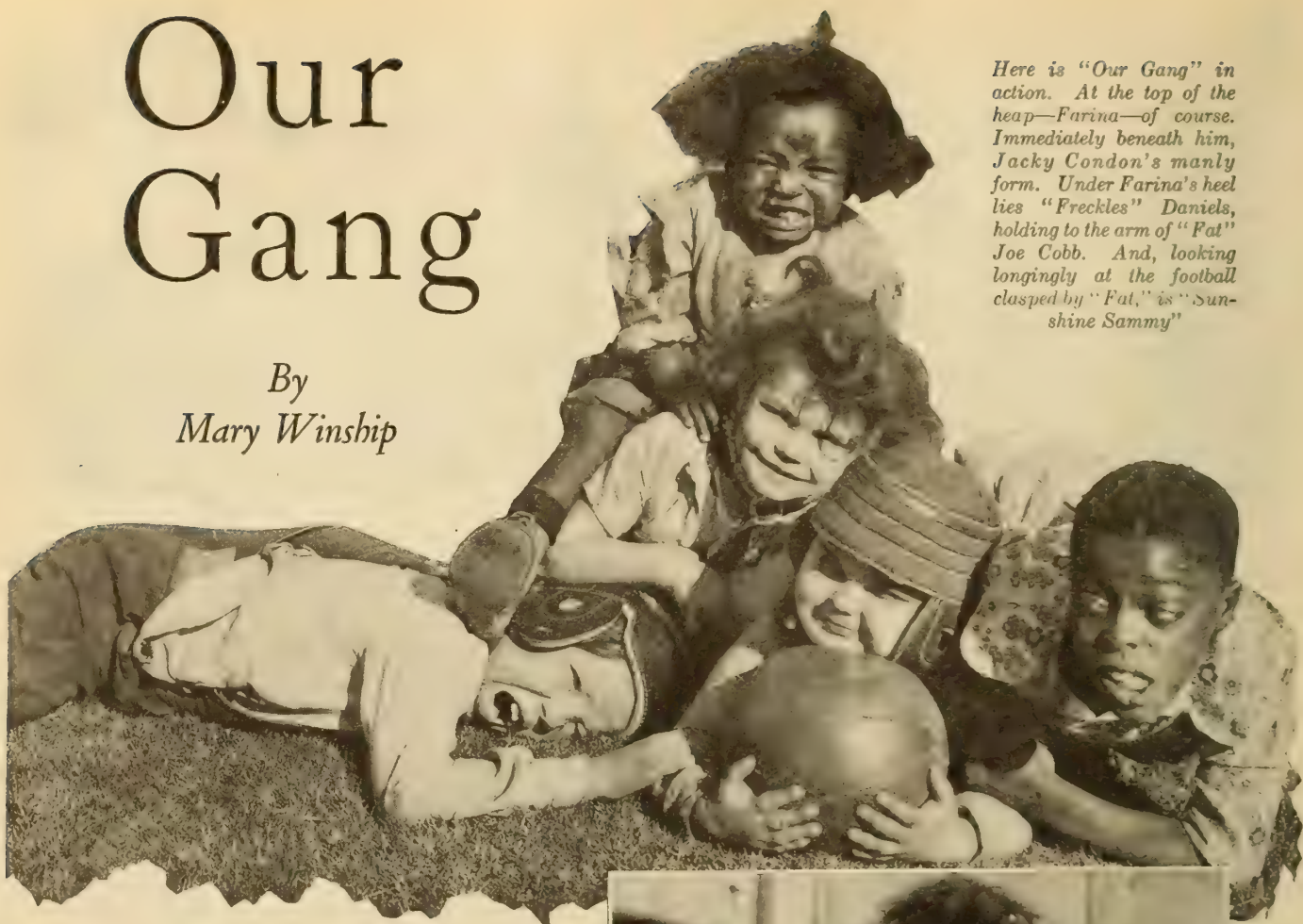


Lewis J. Selznick, who became general manager of Universal by the simple process of appropriating a desk in the office and announcing himself in charge

Our Gang

By
Mary Winship

Here is "Our Gang" in action. At the top of the heap—Farina—of course. Immediately beneath him, Jacky Condon's manly form. Under Farina's heel lies "Freckles" Daniels, holding to the arm of "Fat" Joe Cobb. And, looking longingly at the football clasped by "Fat," is "Sunshine Sammy"



"HI, you, get off'r that football. How kin we *play* if you lay on it all the time, anyway?"

"Well, it's my football, I guess. Whose football is it, anyway? I'm goin' to kick it this time myself. You want to kick it all the time. You needn't think you're so fresh."

"Oh, gee, Fat says he's goin' to kick the football. Hey, Sammy, Fat says he's goin' to kick the football. Ole Fat can't get his leg up high enough to kick no football. Too fat."

"I can too."

"Aw, Fat, you better let me kick it. I can kick swell."

"Aw, no, Freckles, you kicked it last time. Let me kick it this time."

I peeped around the end of the big glass stage and discovered "Our Gang" in a moment of relaxation. All of them—Sunshine Sammy, Freckles, Fat, Jacky Condon and pretty little Mary Kornman were concentrated on their stomachs around a football. When the scenery shifted a bit, I likewise discerned Farina, very small and dark.

Instantly, it seemed that twenty years or more slid from my shoulders.

Because "Our Gang"—well, it's just exactly like any other gang. It's like *your* gang, or *my* gang that lived in the vacant lots and the dusty old barns, and drove a previous generation of respectable parents to despair. Even on the screen, when you take your own descendants to see them, you slip back to the days when you used to hop wagons, and climb trees, and play in newly-dug sewers. When you meet them off the screen, you positively feel well acquainted with them—as though they were merely re-incarnations of your youth.

That's the secret of the success of their comedies, and when I met Bob McGowan, who directs them, and roamed about for a day with the young members



Farina is an athlete of sorts, but there are times when his balance will not permit of bicycle riding. So Jacky Condon takes a hand as instructor

of the company—all of whom are under long term contract—I understood why.

The kids in "Our Gang" aren't actors. They're just kids. They don't act. Bob McGowan simply suggests ideas for new and fascinating games and, while they play them, he turns on the camera. The lot isn't a studio, it's a playground. They've never had a scenario or a story in their lives—they develop it in the natural course of events as they go along.

More than that, they've practically selected their own company, by a well-organized process of elimination. Because even "Mac" can't keep a kid on the lot if he isn't regular. They're all scrappers, in the troop. Every kid in the Gang is a fighter from the word "go." It doesn't matter how clever a kid is, if he isn't regular he can't stay, that's all. What's more, he doesn't want to. They don't gang him, either. They begin on each new kid and take him one at a time, as it comes. If a newcomer stands the test, he stays. If not, he goes. A simple and primitive method which will be envied by older players, I doubt not.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]



All hands rally to the defense of the stage and of pretty Mary Kornman, who sits inside. Jacky Condon, the heroic driver, has faith in the aim of "Freckles" and "Fal," while Director McGowan directs the fight



Bob McGowan is guide, philosopher, friend, and hobby-horse for "Our Gang" as well as being the much-loved director. Here he is playing horse for "Freckles." Note the "chaps" on the rider. They are made of bagging, bottle tops and the rubber band from a pickle jar



Back home but not broke. Thomas Meighan enjoys a quiet Sunday with his wife—Frances Ring—after a strenuous week at the studio



Talks About Tom

By George Ade

WHEN I first met Tom Meighan, I was only a little older than he is now. This was several years ago. He was very young, very good-looking, just starting to try himself out as an actor. I think we got together, first of all, because both of us were interested in football. He had been playing with a college team and I was just undertaking the doubtful experiment of writing a play which dealt with college life and the game of football.

I asked Henry W. Savage, who was producing my play of "The College Widow," to get Tom in for the part of the half-back. He did so. Also, Colonel Savage engaged for the part of the "College Widow," a most attractive and intelligent young actress, Frances Ring, a younger sister of Blanche Ring.

Tom fell in love with Frances and they were married and have lived together very happily ever since. After "The College Widow" had been on the road for two or three seasons I asked Mr. Charles Frohman to engage Tom for a part in "Father and the Boys," in which William H. Crane was starring, and he did so.

At the beginning of his professional career Tom got a good salary as compared with other very young actors who are just beginning their careers; that is, his salary was well into three figures and now it is well up into four figures. He is one of the highest salaried actors in the world and he is deserving of all his success and the success has been well earned.

He had quite a varied experience before going with the pictures. He was with David Warfield for several seasons and he played a long engagement in London in a George M. Cohan play and he had fairly good parts in many important productions.

When he finally began in the movies he played secondary parts in support of Mary Pickford, Pauline Frederick and other well-known women stars. He worked hard and learned how to register an effect when the camera was pointing at him. He learned what most of the actors from the speaking stage never learn. He found out how to time his actions and how to get over with the least possible effort the most telling effects in pantomime and facial expression.

He found his first big opportunity in "The Miracle Man" and since then he has been a star and he has grown in popularity

with the public while other stars have grown dim and faded away. His abiding popularity is not altogether due to his winning personality. Tom is a hard worker. He picks out his own plays and gets them ready long in advance of production. He supervises the selection of the cast and watches all details of production. He gives his fellow players a chance to score and does not want everything for himself.

He is personally popular everywhere because anyone can see success has not spoiled him. He is always modest, good-natured and kind.

He is making a lot of money but he does not spend it in a showy manner.

He is intensely loyal to his friends and never forgets any man who once did him a good turn. He is popular with children and nice to women and polite to everybody. A large part of his success has been due to the fact that gradually the public has become convinced that he is a thoroughly likable and decent young fellow—a very fine type of athletic and vigorous American manhood.

His personal popularity seems to stand out on the screen and it should because he is the most unselfish and worthy and helpful kind of citizen.

I have written three screen plays for him—"Our Leading Citizen," "Back Home and Broke," and "Woman-Proof."

In these plays which Tom and I have worked out together, we have not striven for any big "effects." We have tried to deal with old-fashioned human nature instead of tragedy and high-tension romance. We have avoided crime and sex problems and death beds and physical violence.

Perhaps we have made our plays too tame and quiet for some of the movie patrons who are looking for a large thrill every moment.

At least, we have tried to show Tom all the time as a very clean specimen of interesting young manhood, and we have tried to mix a little comedy with the drama, and we are hoping that our friends will like the new play as much as they liked the two preceding ones.



PRISCILLA MORAN is the little foster sister of Jackie Coogan, and a star to be. Her history? She has appeared in one picture, "Daddies," with Mae Marsh, and she was named for Priscilla Dean. Also—see photograph—she surely reads elevating literature

"The Romantic Life of Abraham Lincoln"



The log cabin, with slab roof and stick and mud chimney, in Hardin county, Kentucky, in which *Abraham Lincoln* was born on February 12, 1809. Outside the cabin are Lincoln's mother, *Nancy Hanks*, and his sister, *Sarah*.

"Well, Mother, they've nominated us," said *Lincoln* to his wife (*Nell Craig*), as he walked into the sitting room in his Springfield, Illinois, home on that night in May, 1860, when the Republican National Convention at Chicago declared him its choice for president.

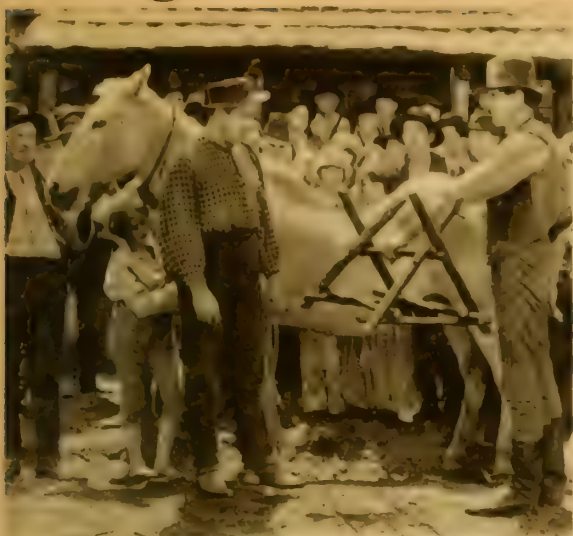


The last of seven famous debates between *Lincoln* and *Stephen A. Douglas* in which the "Tall Sucker," with his earnestness and homely philosophy, proved himself more than a match for the "Little Giant," polished and eloquent orator though *Douglas* was.

As a boy, *Lincoln* acquired his education by reading and figuring by the light of the log fire in the cabin. His father opposed the boy's desire to learn, but the mother (*Irene Hunt*) always encouraged and sympathized, praising his figuring, which was done on an old shovel in lieu of a slate.



Brings Him Back to us on the Screen



The famous "sight unseen" horse trade in which the town "smart Aleck," thinking to get the better of *Lincoln*, by trading him a spavined, sway-backed animal, gets a saw-horse in return.

George Billings as *Abraham Lincoln* and, (in lower corner) the full length figure of *Lincoln*. The resemblance is striking, both in the face and in the tall awkward figure. Mr. Billings' work is the more remarkable in that this is his first appearance before the camera.



"They call these matches," says *Lincoln* to *Ann Rutledge* (Ruth Clifford) his first sweetheart. "It's wonderful what luxuries we are getting in these days."



We Take Off Our Hats To—



Keyes

CECIL B. DEMILLE, for his direction
of "The Ten Commandments"

BLANCHE SWEET, for her work in
the title role of "Anna Christie"



Riebo

JAMES CRUZE, who made "The Covered Wagon"—and three other screen successes—in only one year



JEANIE MACPHERSON, who wrote
the story of "The Ten Command-
ments" and so made screen history



Bange

EDWIN L. HOLLYWOOD, who directed the first four pictures in the "Chronicles of America" series, for Yale University—and the world



Evans

ALLAN DWAN, who reached the heights in his direction of "Big Brother," a great picture, and an intensely human one. Dwan directed "Robin Hood"—Photoplay's gold medal picture of the year

PERCY MARMONT —for his remarkable performance as *Mark Sabre*, in "If Winter Comes" and for his work in "The Light That Failed." He awakens the mother instinct in every woman



ERNST LUBITSCH for directing Pola Negri's early successes—and then making "Rosita" in America, with the nation's sweetheart as star. Lubitsch carries genius, like a flame, in his heart





ON the beach at beautiful Catalina Island, these nymphs dance as lightly as the foam on the sea which is their background



AND when all the physically perfect girls had been picked—along came Phyllis Haver then, as always, the peer of them all

EBBA MONA ought to be able to leap into fame, whether pictorial or terpsichorean. This particular pose is known as a "split leap"

Temple of Venus

WITH such a title to live up to, it was necessary to comb the entire state of California for beautiful and perfectly formed girls. To judge by these pictures, the combing was more than successful. Combine a great deal of pulchritude with fine settings and exceptional photography, and you'll be able to visualize this super-spectacle—although some careful audiences have been forced to sit through two shows to gather in all the wealth of detail! Of course, some critics have been unkind enough to suggest that Venus didn't go in for the Hollywood type of bathing suit. But then critics will say anything!



THIS silhouette scene, with dancers posed against the sunlight which comes through the entrance to the grotto, is an artistic triumph



BLOND or brunette, short or tall, bobbed or unbobbed—this has them all



Eugene Robert Richee

BILL HART, in the name role of "Wild Bill Hickok," made a smashing, two-fisted, hard-shooting come-back to the screen, after a long absence. The vacation rested and refreshed him, for "Wild Bill" seems younger and more purposeful than William of yesterday

Beginning in this Issue—Start Reading it Now



Cleveland Brown was filmdom's most eligible bachelor. He wanted to stay a bachelor, but Hollywood is a tough place in which to dodge love. He was a prize worth capturing. So Hollywood sat back to watch the fun

The Love Dodger

PART I

CLEVELAND BROWN was his real name. Fame had crept upon him so gradually that it caught him before he thought of substituting something more ornate.

Almost before he was aware of it, that name of Cleveland Brown had emerged from the mass of weltering picture comedians and possessed a box office value from San Diego to Boston.

Somehow, for an indefinable something that lay behind his wistful eyes and his beaming, contagious smile, the millions loved him greatly and laughed at him and now and then shed an unexpected tear over him. He was like that. And it had paid him well to be a little ray of sunshine to the toiling masses.

In 1922, young Cleveland Brown of Hollywood paid to the government of the United States an income tax amounting to almost a quarter of a million dollars. Immediately he was hailed as filmdom's most eligible bachelor. And while he ardently desired to retain the last word of that title, the two preceding ones caused him much mental anguish.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Rightly. For they plunged him, all unprepared and protesting, into a veritable whirlpool of love and adventure, unbelievable adventure and many kinds of love, as a peaceful rowboat might be plunged into a hurricane.

If there was any rôle in which Cleveland Brown did not aspire to shine it was the rôle of a great lover. But he was cast to play it just the same. All Hollywood knew it and sat back to watch the fun. He was a prize worth capturing and he was determined not to be captured.

In a land where love and its million substitutes are the chief diversion of the multitude, where the reincarnation of Cleopatra

*"I think you're wonderful," said Ray Connable.
"Now that you've come out of the silence, I think you're the nicest man I ever met"*



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

and Helen of Troy and Aphrodite herself gather, where men and women work and play side by side in complete equality and familiarity, in such a land, the Boulevard gossips agreed that Cleveland Brown had so far refused to drink from the rosy chalice of passion.

But they admitted likewise that Cleveland Brown had picked a tough spot in which to dodge love.

A great many people would have been surprised to know that Mrs. Jimmy Smith, a young matron with red hair and ten superfluous pounds about her hips, had affected the life of Cleveland Brown more than any other person in the world. But it would have surprised Mrs. Smith more than anyone else.

As she pursued the even tenor of her way, she could not very well avoid bumping into the name of Cleveland Brown. It was everywhere. Upon the billboards. In the newspapers. Filling the magazines.

When she and her husband bundled the babies into their go-carts and left them outside in the lobby of the Main Street theater where they sought cinema diversion, they often saw one of the popular Cleveland Brown comedies.

Whereupon Mrs. Smith invariably said, "Dear, dear—little Cleve Brown. I used to play with him back in Fargo, North

Dakota, when we were kids. He was a stupid little boy. Just think of all the money he must have made. And his folks were awfully ordinary. His father kept the drug store." Thus was Cleveland Brown registered upon the tablets of young Mrs. Smith's memory.

Certainly it never occurred to her that she was the remote cause of that reluctance within Cleveland Brown's breast that made him the most talked of bachelor in America. Or that her name actually should have stood first in that famous list that included such stirring ones as Leda O'Neil and Ray Connable and Janice Reed and Mrs. Harlan Morrison and even the great Paula Swayne.

But to Cleveland Brown, Pinky—they had called her Pinky in those days—stood for something drastic, dynamic, violent. Something that had changed the whole course of his life.

She was not buxom in those days. She was a painfully skinny small person with clear, snapping black eyes and an impudent chin. She wore her heavy hair in two stiff, unornamental pig-tails and their pumpkin hue was matched by a wealth of freckles. This, with the fact that two front teeth were missing, gave her rather the appearance of an animated Jack-o'-lantern.

He hated her. Of course he hated her. But she exercised for



him an awful and glorious fascination. There was no girl—and no boy for that matter—in all the state of North Dakota who could conceive the things that flashed like chain lightning through Pinky's active brain.

Cleve was two years her junior and he was her abject slave. You see, he lived next door to her. Upon such small geographical details do great lives hinge. Had he lived next door to some other little girl, he would never have achieved a reputation, unsought and unjust though it was, as a Don Juan of Hollywood, in later years.

And his mother, a woman easily deceived, made the mistake of wiser women and allowed Pinky's extreme plainness to argue virtue.

So Cleve went forth, morning after morning, with mingled dread and ecstasy, to follow in Pinky's crooked footsteps. She had a magnificent command of insult for one so young and once when he had refused to carry out her dictates, she tied him up with a clothesline, using fraud unmentionable, and fed him angleworms.

The things they did would fill many books. And, all too often, Pinky, with innocent eyes and trembling lips, escaped the dire punishments that followed. She had been led astray by that bad Brown boy.

The climax of it all came when she hid a live water snake in the small hand organ which little Miss Abigail Trueblood played on Sundays.

Miss Trueblood was an elderly maiden with very little self control and when the innocent young reptile poked his head over the edge of the organ to listen to her sacred melodies, she performed a feat usually attempted only by professional contortionists.

Cleveland, who had caught one glimpse of the mutual surprise in the faces of Miss Trueblood and the snake as they faced each other, laughed. He stood convicted.

Later that Sunday afternoon, in his small back bedroom, Cleveland Brown examined with horrified curiosity the straight red welts made by a buggy whip in a firm and indignant hand and came to a conclusion which was eventually to shake Hollywood to its foundations.

Women were terrible. They lied. They didn't know what it meant to play fair. They got you into perfectly awful messes. And they left you there. Women were wholly and utterly unreliable, completely without heart or conscience, and dangerous to life, limb and the pursuit of happiness.

Consciously, young Cleveland Brown had forgotten Pinky. He ardently desired to forget her. But Pinky was there, nevertheless. An unseen guest at many a feast.

On that particular June morning when the papers announced in headlines Cleveland Brown's engagement to Ray Connable, late of the Follies, she was there.

And she was partly responsible, no doubt, for the anguished expression with which young Mr. Brown raised his eyes from the contemplation of Miss Connable's portrait ornamenting five columns of the front page. For there was nothing about Miss Connable's likeness to bring that look of despair to a young and healthy man.

She wore the ragged breeches, the equally ragged shirt much open at the front and very short in the sleeves, in which all the beauties who need not fear such an abbreviated costume have been photographed at one time or another.

And no one had ever graced those ragged little pants with more entire success than Ray Connable. Even in the badly reproduced newspaper cut, you could count a full baker's dozen of dimples. Most women's knees and elbows should be covered. Ray Connable was an exception.

The wide eyes beneath the smartly shingled bob were impudent, but somehow wistfully, appealingly impudent. They had the friendliness in the eyes of a small puppy who has just chewed up your slippers but is willing to let bygones be bygones if you are.

Even in view of these favorable circumstances, Cleveland Brown was sunk in dismay and apprehension by the story surrounding the pictures.

The Browns were a large family. And they all congregated in the bright breakfast room downstairs. For this reason, Cleveland Brown had formed the habit of breakfasting in his room, mapping out the day's shooting schedule on the margin of the morning paper.

Thus there were no eyes to observe him when he opened the paper that contained Miss Connable's statement that she was going to be married to him very, very soon.

That trick eyebrow of his slid sideways and he ran a nervous and rather pathetic hand through the heavy mop of dark hair that was still wet from the morning dip in the swimming pool just beneath his window.

He sat quite still and read slowly the two columns of story.

In his striped flannel bathrobe, freshly shaven and bathed, Cleveland Brown looked not unlike any well-set-up, ordinary young American. He was typically and unquestionably of that great middle class that is the backbone of every nation.

No one ever noticed him in a crowd. If he had driven up to your house in one of the seven million and offered to sell you a vacuum cleaner on monthly payments, you wouldn't have felt anything out of the way about it and you would probably have bought the vacuum.

He was no more cut out for a heart-breaker than he was a pirate.

As a matter of fact, Cleveland Brown—whose name was better known than the president's and whose face was as familiar as the stars and stripes—was those things simply because he happened to know how to make people laugh. And people will pay a higher price for laughter than for any other commodity on the market.

Strangely enough, it was probably to his mother that Cleveland Brown owed his exalted position. Her ill-health had necessitated the trip to California, where a chance contact with motion picture production had awakened in him a passion of creative impulse.

Yet his mother had undoubtedly cemented his eight-year-old decision about women. Not that Cleve didn't love his mother. He knew that her virtues were a household word in Fargo. The trouble was that Cleveland adored his Dad. And his mother's treatment of Dad struck him as not altogether unlike Pinky's treatment of himself.

There were a great many people in Fargo who thought that old Daddy Brown was deaf. The people with whom he and his wife played cards always shouted at him. Cleve knew he wasn't deaf. He had just—quit listening.

He could hear very well indeed when he and Cleve sneaked off on a Sunday afternoon—the drug store was closed between one and five—and went fishing. As they sat in the sun, blinking and happy, Dad seemed to be able to hear even the things a boy didn't say.

Sometimes Daddy took along a musty volume from the public library—the life and letters of some great man. He had a passion for presidents. Probably Daddy Brown knew more about presidents than any other man to be found anywhere.

"It's a wonderful thing, Cleve," he used to say, as they idled on the river, "to think that any boy in this country can grow up to be a president. Why, Cleveland, you might be yourself. But it's a hard job. But that one thing's just what makes this country so great."

Daddy Brown's philosophy was that you could get a lot of happiness out of life, if you were "let." But Daddy wasn't let much. That, noted young Cleveland Brown, was what women did to you. If they once got their hands on you, you never did anything afterward that you wanted to and you were always doing things that you didn't want to.

Some such thoughts were in his mind as he sat reading Miss Connable's flattering remarks about him as a future husband. Some men would have been immensely flattered by them. Cleveland Brown was only immensely frightened. And into his nice, brown eyes came that expression of his, so friendly and kind, that encouraged a great many women in Hollywood to believe that it might be easy to marry Cleveland Brown.

Oh, a good many people were startled by that announcement

in the morning papers. Little Ray Connable had stolen a march on them. But an engagement, in Hollywood, wasn't a formidable proposition. In this case, it was a call to arms. Of course Cleveland Brown's bachelor days must end. But Ray Connable wasn't necessarily the person to end them.

Now if Cleveland Brown had stayed in Fargo and gone into his father's drug store, he would probably have married some time. Not because he wanted to. But because some girl found herself suddenly and unaccountably twenty-five and without a husband.

But there wouldn't have been any concerted action upon the part of many women to capture him—as there was to be in Hollywood. It wasn't quite fair. Because, you see, except as a motion picture star, he was still an eighteen-year-old boy from Fargo, North Dakota.

Then ten years between his arrival in Hollywood at eighteen and the present, were crammed full of concentrated, heart-breaking work. Nothing but work. Years of struggle, of poverty. Of experimentation. Of bitter disappointments and golden victories.

And he came out of them, on the very peak of success, with a strangely unbalanced character. He knew nothing but motion pictures. He had no time to read. He hadn't been out of Hollywood in ten years except on location. Pioneering the new art-industry had eaten him alive for ten years.

He poured himself a second cup of coffee with a deep sigh. Glancing sideways at the paper, he wondered why this particular curse should have fallen upon him. There was now no need to work as he had worked. And he realized that life could not be all sunshine. But he wished that his difficulties might have taken some other form than women—earthquakes, for instance, or bankruptcy, or the black plague. He was moved to say, with Job, "The thing that I greatly feared is come upon me."

The door opened and his father said in an apologetic voice, "There's a couple of reporters downstairs to see you, son."

"My gosh," said Cleveland Brown with a gulp, "there can't be. Why, it's only eight o'clock. Dad, you go tell them I've gone on location for a week."

"Well, I'd thought some of that," said Daddy Brown, "but

your mother'd already told 'em you were here. One of them is a lady. Your mother's talking to her now."

"Jumping grandfather. Every time mother talks to a reporter I get in a jam it takes me six months to get out of. Get her away. Dad, can't you?"

"No," said Daddy Brown, "I can't. I ain't even going to try. But you can, if you like."

"What are they talking about?"

"Last time I heard, your mother was telling the lady that her son wasn't going to marry any chorus girl that had her picture taken in pants."

Cleveland Brown sank back and wiped his forehead with a napkin. "I—I wish they'd let me alone. I'm awful busy. What in the world does everybody keep pestering me about getting married for?"

They both turned at the sound of quick, heavy feet on the stairs. Daddy Brown came in and sat down to get out of the way of a very large young man in brown tweed golf clothes, who breezed into the room like a playful young cyclone.

"Morning, morning, Cleve, my boy," said Scoop Wilson,



Adela Rogers St. Johns

PHOTOPLAY is proud to present in this number the first instalment of a serial of Hollywood life by Adela Rogers St. Johns. There is no author in the United States better fitted to write of the motion picture folk and their doings. Besides being one of the most brilliant and vivid of the younger writers, she knows the heart of Hollywood and she knows the people of Hollywood. She has a style as incisive as De Maupassant, as pungent as O. Henry. But she doesn't know that it is a style. It is her ordinary manner of expression. She knows more motion picture stars than any person in the world and she is adored by every one of them. She is "Our Adela" to all Hollywood.

Here, then, are the personality and the background from which emanate "The Love Dodger," the most absorbing and delightful story of Hollywood life ever written.

brightly and smilingly, "I see the lady killer is at it again."

"Scoop," said Cleveland Brown earnestly, "don't you try to be funny. You're the best gag man in the world, but you forget that news and help me. You were a reporter once. Go and do something to those downstairs. They've given me indigestion already."

"What'll I tell 'em? Are you engaged to this dame?"

"I never saw her in my life," said Cleveland Brown.

"Never saw her," said Daddy Brown pensively, "think of that. Well, I think she is a sightly girl. Your mother says she looks like a hussy."

Scoop Wilson helped himself to the monogrammed cigarettes in the silver box on Cleve Brown's dressing table.

"My dear old bean," he said slowly, "the lady says she's engaged to you. If you deny it, you'll look silly. You can't call a pretty girl a liar. Not done. Not done."

"But she can't say that," said Cleveland Brown frantically.

"I tell you I don't even know her."

"You could know worse," said Scoop Wilson coolly, "she's an eyeful. Besides, a nice little girl. The poor little devil's down on her luck, you know. I'm afraid it'll bust her all up if you come out now with a denial."

"But, my God, Scoop," Cleveland Brown rose in his wrath and began to pace up and down so violently that the striped flannel bathrobe waved behind and gave him rather the appearance of a garter ad, "do I have to stand for being engaged to some stray chorus girl I never saw because it might hurt her feelings if I tell the truth? I don't know anything about her. What's the idea? I won't get married. I'm too busy. Here we are six weeks behind schedule and a mere trifle like a hundred thousand bucks over our estimate and you should worry me about engagements."

Scoop Wilson refused to be serious. A shrewd twinkle appeared in his gray eyes.

"I'll bet you're scared of Janice's mother," he said. "Those two women treat you like you were still in your go-cart. If you don't watch out, they'll have you hooked before you know it."

"There you go again," said Cleveland Brown, "there you go. That's the way with everybody. All I hear. Janice is my leading woman. A fine kid. But she's only a baby. Thank the Lord she doesn't want to marry me."

"Oh, doesn't she?" asked Scoop Wilson suavely. He had his own personal reasons for disliking Janice Reed's mother.

"I bet her mother does," said Daddy Brown suddenly.

"Oh no," said Scoop, twinkling openly, "not the old lady, Mr. Brown. Why, she's——"

"I'm awfully glad you told me, though," she said, with her faint boyish smile. "You hate to think a pal doesn't want to talk over his troubles with you"

"Hush up," said Daddy Brown. "I mean I bet she wants to marry Janice to Cleve. And when she starts out to do any thing, I bet she's pretty near going to get it. Janice is a nice girl. Only thing is, I'd be afraid she might grow up like her mother. Some girls do."

"Women," said Cleveland Brown, slowly, and though he had taken off his bathrobe and stood, deeply tanned and slender, clad only in his underwear, he managed to be impressive because he looked as though only a mighty effort of will kept him from bursting into tears, "women are terrible. In the old days, when women were sweet and nice and good and stayed at home and cooked and had children for a man, there might have been some object in marrying one. Now you don't marry a wife for yourself. You marry one to entertain other people and satisfy the public. Your courtship is something for the wise guys to gamble on. Your honeymoon is a great story. And your domestic life helps to make a great press book. Her chief usefulness in life is to pose in pictures with you because the newspapers and magazines won't print a man's picture alone. And you daren't get a divorce because it cuts down your box office receipts twenty-five per cent."

"All I wish is they'd let me alone."

"Well, they won't," said Daddy Brown, lighting his pipe "you can bet on that. That's what ruined Aaron Burr. To many women were in love with him."

"Well, I won't have it."

"Yes you will," said his father, "you ain't any smarter than the rest of us."

There was a moment's oppressive [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]



The Autobiography of Pola Negri

The famous Polish star tells of her first meeting with Charles Chaplin, of her marriage to Count Domb ski, and her discovery of Lubitsch—a narrative every word of which should be read

PART II

AN ominous gloom was over Berlin in 1917, like the chill of approaching death. The city was more depressing than nerve-shattered Warsaw. Had I not been plunged instantly into work I should have returned to my mother.

Never in my life did I work harder than under Prof. Reinhardt's direction in rehearsals of "Sumurun." As the *Slave of Fatal Enchantment* I had earned praise in Warsaw during the season of 1912 to 1913, but I never knew its full possibilities until I essayed it in Berlin.

Prof. Reinhardt rehearsed me every day for a month, and under his tutelage I felt myself inspired. It was with exultation bred of confidence that I read placards about Berlin announcing "Sumurun"—with Pola Negri."

Although I realized that I had developed tremendously under Prof. Reinhardt's direction, the opening night at the Kammer-spiele theater was one of awful agitation for me. I was before an entirely new public; I was a Russian-Polish actress before Ger-



"My association with Mr. Chaplin in Berlin, far from being romantic, was quite casual. I admired him as a personality and an artist"

"I had boundless enthusiasm for the rôle of 'Du Barry.' Next to 'Carmen,' I like that rôle the best I've ever played"

man people; and I was on trial as a provincial actress, seeking recognition in one of the most discriminating art centers of Europe.

The reception given me by the public and the press was overwhelming. The critics were most enthusiastic in crediting Prof. Reinhardt with a discovery, and their predictions concerning my future gave me new incentive.

The play settled down for a successful season, and I took up my home with a maid in a small apartment in the Emserstrasse. Berlin was suffering from food shortage, and oftentimes I did not have enough to eat. Warsaw, although under German domination, was in much better condition than Berlin. My mother sent me a basket of food every week. Whenever it arrived I gave a party, and a most popular hostess I was. One week the package failed to arrive; the next week when I opened it I found it filled with stones; my mother was sending food regularly, but it was being intercepted. I couldn't complain; thousands were suffering greater privations than I.

"Little Jazz Boy Charlie"

I HAVE since learned that the American press was amused by my salutation of the famous Mr. Chaplin when I first met him in Berlin. I squandered all the English I knew upon him in one magnificent outburst. I called him "little jazz boy Charlie." Wishing to pay me a compliment in German, he asked Mr. Kauffmann how to say, "I adore you." But what he really said to me was, "I think you are a piece of cheese." Naturally, I was astounded and angered by such impertinence, and Charlie was more astounded by the effect his intended compliment had upon me. The amusement of our friends soon revealed the trick they had played upon us. Mr. Kauffmann had given Charlie the wrong phrase.

While playing in "Sumurun" I was distressed to learn that my cheap little film, "Love and Passion," had been secured by a theater in Berlin, the manager planning to capitalize on the reputation I had achieved under Reinhardt. I thought if people saw me in that picture they would never again consider me seriously as an actress. To my amazement, the picture heightened my popularity, and Paul Davidson, general manager of the U. F. A.—the Union Film Alliance of Germany—offered me a contract at a salary twenty times greater than I was receiving at the theater.

My first German-made picture, "The Polish Dancer," was a dismal failure. The story was bad, and the direction worse. My second, a Russian story, "The Yellow Ticket," which was also presented on the stage and on the screen in this country, caused the public to express interest in me. It did not please me, however.

While playing in "Sumurun" I met a young man of Polish extraction, by the name of Ernst Lubitsch. He played an old woman, a grotesque character, in the pantomime. When "Sumurun" closed he went to work in the studios making one and two reel comedies in which he played a comic Yiddish character. I saw him directing these slapstick farces and was impressed by his understanding of characterization and drama. So, acting with characteristic impulse, I went to Mr. Davidson, the head of the U. F. A., and insisted upon Mr. Lubitsch as my director.

The idea seemed preposterous. Mr. Davidson explained that the company had signed me at a high salary, believing in my ability as an emotional actress; they would not consider risking my reputation at the hands of an unknown comedy director.

Taking one of these "temperamental" stands for which I have been so severely criticized, I refused to think of any other director. I had my way. Mr. Lubitsch was engaged. Our first picture, "The Eyes of the Mummy," was a tremendous success, and "Carmen"—called "Gypsy Blood" in America



"Carmen"—called 'Gypsy Blood' in America—put Lubitsch and myself at the top of the motion picture profession in Europe"



In her latest picture, "Shadows of Paris," Pola Negri is an Apache, a type of rôle in which she won fame in Europe

—put us both at the top of the motion picture profession in Europe.

Although generous in their praise of my work in "Carmen," American critics considered the production shabby. It was shabby, but Mr. Lubitsch and I were working under the greatest difficulties. The picture was made during the fourth year of the war; everyone sensed impending disaster; and our technical equipment was pathetic compared to yours in America.

Nothing in my career has been more gratifying to me than the discovery of Mr. Lubitsch. I think him the greatest directorial genius in the world. After "Carmen" we separated, but neither of us did as well apart.

I made "Camille" and again displayed a "temperamental" whim, this time in regard to casting the part of Armand. None of the actors I knew satisfied my conception of the character. I have always contended that a star's characterization suffers if there are flaws in the cast.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]

WHEN I set sail on the S. S. Majestic in company with Ramon Novarro to join Rex Ingram in Tunis, Editor James R. Quirk—affectionately known as Simon R. Legree by members of his staff—declared he wanted me to have a good vacation. All I had to do while aboard boat was write a few thousand words of Close-Ups and Long Shots and a few thousand more about Senor Novarro. I asked him if he didn't have some socks I could mend during dull moments. Or, I pleaded, could I take my paints along and paint a cover or two for the magazine. I get excellent likenesses of fish.

I finally hit upon the labor-saving plan of combining the Close-Ups and Long Shots with the story about Ramon and having Ramon write them both. I found him on deck, a few hours after quitting New York, puffing a pipe and spouting enthusiasm for the ship, the ocean and the licker supply. The next morning I found him in his bunk looking like an Unknown Soldier in need of a sarcophagus. All he was interested in was suicide.

However, on the third day out there was a wonderful sea and all was fine until Ramon told me an Irish joke in his Mexican accent; ever since then I've been confined to my bunk.

RAMON speaks Spanish, French, Italian and English, but insists upon specializing in Irish and Swedish jokes. The following is an essay by a Norwegian, which he has memorized with great effort.

"What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stands he sits, almost. When he hop he fly, almost.

He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either; when he sits he sits on what he ain't got almost."

The credit for the above may be divided equally between Norway and Mexico.

ALICE TERRY and Ramon accuse Rex Ingram of being unable to grasp the point of a joke. Being Irish, Rex hotly resents the aspersion, so his stars never lose a chance to harass him with some dud.

"What is the difference between an orange and an apple?" Ramon asked him brightly one morning.

Rex pondered warily, but finally gave up.

"Neither are bananas," roared Ramon.

WHEN Ramon told his own original fish story Rex came close to committing the first megaphone murder:

A woman had a pet fish which she loved so much that she wanted to take it everywhere with her. Deciding to educate it to get along without water she each day reduced the amount in the globe until the fish was breathing air. Every day thereafter she would take the fish out for a walk. One afternoon as they were crossing a bridge the poor fish made a mis-



I found Novarro in his bunk, looking like an unknown soldier in need of a sarcophagus. All he was interested in was suicide

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Illustrated by Ralph Barton

"the taxi drivers never can understand the name of the hotel unless I pronounce it so I can't understand it myself."

The French, we find, speak very poor French.

ALICE TERRY and Rex Ingram were guests at a luncheon in London attended by the Prince of Wales, Dukes, Lords and Ladies. In fact, Alice observed that she was the only female present who wasn't a lady.

The Prince of Wales made a little talk about pictures—without the aid of notes. Referring to a new English production, "Coming Through The Rye," His Royal Highness said: "For this production six acres of rye were especially grown!"

A NUMBER of years ago John Barrymore was leading man for a stock company in Los Angeles. One evening he did not appear. The time came for the curtain, but no John. Finally the manager of the company got a call on the telephone from the police station.

"Say," said the chief, "have you got a ham up there by the name of Barrymore?"

"Yes," said the manager.

"Well, we've got him now," said the chief.

step, fell into the water and was drowned!

"Oh God!" wailed Rex.

FEW people know that Ramon Novarro, under another name, played for some time on the stage in a Los Angeles stock company. While making "Scaramouche," he was called upon to address a mob in the square of Rennes, inflaming them against the French nobility. He spoke in French; the mob was Mexican; but the dramatic power of his voice actually incited the extras to enthusiasm, although they understood not a word. After several arduous rehearsals, Ramon became hoarse, and a former musical comedy star who happened into the studio remarked that he would never make good on the stage. "He hasn't the voice," she said.

"Oh, well," said Ramon philosophically, "it's getting by in pictures."

Incidentally, Mrs. Fiske saw Ramon when he was playing in the stock company. After the performance she met the young Mexican, and taking him by the hand, exclaimed: "You have it! Earn your money in pictures, then come to Broadway and wait for the right part. . . . I predict a brilliant future for you."

IT'S surprising how fluently everyone speaks French at home only to find it solidified in Paris. Alice Terry learned French in order to speak subtitles in that language for "The Four Horsemen," "Scaramouche" and other pictures. She was complete mistress of such glib phrases as "Ah, oui" and "tres bien" until she reached the boulevards.

"But now," wails Alice.

The illustrious *Hamlet* had been arrested for cleaning up a barber shop. It seems that the barber had insisted upon trimming his hair.

"No," insisted John, "I like it long."

"No," insisted the barber, "it is too long."

The argument continued until John, exasperated, arose with dignity and smashed everything in the place—just as many of us have longed to do when the barber whispered determinedly in our ears advising the usual singe, massage, and tonic.

With an actor such a demonstration is called "temperament." In another mortal it is considered simply—healthy peeve.

JOHN tells this one on a temperamental railroad engineer of a country train on which he happened to be traveling.

"Conductor!" shouted a passenger, "that was my station you just passed."

"But we don't stop there no more," replied the conductor. "The engineer is mad at the station master!"

ONE of the sweet young things on our boat played up to a seaman one day.

"How I envy you sailors," said she. "It must be wonderful to gaze on the wide expanse of the ocean and breathe always the clear salt air."

"Yes, miss, it must be," said the sailor. . . . He was a stoker.



"Paris taxi drivers," wails Alice Terry, "never understand the name of the hotel unless I pronounce it so I can't understand it myself"

MAUDE ADAMS may not excel as a motion picture producer, but she does excel as a diplomat. Nearly every producer has tried to get the film rights to Kipling's "Kim." The other day Miss Adams took a boat to England, called on the famous author and secured the rights within ten minutes. She will produce the picture herself in India. A short time ago one of our entrepreneurs of the silent drama tried the feat, explaining to Mr. Kipling how he would improve the story by working in a love interest and a fervid final love clutch for *Kim*. The entrepreneur only got the Kipling gate.

DIRECTORS are always crying for new ideas. Recently one of them engaged a noted writer to do the treatment for a script.

"I want to get away from the old hokum and be original," he told her. "For instance, I want to show a young couple meeting after years of separation. I leave it to your originality to show that they were childhood sweethearts."

The writer spent some time developing an original bit of action that would put this over. When she showed her script to the director, he pondered over it for some little time.

"I'm afraid," said he, "that this won't get over. I have a better idea. We will show them meeting by an old oak tree on which their initials are carved in a heart."

Remember, producers want originality at any price!



Glenn Hunter and May McAvoy in scene from "West of the Water Tower"

Youthful Screen Stars Will Marry

AFTER many denials and much gossip, Glenn Hunter has at last admitted that he is engaged to marry pretty May McAvoy. The admission came while Glenn was playing in the stage version of "Merton of the Movies" in Philadelphia, Miss McAvoy visiting friends in that city at the same time.

Here is an engagement that interests both the theatrical and motion picture circles, because Glenn and May have been pets of both. It was only a short time ago, while Glenn was playing in Chicago, that May passed through and, when she left, had a new diamond solitaire. But neither at that time would admit an engagement. The courtship is said to have taken place while both were playing in "West of the Water Tower." Rumor has it that Glenn even skipped church several Sundays to spend the time with the charming Miss McAvoy.



WILD ORANGES—Goldwyn

ONE of the most interesting and gripping pictures of the year. First of all, the cast. One feels that it could scarcely have been improved upon. The action rests in the hands of just five people—Frank Mayo as *John Woolfolk*, Virginia Valli as *Millie Stope*, Nigel De Brulier as *Litchfield Stope*, Charles A. Post as *Nicholas* and Ford Sterling as *Paul*.

The story is by Joseph Hergesheimer, a weird study in fear. Terror has possessed three generations of the *Stopes* and dwells with the grandfather and granddaughter, who live alone in the Georgia swamp country. Dominating them, is *Nicholas*, a homicidal maniac—half man, half child. And then *John Woolfolk* comes, a lonely man who carries sorrow in his heart. His advent changes the old order, bringing sudden tragedy—followed by freedom and happiness.



WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Paramount

DESPITE the rather ruthless cutting and editing of Homer Croy's novel—due, no doubt, to the vigilance of the censors—this is an entertaining picture. The story, however, is forced into second place; the interest centers around fine individual bits of acting. Ernest Torrence stands at the head of the cast, as *Plummer*, the narrow, groping pastor. And third, in the line of good work, is charming, starry-eyed May McAvoy as *Bee Chew*, the other half of the town scandal. Glenn Hunter's portrayal of *Guy Plummer* might be better if he hadn't Mertonized him.

Up to the advent of the baby the narrative is gripping and vivid. The drug store scene is handled delicately—with a youthful fire and passion. The later reels, unfortunately, seem to lag and the action becomes heavy.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockett-Lincoln Co.

A RINGING answer to the call for better pictures. One of the finest ever made, and one that should be seen and encouraged by taking the whole family. The rarest kind of entertainment combined with history. If schools could teach as delightfully as this there wouldn't be an uneducated person in America.

No book we have ever read has so brought out the lovable nature of Abraham Lincoln. It is impossible to tell the story in this brief space, but his whole life is shown: his youth, his struggles for an education, his political career, his romance with Ann Rutledge, her death, his subsequent marriage, the cruel ordeal of the Civil War, and his death.

The episode of the love of Lincoln for Ann Rutledge is one of the most beautiful romances of American history. The role of Lincoln's first sweetheart is splendidly done by Ruth Clifford.

We could hardly ask better direction or more sympathetic handling of this epic theme. There is no attempt at great suspense by the usual motion picture tricks. Although there was a great opportunity for a thrilling ride of the Reserve Cavalry, at the time the capital of the nation was threatened by Confederate guns, that would have equalled the ride of the clansmen in the Birth of a Nation.

We have never seen a more delicately handled situation or sequence than the decline and death of the girl that Lincoln loved, or the scene in which Lincoln's firstborn died in his arms while soothing the little chap with a child's story.

Lincoln is wonderfully portrayed by George Billings, a man who had no previous stage or screen experience.

See pages 44-45.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE GREAT WHITE WAY WILD ORANGES

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER

BOY OF MINE BLACK OXEN

The Six Best Performances of the Month

GEORGE BILLINGS in "Abraham Lincoln"

OSCAR SHAW in "The Great White Way"

CHARLES A. POST in "Wild Oranges"

CLARA BOW in "Black Oxen"

BEN ALEXANDER in "Boy of Mine"

ROBERT ANDERSON in "The Lullaby"



BOY OF MINE—First National

ANOTHER classic of childhood—into which Booth Tarkington has written, as only he can, the soul of a boy. Henry B. Walthall and Irene Rich play perfectly their rôles of father and mother, but the laurel wreath rests easily upon the tousled head of little Ben Alexander. He, you will remember, scored heavily in that other Tarkington screen success, "Penrod and Sam." His small freckled face can mirror every shade of emotion—can make a hard-boiled audience (yes, there are such audiences!) choke up one moment, and chuckle the next.

This is not a plotty story. It is, rather, a series of episodes—the sort that go into the life of every boy—and every parent. It is so real that, at times, it almost hurts! A perfect family film—one that we recommend.



THE GREAT WHITE WAY—Cosmopolitan

HERE'S another picture that's worth your money. It's a personally conducted tour of New York with plenty of action and thrills, and it's all done in the good taste that distinguishes Cosmopolitan pictures from other Goldwyns. If there isn't a prize fight, there's a horse race, and when the chorus of the Follies disappears there's a fire. When the rescue is over, there's a prize fight that is a fight. There isn't a dull moment. The reliable H. C. Witwer wrote the yarn around the romance of a dancer and a gentleman prize fighter. Luther Reed wrote the continuity, and E. Mason Hopper directed it with rare skill.

The picture cost a million dollars and it's all there in result.

Briefly, the story is this:

A famous dancer and a ring champion are thrown together through the efforts of a press agent who is attempting to secure publicity for both. The press agent romance develops into a real one. Both are absorbed in their own lines of work and detest each other's profession. Both try to prove that they can make a living in some other line and by coincidence the prize fighter secures a job as a shipping clerk in a department store where she takes up her old work of modeling. In the great fire scene, he rescues her and subsequently saves her show by going back to the prize ring which he has renounced for her.

Oscar Shaw, straight from the musical comedies, is one of the screen finds of years. T. Roy Barnes, Anita Stewart, Tom Wise, in fact everyone, was splendid. It's Anita's best work. A score of newspaper and other celebrities actually work in the picture. See it. Take the children. It won't harm them.



BLACK OXEN—First National

SOMEHOW, as Corinne Griffith plays her, the rejuvenated *Countess Zatianny* is a real flesh and blood woman who lives and loves and suffers. She might, in less capable hands, have been the puppet of a novelist's imagination.

The story, of course, is not an everyday affair. It tells of a woman who, after sixty years of swiftly moving life, becomes young again. This is done through—business of quoting—"A modern miracle of science." With the face and figure of youth, with the experience and subtlety of age—she re-enters the society that knew her as a girl. And many men fall victim to her charms. The one whom she loves, in return, is *Lee Clavering*—a dramatic critic and playwright; the part is well acted by Conway Tearle.

Well cast and well directed by Frank Lloyd. For adults.



DON'T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount

HAD a narrow escape from being one of the six best. It's an all-star, William deMille version of Julian Street's novel, "Rita Coventry," and is more of a character study than an action story. A vivid operatic star, with a veritable mania for transferring her affections, dashes like a comet across the surface of a trio of quiet lives. Nita Naldi, Jack Holt, and Agnes Ayres.



THE RENDEZVOUZ—Neilan-Goldwyn

AN entertaining picture which contains a lot of Marshall Neilan touches. The story of an American officer (Conrad Nagel) stationed in Siberia, and his love of a little Russian princess (Lucille Rickson). Sidney Chaplin does a splendid bit of work as an English soldier. There's some tragedy in the picture, but everything comes right in the end and the audience goes home happy.



THROUGH THE DARK—Cosmopolitan

ANOTHER *Boston Blackie* story, with Forrest Stanley, this time, as the delightfully crooked hero. He doesn't come up to the standard set by Lionel Barrymore in a story of the same series, done by the same company. This action deals with a woman's faith in a man—and how that faith makes him go straight. Colleen Moore does good work as the girl, and George Cooper stands out.



THE STEADFAST HEART—Goldwyn

THIS story—based upon the happenings that follow an unwitting murder, by a child—could never have happened. Courts have a quite different way of treating child criminals. But that doesn't keep little Joseph Depew from doing some fine work as the manly, though terror-ridden little boy. Some of the photography is splendid. The second part of the story, the grown-up episode, doesn't register.



JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—Film Booking Offices

THE prize photoplay from the Palmer school, made with an all-star cast. The story of a man who, feeling himself indirectly responsible for the death of another, gives his life into bondage to fill the place left vacant. A charming love interest tries to blot out hatreds, but it isn't until a great storm proves the unselfish bravery of the hero, that the clouds are permitted to roll away.



THE LULLABY—Film Booking Offices

THIS is the best picture, by far, that Jane Novak has appeared in lately. In it she plays three parts—a young Italian bride, in a new country, a woman of middle life, broken upon the wheel of the law, and a carefree debutante. It is hard to say in which part she does the best work. Especial mention should also be made of Robert Anderson, as the young Italian husband.



THE SONG OF LOVE—First National

NORMA TALMADGE steps slightly out of character. None always thinks of her as dignity incarnate—to become *Noorma-hal*, a passionate, lovely dancing girl of the desert. Although a different Norma she is always charming, always warmly sympathetic. Torn between the faith of her ancestors and the love of a man who has confessed to being a spy, the girl is forced to fight a great battle with herself.



THE MAN LIFE PASSED BY—Metro

FROM now on Percy Marmont will be doomed to play the lovable failure—the beaten, cheated victim of circumstance. And all because his performance as *Mark Sabre*, in "If Winter Comes," was so masterly! This picture tells the story of a brilliant inventor who, cheated by a ruthless business man, is brought back to faith by said business man's daughter. The sisters Novak share leading lady honors.



THE GOVERNOR'S LADY—Fox

THERE are times when this picture touches greatness. Times when the swift tears are very close. But there are other, more frequent, times when situations are overdrawn and people act unnaturally. From the stage play of the same name, and telling the story of a man who outgrows the wife who has loved him faithfully through the lean years. Divorce solves the man's problem—time, the woman's.



THE LOVE MASTER—First National

STRONGHEART is the star of this picture, and his lovely blond leading lady is Mrs. Strongheart. Together they do some splendid work—it is unfortunate that the picture follows such conventional paths. Only the scenery and the dumb—so-called—members of the cast save it from mediocrity. There is, of course, a dog race, and a villain who robs the honest trappers. And a hero who rates the title.



THREE MILES OUT—Kenna

RUM piracy figures conspicuously in this sparkling comedy which deals lightly, and humorously, with the endeavors of Madge Kennedy to escape marriage with a bold, bad bootlegger. The piece is far superior to any of this star's recent vehicles and is one of the rare opportunities she has had on the screen to prove herself a comedienne of the first merit. You'll get a laugh every twenty seconds.



THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH—Associated Exhibitors

ALTHOUGH this is based upon Longfellow's poem, the trimmings are from history. There are moments of storm, of mutiny—there is disaster and death. The picture was an ambitious effort, but fell far short. Here is America's oldest triangle, *John Alden* (Charles Ray, of course), *Miles Standish* and *Priscilla Mullins*. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]

She's a Regular Trooper, Leah Baird Is

And when one actor
says that about another
it constitutes the
perfect tribute

By
Mary Winship

I CAN'T find it in the dictionary, but just the same it's the one word that adequately describes Leah Baird.

She's a trooper.

And when, in theatrical parlance, you've said that—you've said everything.

Maybe you don't know just what a trooper is.

Well, it's one of those comprehensive words to the folk of the stage and screen that takes paragraphs and paragraphs to define.

Just for instance, the other day I happened to be standing in the gateway of a well known studio. Near me were a group of men, varied types, who had finished their day's work. Oh, there were small time actors, assistant directors, property men.

A pretty young star, whose salary is fabulous, tripped lightly through the gate to her velvet-upholstered limousine.

"She's pretty," said one of the men, casually, "and she's got right nice ankles."

Silence.

Two minutes later a small, blonde, swift-moving ingenue bobbed through, gave them a smile, and hopped into a taxi-cab.

"That girl," announced one old fellow judicially, "that girl is a trooper."

"I'll say she is,"



responded the entire group in enthusiastic chorus.

It meant—oh, it meant that the little girl could act. Really act. Not only that, but that she understood to the very core of her being all the complexities of the game. Hard work. Justice to others. The tricks of the trade. The things you can do and the things you just can't do.

It endorsed not only her work, but her disposition. Her actions under fire. That she could win without rubbing it in and lose without a whimper.

It meant she could walk in the mud and the rain of one night stands in the Middle West with a cheerful smile, and still go on at the old op'ry house and give a real performance. Rise to stardom and never forget her old friends. Stir the hearts and the admiration of the hard-boiled critics of the lot by real genius in her work.

It meant somehow everything that is fine and big and true about the great game of make-believe.

I told you it would take paragraphs to describe it, but in doing it I've described Leah Baird to you. Instantly, she suggests the theater. Typically the actress, with her beautiful brown eyes, and her lovely soft brown hair, and her flashing white teeth. The actress of a thousand fiction stories—of popular imagination, of traditional conception.

She has been in pictures a long time—a very long time. Somehow, when people speak of these veterans of the screen, you have a mental picture of bent old ladies, with lace caps and canes. And it's startling to find them in the prime of womanhood.

She was one of the first Vitagraph stars, coming to the screen from a long stage experience. She directed pictures for Universal. She wrote scenarios. She was starred by several new concerns breaking into the industry. One of the real favorites of the old days. Her name meant something in front of a picture show in those days.

Then came the wave of interest and popularity, the great influx of money, that swept motion pictures to the top of the world. New stars flamed comet-like overnight. Great stage names were added to the roster. Million-dollar productions startled the fans. Stupendous salaries drew amazed attention here and there and everywhere.

We were overwhelmed, sunk, dazed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]



Photographed by K. O. Rahmn

Mary's Valentine to PHOTOPLAY Readers

Mary Pickford may have a tremendous business enterprise on her hands and may be right in the middle of an important picture. But she was not too busy to think of the readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, so she got a great big piece of black paper and "made her own."



Hollywood's Newest Bridal Pair

HERBERT RAWLINSON is a bridegroom. Springing a complete surprise on his friends, he was married to Loraine Abigail Long, society girl from Detroit, in the chapel of the Mission Inn at Riverside, on New Year's Day.

News of the ceremony leaked out and a crowd of several hundred people gathered about the Inn at noon, the hour rumored for the ceremony. When neither bride nor bridegroom appeared, the crowd drifted away and, at four o'clock, Miss Long and her mother and grandmother, Mr. Rawlinson and a small party of friends appeared.

The honeymoon will be composed of a series of motor trips

through Southern California and will last until Rawlinson is recalled to Universal City, where he is under contract.

The couple met at the Mission Inn, where the new Mrs. Rawlinson was spending the winter. After a courtship of a few months, the wedding date was set. Mrs. Rawlinson has never been in pictures or upon the stage and is a member of the Garrison family, one of the oldest Washington select names.

Rawlinson was married before to Roberta Arnold, and obtained a divorce from her on the grounds of desertion some time ago. She was a great success in "The First Year," on the New York stage, and is at present appearing in "Chicken Feed."



Walter Fredric Seely

THE perfect motion picture actor; handsome, talented, and without conceit. In other words—Strongheart. A family man, despite the fact that he's a star, and the father of five new dog babies! He is scheduled to appear in Larry Trimble's "The Love Master"

The Most Beautiful Home In Hollywood

Photographs By STAGG

ANTONIO MORENO was considered the confirmed bachelor of the screen. And then he met Daisy Canfield Danziger, society leader and philanthropist, and fell in love. The result? One of Hollywood's happiest marriages, and its most beautiful home



PALE green walls and ceiling, pale grey marble fireplace, and chairs upholstered in hand carved leather. The rug and draperies, vividly Chinese in character, give warmth and cheer to this dining room

TAPESTRIED furniture, golden-hued velvet hangings, and oriental rugs—they create the foreground of what has been called California's loveliest drawing room. The walls are tinted in a soft grey-ivory, and the lofty ceilings are of dark wood that is polished and inlaid





THE MORENOS live on a hill top from which they can see the Pacific Ocean and Catalina Island, the first range of the Sierras, beautiful Silver Lake, and all of Hollywood and Los Angeles. The glorious freedom and space of an eagle's nest—with all the comforts of home

THE photograph on the right shows the inner court with its swimming pool of pale green and white tile. The house, itself, is of stucco with a red tile roof



MRS. MORENO'S boudoir. The colors are rainbow like, but perfectly blended—turquoise blue, golden tan and orchid predominating. The furniture is early French, except for the lovely modern table—with its personal photographs—in the center of the room



TONY'S bed room is Spanish in color and type. Curtains and velvet spread are of gold and scarlet, the carved furniture is gayly upholstered in tapestry, and the bed, itself, is an early century importation from the land of olives and mantillas





Spurr

PRISCILLA DEAN'S latest, and loveliest photograph. Remembering her madcap "Virgin of Stamboul" it is hard to realize that this soft-eyed, wistfully smiling person is the same girl. She has, perhaps, lost some of fire—but has gained sweetness and repose

Oh, Why Did They Name You Priscilla?

By

Mary Winship

IN Hollywood, everybody is always wondering what is going to happen to somebody else.

They wonder what's going to happen to Jackie Coogan when he grows up. They wonder what is going to happen to Mary Miles Minter now that she's left her mother. They wonder what's going to happen to Rodolph Valentino when he comes back to the screen. They wonder what's going to happen to Mary Pickford now that she's playing grown up parts, and what's going to happen to Pola Negri now that she has refused to bother about sympathetic rôles any longer.

And I suppose most people have their own special wonder. Mine is what's going to happen to Priscilla Dean, now that her Universal contract is ended at last and she is to make her own productions.

Probably that is because I have such great faith in the things she could do, and because to me she stood alone on the screen as a fiery, dynamic, refreshing, dramatic personality. No one has every succeeded in imitating her, no one else has ever given us the impudence, the daring, the little-devil-in-the-eyes wickedness that she gave us.

There's a great place on the screen that belonged and still belongs to the girl who made "The Wild Cat of Paris" and "Outside the Law."

Even off the screen, Priscilla is one of those people who act upon you like a tonic. If I feel particularly low, particularly negative, if life has lost its flavor and if what I have to do bores me to extinction, I love to see Priscilla.

She is pep plus. She is never bored. She is never tired. She is never cross.

Oh, she has a temper, I grant you that. She can make the fur fly in every possible direction. She fought her way through five years of her Universal contract, and, while



Does Miss Dean look as if her name should be Priscilla? Answer:—She does not

Patricia, or Carmelita,
or Delphine
would have fitted,
but not that
Puritanical cognomen

they licked her in the end with bad stories and worse direction, she went down fighting and with her boots on. But she's never picky, never troubled with nerves, never catty.

I love to hear her fly into a vivid description of something, her eyes dancing, her face aglow, her hands and shoulders and even her feet used for illustrative gestures—and end it with her pet phrase: "Can you imagine that?"

Priscilla isn't what you'd call a universally popular person. Not by any means. She's too definite for that. She says what she thinks and she thinks in

italics. There is still something of the enfant terrible about her, something of the four year old who wore out her little frilled panties sliding down the steps of Grant's Tomb. But the people who like her adore her and will fight for her, and the people who don't, simply can't abide her. She's rather

like that herself. Either she's crazy about someone, or she simply can't bear them.

A famous English beauty came to Hollywood not so long ago. Soon after her arrival she said publicly and with much horror that Hollywood screen stars didn't understand the care of beauty and that most of them were losing their looks. She said very emphatically that a beauty should never play tennis, should never drive, swim, play golf, ride horseback—nor go out in the sun without a veil. Someone read it aloud out of the Sunday morning paper when Priscilla and her husband, Wheeler Oakman, were engaged in a violent set of tennis on her own court.

"Bunk," said Priscilla. "Those janes think too much about themselves. The best way to keep young is



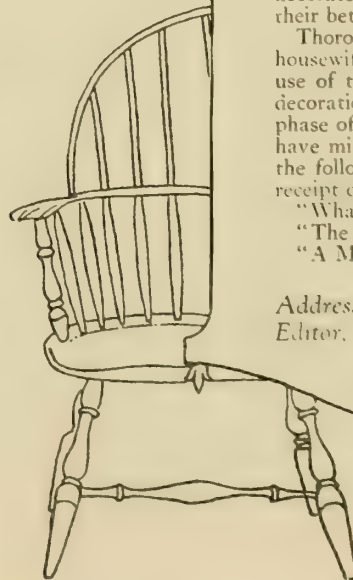
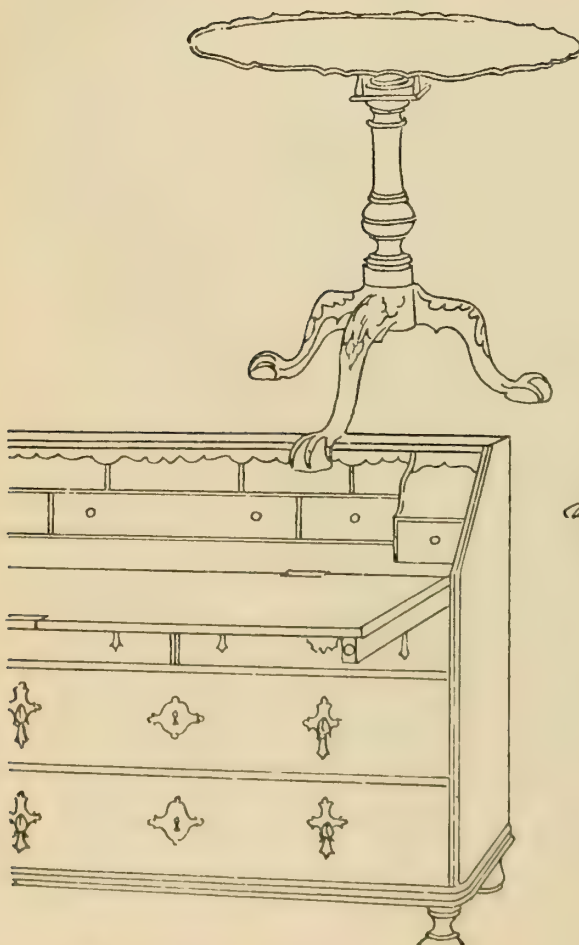
Miss Dean in her favorite role of Mrs. Wheeler Oakman, being supported—apparently, at least—by her husband

[CONT'D ON PAGE 113]

Two Films, with Colonial Furnishings,

The homelike qualities of Colonial Furniture make it charmingly adaptable to your living-room

Thomas Meighan's picture, "Pied Piper Malone," has this charming New England setting, typifying the Colonial as we so often find it in that part of America. It has decorative elements that can be well used in any modern home



The Fourth Article on Home Furnishing & Decoration

Written expressly for PHOTOPLAY readers, by a decorator who takes current films and translates their better decorations to your need and use.

Thoroughly practical, in every detail, any housewife can take these articles and make good use of them in her own house furnishing and decoration. Each month there will be some phase of home decoration discussed, and if you have missed any of the past months, copies of the following articles will be mailed you upon receipt of 10 cents each.

"What Can Be Done With Cretonne."

"The Firelight's Soft, Warm, Radiance."

"A Modern Living Room, Italian in Spirit."

Address your request to Home Furnishing Editor, Photoplay, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The outline sketches to the left represent just a few of the types of Colonial furniture that are easily procurable in the average furniture store. Such pieces as these are additions to any living-room

Inspire a Modern Living-Room



"Buster" Keaton's picture, "Hospitality," shows a Southern Colonial setting that belies the title. It is a type of Colonial setting not at all suited to our present-day life

The Charm of the Colonial is Ever Fresh

IN the term "Colonial" there is confusion, when we speak of furniture. The term is so all-embracing, yet the types of furniture so utterly different, that one wonders why classifications cannot be readily made. The phrase "Colonial furniture" strictly means that furniture used by the Colonists in America. And therein is our master key to the confusion so often created by the term.

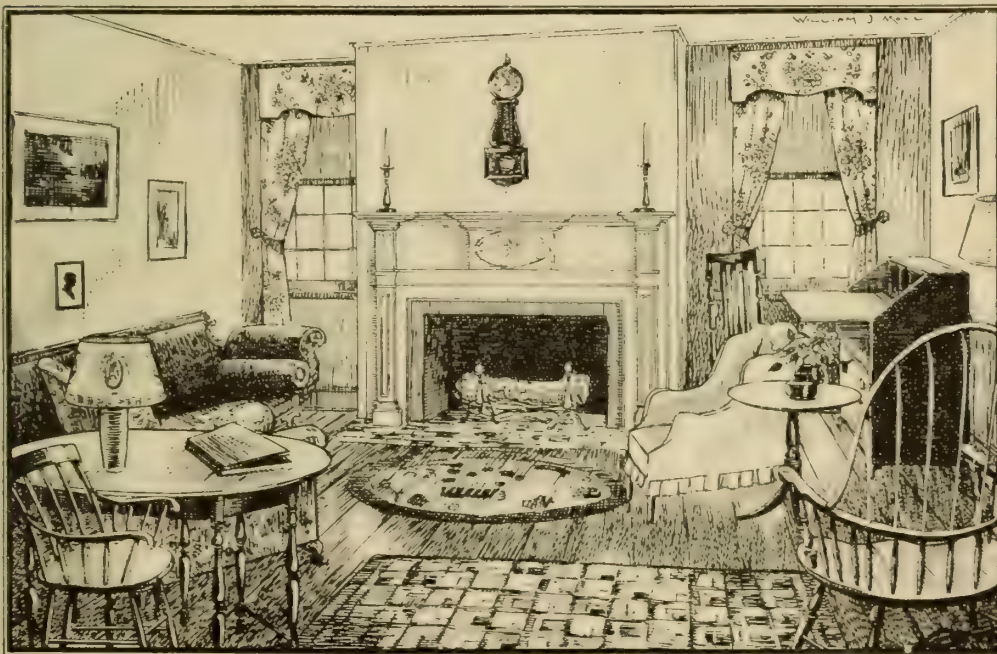
By William J. Moll

Because, if we study the conditions surrounding Colonial life, we readily understand why there are so many, and apparently so conflicting, types of furniture.

New England, and the South. These two great centers of American Colonial life supply our sources of Colonial furniture. But with a variation distinctly marked. From inventories, bills of sale, and wills we get some conception of the furnitures

the first settlers of our country possessed. In New England the low valuations mentioned in the inventories lead us to believe that most of the furniture was home-made, while in the South the furniture was largely imported, because "old" is mentioned in all kinds of furniture inventories. Again, the people of New England were poor, except in the seaport towns, but in the South the people were wealthier and could discard their temporary possessions for the importations coming from England.

And because of this variation
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]



A modernized Colonial living-room, sketched to show the different details of decoration and furniture that make up its charm

Gossip— East & West

By Cal York



A remarkable example of double exposure of John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel" The scene shows the death of the aged Brummel, with the spirit of the young Beau hovering over him

LEW CODY wired a swift one to Cecil B. DeMille, following the world premier of his mammoth production, "The Ten Commandments." Here's his telegram, word for word: "Here's hoping the Ten Commandments will appreciate their first kind treatment."

CLIFF DURANT, race driver, sportsman, and son of the automobile manufacturer, has just purchased a beautiful new yacht and the general belief is that its purpose is to bear Cliff upon a honeymoon trip with Ruth Roland, serial star, as his bride.

Rumor has consistently linked the names of Cliff Durant and Ruth Roland for some time, and neither of them will confirm or deny the engagement. But the purchase of the palatial yacht, with its dainty appointments and a richly furnished bridal suite, is declared by many of their friends to be confirmation.

By the way, it's an odd circumstance in matrimonial complication that Ruth still employs her divorced husband as her business manager and the manager of her vast real estate operations, isn't it? However, Ruth says he's a good business man.

MINTA ARBUCKLE, who, during her husband's, Roscoe Arbuckle's, trouble, was all that a loving and sympathetic helpmeet could be, was granted a preliminary divorce in Rhode Island on the grounds of desertion, but the Superior Court questioned the legality of her residence in that state and so her suit was later withdrawn.

THE name of the picture starring Elliott Dexter and Mildred Harris has been changed from "The Way Men Love" to "By Divine Right." Just a slight change.

THERE'S a rumor going the rounds, just at present. A rumor to the effect that Norma Talmadge is going to leave the screen. This is a disturbing thought and one to be considered prayerfully by admirers of Miss Talmadge.

Nearly everybody comes in that class, it seems.

JOE MARTIN, beloved of the theater-going public and adored of screen patrons, has run amuck. In other words, he has gone bad. And so Universal has sold him, for \$25,000, to the Barnes circus—where he will be a headliner, behind bars.

Joe Martin, as everybody knows, is a monkey. He has served the screen long and faithfully. We can't hate him for going crazy. It was over a year ago that he was put in solitary confinement, and labeled unsafe. We can't help feeling that there are a good many people that might join him—and yet the world doesn't place them in circuses. Where's justice, anyway?

Good-bye, Joe. You were not handsome, but you were one of our favorite actors.

JOHN ROCHE, juvenile in "Flowing Gold," is a singer of some little distinction.

He holds the record in one instance, certainly. For he is the only Irish Catholic who was ever known to sing Yiddish in the choir of a Jewish Synagogue.

This happened in Rochester, some years ago.



Erich Von Stroheim, wrist watch, rings, helmet and white gloves—directing some desert stuff for his production of "Greed." The temperature hovers at 140 degrees, and the orchestra—badly in need of a shave—adds a trifle more of warmth and atmosphere to the situation



THE COMPLETE MANICURE

*Send 12c for
Special Introductory Set*

The polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures, keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada address Dept. Q-3, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

CUTEX Liquid Polish

A New Liquid Polish with all the features women want

Now another convenience for the smart woman's manicure has been perfected by the makers of Cutex. A liquid polish with all the features the fastidious woman has wished for.

*Won't dry in ridges
Won't peel off
Dries almost instantly*

*Lasts a whole week
Gives a brilliance water won't hurt
Needs no separate polish remover*

Cutex Liquid Polish is just thin enough to spread evenly so the nails never look thickened or varnished. The brush holds just enough polish for one nail. When it is time for a fresh manicure the nails are still rosy, smooth and bright. You can get it at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada and chemists' shops in England for 35c, or in the \$1.00 and \$3.00 sets. Sets with other polishes are 60c and \$1.50.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. Q-3
114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Name _____

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City _____ State _____



A group of nationally known celebrities who appear in "The Great White Way." From left to right are: George McManus, of "Bringing up Father"; Nell Brinkley, creator of the "Brinkley Girl"; Harry Hershfield, who draws "Abie the Agent"; Arthur Brisbane, famous editor; and Billy De Beck, father of "Barney Google" and "Spark Plug"

LON CHANEY has reason to be the best of the pantomimers—if there is such a word. You see, he was the son of deaf mutes, and—from his very earliest childhood—he was trained in expressing himself without words. This training didn't hurt his motion picture career.

Not a bit of it!

THE rumor of the engagement of Constance Talmadge and Irving Berlin is flying around again.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joseph Schenck, left Hollywood for the East, planning to spend six weeks cruising in Florida waters on Mr. Berlin's yacht. And Hollywood is wondering if Constance will be a member of the party.

Mr. Berlin has been one of Constance's most devoted suitors for a long time, and many of her friends believe that, when she finally makes her choice from among her many admirers, he will be the lucky man.

IN one of the scenes from "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Mary Pickford's newest feature, the sweetheart of America appears all lit up. In other words, she wears—under her voluminous skirt, an acetylene tank weighing exactly twenty pounds. This tank illumines a candle which she is carrying—the scene depicts a dusky corridor. A plain electric candle doesn't give the right light quality, or something of the sort. And so Mary was forced to go in for the acetylene. What is more, before the scene could finally be photographed, it had to be rehearsed ten times.

Mary had to go lightly down said corridor, acting as if her skirt was a normal one, and as if the candle were made of practically weightless wax.

And then there are some people who say it's easy to be a screen star!

WHO gave Mae Busch her stunning new engagement ring and just what does the exquisite platinum chain with which it is held on her finger mean?

Mae won't tell, but she admits it is an engagement ring and that the chain has sentimental associations.

PATSY RUTH MILLER, who has been making a picture at Lasky's, will probably be kept permanently by that organization. They have been looking for a new leading woman on the Paramount staff for some time and Patsy appears to be the best of the available material.

THE real excitement on the lot, however, is over Rod La Rocque. Since his work in "The Ten Commandments" the whole organization, including Cecil De Mille, has become convinced that he is one of the greatest bets in pictures. They aren't even as excited about the return of Valentino as they were a few weeks ago.

ARUMOR has been flying around Hollywood of late that Mary Miles Minter is engaged to marry Dr. Raymond B. Mixsell, a wealthy physician of Pasadena. Neither Miss Minter nor the doctor will confirm or deny it.

Dr. Mixsell owns one of the most beautiful estates in Pasadena and is in an enviable position both in the medical profession and socially. He is considerably older than Miss Minter, but his attentions to her recently have been so marked that many predict she will soon be the mistress of his beautiful home.

MICHAEL, loved dog of Laurette Taylor's stage and screen career, has faded out of the picture. Another dog will take the place of Michael in Miss Taylor's screen version of "Happiness."

No, Michael is not dead. Only very old, and very tired. Too old and too tired to make the long trip to Hollywood—even though an elegant little cage has been specially constructed, in which the trip would have been made.

Michael has been pensioned off. And, with the giving over of his stage career, Michael has stepped into a new personality. For Michael is a she, and has been masquerading all of these years. She is more than a lady. She is a mother—and, yes, a grandmother!

AFTER missing fire the first time, Will Rogers has returned to the screen under Hal Roach's banner, and seems to have found

the exact silversheet medium for his talents. His satire on "The Covered Wagon" is exactly Will Rogers.

Roach is letting him "do his act" in pictures. Rogers writes the story, writes the titles, and carries out all his own ideas, and his work, if "Two Wagons—Both Uncovered" is a sample, is great.

NORMA TALMADGE thinks that she's getting too thin. And so she's been rushing away, in time sandwiched between other duties—to a nice dairy farm where she tries to drink on a few pounds weekly. We are, of course, referring to milk and cream.

Latest reports, however, say that Norma hasn't gained an ounce. She is too busy to rest completely—and rest is a big part of every milk cure. After seeing the lady in "The Song of Love," we feel called upon to remark that she's just right. Wait until you see her, as Norma-hal, the dancing girl.

THE price asked for New York successes is beyond anything that picture producers can afford to pay for picture rights and still hope to make any money themselves. Two hundred thousand dollars was the price asked for "The Seventh Heaven" and "Sun-Up," two of the biggest Broadway hits.

From these prices, producers in the west are predicting a season of original stories for the screen, since the watchword of the year in pictures is production economy. And the return of the original screen story may do a lot toward giving us a relief from the sameness that seems to have invaded pictures lately.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's were a great time in the Hollywood film colony.

For the first time in years, Mary Pickford struck five days before Christmas. She declared she'd never had time to do a decent job of Christmas shopping and this time she was going to take it, whether or no. I wish the public might have seen the time and trouble and the infinite thought Mary spent on her Christmas giving. After her charity work was done, she personally shopped with thought and attention for all her friends, wrapped up



You just can't keep these millionaires out of pictures. Even if they can't act, they can turn a camera crank, and that is what Drexel Biddle is doing. He's an assistant in William C. de Mille's company



*The traveler today comes
through journeys and dis-
comforts charmingly fresh*

SHE KEEPS THE SAME PERFECTION OF CLEAR SMOOTH SKIN



*In spite of icy winds,
desert sands, or
burning tropic sun . . .*

THEY'RE everywhere—these women who travel—riding light-heartedly across burning deserts, frolicking in the shadow of eternal snows, en-

folded in the beauty of vanished civilizations.

But the amazing thing about them is their easy way of coming fresh and lovely through journeys and discomforts. You'd think no complexion could stand the attacks of furious icy wind, the flying storms of sand and dust, the terrible tropic sun. Moreover, water is often a luxury and is likely to be brackish as well as scarce.

And yet these women have the most charming complexions. For the very hardships of travel have taught them the necessity of a perfect method of skin cleansing and protection.

To fulfill these two essentials of skin loveliness, cleansing and protection—the Pond's Method and the two famous Pond's Creams were developed.

Pond's Cold Cream spreads easily and sinks deep into the pores. It not only cleanses perfectly but gives the skin a youthful suppleness. Pond's Vanishing Cream protects the skin from the coarsening of exposure and holds one's face powder for hours.

Every night, and after severe exposure, cleanse your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it freely to the skin with fingers or a bit of moistened cotton. Then wipe off with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Do this twice. If your skin is very dry put on a little more cream for the night.

In the morning, freshen your face with water—use Pond's Cold Cream again if your skin is very dry. Then smooth on evenly Pond's Vanishing Cream. Your skin responds instantly with a fineness of texture, a clear fresh tone. This cream should be used during the day every time you cleanse your face, before you powder.

One traveler says "I rode through the Valley of the Kings five hours in the white-hot glare of flinty rock. My skin, protected by Pond's Vanishing Cream did not even feel drawn."

Another writes from Peking, "The water here is so hard and the climate so trying, I wouldn't have any complexion if it weren't for Pond's Cleansing Cream."

Use this exquisite method yourself. Buy both these delicious creams at any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.



EVERY SKIN NEEDS THESE TWO CREAMS

*Pond's Two Creams used by the women who
tax their skin most and keep it loveliest*

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY
The Pond's Extract Co., 144 Hudson St., New York
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special intro-
ductory tubes of the two creams every skin needs.

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City.....State.....



Here are Pola Negri and her new director, Dimitri Buchowetski, who comes from Europe with an enviable reputation and who will direct the Polish star in her next picture, "Men," written by himself

the gifts herself and wrote little notes of cheer to accompany them. A lot of people will treasure those sweet little cards signed "Mary" long after the gifts have vanished.

MARY and Douglas spent a quiet day at Pickfair on Christmas with their immediate family about them. And on New Year's Eve they entertained a small party of very close friends at their home, including Charlie Chaplin. On New Year's Day they attended the football game between the Navy and the University of Washington.

BUSTER and Natalie Talmadge Keaton entertained the Talmadge family clan at Christmas dinner, and had a large Christmas tree for young Joseph Talmadge Keaton. Norma Talmadge and her husband, Joe Schenck, and Constance Talmadge, and Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge were all present at dinner.

FOR New Year's, Norma and Joe went to Coronado, where they entertained on New Year's Eve with a big party, which included Theda Bara, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Borzage, Eugene O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Harris, the New York theatrical producer and his wife, and Fred Jackson. Norma wore a dinner frock of white crepe, over which was thrown a magnificent white shawl of Spanish embroidery. With this lovely costume she wore her famous rubies, and the combination of white and ruby red showed off her beauty to the very best advantage. Miss Bara wore apricot satin, with hanging panels of apricot velvet, and her jewelry was entirely in diamonds and pearls.

MAE MURRAY and her husband, Bob Leonard, also went to Coronado for New Year's and entertained a large party on New Year's Eve. Miss Murray, at the ball in the Coronado ballroom, wore a dinner costume of white embroidered in scarlet beads, and a fascinating scarlet turban on her blonde curls.

HAROLD LLOYD and his wife, Mildred Davis, went to Tia Juana for New Year's, and saw the New Year in at the famous Sunset Inn cafe.

On Christmas Day, Harold and Mildred entertained all their relatives at a big Christmas dinner. "And," as Mildred says, "we have more relatives than any one else in the world."

so it was a very big affair. The two screen stars decorated a big Christmas tree themselves and there were gifts for everyone.

ON Christmas Eve, Pola Negri entertained a large dinner party at her home in Beverly Hills, her guests including all the most distinguished of the foreign colony in Los Angeles. On Christmas Day, she lunched with Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eyton (Kathleen Williams), and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, at their home in Beverly Hills. On New Year's Eve, Pola had a table for sixteen guests at the Biltmore and was the center of all eyes.

And on New Year's Day she saw her first big football game and later had guests to dine at her home.

MR. and Mrs. Fred Niblo entertained with an informal dancing party on New Year's Eve and later the guests went to the big house-warming given by Tom and Nell Ince. Among the crowd that gathered to see the New Year in at the new Ince home were Florence Vidor, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Wheeler Oakman and Priscilla Dean and Bob Ellis and May Allison.

Constance Talmadge, with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, entertained a party at the Biltmore, and Bebe Daniels was there also.

BILL HART spent both Christmas and New Year's quietly at home, except that on Christmas he went next door and did his best to make Christmas seem natural to little Bill and Betty Reid. And on New Year's Day he saw the great football game.

WHILE the star, the director and all the other prominent members of the cast missed a chance to be a perfectly good hero, a "still" camera man did the job. This sometimes happens!

It was during the filming of "The Inheritors," starring Mary Philbin. After doing some water scenes, Miss Philbin sat down to rest on a pier that stretched out to sea from Catalina. And, carelessly, dropped her make-up box, which contained also her jewelry, into the ocean. At her cry of consternation, and before anybody had determined upon a course of action, Henry Freulich, a youthful "still" camera man, dived into the fifty foot depth and, after a few moments, came up with the box. The catch hadn't come unfastened, and so everything was quite intact.

And now the masculine members of the cast—thinking of publicity values, and such things—are wondering why they didn't dive in, too.

LILA LEE'S mother, Mrs. Augusta Appel, has brought suit in a Los Angeles court to recover the money on a note for ten thousand dollars, made out to her and, she alleges, signed by her famous daughter.

In reply, Lila says she wasn't in Chicago on the date when the note is said to have been signed by her in that city, that she never signed such note and knows nothing about it.

Whatever is back of the seeming difficulties,



The chariot race in "Messalina," an Italian film recently brought here. This set, a reproduction of the Circus Maximus in Rome, was actually built and is not merely the usual movie set shell



He never knew why

ALMOST the first thing that greeted him on his return to town was a newspaper announcement telling him that the girl he had hoped to marry was engaged to another man. And, moreover, to a man he had never heard of before.

This accounted for her silence during his absence—not a single letter all the time he was away.

And he never found the real reason why his courtship had been so complete a failure.

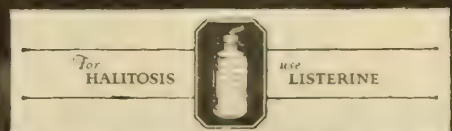
* * * * *

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor, but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for a half a century. Read the interesting little booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.



and they are all rather mysterious and Lila is being as quiet as possible about them, everyone in Hollywood is ready to stake their life that Lila herself is in no way to blame and is the unfortunate victim of some one else's mistakes.

Lila's devotion and goodness to her mother are so well known here that they cannot be disputed.

VIRGINIA VALLI dropped into the PHOTOPLAY offices, a few days ago, to call upon the editor. She was a very lovely lady—quiet and a trifle shy. She is east, on business with Universal. Part of the business has to do with loaning her to Paramount, for a while, where she will have the enviable position of leading lady to Tommy Meighan in "Write Your Own Ticket."

MRS. MELFORD—wife of George Melford, Paramount director, has been promised a divorce. In her application for it she told the justice that the director had left her, and—when pressed for a reason—mentioned rather unwillingly that pretty Jackie Logan might be one of the causes.

THEY'RE banning Mabel Normand's pictures because her name was brought into the police records as a witness when her chauffeur shot a man. I venture the opinion that not one of those instrumental in the contemptible business can compare with Mabel in brains or in heart. No wonder religion is going to pieces when smug hypocrites and bigots put themselves forward as examples of its teaching, usurpers of the judgment of courts, and dictators of personal liberty. Mabel may not be so orthodox in her conventionality but she is in honesty, loyalty, and generosity.

THE famous "Wampas Frolic," for several years the most important public social event of the motion picture industry, was held this year in San Francisco. And the fact that the "Wampas" was forced to hold it there is a black eye for Los Angeles that will not soon be forgotten.

After making all plans to hold the annual Frolic in Los Angeles as usual, the members of the "Wampas"—which is the nickname for the Western Motion Picture Advertisers Association—discovered that the Police Commis-



Is this "the face that launched a thousand ships" of which Homer wrote? No, but it's the face that is insured for \$250,000, and it belongs to five-year-old Baby Peggy Montgomery. Lloyd's has insured it against blindness or any disfigurement which would prevent that little star from playing before the camera

sion of Los Angeles would not grant them a permit to dance after midnight, the closing time fixed by law. Not only that, but the "Wampas" discovered an atmosphere of opposition and a refusal to cooperate in any way upon the part of the Commission.

Hitherto, the "Wampas" has been one of the great sights for all winter tourists in Los Angeles. It is their best opportunity to see most of the famous screen stars in person. It has always been a thoroughly reputable and well-conducted affair, patronized by the best elements of filmdom and of Los Angeles society. The members of the "Wampas," backed by the producers, offered every guarantee to the officials that there would be no law-breaking and that the affair would be of the highest order. Still, they were refused the small concessions asked.

Official Los Angeles seemed to have forgotten entirely that it was their largest industry that requested the favor. It seemed to overlook completely the vast good done to the city by the money of the picture industry and the great wealth from its coffers that yearly pours through Los Angeles' business avenues.

San Francisco, its rival city in the north, immediately stepped in with the most cordial and hospitable invitations to the "Wampas" to come up there and hold the Frolic in the big Municipal Auditorium, which is much larger than anything Los Angeles has to offer for such an occasion. The Chief of Police of San Francisco, the Mayor's secretary, and several members of the Board of Supervisors, came down to extend the invitation and to assure the "Wampas" that everything possible would be done to give the motion picture people a good time.

The "Wampas" accepted.

Resenting the treatment given them in Los Angeles, every big star in the industry agreed to go north for the ball. Two special trains were chartered, and a marvelous program was arranged.

Among the stars who accepted the invitation to go to San Francisco are Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Bill Hart, Harold Lloyd and his wife, Mildred Davis; Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Priscilla Dean, Jackie Coogan, Theda Bara, Douglas McLean, Tom Mix, Barbara La Marr, Corinne Griffith, Buster and Natalie Talmadge Keaton, Blanche Sweet, May Allison, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Leatrice Joy, Reginald Denny, Florence Vidor, and Antonio Moreno.

MAY ALLISON appeared in the divorce court in Los Angeles lately and stated that her husband, Robert Ellis, had called her names. Mr. Ellis, not having been properly served with a summons, the case was put over, but it is understood that he will not contest the suit.

WARNER BAXTER just narrowly escaped becoming a professional ball player, the other day. Before he was a screen star he was an athlete of note at the University of Ohio.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 66]



What the
well-dressed
man
of the Ages
should
wear

An artist's idea of Buster Keaton in "The Three Ages." First as the Palm Beach dilettante. Next as the Neolithic Sheik with Hairy Ape goloshes. And, lastly, as the Roman fashion plate and whip of the Julius Caesar Republican party

for Economical Transportation*For all the Year
For all Weather*

Superior Sedan

\$795

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

The Lowest Priced, High Grade All-Year Sedan

The closed car is the right type in a changeable climate, because it offers full-weather protection when needed, yet in summer with windows lowered is breezy and comfortable.

The Superior Chevrolet Sedan is distinctly high-grade in appearance and workmanship. It is so economical to operate and maintain that it is feasible for either one passenger's daily use, or for the evening and Sunday requirements of the average family of five.

Recent improvements have added further to its remarkable dollar value. Larger brakes give increased ease and safety of driving. The front axle has been straightened and raised 1½ inches to take care of deeply rutted or sandy roads. The improved springs are of chrome-vanadium steel, yielding increased riding comfort.

These and other less important changes have been made in line with our constant aim to maintain quality leadership in economical transportation.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster-	-	\$490
Superior Touring	-	495
Superior Utility Coupe	-	640
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	-	725
Superior Sedan	-	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	-	395
Superior Light Delivery	-	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	-	550

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

If
you
think
it's
easy
just
try
it



When Lillian Rich went to Banff to do "snow stuff" she was presented with a brand-new pair of skis. On which she started out bravely and gracefully,



But see what happened. She stubbed her toe. And, as she remarked, sadly: "I never knew before that I had so many feet or such inconvenient ones." (Rather hard for us to believe that, looking at her)



Drever.

But she became so proficient that a real N. M. P. arrested her for ski-speeding and—then let her go



You wouldn't acknowledge Wedding Gifts by telephone

No well-bred girl would think of doing such an outrageous thing. It would be like writing your invitations on a typewriter or sending your maid to make a call. But are you quite sure you are not doing other things that detract from the smart correctness you so strongly desire? *Are you using stationery, for instance, that has no social standing?*

Your letters are part of your social life. Unless they show that you know what is correct, they handicap your other efforts. The effect of the smart gown you wear to a reception or the impression you make at a house party or dinner may be seriously marred by the "bread-and-butter"

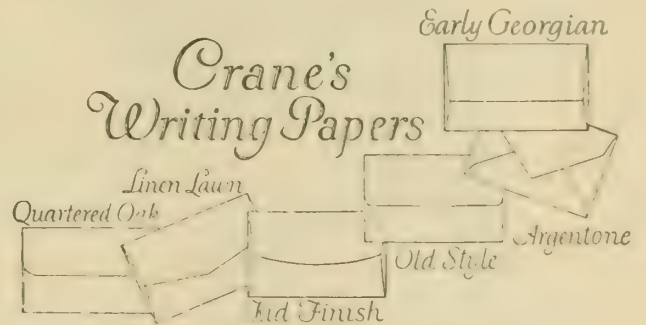
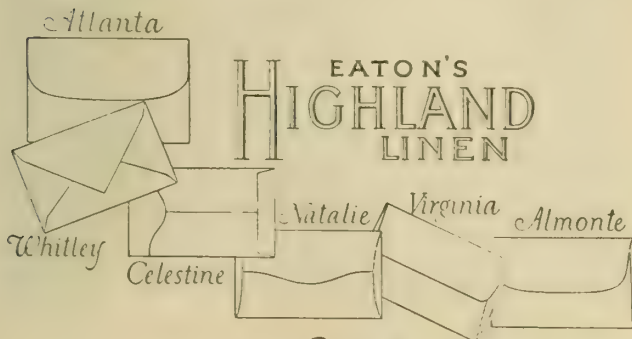
letter you write on "the only paper you could find."

A correct, well turned out letter is the mark of good breeding. The right paper is easily obtained. At any stationery department you can get Crane's Writing Papers or Eaton's Highland Linen, any of which are beyond criticism. And there is so wide a choice in shapes, shades and finishes, you can always express your own individual taste, and still be absolutely correct.

Caroline De Lancey

Address me in care of

EATON, CRANE & PIKE COMPANY, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York



Style is a greater social asset than Beauty

Virginia Valli Goes Shopping



She bought other pretties—lots of them. But the three pictures on this page are photographs of the prettiest. The evening wrap, above, is of brilliant brocade velvet, with a collar and border of lustrous fox. Under it can be glimpsed a bit of a lovely dinner gown—of black chiffon with silver lace, over grey satin. All of the clothes are from Milgrim



Miss Valli is very much a "lady of quality" in this afternoon frock of black satin with wide sleeves of silver embroidered green chiffon. Untrimmed, except for this brilliant color note, and very simple of line



A charmingly straight-line street dress of black velvet with collar and cuffs of the sheerest white organdie. Wide pearl buttons finish the pocket, and the narrow velvet sash ties in front. The Bonwit Teller hat that completes the picture is a cloche of black slipper satin



Kodak in the Home

A Kodak record of the children catches them just as they are and keeps them just as they *were*.

Ask your dealer for the free booklet "At Home with the Kodak." You'll find all *indoors* invites your Kodak, too.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. *The Kodak City*



The Pola Negri of the days she was hailed as the chief exponent of screen acting on the Continent

Next to her own performance, that of the leading man is of the most importance to a star.

While attending the opera one evening I suddenly noted a man in a box opposite. After observing him for a few moments I exclaimed, "There is *Armand*!" I immediately sent one of my party to him to say that I would like to meet him. When he was presented I asked him at once if he would like to play *Armand* to my *Camille*. Naturally he was astonished. He was a Hungarian engineer! That was nothing to me. He represented my ideal of the part. Today that Hungarian engineer is one of the most celebrated actors in Europe. His *Armand* was excellent.

Pola Negri's first impressions of America, of New York and of Hollywood, her own opinion of her work, and her ambitions will be told in the third instalment of her autobiography in the April PHOTOPLAY



"In Berlin I met a young actor—Ernst Lubitsch. I insisted upon him as my director. Results have justified me"

The Polish revolution of 1905, the great war, then the Kaiser's abdication and the revolution of 1918 My life truly has been a drama of great scenes.

When I saw Karl Liebknecht, the greatest Communist in Germany, addressing the Communist mobs from the palace balcony, where, at the opening of the war, the Kaiser had made his great speech, I was particularly struck by the irony of human events.

Although order was restored very quickly after the Kaiser's abdication, the government never losing control completely, conditions were such [CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]



Pola as she is today in America—whence she sends a large part of her earnings to care for 200 orphans on her estate in Poland



What's Become of the "Homely" Girl?

Artists and beauty authorities say she is disappearing

Everywhere women and girls are learning to make the most of their looks.

Evidence of this is all about you. Adorable complexions, fresh and enticing, wherever your eyes turn. The homely girl is of a passing day. Artists and beauty authorities agree to this.

The modern woman knows how easy it is to have the charm of lovely skin. And no one can be "homely" who has it.

The simple secret

Skin gently but thoroughly cleansed—once every day—keeps its glowing youthfulness, its prettiness.

But pay attention to *gently*. Harsh cleansing hurts your skin, mars it, just as surely as the dirt it removes.

Palm and olive oils are the gentlest skin cleansers science knows. They have been used by beautiful women since the dawn of history.

Today women who keep com-

plexion beauty, women who are admired, use these rare oils, perfectly blended, in their modern form—Palmolive Soap.

Wash thoroughly with Palmolive—massage the skin thoroughly with its gentle, soothing lather. Rinse the face. Then, finally, rinse thoroughly in cold water. If your skin is dry, apply a bit of good cold cream. Do this regularly and particularly at night before retiring.

Simple as it is, it is the most effective beauty treatment you can use.

Beauty remains

Skin thus cared for is not injured by dirt and grime, nor by the use of powders, or rouge.

And that soft, clear beauty of schoolgirl days does not disappear with passing years.

Start with Palmolive today—it costs but 10c a cake. You will not wait long to see results that astonish and delight.

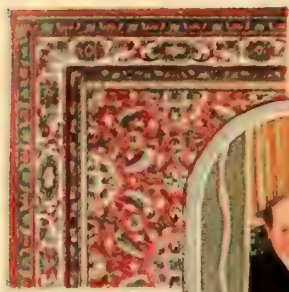
Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c





Congoleum
Art-Rug
No. 530.



The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 396.

Congoleum Art-Rug
No. 538.



Congoleum
Art-Rug
No. 321.



"And only \$9.00—I can hardly believe it!"

What a homelike room—and how delightfully the *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug blends with the other furnishings!

These popular rugs come in such a wealth of artistic designs and colors that it's the simplest matter to find one which lends attractiveness to any room!

And Congoleum Rugs save so much time and work. All the cleaning the smooth, enamel surface ever needs is a light wiping with a damp mop. How different from the hours of tedious sweeping and beating so necessary with woven floor-coverings! And how much more sanitary!

Staunchly durable, Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs

are made all in one piece on a firm waterproof base. Hugging the floor without fastening of any kind they never turn up at the corners or edges to trip unwary feet.

Popular Sizes—Low Prices

6	x	9	ft.	\$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½	x	3	ft.	\$.60
7½	x	9	ft.	11.25		3	x	3	ft.	1.40
9	x	9	ft.	13.50		3	x	4½	ft.	1.95
9	x	10½	ft.	15.75		3	x	6	ft.	2.50
9	x	12	ft.	18.00						

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Write for free copy of "Beautify Your Home with *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs," an interesting folder showing all the patterns in full color.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Montreal London Paris Rio de Janeiro

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Look for this Gold Seal

There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown here. Don't fail to look for it!





QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

LILLIAN ABELLA, NEW YORK CITY.—Here, Ramon Novarro, is a Spanish girl who wants to know if you have forgotten your native language. What's that you say? Of course not. Well, Lillian, you might try writing him a letter in Spanish because he was born in Mexico not so long ago and would like to hear from someone in his native tongue.

"RICHARD DIX FOREVER GIRL," CHICAGO, ILL.—Your letter makes me blue. Will anyone ever be so enthusiastic over me as you are over Richard Dix? What's wrong with my face, anyway? You say he is "the only successor to Wallace Reid." That is high praise. Agnes Ayres, Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson may be addressed at the Famous Players-Lasky studio, Hollywood, Calif. Send Alice Terry's letter to the Metro Studio. Rodolph Valentino receives his mail at 6 West 48th St., New York, care of Ritz Carlton Pictures.

GRAY EYES, NASHVILLE, TENN.—Intellectual but, according to an old proverb, full of mischief. Gray-eyed folk are shrewd so I agree with you about Thomas Meighan. "An actor, not a poser." Quite correct. Theda Bara's address is care of Charles Brabin, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif.

TEX OF BEAUMONT.—William S. Hart's first, last and only wife was Winifred Westover, from whom he is now divorced. Lloyd Hughes was Mary Pickford's leading man in "Tess of the Storm Country."

L. M., MONTCLAIR.—You come right out and shout that Ralph Graves is one of the best looking men on the screen. That's a frank confession. Mr. Graves is usually pretty busy in the studio; some of his latest achievements are "Prodigal Daughters," "The Extra Girl" and "What's Your Daughter Doing?" The August issue contained an article on the separation of the Viders. You think "stars who screen together grow to look alike." You cite Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy, Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish and Conway Tearle and Betty Compton as examples. Still Phyllis Haver never grew to look like Ben Turpin, did she?

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

H. R. L., DETROIT.—If you must have a picture of Pauline Garon, there is no better way of going about it than writing her to the United Studios, Hollywood, Calif. The lady was born September 9, 1900; she is five feet, one inch in height and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. In other words, she is one of those dangerous little girls.

SWEET SIXTEEN, SIOUX CITY.—Say, why shouldn't I remember when I was your age? I suppose you girls think I am so old that I have to be rolled to the office in a wheel barrow. However, mad as I am, I'll answer your question. Johnny Walker is twenty-seven, weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds, is five feet eleven inches tall and Irish. Also, he is married. Take that!

H. R. H., SANTA BARBARA.—J. Warren Kerrigan's eyes are hazel. He is thirty-four and before his "leave of absence," he registered in "Coast of Opportunity," "House of Whispers," and "The Green Flame." Since his return "The Covered Wagon," "The Girl of the Golden West" and "A Man's Man." Kind of have a sneakin' affection for J. Warren, haven't you, Helen?

PEGGS, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—You know whom you like, don't you? And you have your little dislikes, too. Thank you for telling me about

them and, what is still better, thank you for giving me your reasons. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona,—of all places!—on Oct. 21, 1897. His color scheme is unique; his hair is dark and his eyes are greenish gray. After all this, I regret to crush your hopes by telling you that Lloyd is married to Gloria Hope. The picture you ask about is "Scars of Jealousy." Agnes Ayres is about twenty-five.

HELOISE, OMAHA.—Yes, Heloise, the Answer Man has other literary flights. I also write for the magazine under other names. Some of my pen names are D. H. Lawrence, Irvin Cobb, George Ade and Gertrude Stein.

C. H., NORFOLK, VA.—Carol Dempster's age is twenty-three. Wallace Reid's lamented death occurred Jan. 18, 1923.

LIANE DE P., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Are you trying to start a riot about my other letter writers when you call Monte Blue "the nicest man in pictures today"? Monte is nice, of course, but when you're as old as I am you won't go in for superlatives. He was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on January 11, 1889. It isn't likely that any of the pictures starring the late Gaby Deslys will be revived.

M. D. M., PHILADELPHIA.—Dorothy Davenport Reid was born in Boston, March 13, 1895. Her weight is one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Her height, five feet. Nature gave her a striking color combination, for her eyes are a deep brown and her hair is copper color. She married Wallace Reid when she was eighteen. That is October 13, 1913. Notice how thirteen runs through the important dates of her life.

EVE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS.—"Sir or Madame." That's a crafty way of addressing a letter to the poor old Answer Man. Can't you girls quit kidding me? The David Wark Griffith Studio is at Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Ivor Novello is thirty. Ramon Novarro is twenty-eight. Malcolm McGregor is about twenty-four. Cullen Landis is twenty-eight.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]

"AMERICA"—A Film of the Revolution



A revel in Colonial days in Northern New York, with Lionel Barrymore as Walter Butler, leader of the "blue-eyed Indians"



The eve of the American Revolution. Paul Revere warning the American farmers that "the British are coming"



Carol Dempster (at right) as Nancy Montagu, the heroine in "America"



Neil Hamilton (at left), cast by D. W. Griffith in the rôle of hero in his latest picture



George Washington -- a remarkable impersonation by Albert Dewey



It puts back into your skin the vital elements your daily life steals from it

With this easy method of daily care, based simply on the idea of keeping the skin functioning normally, you can unlock a hidden beauty in your skin. So simple and effective, your own physician himself will in all probability recommend it.

ONE great cause is responsible for the blackheads and blemishes, the roughnesses, little blotches of imperfection, the coarse-textured, oily or over-sensitive skin—one great cause, and you can remove it.

Dust and soot, lack of exercise, the thousand and one little evils of daily life—each in itself perhaps unimportant—are, combined, the one fundamental cause of every skin blemish and fault.

You cannot change these conditions. But you *can* take steps to put back into your skin the elements that daily life is stealing from it.

Thirty years ago a well-known physician made an important discovery

The way Resinol Soap and Resinol

Ointment originated has in itself given confidence to thousands who use them daily. Thirty years ago a well-known physician, continually confronted in his practice with a great variety of skin disorders, decided that ordinary patchwork treatments were not enough to reach and correct many of even the slightest skin blemishes. What was needed, he felt sure, was simply some corrective to start and keep the skin again functioning normally—to soften the skin and keep it supple, to cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to stimulate the flow of blood.

At last he developed a simple formula—not a complicated drug, but a basic prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

Today you too can have this remarkable prescription

At first the knowledge of Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment was confined to the medical profession

alone. Today, from that early prescription, these two have come into nation-wide use.

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, roughnesses, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the fingers. If possible, leave it on overnight. Then in the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Send today for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Address Dept. 5-D, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally.

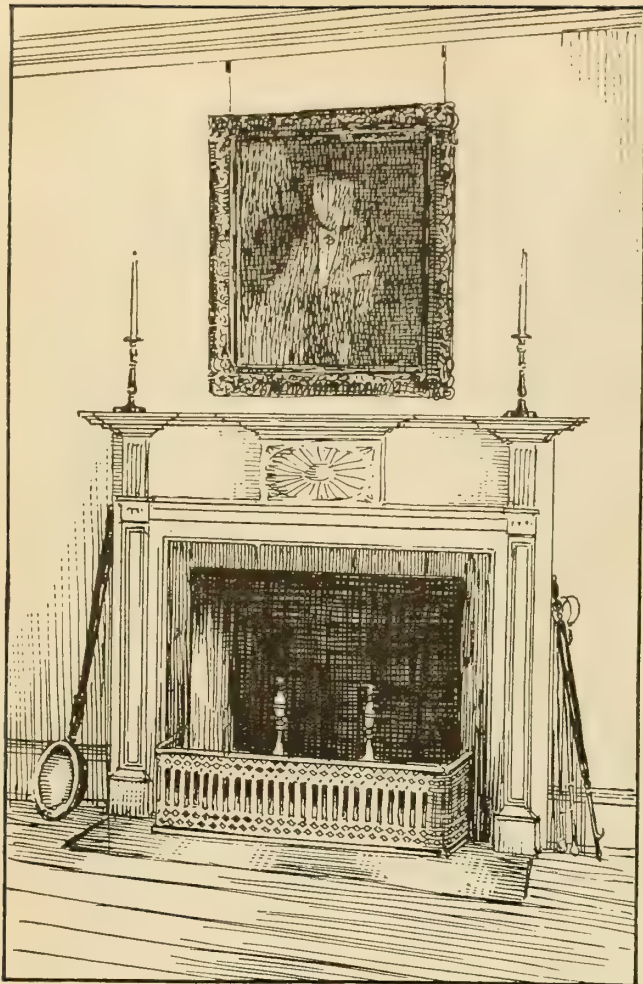
RESINOL

SOAP and OINTMENT



Colonial Furnishings

FROM PAGE 73



A fireplace mantel, painted white, with a good portrait over it, and with brass fender and fireplace furniture, gives the key to the whole room

ation in estate of the two colony centers we find a variation in the type of furniture used.

New England sent her ships out into the seven seas, and brought back the luxuries of other countries. Particularly did they trade with Holland, and so we find a strong Dutch influence in the furniture peculiar to this section. Oak was the prevalent wood, and as the years went on, and the fortunes of the section gradually bettered, we find the chests and cabinets, the high-backed chairs, and the turned bedposts and table legs of Holland origin replacing some of the pine and maple pieces of home manufacture. And, because of the seafaring, we find also colorful bits from the further world—East India cabinets, wicker chairs, ebony chairs, and draperies made from the cotton prints of far-away countries. The famous Paisley shawls were but adaptations of the cashmere prints of Persian origin.

But in the South, as we have said, the people were wealthier. Their purses could afford the importation of furniture from England, and so we

find mahogany the chief wood, and the designs of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Shearer, Adams, and Chippendale in the larger homes. And with these types we find the heavy brocades and tapestries of English origin.

Gradually these two distinct types of furniture became mixed throughout the homes of the less wealthy, for manufacturing were set up for the making of furniture to supply a demand that arose when the average run of the people of both localities became more opulent.

It is with this final merging of the two influences that we have to deal here. Because the furniture of this late Colonial period fits with perfect ease into our twentieth century needs.

Because the living room seems to be the chief concern of our modern life, we give our attention here to a living room in Colonial spirit. And for it we have chosen examples from each period. It is the restrained and proper use of these elements that make our rooms beautiful. Charming homes are not predicated upon costly furnishings, but rather upon the careful selection of the pieces that build the room, and the correct combinations of units and colors. No other kind of furniture offers us as economic a selection as the Colonial. Its reproductions and adaptations are found in every average furniture store, in sizes and prices that will fit every purse.

Let us take, then, the modernized Colonial living room shown in the sketch on the second page of this article and see what goes to build its charm.

First, the walls. Contrary to general belief, Colonial walls were never plain. Rather they were highly ornate; panelled with wood, particularly at the fireplace end, or covered with scenic papers of French origin, with broad striped paper, or with the highly colored patterns of English or Oriental origin. These, of course, will not suit our present problem. So we turn to the adaptations of these designs and find in our stores many examples. Those shown in this article were selected at random from the existing stock of an average dealer, and in design and coloring they will fit admirably into the average scheme, except that the two larger designs at the top of the illustration would be better fitted for use above a white panelled wainscot. The remaining examples could be used to fine effect in any modern house with the desired effect, provided the paper is continued to the ceiling, and finished with a plain molding in the cove where the ceiling joins the wall. No cut-out borders should be used!

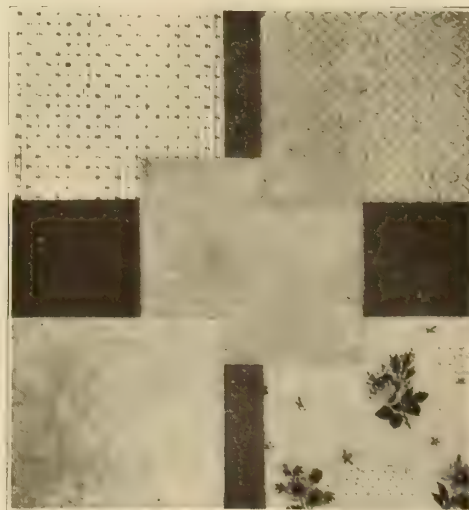
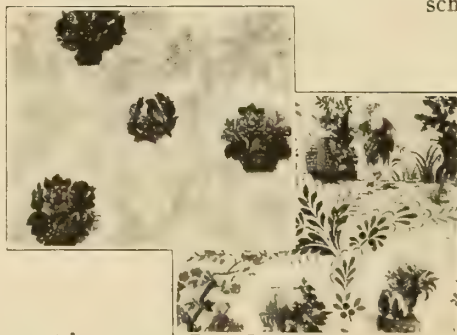
Choose then, your wall covering and turn an equal attention to the fireplace. In our January article, "The Firelight's Soft, Warm Radiance," we recounted the charm of a proper fireplace. In a Colonial room the fireplace is perhaps the point of

first interest. Because a Colonial room should, above all other furnishings, have a fireplace that truly interprets the spirit of the age. Herewith is shown a type of Colonial fireplace that is one of the best examples of its kind. It is a sketch of the fireplace of a house opposite Faneuil Hall, and its cheery blaze probably warmed some of the perpetrators of the Boston Tea Party in 1773. It is a style adapted for reproduction by mantel makers of today because of its rich simplicity. The writer has seen its counterpart in every mantel store he has visited, and the price is fully within reason.

In the illustration the fireplace mantel is a wood frame, painted white. It gives the key to the whole room. One never mistakes the tone of a home with such a fireplace. The furnishings, and accoutrements of this fireplace will be mentioned further on.

Walls, fireplace, and then floor. In Colonial homes of the average

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



Colonial wall paper was usually highly ornate. Here are some modern adaptations of old designs, which are easily obtainable in the stores



In "The French Doll"



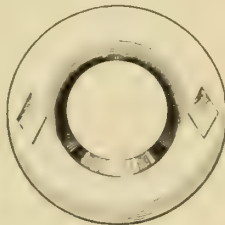
In "Fashion Row"

*Diamond Brand (Visible)
Fast Color Eyelets have gen-
uine celluloid tops that never
lose their color.*

*They promote easy lacing,
retain their original finish
indefinitely, and actually
outwear the shoe.*

Scintillating!

IN bringing to the screen the joy of life that is the birthright of Youth, Miss Mae Murray, Metro Star, the very personification of buoyant, pulsating youth, has earned the gratitude of theatre-goers of every age. Graceful, vivacious, full of charm, her screen characterizations are chaste cam-eos against a kaleidoscopic background of exotic, colorful settings.



Fascinating!

THE diversity, artistic audacity and elegance of Miss Mae Murray's costumes are a constant source of wonder and delight to her audience. Her exquisite taste and discrimination are manifest in the care she bestows every detail of her wardrobe. Miss Murray's footwear is finished with visible eyelets, the identifying mark of superlative quality and style.

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

Women who eat soft food

must beware of tender gums

DAINTY FOODS are the natural choice of dainty women. And yet, these soft, delicious creations you are so fond of—has it ever occurred to you that, to your teeth and gums, they are a real and constant menace?

Don't let your toothbrush "show pink"

For these soft, creamy foods of civilization cheat our teeth and gums of that exercise and stimulation which, through the use of simple, coarse food, nature once provided.

And today, as never before, the profession is aroused to the need for fighting that class of tooth troubles due to softened, bleeding and receding gums.

Ipana Tooth Paste is one weapon that is used and prescribed by thousands of the foremost consultants. Many have written us that, in stubborn cases, they direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing with Ipana. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, a recognized hemostatic, has a specific virtue in healing bleeding gums and in keeping them sound and healthy.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana cleanses safely and thoroughly, too. And its clean flavor and delicious taste will pleasantly surprise you.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.

40 Rector St.
New York,
N. Y.

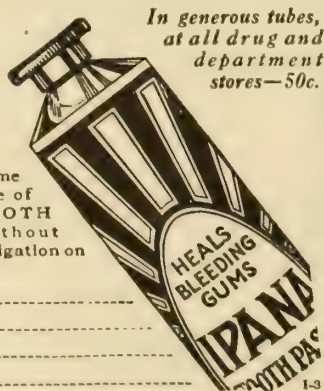
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Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

JUST a little word of greeting to Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Company, whose friends and associates are celebrating the fortieth anniversary of his arrival in America. His name will forever be linked with the motion picture for he was one of the little group of pioneers who fought and struggled to put the screen on the high plane it occupies today. He it was who fought the old motion picture trust through every court in this land and freed the art and industry from the baneful shackles of monopoly. A modest, unassuming little man, this nation may well be proud of him and his accomplishments. I believe him incapable of a deliberately unkind or dishonest action. If there are any more boys like him left in old Laupheim, his birthplace, I suggest getting the whole town in next month's immigration quota so we won't take a chance on missing another Carl Laemmle.

THE Presbyterian church is going to hold a convention in Washington to convince congress that the movies should come under Federal control. They announce that they are going to "clean up the movies." Remember the little boy who said, "They're always washing somethin' and most the time it's me"? Well, go to it. But hadn't these churchmen better settle their own arguments and agree among themselves before they start any more fights?

A DAUGHTER of Joe Bridger is asking the courts to make the Famous Players-Lasky treasurer send her a million dollars. Says the good old scout is shown in "The Covered Wagon" as having two squaw wives, and it has damaged her feelings and social status. That lady is sensitive, and nothing will cure the bruises on her family escutcheon except a million dollar plaster. Seems to me they made him out a sort of a regular guy. Certainly nobody could outdrink or outshoot or out-squaw him in the picture. Then, again, it's always dangerous to get mad and sue. They might prove he had three squaws.

HERE'S a book worth buying if you are interested in a handbook of the screen. It is called "The Best Moving Pictures of 1922-23," and is written by Robert E. Sherwood, the highbrow fan who commits picture criticisms for "Life" and the "New York Herald." The intelligent motion picture addict will find it well worth the price.

Lost and Found Department

LOST—One writer answering to the name of Herbert Howe. When last seen three months ago he was boarding the steamship "Majestic" to join Rex Ingram in Africa. Five feet nine inches in height, slightly built but has usual prohibition capacity. Disposition, peaceable but affectionate. A cable inquiry to Mr. Ingram brought the information that a native camel driver reported Mr. Howe in Tunis operating under the name of

Rudolph Valentino. He had opened a correspondence school of sheiking and was coining money. A suitable reward will be given for his return—dead or alive.

YOU'VE heard of Abe and Julius Stern. They're the chaps who said their comedies were no laughing matters. Here's their latest contribution:

A scenario writer applied for a job.

"You an educated man?" demanded Julius.

"Yes, sir."

"You don't look it—prove it," said the doubting Julius.

"How can I prove I'm educated?" asked the unfortunate college graduate.

"Show your diploma," said Julius.

The victim tried to explain that people didn't carry their diplomas around with them.

"Well, then," said Julius scornfully, "say me a big woid."

ON another page of this magazine you will find that Abraham Lincoln is given the honor position in the new pictures. Not only that, it is a great picture, and one of the very few that have been shown in a Broadway theater that is worth regular theater prices. If you love the memory of Lincoln, and every American does, you should see it and take the entire family. Tell your theater manager to hustle it along.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN is to play *Messala*, the villain, in "Ben Hur." Bushman has been dethroned as king of the moving picture heroes, but I'm going to say that he deserves a comeback. He went heavily in debt a few years ago, but he didn't hide behind bankruptcy. He worked hard and paid them all up to the last nickel.

THE producing program on "Ben Hur," which was for years considered the prize story for pictures, is set, but it may look rather rusty when it reaches the screen. Styles change in pictures as well as in clothes, and we doubt that the Goldwyn program will achieve the possibilities of the story.

"SQUIRTER of Iodine—Saw it in Movies," sings the headline of a New York newspaper. A mentally deficient boy was caught riding around Passaic, N. J., on his bicycle after dark throwing iodine at girls' faces. He said he saw it in the movies. Such a degenerate stunt has never been shown in any motion picture. But that didn't stop the newspapers from making it the feature of the story.

WONDER what some folks think the picture theaters are, anyhow—kindergartens or Bible classes? Home training is and always will be the foundation of child character. Mr. Peck would probably have blamed the movies for his bad boy. Before the movies came there were no bad boys, no murders, no robberies. Now all the parents of the wayward youth has to say is, "Judge, he saw it in the movies," and the boy walks out to join the gang in a holdup.

What Type of
Man is Most
Attractive
to Women?

Some of the secrets of her sex are revealed by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS in the next issue. Vividly and entertainingly she discusses male fascination and analyzes the charms of a number of male stars.

In the April PHOTOPLAY
Out March 15

The Wonder Dog
in a
Human Drama

Laurence Trimble and Jane Murfin
present

STRONGHEART
in
The Love Master
with
LILLIAN RICH
Written and directed by
LAURENCE TRIMBLE

You remember Strongheart, the wonder dog, in "The Silent Call" and "Brawn of the North"! He comes back to the screen in his own true love story—a story of the far north, the land of eternal snows. And there's a beautiful human love romance that parallels Strongheart's. If you like the unusual, the exceptional, watch for this one.



Big Ones Coming

Richard Walton Tully's
"FLOWING GOLD"
Rex Beach's famous story with Anna Q.
Nilsson and Milton Sills.

Thomas H. Ince's
"The GALLOPING FISH"
From Frank R. Adams' story
"Friend Wife."

Norma Talmadge
presented by Joseph M. Schenck and
directed by Frank Porzage in
"SECRETS"

Richard Barthelmess
presented by Charles H. Duell in a John S.
Robertson production,
"Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's drama
"THE ENCHANTED
COTTAGE"

"LILIES of the FIELD"
William Hurlburt's famous Broadway
success with
Corinne Griffith and
Conway Tearle



A First National Picture



BILLIE BURKE ZIEGFELD
Portrait by
CHARLES G. SHELDON

In Stage Success— ~or Social Triumph

THIS distinguished hair net plays its part in stage success and social triumph. Its presence—though it can't be seen—lends grace and charm and glorifies the hair! America's leaders of fashion; actresses of note; women known for their beauty and charm—depend on this net as the first essential to smart coiffure effects.

A scene from Billie Burke's
well-known play—
"The Intimate Strangers"



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Have you wondered what has become of Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star? Well, here he is in "La Bataille," a film recently completed in France by Aubert

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

He was working out a bit with a semi-professional team at Glendale, California, when a short stocky man stepped up to him, and asked him for a moment's conversation. The conversation terminated in an offer from the Chicago Cubs.

Warner is too well satisfied, where he is, to go in for professional baseball. But there's a possibility that he may go into training with the Cubs, over on Catalina, just to keep fit.

When he was in college he used to be an infielder.

NOW comes word from Paris that Charles H. Duell, president of Inspiration Pictures, has been divorced by his wife, and it is intimated in some quarters that the announcement of the film magnate's engagement to Lillian Gish may follow. The acquaintance of Duell and Miss Gish began more than a year ago, when he went into the film business as head of Inspiration Pictures.

ROBERT EDESON is being sued for divorce by his wife, Mary Newcomb Edeson, an actress. She charges non-support.

LEW CODY is going to play "Dangerous Dan McGrew" in the film version of Service's famous poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." It seems to be another one of those pieces of casting forced by public demand—as was Blanche Sweet's portrayal of the title role of "Anna Christie."

When it was announced that Barbara La Marr was to make the story and appear as *The Lady That's Known as Lou*, people began writing in from all over the country suggesting Lew Cody for *Dan McGrew*. That was something, but when the exhibitors added their voice, it was everything. Metro was able to secure the services of the famous screen

villain and we do think he and the lovely Barbara ought to make it mighty interesting for *Dan McGrew* and *Lady Lou*.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG is returning to the stage in a play which is called "Trimmed in Scarlet."

WILL ROGERS—polo star. Doesn't sound quite natural, does it? And yet you'd be surprised if only you could see him play.

Recently at a game at the fashionable Midwick Country Club, of whose team he is a member, Rogers shot four of their seven goals, and won the game for them. Men on the field that day included Carlton Burke, world famous poloist, Captain Perkins, and young Erwin, all of whom are noted as polo stars.

IT'S all out, now, why Tom Mix was in a mystery shrouded hospital room for a week or two. It seems that he shot himself. Not to commit suicide—he's too happy with Mrs. Mix and little Thomsina and a fat contract. It's just that he dropped one of his famous six shooters—which promptly turned on him, and bit him. The bullet tore its way through his left arm, went through the fleshy part, creased his back and lodged near his spine. But it wasn't serious, and the bit of lead was soon located and removed.

Tom says that it makes him feel "kinder like a fool"—he's supposed to know something about the handling of guns, and here he's gone and shot himself up, for fair!

A "TIP-OFF" from an underworld admirer and the prompt action of Tom Mix's famous guns in conjunction with the Hollywood police force, recently foiled a daring

attempt to rob Mrs. Mix of jewels valued at over \$100,000.

According to the police, a gang of crooks, headed by "Terrible Tommy" O'Connor, Chicago stick-up man, plotted to obtain possession of Mrs. Mix's jewels.

WORK on Inspiration's "The Enchanted Cottage" was held up for a week or two, while the star, Richard Barthelmess, underwent a minor operation. He came through nicely.

MOTION PICTURE stars are going to leave a deathless imprint upon the architectural history of Los Angeles, it seems. Miss Roland, not content with having an enormous exclusive residential tract on Wilshire Boulevard called Roland Square after her, has just moved her house off a Wilshire Boulevard corner and started to erect the Roland apartments.

The apartments will cost \$1,500,000 and be the most elaborate and pretentious in the city. And Miss Roland owns them, don't forget that.

A block or two farther up the street work has begun on The Talmadge, a beautiful apartment hotel facing the beautiful grounds of The Ambassador. This is a piece of Norma Talmadge's investment of the money her pictures have earned.

THOMAS MEIGHAN had two narrow escapes while making "Pied Piper Malone" in New York. A quick eye and a nimble pair of legs saved his life when a 500-gallon tank accidentally opened ten feet over his head while doing some storm scenes on a ship. Had it hit him he would have been swept off the deck into Long Island Sound. It happened at midnight.

When, with his company, he went down to Chinatown, in New York's East Side, for the filming of a few scenes in the same picture, there was a small riot. No, it was not a popularity riot in which eager fans pressed near to get a look at an idol. It was a demonstration, on the part of Chinatown, against the bad reputation it has been given in many films. Stones, fruit and ancient vegetables were thrown. So were lamps and old shoes.

IT'S just one thing after another with Anna Q. Nilsson. First of all she was very badly burned about the neck and shoulders and face



Another heiress who has listened to the alluring click of the camera. If children cry for her pictures as they are said to do for the source of her fortune she will be lucky, for she is Lucille Morrison, granddaughter of Charles H. Fletcher, of Castoria fame



"Love in the Small but Perfect Circle Trace"

—Anon

UNLIKE the bride of King Arthur's time who said her marriage vows over a ring of leather, cut on the spur of the moment from her glove, the modern girl chooses an exquisite Orange Blossom ring.

Not unlikely the ring so chosen matches her engagement ring—and she has the comforting thought that they both match the Orange Blossom ring worn by the groom! A perfect triad!

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It is surprisingly economical. For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair *healthy*, and sweet enough to kiss. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



This is the way a gay banquet scene appears—when you're looking down on it. From Rupert Hughes' new picture "Reno"—which deals with the divorce question. Lew Cody sits at the head of the table, and Carmel Myers is next to him

in the great forest fire scene of "Hearts Aflame." No sooner had she recovered from that than she sprained her ankle, in another feature picture. In "Ponjola," she lost her lovely blonde hair, the envy of half of America's girlhood—but this she did voluntarily. And then, in the first part of Richard Walton Tully's production of "Flowing Gold," she broke a rib. This last accident happened in a scene when she was paying more attention to the film rescue of Milton Sills, than to her own safety. And yet—with all of her troubles—Anna can still smile and murmur: "What next?"

THE Emmett Flynn's have a lot of modern ideas about child raising—directors and their wives have to have some sort of interest outside of the studio, you know! And they decided, around about Christmas time, to put some of these theories into practice, and to give their daughter—a young lady with eighteen months to her credit—a common sense Christmas. Children, they agreed, had lost all sense of value. They would re-dress the baby's old doll, and let it go at that.

But, when Christmas eve came, they weren't exactly happy. And when finally, Emmett stamped out of the house—to return, presently, with a tree and a wee necklace of platinum and pearls and a lot of toy—it was to discover Mrs. Flynn busily wrapping up the packages that she had stored away, for safe keeping, in the deep recesses of the darkest closet.

GOLDWYN has released Helene Chadwick from her contract.

Some time ago, Helene went into court and tried to win her freedom from the Goldwyn contract, which report says did not pay her nearly the salary to which she seemed entitled. Goldwyn fought the suit and held her to her contract and she returned to work for them in a Rupert Hughes production, "Reno."

Now comes the announcement that they have voluntarily released her from further service. And this isn't nearly as good a time to be released as it was when Helene sued.

GOLDWYN has practically closed down, except for the mammoth production of "Ben Hur" which is to be made abroad. June Mathis has won, after months of battle, in having George Walsh cast for the title role, and though the Hollywood opinion is that he will not do the role justice, he's going to play it. Francis X. Bushman will have a marvelous chance to recover his public's admiration in the great role of *Messala*—the heavy. Bill Hart created the part on the stage. Carmel Myers, probably because of her racial qualifications, is to be *Iras*, Gertrude Olmsted is to be *Esther*.

The cast would discourage us completely if it weren't for the fact that Charles Brabin is to direct and he is a good director, and June Mathis is a good scenario-writer.—o there you are.

AN escape that was nothing less than miraculous recently saved May Allison from permanent disfigurement and possibly from death. She was thrown through the windshield of her car, after the big limousine had hurtled a ditch and hit a telegraph pole in avoiding a collision with another car. At first it was feared that she might be scarred for life, but doctors quickly re-assured her that the accident would mean no more than a few weeks' bandages.

IT was on board the President Taft that the new husband of Irene Castle sprang to her defense, and put on a real m. p. scrap.

Irene and her bridegroom, who is an army man—one Major Frederick McLaughlin—were on board the liner, en route to Japan. And, one evening, the star's latest picture, "French Heels," was shown. And, after the picture, most of the men on board repaired to the smoking room.

The Major, standing in the background, happened to listen in on a conversation between the representative of a silk house and a friend. The friend opened the conversation by asking the silk man what he thought of the picture.

"Oh, I thought it was terrible!" was the answer.

The friend persisted.

"But didn't you like the acting of Irene Castle?" was his next question.

"What I said about the picture goes for her, too," said the silk man.

It was then that the Major came to life. And it took the entire male personnel of the boat to keep the offender from going over the rail.

ERIC VON STROHEIM locked himself in a tower at the Goldwyn studio, protected by an armed guard, cutting "Greed," trying to reduce the great mass of material to a few thousand feet.

Meantime, all Hollywood is anxiously trying to see the picture before it is released, because the general assumption seems to be that when the censors get through cutting it, there won't be enough left to bother about.

Anyhow, why the armed guard? Nobody's going to use force to disturb Mr. von Stroheim. He's a good, if wasteful, director, but the greatest little publicity stunner in the business.

J. HARRINGTON SICKEL, millionaire son of J. of Welling Sickel, former Mayor of Trenton, is to be starred in motion pictures under the management of Merritt Lund, well known composer and orchestra leader. Mr. Sickel and Mr. Lund jointly own about one quarter of the Island of Bermuda and have made millions in raising and exporting onions. We hope they display more taste in their pictures than in the fruits of their agriculture. Mr. Sickel is a tall, slim, handsome chap, somewhat after the manner of Norman Kerry. We trust that Mr. Sickel will reap more benefits from his pictures than from his onion groves.

MRS. VIRGINIA BRIDGER HAHN, of Kansas City, Kansas, has brought suit for \$100,000 against the producers and directors of "The Covered Wagon" for defamation of her father's character.

Mrs. Hahn claims to be the only surviving daughter of Jim Bridger, the guide, played in the film by Tully Marshall. And she says that her father was a most quiet and peaceful man, who never drank, and was a model citizen. Whereas in the film he is represented as being a drunkard and living with at least two Indian squaws.

Personally, we thought Jim Bridger, of the "Covered Wagon," a great old scout and a credit to the nation.



The original "Keystone cop" will never create any more laughs. Frank Hayes died recently in Los Angeles after a stage and screen career of 25 years. His last rôle was in Von Stroheim's production of "Greed"



Like Grime on Ivory

Those film-coats on your teeth

THIS is to offer you a test of a new way of teeth cleaning. Millions now employ it. The glistening teeth you see everywhere now show you how much it means.

New beauty, new protection come to users. No woman will ever go without the results when she knows them. Nor will she let her family go without them.

To combat the film

This method combats film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously. Unless you combat it, much of it remains. Food stains, etc., discolor it, then it forms dingy coats. That is why so many teeth lose luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They cause many serious troubles, local and internal. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

Now ways to combat it daily

Dental science has found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many care-

ful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

This tooth paste has brought a new dental era to millions of homes the world over. And largely through dental advice.

Two other great effects

Research proved two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay. It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

These combined effects are bringing people everywhere a new conception of clean teeth.

You cannot doubt

No one can doubt these benefits. They are quickly seen and felt. One who once knows them will never again go without them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out this coupon so you don't forget.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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Would you believe it? Here is Jane Novak, taken with her small daughter, Virginia, and, at right, Miss Novak again in the character she plays in "The Lullaby"



DOUGLAS MACLEAN, a stage star before he went into pictures, was a friend of "Uncle Billy" Pinkerton, the famous detective who died recently, and in reminiscence was telling one of Pinkerton's favorite yarns about the stage.

Pinkerton adored the stage and stage people and knew many of the great stars well. He was a welcome guest in all dressing rooms and he liked to go back stage and spend an evening on occasion.

One of his hobbies was collecting pictures of these celebrities, particularly those who were friends of his, and his office in Chicago was filled with large and handsome photographs of the shining lights of the stage, many of them affectionately autographed.

One day he was entertaining a famous English criminal investigator, and several hours were passed in discussing crime, its ways and means, different types of criminals and their characteristics.

As he rose to go the Englishman put on his eyeglasses, gazed about at the pictures on the wall for a few moments and then said, "And these, I suppose, are representative of your better criminal classes in America."

ALLAN SIEGLER may be a good camera-man—but he's a poor comedian.

It happened on the lot, during the filming of Locke's "The Tale of Triona." Allan pulled this, out of a clear sky, on Harrison Ford, leading man.

"Who," he said, "was the first great wireless engineer?"

"Marconi," answered Ford. Quick—just like that!

"Wrong," answered Allan. "It was Adam. He made a loud speaker out of his spare parts!"

THINK of girls—pretty girls—refusing to appear in a motion picture! No, it didn't happen in America. It happened in Africa, where Edwin Carewe is making "A Son of the Sahara." Mr. Carewe selected three Ouled-Nail dancing girls to appear in some of the scenes, but the girls absolutely refused to go before the camera. Mr. Carewe and his assistant, Rene Plaisetty, argued for an hour and even offered real money, but still the girls refused. They simply shrugged their shoulders, but would give no explanation.

"I was rather put out," said Mr. Carewe, "but it is interesting to know that somewhere in the world are girls who don't care about appearing on the screen. Imagine offering the chance to three American girls!"

BETTY JEWEL, who is considered a comer if ever there was one, got into pictures in a rather remarkable way.

She was given a letter to D. W. Griffith, from one of his friends, asking him to try her out. He was not in when she called and one of the men in the office told her it wasn't worth while to wait, that D. W. got about a thousand letters a day, just like the one that she was carrying. So Betty left, but just outside the door she paused to have a little cry.

She had it, and it left her heavy-eyed, and

red-nosed. But—just as she was blowing her very attractive nose, preparatory to leaving—who should come down the hall but the director himself. He took one look at her, walked around her, and then said: "Young woman, you come with me!"

That's how Betty got in!

ANOTHER Rex Ingram "discovery" is coming to the fore. The lady is, or was, Edith Allen—who so well carried off the second female role in "Scaramouche." Before her appearance in that picture she was a cabaret artiste in Chicago and New York.

As we said before, she was known as Edith Allen. For the lady has now changed her name, for screen purposes, to the interesting one of Hedda Lind. She is half Swedish, and the name was chosen out of sentiment—the Hedda for the greatest character in Scandinavian literature, the Lind for the famous Jenny.

Edith—excuse us—Hedda, will play the leading emotional part in a picture to be produced by Whitman Bennett and H. Clay Minor. She was chosen because of her nationality.

WHILE making "The Ten Commandments," Theodore Roberts approached one of the assistant directors just after lunch one day, looking very serious.

"I don't think I can play Moses this afternoon," he said. "I feel that I am disqualified."

"What's the matter?" asked the director in alarm, for Moses was rather essential to the picture.

"Well," replied Roberts, gloomily, "I've just eaten a ham sandwich."

OUT of all films made in all countries, "Trilby" has been selected—by the British government—to be presented in every theater in England for the purpose of assisting the \$25,000,000.00 fund for the hospital for war veterans. The British government has voted \$60,000 to be used by First National in exploiting the picture.

JACK HOLT'S small son, Tim, had heard a great deal about his big sister's piano lessons. She was always practicing, or being taken to her lesson, or something of the kind. One day, after regarding her with some scorn, he said to his mother: "All right. But when I get ready to take piano lessons, I'm going to take them on a horn." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]



Most women enjoy this process. Perhaps Connie Talmadge did—once. But think how her arms ached after the nine or ten rehearsals the director demanded! A whole day of shampooing!



TAILORED simplicity is the keynote of this charming Step-In Chemise. No buttons or snaps with famous "non-skid" shoulder straps.

Vanity Fair is made in four fabrics: "Vanitisilk", the most remarkable improvement in glove silk ever made; also three plain weaves. "Vanitisilk," unlike any other glove silk retains its full size after repeated washings. This pure dyed, all silk fabric is woven much closer and smoother than any other glove silk, insuring greater strength, less friction, hence durability.

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Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

in some other places. If Constance Talmadge or Mae Busch sues for divorce, the whole world is interested, naturally. If Annie Jones sues Pete Jones, who cares? You hear about Hollywood divorces, that's all. After all, it's a colony of artists. And before you cite Hollywood on the divorce question as the plague spot, stop and consider a few statistics on divorce from the rest of the United States.

The ratio of divorces to marriages in Nebraska is one to four, in Oregon it is one to two and five-tenths, and in Nevada it is one to one and five-tenths. In Montana, Oklahoma, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington, it is worse than one in five. If you regard for a moment some of the figures on divorce, you will have to admit that Hollywood is hardly worth considering. Why, in 1922 there were 148,554 divorces in the United States, and in the first twenty years of the twentieth century there were 1,883,591 absolute decrees of divorce granted in this country. There were only 19 divorces in all Canada in a period when there were 328,000 in the United States. And the increase of divorce is shown by the fact that, while in 1900 we had 56,371 divorces, in 1920 we had 132,753.

The ratio of divorce to marriage for the whole country given by the Census Bureau at present is one divorce to every seven and six-tenths marriages. In the light of such facts and figures it doesn't hardly seem fair to pick on Hollywood, does it? What I mean to say is, the old proverb about glass houses—you know.

Besides, I contend that there are a surprisingly large number of happy homes in Hollywood, and a surprising number of happy marriages, which are always ignored when people talk about it. And, after a careful analysis of the situation, and after ten years spent in close contact with Hollywood, I am not willing to admit that matrimony in Hollywood is a failure. Not much, I'm not.

For instance, just for fun, I took a large sheet of paper. On one side I wrote down the marriages I personally believe to be happy—in so far as any marriages are happy. On the opposite side I wrote down the divorces, known separations and various complications. All the names I used were those of people well known in Hollywood. And the first list was twice as long as the second.

Understand, by a happy marriage I don't mean one that is flawless, perfect, without any disagreements or difficulties. Those, in my experience, seldom happen. I mean the marriages that continue, in some measure of peace and comfort, and husbands and wives who find they are happier together than they could ever be apart.

SOME of them, I know, have come through pretty bad times. One or two of them have been so close to the edge that—well, it makes you dizzy to think of it. Some of them, even today, exist in spite of certain unhappy conditions.

But isn't that all perfectly true of marriages anywhere? Aren't your own friends, if you go over the list, in somewhat the same fix? Mary and John, for instance, almost split two years ago when John got too interested in his stenographer. Or Bill and Jane had a perfectly dreadful time when her mother came to live with them. Or Jim and Anne almost came to the parting of the ways when Anne took to playing bridge five afternoons a week, smoked cigarettes and bobbed her hair.

Probably you know that Mrs. Smith has a lot of trouble with Mr. Smith, because he does drink, but she manages somehow. And Mrs. Jones, next door, is a terrible nagger, but he's sweet and kind to her. And the Browns are in debt all the time, but they're so devoted to each other. That isn't Hollywood, or New York, or Main Street. It's just life.

And my contention is that Hollywood has more than its share of really happy marriages.

and about its share of those that—carry on.

There is one thing that must be admitted to start with. A good many of the present successful ventures are second marriages. But they are second marriages formed, very often, after an early divorce that had nothing to do with Hollywood, and they have now stood the test of a number of years lived in the very center of this funny place. Let me show you.

There has probably never been a more complete union of hearts, lives and interests than in the case of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Their love story is one that makes history, that will go down into future generations to be quoted by lovers in moonlit gardens. They are two tremendously vital, strong personalities, and it's only human to know that on occasions they argue, even disagree. They work harder than any other two people in Hollywood, and they have had a good many outside problems.

But if anybody ever whispers to you that there is the slightest rupture in that marriage, or the very slightest chance of a separation—don't believe them. Because Mary and Doug love in the sort of way that would make a separation actually dangerous to them. They're even romantic at least half the time, after three years of marriage. They're both jealous of the other's slightest word or thought or deed. Altogether, it makes you rather happy to see them together. It's a bond that will never be broken. On the day that Mary received final word from Nevada that the divorce she obtained there from Owen Moore had been upheld, she went into the projection room to tell Douglas. And he took her in his arms and they both cried, and held each other close, as though some great danger had at last been averted.

Norma Talmadge and Joe Schenck are just as happy and just as devoted, though in a much quieter and less romantic way.

To the public at large, Joe Schenck is almost unknown, a name without any personality attached to it. He is very shy, very retiring, where Norma is concerned. While he will drive through some great business with the coolness and daring of a Napoleon, he actually blushes like a schoolboy when you try to get him to have his picture taken with his wife. But the people who know him, who work for him, have a great deal to say about his strangely understanding, sympathetic soul, about his amazingly shrewd, able brain, about his financial genius and his kindly gentleness.

Since the day of their marriage, over five years ago, he has surrounded Norma with every comfort, both at home and in her work.

When he went East a few months ago, Norma was like a lost child. She grew thin, lost her appetite, wasn't interested in things, and at last she sent him a brief wire: "Joe, come home. Norma." And he came on the next train, in spite of immense business.

OF course Wallace Reid is gone, and no one would use the word happy in connection with the marriage of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport, because of its tragic and terrible end. But until the menace that finally killed him stepped in, it was a happy marriage. There were never two people more in love. And I will challenge you to find anywhere, in the world, a more beautiful, more inspired, more devoted wifehood than that shown by Mrs. Reid. Here is an example of loyalty and love, and of the sacredness of marriage ties "for better or for worse," that Hollywood is proud to offer to the world.

You can't always tell by the way they look on the screen, either. Some of our very worst vamps and villains deceive you by leading the most moral and decorous lives at home. For instance, Theda Bara and Charles Brabin are a couple of the most cultured and interesting people I know, and their marriage is one on a particularly high plane.

Miss Bara told me one evening that they had been married in an apple orchard in full bloom, and that she had worn a simple frock of dimity, in order to get away from the screen characterizations. Since then, they have established a perfect harmony, a deep intellectual companionship, and the sort of mutual consideration and respect that isn't any too common nowadays. I love his old fashioned courtesy with her, and the thousand and one attentions he showers upon her. And her consideration for him, and her tenderness and her evident pride in everything he does.

Eric von Stroheim, the arch-villain of the screen and the producer of "Foolish Wives," is another thoroughly domesticated individual. As a father and husband, he is quite perfect. I wouldn't go so far as to say Von was hen-pecked. That would convey a wrong impression of Mrs. von Stroheim. But I do say that, so far as their home life is concerned, I should judge her to be the boss. It is the home life of the Continental, a separate thing from his business, his daily contacts. But he gives it respect beyond the average husband.

Then there is a group of happy marriages that are probably exactly like the young married people anywhere else. The Douglas McLeans, for instance, are what my flapper friends call "perfectly sweet." They have a cunning little house in Beverly Hills, and they drive around the country to see all the football games, and they laugh and romp together like a pair of children.

There are, too, the Charles Rays, the Conrad Nagels with their small daughter, the Jack Holts with their three kiddies, the Milton Sills with a daughter already in high school, Fred Niles—she is Enid Bennett—and the Tully Marshalls.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence, who have been married for a great many years, have endured three years of Hollywood now without affecting their complete understanding.

Frances Marion, the best known of the scenario writers, is ideally married to Fred Thompson, former all-around champion athlete and now a screen star himself.

AND of course you've heard over and over again about the Bryant Washburns. They are a tradition in Hollywood. I've never seen such a thoroughly natural, domestic happiness in my life as they achieve. There's no pretense about it. They even spat, on occasion, and they aren't in the least bit afraid to disagree. Their house is controlled by and revolves around Sonny and Buddy Washburn, ages seven and four. Mabel is a sassy little person and impossibly young to be the mother of those two boys, and Bryant thinks the sun rises and sets around her.

Mae Murray and Bob Leonard always give me an awful kick. There is dainty, delicate, blonde Mae, with her exquisite frocks and her lovely manners and her soft voice. And there is big, husky Bob Leonard, over six feet and tipping the scales at better than two hundred, veritable monument of gigantic, outdoor manhood. Mae uses the purest, almost old-fashioned English, Bob is largely colloquial. Mae reads poetry, and Bob reads adventure and the sporting journal.

And yet they are really quite in love with each other. They balance, they complement each other. On the dance floor together, they are a delight, because Bob dances almost as well as his wife. Oh, they do quarrel. No people so entirely different can escape without an occasional difficulty. On the set, Miss Murray admits that she and her director-husband actually almost throw things at each other. He makes her so furious, sometimes. And Bob does get out of patience because the lovely Miss Murray changes her mind eight times about what she's going to wear when they're going out, while he cools his heels waiting. But all that aside, they are as happy as married people have any right to be.

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charming and intelligent wife, who has a tremendous standing in the community. The William de Milles have two daughters, and the Cecil De Milles have four or five children, some of them adopted.

Lon Chaney has a wife and a son fifteen years old. He told me once that his only joy in life was in those two. He was building a lovely new home for them, and the boy was going to the finest schools and the best college. Success has meant a great deal to him only because it enabled him to give his wife some of the things she had missed in their early years of poverty, and to give his son the things he himself had never had.

Certainly Adolphe Menjou, who has just created such a furore as the delightful and unregenerate bachelor in "A Woman of Paris," is in love with his own wife. He and Herbert Brenon had a golf tournament and Pola Negri bet ten dollars on Menjou. He lost, and when he came on the set the next morning I heard Pola say: "Oh, you—you lose me ten dollars, you and that wife of yours. After work, Mr. Brenon he go out and practice like anything for the match. You—you all the time want to run right home to your wife."

It is a tradition in Hollywood that Mrs. Tom Mix is the most adored wife in Hollywood. Mrs. Mix has the finest jewels and the loveliest clothes and furs and cars of any woman in Hollywood. They go everywhere. It is true that Tom was divorced by his first wife, but the Hollywood marriage has certainly been a success.

Will Rogers and his wife and three kiddies spend most of their time in Hollywood and Will thinks it's a great place. Nothing has happened to that marriage of long standing. Will is just as good a father as he is a comedian, and just as good a husband as he is a rope thrower. The sight of Will out on the front lawn with his troop, teaching them to ride or handle a rope, is a treat. The Ben Turpins have been married for seventeen years.

The Darby and Joan of Hollywood are Jim and Edie Neal—you know them on the screen as James Neal and Edythe Chapman. They've celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary and fifteen years of that time have been spent living and working in Hollywood. Theodore Roberts and his wife are as settled and staple as the large brick house in which they live.

Harry Carey's favorite expression is "Ask the wife." Olive Carey signs checks, contracts and orders, runs the studio, the ranch, Harry and young 'Dobe Carey, their son, who is just about getting big enough to sit a broncho, and their three-months old daughter. And Harry loves it and beams upon her.

YOU'LL go a long way and you won't find three huskier, finer, more representative American boys than Bill, Tom and Dick—the sons of Tom and Nell Ince. Each of them is bigger than his pretty blonde mother and Mr. Ince had been obliged to acquire a thirty-acre estate close to Hollywood for them. He and Mrs. Ince can usually be discovered planning or planting something.

Lewis S. Stone is serenely happy with his beautiful red-headed wife. She was Florence Oakley, a well known actress, but she gave up the stage to make a home for the man she loved and the two little girls left motherless by the death of Mr. Stone's first wife.

As for the Tommy Meighans—well, Frances Ring Meighan refuses to allow Tommy to tell how long they've been married any more. And never the slightest hint of a cloud on that horizon. Tommy says "my Frances" still, with a look of pride, and Frances orders their lives with a far-seeing and charming wisdom.

Conway Tearle, now in Hollywood most of the time, is happily married to the musical comedy star, Adele Rowland, who spends as much time with him in the west as her work permits. When she isn't there, he telephones her long distance every night. And Guy Bates Post, who has been making pictures in Hollywood for the past several years, is the devoted husband of beautiful Adele Ritchie.

She moved west with him, when he began his picture career.

Then, to mention them rapidly and without comment, there are the Hoot Gibsons, with a new baby daughter; the William Desmonds, with Mary Johanna Desmond becoming more of a personage daily; the Noah Beerys, with a son in his first long trousers; the Malcolm McGregors, who have a little girl; the Roy Stewarts, the Frank Lloyds, the Sam Woods, the Paul Powells, the David Butlers, the Al Greenses, the Joseph Schildkrauts, the Ernst Lubitschs—oh, I could name endless ones.

Jackie Coogan's mamma and papa seem to get along fairly well, too, and so do Baby Peggy's mother and Dad.

Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery, Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman, Hugo and Mabel Ballin, Eddie Sutherland and Marjorie Daw, are among our younger wedded pairs and were all doing nicely the last we heard of them.

Wheeler and Priscilla are the battling kind—you should see them go after each other in a to-the-death tennis match. But they're such fine pals and have such a community of interests that they'll probably come through.

Earle Williams married a rich and beautiful society girl some years ago, and she stuck to him with a fine loyalty through a breach of promise suit brought and won by another woman. Aside from that difficulty, they seem ideally happy. And William Duncan and Edith Johnson have made a decided success of their off-screen partnership as well as their co-starring picture ventures.

QUITE a number of our ingenues and leading ladies are married to young men not in the profession and it seems to work. Mac Marsh is the most devoted wife of a young writer named Armes—in fact, they're so domestic even their friends see little of them. Since they returned to Hollywood they are living in a quiet bungalow, and Mae is almost as busy seeing that hubby isn't disturbed at his work as she is making pictures. Eileen Percy is Mrs. Ulrich Busch after office hours, and there isn't a happier husband in captivity. Anna Q. Nilsson stole one of Los Angeles' richest and handsomest bachelors right out from under the noses of the society beauties, and she makes good as Mrs. Gunnerson, even when she has to cut all her hair off to play in "Ponjola." Virginia Valli is married to a young New Yorker, who established himself in business in Hollywood to be near her, and Lillian Rich is the wife of a successful real estate man, whom she married in London.

I caught the Reginald Dennys at a piano recital the other day. Their daughter, Barbara, was on the program and Reggie wiggled and squirmed all during her "number" and blushed with pride when she got through triumphantly. The Dennys were married in England, years ago, toured India together in musical comedy, and came to America. Just after that the war broke out and Mrs. Denny sent her husband back to take his place in the British forces while she became the soubrette of "Oh, Boy." Barbara was a baby, and several hard years went by before they could be together again. Now they are making up for lost time by being pals in everything.

Nazimova, who makes Hollywood her home and whose beautiful residence is one of our show places, has remained devoted to her original husband, big Charles Bryant. Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner have settled down out here, too, and play in pictures and work on their little farm the rest of the time.

Until his sudden and tragic death, Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar were entirely absorbed in their love-life. I have never seen two people so wholly and passionately devoted.

Rex Ingram and Alice Terry have worked out an ideal system for making their marriage a success. Alice allows Rex to live in and for his work, and he allows her to enjoy social life without him to a considerable extent. Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis, having completed the "first year," are still living in a perpetual honeymoon. As for the Antonio

Morenos, words fail me. Mrs. Moreno has been one of the most popular and beloved women in California ever since she made her debut. And since she married Tony, for all her great wealth, her social position and her philanthropy, she is like a blushing school girl and Tony will rave, until you want to chloroform him, about his wonderful wife.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick are another pair of newlyweds who really consider divorce not only shocking but criminal. The Elliott Dexters—she was Mina Untermyer, a New York social favorite—confidently declare after a few months of wedded bliss that they intend to celebrate their golden wedding.

As for Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert, I wash my hands of them. I had called Letty to tell her that I had put them in this story as separated, when she assured me that they were "made up" and terribly happy.

Another completely contented married life that was shattered by sudden death was that of Shirley Mason and Bernie Durning.

And Buster Keaton and Natalie Talmadge, with the assistance of young Joseph Talmadge Keaton, have managed to keep going.

I know I have forgotten many. You always do in making lists. I have tried to take only the people who actually live in Hollywood.

And I know that you can instantly cite many failures—Constance Talmadge, Renee Adoree and Tom Moore, Agnes Ayres, Nita Naldi, Mae Busch, Corinne Griffith, George Walsh and Seena Owen, the Viders, Barbara LaMarr, Lew Cody and Dorothy Dalton, Roscoe Arbuckle and Valentino's first venture.

Claire Windsor and Irene Rich were both divorced and left with children to care for. They later came to Hollywood and became successful on the screen. Agnes Ayres' was a war marriage—and it isn't only in Hollywood that those hasty uniform marriages have split upon the rock of civilian clothes, is it?

In a few instances, Hollywood has been directly responsible for disaster. Monte Blue is a case of that. The George Melfords are another. Jimmy Cruze and Marguerite Snow also come under that head, and King and Florence Vidor.

This doesn't purport to be a statistical report and it isn't complete, but I believe it to be absolutely correct.

And that's why, taken all in all, I believe, when asked the question, "Is Matrimony a Failure in Hollywood?" I myself should answer: "No, not any more than it's a failure anywhere else." What do you think?

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker

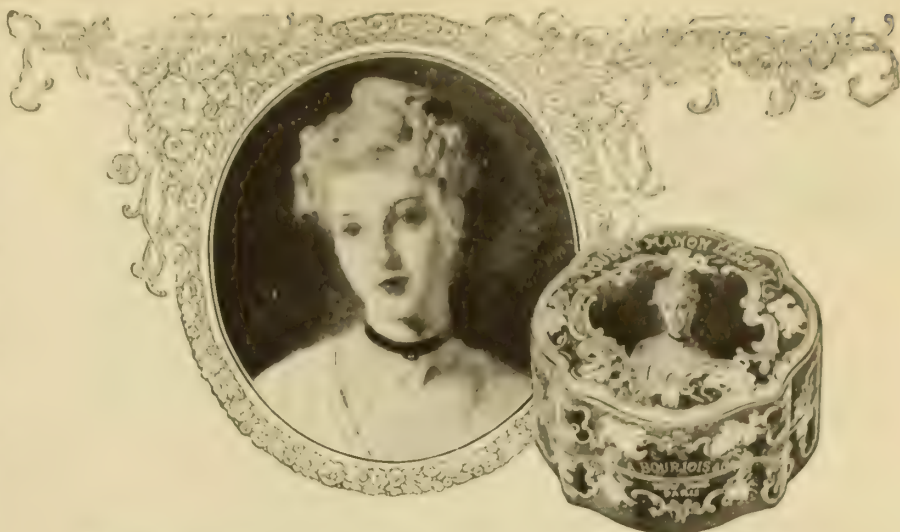
THERE is an idea in this story of a jilted society man, without nerve enough to commit suicide, going to the Kentucky Mountains to get killed. About all of the idea that comes through, however, is that Eddie Polo looks funny in a monocle. A little more skill and invention should have made the feature entertaining. As it is, "Prepared to Die" evidently was prepared to do just that.

PURE GRIT—Universal

SOMEBODY said there were only seventy situations in drama. If there had been seventy thousand in Western drama they would have been exhausted long ago. As there were not, the original lot keep bobbing up like revolving ducks in a shooting gallery. "Pure Grit" has several of them, a good old mistaken identity twist, a fire, a runaway, Roy Stewart and other appeals to fans whose memories aren't too good.

RESTLESS WIVES—Commonwealth

ACCORDING to motion pictures, work is the unforgivable sin in a husband. The perfect mate, like the perfect mat, is always in



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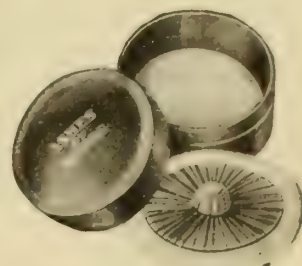
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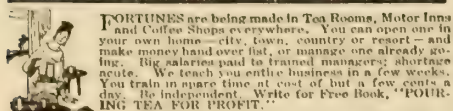
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front of the fire. Here again we have industry creating restless wives. Here again, when they get restless enough, they always bump into hubby in some gilded den of vice. Sometimes, as a novelty, the bumpers are father and daughter. Even this unconventionality is lacking, however, in the present vehicle for Doris Kenyon and James Rennie.

THE SUPREME TEST—Renown

HERE again we have the city as a den of vice contrasted with the country as a paradise of purity. A young chap (Johnny Harron) flees to the farm to escape his evil associates, and falls in love with a blind girl. Subsequently the mortgage on the old homestead is sold and the necessary operation to restore the heroine's sight follows. You'd do better to stay home and play Mah Jongg.

OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS—Apollo

PAPA was in the habit of parking the wife and child in the country while he did his philandering in the city. In the midst of a rather swift party one evening he meets his own daughter as one of the guests and hurries home to tell Mama. A family scene is averted, however, by a reconciliation between father and child. Mabel Forrest and Bryant Washburn are two good reasons for seeing this show picture.

DEFYING DESTINY—Selznick

UNREQUITED love, a crooked bank clerk, a misguided father, a sprinkling of misinformation, and a misunderstanding or two are some of the more or less important ingredients which almost spell disaster to a perfectly good romance between Irene Rich and Monte Blue. But plastic surgery, a trick mustache, and an assumed name put things to rights in this film, which is neither good enough nor bad enough to create much of a stir.

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox

A Richard Harding Davis story of a woman shy fireman who—while on theater duty—falls in love with a good little chorus girl. Just as he is about to tell her of his love—enter the villain husband, who throws a damper over the whole thing. And then, of course, comes the big fire—which proves the fireman's unselfish valor, and gets him the girl! Charles Jones is the star.

ARABIA'S LAST ALARM—Fox

A JOYOUS comedy in which a clever child, a clever bull pup and a thrice clever white horse share honors. This will delight a child audience and will draw chuckles from every grown-up who likes either kiddies or animals—or both! There's quite a climax—even though this is pure slap-tick—in which the horse and dog save the child from a runaway car which collides with an express train.

HIS MYSTERY GIRL—Universal

THE old, old story of a serious man who is given a little lesson in romance. He meets, under peculiar circumstances, a beautiful weeping woman. And then the action starts, and the complications begin. Herbert Rawlinson, with his ingenious smile, is almost miscast as a sober soul. He does the light-minded young waster to perfection—and is usually given that sort of a part. This is, however, good entertainment.

HOOK AND LADDER—Universal

ALTHOUGH Hoot Gibson becomes a fireman through a series of disasters, he makes a mighty good one. With all the world making fireman pictures we must admit that Hoot is our favorite helmeted hero! A lot of good comedy, a charming love affair with the captain's daughter and some excitement of the blazing variety all combine to make this a good way to spend that empty evening. Family stuff.

ROULETTE—Selznick

THE red-and-black wheel is not exactly a new touch in pictures, and there isn't much novel or convincing in this film's big scene, where the heroine puts herself up as the stake. You don't really believe the story, and couldn't get excited if you did. The cast is unusually good.

INNOCENCE—Apollo

YOU may lend your ears to Mark Antony or to anyone who wants them, but you'll need your eyes to view Anna Q. Nilsson in this wholly effective melodrama. To prove her innocence in a domestic tangle she sets a clever trap in which she catches her accuser, and proves that circumstances alter divorce cases.

HER REPUTATION—First National

LOVE and a flood, a persecuted heroine and a forest fire—all the things that go to make popularity for pictures are in this film. Consequently, there is little doubt that it will be widely enjoyed. The heroine and the flood are especially good. And you'll really thrill when the last message over the burning poles stops the presses in time to keep them from printing another story about the innocent young woman.

PHANTOM JUSTICE—F. B. O.

BECAUSE the world's foremost criminal lawyer (Rod La Roque) is cursed with an ungrateful tooth, the spectator is led a merry chase through the wildest series of robberies, murders, secret burials, shootings and gum-chewings that ever was known in this world or the next.

THE WHISPERED NAME—Universal

RUTH CLIFFORD as a little country girl goes to the big city and becomes involved in a divorce suit. In fact, she's named as the co-respondent in the case until a gang of blackmailers is nailed in the last reel. There are faults in the piece, but these faults no more make it a bad picture than a punctured tire makes an automobile a bad machine.

AGE OF DESIRE—First National

"THE AGE OF DESIRE" refers to this age of desire for material things. Because of a passion for riches, adventure and idle excitement, a woman sacrifices the things that count in life for those that don't. Her son whom she deserts becomes a crook, and, years later, blackmails her. The picture not only is interesting, but is right in purpose and valuable as an addition to our somewhat shaky morale. You will enjoy it—and take home something besides the program.

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox

APPARENTLY there are as many good fish in the sea as ever came out of it—if motion picture producers only knew where to cast their lines. Here is an old and forgotten play of Sir Henry Arthur Jones and Wilson Barrett's suited to film requirements as if it hadn't been written when daguerrotypes were nearer than movies. There are mystery, romance, intrigue and suspense in plenty, not to speak of a shipwreck calculated to make you cancel your sailing. A good old melodrama written before an author with two ideas saved one of them for the next picture.

A PRINCE OF A KING—Selznick

LITTLE Dinky Dean is the most interesting feature of this picture—a promising youngster very likable in the part of a prince abducted by strolling acrobats. He becomes a good acrobat, and, presumably, a good king, and there is every indication that he will become what Merton prayed to be—"a good movie actor." Children will like it; even grown-up children.

RENO—Goldwyn

THIS picture is an argument for a uniform divorce law, if ever there was one. Rupert Hughes, the author, has done his damndest to show just what can happen when people marry unwisely but too well—and with no regard for the states in which they do it. Lew Cody is the polished and unprincipled husband of three wives—Helene Chadwick, Hedda Hopper and Carmel Myers. The hero—George Walsh.

THE OLD FOOL—Hodkinson

THIS belongs to the class of picture that starts with an interesting idea—and leaves it at the first turning. Why anyone who had hit upon as fruitful a theme as the tragedy of old age, exemplified in a pitiful veteran of the Civil War, should abandon it in favor of the conventional villains and smugglers, pursuits and rescues, is the kind of problem that is answered only in picture studios. The effect is a little like combining a prologue by Barrie with three acts of Samuel Shipman.

BROADWAY BROKE—Selznick

THERE'S nothing especially interesting about seeing a man drunk, but if you said you'd seen William Jennings Bryan in that state—!!! Just so, in this film, a rather commonplace yarn is made interesting by tacking it onto Mark Twain, P. T. Barnum, Augustin Daly and their Time. That part of Nellie Wayne's story is quite delightful, and the rest of it is made plausible and pleasant by the acting of Mary Carr, Maclyn Arbuckle, Macey Harlam, Henrietta Cro-man, Frederick Burton and other distinguished players.

THE HEART BANDIT—Metro

VIOLA DANA holds her own as a tough little hard-boiled crook until an accident brings her into the household of a wealthy man (Milton Sills) with a dear old mother. The latter's influence makes a good girl of our Nell, whose personal acquaintance with crime helps her to rescue the hero from a nasty situation. The picture is innocuous enough, and may be guaranteed not to overtax the mentality of the Tired Business Fan.

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brothers

FOR some reason the gentle charm of Kathleen Norris' writing does not translate itself to the screen. Where the book was a success—this celluloid version is flat. Which may be blamed, perhaps, upon inadequate direction. Irene Rich is charming, but Monte Blue fails to register—he and the direction belong together! There is a forest fire, however, that lifts the picture above mediocrity. It is one of the best film fires, to date.

GRIT—Hodkinson

IF life were as full of guns and gangs as the pictures would have us believe all the insurance companies would be bankrupt. As it is, when the directors trot out more criminals and Chinese dens we know we are back in Pictureville. Glenn Hunter is agreeable in this tale of a "yellow" crook, made so by the murder of his father. As usual, a girl "makes a man of him." Not new, but fairly interesting.

THUNDERGATE—First National

CHINA is the scene of a series of hectic happenings in this film produced on the popular theory that any means is justified by the end. It is very like a hundred others that have gone before, so that every turn and twist of the plot is known to the picture devotee as soon as he identifies the theme. However, you'll have the pleasure of viewing Owen Moore as a young American, and an Oriental Prince, which is something to live for.



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Our Gang

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

There were three members, to start with. Sunshine Sammy, the colored boy with the million dollar grin, was the first. Mickey Daniels, better known as *Freckles*, was the second, and Jacky Condon, the *Towhead*, was the third. They're still a sort of triumvirate. And it amused me to notice in them the world-old conditions that prevail in all trios. First, Freckles and Sammy would have their heads together, with young Jacky as the rather sulky minority member, and a few minutes later Jacky and Sammy would be leaving Freckles to sneer in true *Penrod* fashion upon their united ideas. You remember how that was, don't you?

Sunshine Sammy gets the largest salary in the troop—\$250 a week. But he isn't a bit proud. The only way in which he shows his superiority is in keeping a private tutor. By the way, Sammy's real name is Frederick Ernest Morrison, and his father is a power on Central Avenue, which is the Broadway of the colored district in Los Angeles. He owns ice cream parlors, a candy factory, and a string of groceries, in that neighborhood. Sammy has four sisters, but they aren't "in the profession."

FRECKLES came all the way from Rock Springs, Wyoming, just to go into pictures. His father was a tank town actor of the old school and when he saw Freckles Barry on the screen, he decided that his son had more freckles than Freckles Barry had. So he packed up forthwith and came to Hollywood. Hand in hand, he and young Freckles tramped the streets for many a long day looking for work. The peculiar beauty of his son's face seemed to be unappreciated. One day they happened to stop on the Roach lot just as Harold Lloyd was coming out of the gate. With a whoop of real delight, Harold grabbed the youngster and took him to Bob McGowan. Ten minutes later he had signed a contract to appear in "Our Gang" comedies.

McGowan picked Jacky Condon because he was what Mac calls a typical trailer. "Always got to be a kid trailing along in a gang," said the director, pensively watching his small charges sand a place on the sidewalk for Sunshine Sammy to skate over.

To the original, have been added three more.

Fat Joe Cobb's father was a successful lawyer practicing somewhere in Oklahoma. But he'd always had a yearning to come to California to live. One day he saw one of the kid comedies in his small town theater. Afterwards, he went home and looked long and lovingly at his son's face, reposing on the pillow. Ten days later the family sold out and brought "Fat" direct to the Roach studio. He's been there ever since.

The only trouble with him was that when he arrived he was so fat he couldn't even laugh. Director McGowan had to take his face, like a piece of putty, work it into various expressions, and have him hold it while the camera worked. Since then he's taught the youngster to use his facial muscles.

Fat is the hero of the only accident the company ever had. In "Derby Day" he fell off a cow and bumped his head so hard he was out of the picture for a week. He is six years old, weighs sixty-five pounds, is one of the few people in Hollywood who isn't interested in fat reducers, and has to have a new suit of clothes every two weeks, he grows so fast.

Next came Farina, the small colored person who is usually referred to on the lot as "It." Sunshine Sammy's father discovered Farina. And it must be admitted that Farina has—well, at least, a "disposition." Yes, Farina has his likes and dislikes. He was fourteen months when he "joined up" and now he is nearly three.

Farina has been kidded by the "Gang" so much about wearing skirts in the pictures and playing girl parts, that he's on the verge of a revolt. Valentino has nothing on him for

temperament. He can't talk much, but he has very expressive ways of indicating his feelings. When everything is going all right and he's happy, he keeps yelling, "Hot Dog—Hot Dog," but when somebody else has the star part, Farina has an annoying way of kicking Mac on the ankles. He can't kick any higher than that. When Farina is wearing heavy boots, such as he's wearing in the bicycle picture shown on the first page of this article, Mac always has his eye open. More than once, when he has been absorbed, Farina has come up in back of him with his diabolical purpose written all over his dusky little face. Then one of the "Gang" warns him by yelling, "Look out Mac—Farina."

Jacky Davis, Mildred Davis' kid brother and consequently Harold Lloyd's brother-in-law, was the next member, but this year Mildred insisted that he go to military school, much to his and the gang's disgust.

And the last regular member to be added is little Mary Kornman, the only girl who has ever "stuck." She is the eight-year-old daughter of Harold Lloyd's still photographer. McGowan saw her lunching in the studio cafeteria one day and finally persuaded her family to let her go to work.

The most wonderful thing on the lot is McGowan's handling of the children. They adore him. When he appears on the scene they let out a war-whoop of delight. And yet they respect his authority to an amazing degree. His methods are of the simplest.

He only tries to make them natural. He told me that he tried showing them just what to do and then rehearsing them. When it appeared on the screen he just had a lot of little Bob McGowans grimacing around.

"Children are such mimics, you daren't show them anything," he said with a grin.

So he just decided to turn them loose. He says to them, for instance: "Now kids, we're going to make a wild west picture. How'd you like to hold up a stage coach?" They yell with glee and immediately begin to fight over who's going to be the bandit and who's going to drive the stagecoach. When they've settled this, he makes them build the coach.

NO prop man or carpenter goes with the company. Everything the kids use, they build themselves, exactly as real kids would have to build it if they wanted it. This is one of McGowan's own ideas. He says it adds to the realism not only of the scenic effects, but of the way in which the kids handle things. They also paint their own signs.

McGowan gives fifty cents for every "gag" a kid supplies. Freckles gets most of the gag money. He rather likes to hold up the action with the remark: "Now just a minute, Mr. McGowan, I got an idea for a good gag there." Freckles is double-jointed, and many of his gags are based upon this anatomical fact.

It never takes more than two days to break a kid of looking at the camera. Mac always scolds them in front of the other children, and he does it well and thoroughly. None of them are ever punished in any other way, but Mac reserves the right to give any of them a good "bawling out" at any time.

And no parents are allowed on the lot! That is absolute and final. Mac says he can handle the children, but not the parents. All the trouble, insubordination, jealousy, and strife that cause any real trouble arise, not from the kids, but from the grown-ups' influence.

Parents bring their offspring to the studio, turn them over to McGowan, and return for them when the day is over. Most of them have cars, but they are unostentatious—with the possible exception of Farina's. Farina's father bought a second hand flivver and repainted it himself. Farina was intensely interested in the job and when papa left it to dry, Farina made the fascinating discovery

that he could make small handprints wherever he laid his black palm. Consequently, Farina's gray limousine is ornately ornamented with a fresco of handprints around its base.

The children have to go to school four hours a day, and a regularly accredited public school teacher is employed. She goes on location with them, and conducts regular educational exercises wherever they are and with whatever children are not working at the moment.

McGowan himself was originally a Denver fireman. Between fires, he used to write scenarios. He sold several to the old Essanay companies and finally decided to come to Hollywood and become a regular scenario writer. It took exactly two months to get inside a studio and by that time he was putting cardboard in his shoes. His first job was sweeping a stage at Universal City. A year later he became an assistant director, finally went to the Roach lot as a director and demonstrated his marvelous ability to handle children.

He says the kids have never fallen down on him yet. He never asks them to do anything they are afraid to do, and he always tells them exactly what may happen if they do certain things. Their confidence in him is such that any of them would jump off a ten-story building if he said he'd catch them.

Sunshine Sammy has never but once refused to go through with a stunt. Mac explained the action to him like this. He said:

"Now Sammy, you're going to be just casually strolling across the stage, just walking along, and the bear is going to be walking right after you."

"What's that you say, Mr. McGowan?" asked Sammy, rolling an eye at the director.

"I said the bear would be walking right along behind you."

"You got that one word wrong, Mr. McGowan," said Sammy. "If's any bear behind me when I come across that stage, he's going to be *running*."

Next to McGowan, the idol of "Our Gang" is Harold Lloyd. When he comes to visit them, they stage a special rough house for his benefit, of which he is usually the center. They regard him as the greatest man on earth and their own special patron. They have never yet allowed him to depart upon or return from a trip without going down *en masse* to the station. And since Mildred is his wife and Jacky's sister, they have adopted her as their favorite screen actress.

Altogether, it must be pretty good fun to be a kid and belong to "Our Gang."

The Author's Rights

THE right of an author to the proper presentation of his work in a play or picture has been upheld by the Appellate Division of New York state in the case of Frank L. Packard against a picture company. It is a decision which may have a far-reaching effect. Mr. Packard said that his story, "The Iron Rider," when produced for the screen, bore his title and his name as author, but was a different story. He sued, got a judgment, and, on the defendant's appeal, the Appellate Division ruled:

"The law is well settled that the author of a literary work possesses a property right therein and that such property right is subject to purchase and sale the same as any other form of personal property and is subject to the same rules that govern the sale of other forms of personal property.

"Whatever rights the defendant acquired to use said story and in connection therewith were limited to the terms of the contract.

"When defendant exceeded the rights thus acquired and used plaintiff's name in connection with an entirely different story, defendant was appropriating something that it had not purchased from the plaintiff and for which it had given the plaintiff no value."



Generations of travelers in Europe have seen women washing clothes, like the woman in this illustration, on the banks of rivers.

Shall the river work— or shall you?

Too many women, abroad, are still washing clothes like this.

They go to the river. Our American rivers are being trained to come to us. Water-wheels drive electric generators—thus water is supplied to your home, and electric current runs the washing machine which has banished so much toil.



Back of every great step in woman's progress from a drudge to a free citizen has been some labor-saving invention. Back of most inventions in electricity's progress from a mystery to a utility has been the research of General Electric Company scientists and engineers.

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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

IT doesn't matter how cleverly a woman is dressed—it doesn't matter how becoming her hat may be, or how charming she is in a certain shade. If her shoes are wrong, the whole effect is spoiled! If her shoes are badly chosen, the *tout ensemble* is marred.

There was a time, of course, when it was hard to select shoes. There weren't so many clever designs to choose from. And, often, when a shoe was pretty, it lacked comfort. And when it was comfortable, it lacked that something that the well-gowned woman terms "smart." But, this season, the shoe fashions are most elastic. And almost every shoe that is lovely is also practical.

Take, for instance, the so-popular Colonial oxford. Built upon the splendid Goodyear welt, with a heel that is low enough to be perfect for walking, and that is high enough to be wearable for dinner or dress occasions. A shoe that can be worn upon a shopping trip, to a bridge, in the early afternoon, to the *the' dansant* and to the less formal evening function. This shoe is the keynote of the mode, and its popularity tells—more than any style hint could possibly tell—the trend of the moment.

I have seen women spend hours with a hairdresser or a manicure—and then go happily out with their feet carelessly dressed. I said happily out. Women who are badly shod seldom come happily home. It isn't long before they realize that something is wrong. And after that realization, it isn't a matter of many moments before the blame can be fixed. A woman whose feet are not looking their best becomes shoe conscious. And when a woman is shoe conscious she is seldom able to walk with a carefree grace of movement.

Gloves, furs, jewelry—they are not able to conceal bad shoes! Bad shoes speak for themselves—just as good shoes speak for themselves. Longer skirts do not hide footgear. In fact, now that skirts are longer, shoes are more in evidence. Short skirts made the slipper, the oxford, too obvious to be interesting. But a

delightfully dressed foot, peeping from beneath the hem of a lovely, long skirt, has an allure that is wholly and delightfully feminine.

I am not saying that a woman, if she is well shod, may overlook the other essentials of her toilet. No, indeed! But I do venture to tell you that no woman is ever gowned so charmingly, and in such exquisite taste, that she may neglect her shoes. "Feet first" should be the text, almost, of every modish woman.



DOROTHY,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

I think you are quite right in living up to your ideals and principles, even though it does cost you that effervescent thing called popularity. All men and boys do not insist upon the so called "petting parties"—save yourself, and your affection, for the right man who will come to you one day.

Plenty of girls who are not wealthy, who neither drink, smoke or are too demonstrative, have masculine friends. You are silly to think otherwise.

LILLIAN S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

You are quite right—slippers are a most important item when one is going to a dance. With your black and silver, sleeveless frock, you have a choice of two sorts of foot wear. You may wear black slippers with cut steel buckles, or slippers fashioned of cloth of silver. The first should be worn with black chiffon hose; silver stockings will, of course, be best with the other choice.

A PUZZLED GIRL, NEW YORK CITY

With brown hair that holds a glint of gold, and with grey-blue eyes, you can wear nearly any color. In fact, if your complexion is fair, I can think of no shade that will be really unbecoming. Blues and greens will, perhaps, be best—also black. And the colder colors will be better for you than shades of red and orange. Powder in the naturelle shade, ashes of rose rouge, and a dark lip stick will most surely suit your type.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

EVA J., ATLANTA, GA.

You tell me, in one sentence, that you have both social position and character. And then, in the next breath, almost, you confide that you are in love with a married man, and are considering an elopement. Though the man has been married for seven years, and is the father of three children! Do you think that you should risk your position—to say nothing of the happiness of four other people—by taking such a step? And do you think that any young woman of good character would even contemplate such a thing? I don't! You say that you cannot forget your love for this man—that you have tried for three months to do so. Three months! Balance that short time against the seven years that the other woman has given. And you justify yourself by telling me that the man was not happy, even before he knew you—that your coming has caused no difference in his relation with his wife. Oh, my dear—don't you know that that is the oldest excuse in the world?

LOUISE D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Of course you are small—five feet, two inches. But you are underweight, even for one of your stature. You should weigh at least eight or ten pounds more than you do. Undoubtedly you tire easily because you lack strength and vitality—due to being underweight and below par, physically. You should go on a milk diet to gain weight, you should massage your arms and limbs, and—if your physician thinks so—you should take a good tonic. There is nothing seriously wrong with you; nothing that care and attention will not set right!

M. M., ELLSWORTH, WIS.

With dark brown hair and grey-green eyes you should ordinarily use face powder in the shade *naturelle*. But, because your skin has an olive tint, your case is a special one. And you should use rachel powder and rouge in either brunette or ashes of rose. Becoming colors will be brown, grey, violet, French blue, midnight blue, and all shades of green.

MARY E. M., NORTH CAROLINA.

It is a shock to be happily married for two years and then, with no warning, to have the happiness vanish like a broken bubble. To have your husband leave you may seem almost too much to bear! Are you sure that you know of no reason for his leave-taking? Are you sure that there was no quarrel, no estrangement, that led to this act of his? Since he has only been away two months, and since you have not definitely decided about getting a divorce, I think that it is unwise to consider the attentions of other men. A woman in your position—if she is attractive, as you are—is subject to many temptations. That I know. But, somehow, I almost doubt the sincerity of your grief and disillusionment—you seem almost too ready to make new plans, and to form new alliances! Don't you think, for the present, that you should think of the future and what it may hold for you—that you should adjust your life to the changed condition? Rather than be looking eagerly into the luring face of romance!

"RED HEAD," WINNIPEG, MAN., CANADA.

Don't bob your lovely curls. This year people are letting bobbed hair grow—rather than bobbing hair. Wear your hair high upon your head, in the style that some men call "carefully-careless." So that the curls appear to be piled up in a loose, effective knot. I cannot tell you any more about the way your hair should be dressed—for you have neglected to inform me of the shape of your face and the contour of your features. There are three things that will reduce the size of your limbs. They are all effective. Balanced exercise, regular massage, and rubber reducing garments. There are several eyelash creams advertised in this issue of PHOTOPLAY—any one of them will promote the growth of your brows and lashes.

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Whenever you meet people, guard your breath. There are nearly always odors which offend.

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Consider what a spring-like breath adds to all other charms. And how a bad breath destroys them.

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May Breath combats the odor whether from the mouth or stomach. It is an antiseptic mouth wash made into tablet form.

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ruined

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IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contract or simply in a casual social meeting.

It pays in life to be able to make people like you. And so often it is some seemingly very little thing that may hold you back.

For example, quite unconsciously you watch a person's teeth when he or she is in conversation with you. If they are unclean, improperly kept, and if you are a fastidious person, you will automatically hold this against them. And all the while this same analysis is being made of you.

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Cat Parties at Hollywood



CAT parties. That's the very latest fad in Hollywood.

If you haven't ever been to a cat party, you really don't know what life is all about. The object is to tell everything you know about everybody and a lot that you just think.

The women and girls of the film world work so hard during the day time that they seldom have time for the old fashioned hen party. But the cat party substitutes and once every week or two, the male appendages are sent to the fights and the women congregate for an evening of gossip, hot chocolate and cake. Naturally these cat parties divide themselves into more or less exclusive little circles.

Norma Talmadge originated the name and gave several delightful ones in her Beverly Hills home.

Her guests usually included sister Connie

and sister Natalie, and mother Peg, Ethel Gray Terry, Mrs. Wallace Reid, Mrs. William S. Hart (Winifred Westover), Mrs. Tom Ince, Frances Marion, Anne Pallette, and Mrs. Earle Williams.

The smart younger set is also given to cat parties—and includes Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, Lila Lee, Anna Q. Nilsson, Marie Mosquini, and Kathleen Clifford.

Then of course there are the "sub-debs"—something like that. Headed by May McAvoy, this little cluster boasts such charm and beauty as Colleen Moore, Mildred Davis, Helen Ferguson, Pauline Starke, Virginia Valli, Lois Wilson, Gloria Hope, Vola Vale, Bessie Love and Patsy Ruth Miller. Of course there are several other groups—and it's lots of fun.

Colonial Furnishings

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92]

type, the floor was often painted some pleasing shade of green, brown, or even gray. If your present floor is of hardwood, then it will be in perfect taste if it is cleaned, left a natural tint, and waxed to a high polish. The floors of a great many Colonial homes were covered with Oriental rugs (spoils of Eastern shipping) but we think that those products of home manufacture, the hooked, and the rag rug, will give more of the American spirit. Such a rug is illustrated. It is of the New England hooked variety, and its brilliant, but warm and blending, colorings give accent to any floor.

The woodwork in Colonial rooms is usually white, or light cream. Tints of light green and gray are sometimes used. In the room which we are discussing here the woodwork is white.

AND next come hangings, subject dear to the heart of every home lover, yet one fraught with problems. A very noted decorator once told me that it would be far easier for people to decorate a room if they selected their hangings first, and then the wall paper. I think this is true, because you can always match wall paper to draperies, yet it is difficult always to match draperies to wall paper.

If your room is formal, then the draperies should be some tone of self-figured, or contrasting figured damask of the English period. But fabric of this kind is expensive, and not all of us care for the strictly formal room. For that reason, we have used, in the room illustrated, reproductions of Salem Chintzes. Some few samples of Salem chintz and a cretonne are shown. These patterns are reproductions of original fabrics found in New England, but their price is reasonable. If your wall paper is severely plain, then the draperies can be large-patterned and colorful. If the paper is patterned and colorful, then the drapes should be small-patterned, or plain. Add to the illustration a ruffled edge dotted swiss, with tie backs, and you will have a range of possibilities that should take you through most any scheme for the average room. The curtains should be made with valances of some sort, and the drapes can either fall straight, or be tied back with a self, or contrasting color.

The furniture selected for the room is of many types. To the right of the fireplace is the old type of desk with its tall back chair. The desk is of the type usual to the period. It can also be had in the shaped front known as the "Governor Winthrop." The top of the desk can either be left plain, or be decorated with a bit of brass or pewter. Next this desk

is an easy chair, with a slip cover of glazed chintz in a very small floral pattern. Next it is a small tripod table for books, magazines, and a bowl of flowers. In the foreground is a wooden seated, fan-back Windsor chair of dull rubbed oak or walnut.

On the left of the fireplace is a sofa of old-fashioned type. Its carvings are somewhat Empire, and it probably crept into use through French influence in Louisiana. Next this is a large, upholstered chair, covered with a large-patterned cretonne, perhaps the same pattern as the draperies. And in the foreground is a gate-legged table and another wood bottomed chair of New England origin. Because of the patterned rugs and draperies, the covering of the sofa should be in some dark material. Black, or dark blue wool tapestry would do. The polished wood and carvings of the frame would relieve this of any sombreness.

It is in the fittings and accessories of such a room that utmost care should be used. First, we will take the fireplace and over-mantel. The fireplace furniture should be polished brass andirons and fire tools. The old bed-warming pan lends a quaint note. The pierced brass fender around the grate is an added touch. The over-mantel treatment is severely simple, perhaps a portrait. In the room illustration a Willard clock is used, and its dark case, with the inserts of painted glass and the gilt spread wing eagle on top, emphasizes the simplicity of the group. On the mantel shelf are candle sticks in either polished brass or pewter. Remember that over-decoration will spoil even the best of rooms. Decoration in Colonial rooms is severely simple, and the brightness or high color of the decorative object carries the accent.

PICTURES can be painted portraits, landscapes, or still life, though these should be chosen with care. You will make fewer mistakes in colored French and English prints, etchings, silhouettes, samplers and needlework of the period. These should be framed in narrow dull gold, or black frames with mats. Lamp shades of accordion paper, or parchment decorated, are proper with plain pottery bases. The floor lamps should be plain wrought iron, or bronze standards of classic motifs.

As we stated before, it is the homelike quality of Colonial that lends it its charm, and is the chief reason for the continued use of this really fine and decorative kind of furniture. Follow each proper use of material, and you will have a room of perennial charm, and true American spirit.

Oh, Why Did They Name You Priscilla?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

to forget your face. Besides, life is too short. If I had to give up all those things, I'd rather be dead right now. I don't believe people care about these pining away beauties. They'd rather have a little health and vigor and life in a woman."

And she meant it. Tennis, swimming, her dogs, her horses, golf, are the things that really are important in her life, next to her work. Even in the evening, with her bright, thick mahogany hair done in stately simplicity about her lovely little head, in a distinguished evening gown and the proper jewels, she suggests outdoors.

SHE is a dog-woman. Her dogs are really a part of her life. And they worship her. She has all kinds. Besides her pair of prize-winning shepherd (police) dogs, she's collected various sorts and varieties. A Los Angeles paper recently had a story that the pound was going to put out of the way a number of lost and homeless dogs unless someone rescued them by noon the next day. Priscilla dashed out frantically, the picture of the eleven pathetic and nondescript puppies in her hand, to find them all gone but one extremely forlorn little doggie, who looked as though he combined a little bull, with a little wire-haired fox terrier, a dash of dachshund and a trifle of pug. Priscilla loaded him into her plush-lined limousine and hugged him all the way to Beverly Hills.

One of the most illuminating experiences you can possibly have is to ride in a limousine with Priscilla. She is a splendid driver herself. As a rule I dislike driving with women—Priscilla and Dorothy Reid are the only two with whom I feel perfectly safe.

Priscilla pilots a roadster with dashing grace and with the minimum of danger and the maximum of speed. But once inside a limousine, with a chauffeur at the wheel, she is terrible. She clutches the speaking tube to her breast, glues the mouthpiece to her lips, plants both feet on imaginary brakes and stares frantically out the window. When the big car shoots through a little intense traffic—and traffic is very intense in Hollywood, believe me—Priscilla begins to do her stuff with the speaking tube.

Priscilla was born and brought up in the theater. It's the very breath of life to her. She made her first appearance with her mother, a well known leading woman, when she was a baby.

And all I hope is she'll put some of that splendid energy, some of that vital personality, back into her pictures. Her experience with Universal was an unhappy one. But we'd all welcome back to the screen the old Priscilla Dean. And by the way, why, oh why, did they call you Priscilla?

It should have been Patricia, or Carmelita, or Delphine, or even Geraldine—but never, never Priscilla.

CHARLES STEVENSON, formerly Kate Claxton's husband and Mrs. Leslie Carter's leading man, is Adonis Sr., of Hollywood. Mr. Stevenson's good looks have not diminished with the years. He preserves them and his strength by as much life out of doors as possible.

To carry out this purpose he purchased an automobile. The machine behaved very well on the open road but grew captious and ran through the wall of its garage. A few days later it repeated the caper. Shortly afterward, while on the highway, another car ran into it. Whereupon Mr. Stevenson sadly sold his capricious treasure.

"Even a rattlesnake gives only three warnings," he said.



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The Legend of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

of her patience and decided to eject her non-paying guest, but in a kindlier moment, modified her intent.

Instead of thrusting him and his few belongings into the street, she compromised, in an interview during which she spoke sharply, and he said nothing.

"You can stay in the room," she announced. "I'm a long-sufferin' woman, but times are hard and money's scarce, and I can't be feedin' ye for nothin' a week. Get me the money as soon as ye can. From now on, ye'll be boardin' yerself somewhere else."

"Thank you, Mrs. Rooney," he said, when it was over. "It will be only a matter of days till I have plenty of money."

Marie comforted him, patted his shoulder, told him he was a great man and prophesied that the film gentlemen would undoubtedly see the true qualities of his master work. After the Rooney edict was in effect, Marie smuggled plates of food to the room in the attic.

JOHN watched the letter-man day by day, listened to hear him come clacking up the walk and knock upon the front door. He waited in vain. The postman came regularly, but it was with parcels and letters for the more fortunate lodgers. On one fateful morning, John telephoned and a private secretary, a genuine private secretary in the film offices talked with him about his work.

"It has been read," said the secretary, "by several experts in our studio. They are opposed to it. But that is not a final judgment. You will have to wait until our president returns from New York."

He waited, miserably. He began to despair. "I have failed at everything else in life," he told Marie. "In this, I cannot fail. They simply do not understand my idea. It is the finest and most powerful note ever struck in this new art. And they cannot see it—fools."

"Have a drink of nice warm tea," Marie urged him. She had brought it with considerable risk to herself and her job.

"I know I have talent," he repeated and Marie nodded vigorously. "All I ask is a chance—just a single chance to show the American public that a true artist has come into the motion pictures."

"You will have your chance," she declared. "They will take your story and make a beautiful picture from it."

"I hope so," he answered grimly. "Some day I may be a director, and then you will see moving pictures. They are wrong, in the studios. Their methods are wrong. Their ideas of life are silly."

The days passed remorselessly and the hope of success died in the bosom of John Smith. Daily the mailman made his rounds, and daily brought disappointment for John. Marie never ceased in her bright efforts to cheer him up, but when the weeks had turned into months, and when no word came, no news of any kind, the artist soul of John Smith rebelled.

He had stood it as long as he could. Mrs. Rooney was the least of his troubles.

In his earlier years, as he told Marie, failure and disappointment had dogged him, and they were still at his heels. It may have been the lack of regular, sustaining food that finally broke his spirit, but, whatever the cause, with nothing to live for and nothing to look forward to, he determined to kill himself.

He forgot little Marie, the faithful one, or else dismissed her from his mind. In his scheme of things, she was lovely enough, but a lesser figure. Mrs. Rooney appeared on the morning of a fateful Saturday with final and peremptory demand for money, immediate money, or her attic room.



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"A few days more," he pleaded. "Give me another week."
 "All right," she said sourly. "One week and only one week. Seven days and no more."
 "Thank you," he said. "And at the end of a week, your troubles with me will be no more."
 "I hope so," she said.

His room was bare as he contemplated it in the sunlight of Saturday morning. Gone long ago were the little things of value, sold to pay his meagre way, and there remained only an object of sentiment. It stood upon the mantelpiece and had been there since the day John moved into the room, a cut glass tray, supporting an elaborate pitcher and seven wine-glasses. The other five were gone. John had kept the remains of the set because it was his mother's, a gift to her on her wedding day.

Marie had noticed and admired the pitcher and John told her about the glasses and laughingly added that they were of too little value to sell.

Now, having decided to die, he searched about him for the means. He possessed no revolver and shuddered at the thought of using one. There was no gas jet in the room.

"Seven days and no more."

Mrs. Rooney's words returned to him. There were seven glasses upon the mantel, and, as he looked up, a gleam of sardonic humor filled his eyes. Die, of course, but why not die neatly and with originality? He was not a coward and the thought of death was not appalling, but a fine relief.

"That will be the way," he muttered.

He put on his hat and hurried out and down the stairs. When he returned, he bore a flask of red California wine, and in his vest pocket a small phial of the white powder that was forever to end his difficulties.

He ranged the seven glasses on the table and filled each in turn from the flask. Taking the phial, he poured the white powder into one of the glasses, and then turning his back upon the table, he shuffled the glasses about, carefully, so as not to spill the wine. In a moment the poisoned wine was lost among its six harmless brothers. John turned and faced them. The wine shone in each clearly. The fatal glass was there, but which of them it was he did not know.

* * *

HE placed the seven glasses in a row upon the mantel and faced them with a grim smile. There was humor in what he was going to do, a touch of excitement.

"One each day," he said aloud. "I have gambled with life and lost, and now I gamble with death."

He paced to and fro for several moments, wondering if there was anything he had left undone before taking the step. He was, he assured himself, quite ready to die, if by chance the first glass in the line was the fatal one.

He had no regrets, save Marie, who would be desolated, at least for a while. He was sorry for Marie, with her gay smile and her ready word of encouragement.

On the stroke of four o'clock, with the afternoon sun throwing a beam across his little room, John stepped to the mantelpiece, lifted the first glass in the gleaming row and drained it at a gulp. He replaced the glass and waited, standing motionless with the sun shining upon his thin face. Presently the look of expectation faded from his eyes and he smiled. He was not to die that day, at least, for the poison, he knew, was the kind that worked quickly.

"Reprieved," he said with a laugh, "for a day."

Sunday morning, contrary to his usual custom, he declined to walk into the foothills with the adoring Marie.

"I don't feel like myself, today," he explained. "It will be better for me to stay at home. Go by yourself."

She was disappointed, and worried, too, over his haggard appearance. He reassured her, persuading her with difficulty that there was nothing seriously the matter with him.



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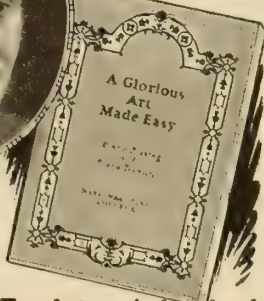
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And again, at four o'clock, John stepped into the sunbeam and drank the second glass. It was harmless, too. He was reprieved for his second day, and so it went. For six days he confronted the row of wine-filled glasses and drank, without fear, one each afternoon. And now it was again Saturday, and there remained on the mantel one glass, the last of the seven.

Twice that day, which was to be his last, he avoided Mrs. Rooney, whose temper was bad and patience at an end. Marie was frightened by a nameless dread and he sent her from the studio room several times, on the pretext of work. The afternoon dragged on towards four, and John waited miserably and impatiently. When the clock began its slow chiming, he jumped to his feet and walked to the mantel, with its array of six empty glasses—and one with wine.

"And now," he said bitterly, "the end."

His hand was steady as he reached forth and took the seventh glass. He raised it to his lips without a tremor, paused an instant and then drank. He stood quietly waiting for the blow to fall, for his body to crumple and sink like an empty bag.

THERE was a knocking on his door, and without invitation a lodger from below opened and entered.

"A letter for you," he said briskly. "It just came, so I brought it up to you."

He tossed it upon the table, looked curiously at the motionless figure before the mantel, and went away. John forgot to thank him. He glanced at the envelope and saw that it was a slim, pale blue paper, and that it bore the name of the great film corporation.

He tore it open, quickly, before his fingers numbed.

"You are," it said, after a formal greeting, "a man of true genius in a world where genius is rare. We are proud to have your story, because it is a great and extraordinary thing, and will undoubtedly change the future of the films. You are already a great man, and you will be greater, and so acknowledged, when we make this picture from your story and display your talents to the world."

"We want to see you and to know you, and will esteem it a privilege. Money will be spent without stint in the effort to do justice to the magnificent idea contained in your epic tale. Come to the studio immediately, so that we may talk over plans for the future. Enclosed is our check for one thousand dollars, which you may consider as first payment upon what will prove to be the finest motion picture so far made."

It was signed by the president, the official who had been in New York.

John looked at the check, and let it flutter to the table top. It was real. It was one thousand dollars. He touched it with reverent fingers, and, outside his door, the restless Mrs. Rooney coughed, rattled the knob and then came in.

"You'll be movin' out tonight," she said sourly. "There's no chance of you gettin' me money for me."

"All right," he said quietly. "I'll be getting out—soon."

"Tonight," she insisted.

He bowed his head and waved her away, and the old woman left the room, muttering. He was a queer duck, she said; she never saw the likes of him. . . . Marie pattered down the hall, waiting for Mrs. Rooney to descend the stairs. She stopped opposite the open door, and her eyes were red with weeping. The tears had made little ragged paths down her cheeks. When she entered, John was standing, with one hand upon the table, as though to brace himself, and his face was deathly. Marie approached him and hung her head.

"Crying," he said huskily. "What are you crying about? Why should you cry over a trifle? Look at me. I am not crying, and God knows, I have cause to."

He smiled bitterly and sank into a chair. His thoughts were not of Marie, but of the poison, and of the curious fact that, as yet, he felt no

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pain, no sensation of any kind, except a strange faintness. Why was he not dead, he wondered.

"I am crying," Marie's voice broke in upon his thoughts, "because I have done you an injury, and I have been afraid to tell you about it."

"I have injured myself," John said. "No one else has injured me."

"I have," she insisted, turning her face to him. "It was last Tuesday. I was dusting the room in your absence, and though I was careful, an accident happened."

He looked at her without curiosity, his thoughts upon his delayed death.

"My dust brush struck one of the little wine glasses," she continued bravely. "It fell from the mantel and was smashed on the stone, and the wine spilled."

The look in John's eyes slowly changed.

"I was afraid to tell you," she went on with determination. "I knew how you prized the glasses from your mother, so I was a coward."

"I went out to the ten-cent store and bought another little glass, exactly like the one I broke. I filled it with wine from Mrs. Rooney's jug in the cellar, and put it back upon the mantel with the others. . . . Can you forgive me, John?"

She burst into fresh tears and fell upon her knees at his side. He rose unsteadily and stood swaying. . . . He was not to die at all. Life spread out before him again, a glorious prospect. He was to live and be a great man, and see his masterpiece produced by the corporation.

"Marie," he said weakly, "my life was mine, but now it is yours. It belongs to you . . . God!"

He suddenly began dancing like a mad man, and Marie had never seen him dance. He bounded about the room, shouting at the top of his lungs, and the girl surveyed him in dumb bewilderment. He shook her violently, swung her from her feet, kissed her until her lips ached.

"See," he shouted, throwing the check to her. "I am rich. Now I have money. You, too, shall be rich, Marie. We shall be married, because I belong to you for evermore, and you shall have the fine things that money can buy. You will never work again, and you will live in a beautiful home."

MARIE stared at the check. Mrs. Rooney made her way up the stairs, attracted by the weird noises from a hitherto noiseless room. She looked in from the open door.

"Are ye crazy?" she demanded.

"Look, woman," he shouted. "Money—money for everyone."

Mrs. Rooney took the check and read it slowly. John Smith sat upon the sofa, with Marie in his arms, rocking to and fro and chattering unintelligibly.

And there, good people, all, our story ends, because the legend of Hollywood goes no further, or if it goes further, I have been too inept to trail its path. . . . I do not know if John Smith married Marie. I do not know if his masterpiece was produced and carried him to fame and fortune, nor do I know the name of the wonderful picture.

As I said in the beginning, I have been unable, in many investigations, to ferret out this fellow.

I merely tell you the story, as I heard it from many mouths, and I confess that I am as curious today as ever to know what became of this mysterious man, whom I have called John Smith.

For all I know, he may now live next door to me in Hollywood, or next door to you. His automobile may be, at this instant, standing at the curb before your house, and he may be a prominent figure in the daily life of the city.

He may be a failure, still plodding in a furnished room, with another Mrs. Rooney. . . . Whatever his present state, you know as much about him as I.

Marry in haste and pay rent in Paris.—*Town Topics.*



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3. Use only pencil or pen.
4. No drawings will be returned.
5. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.
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The Autobiography of Pola Negri

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

that work in the studio had to be suspended during the winter months.

It was at the suggestion of a Berlin dramatic critic that M. Davidson finally undertook the production of "Du Barry," retitled "Passion" in the United States. The critic believed I was particularly qualified for the rôle of the little fate-tricked milliner. A play of French historical background seemed the height of folly at that time, with feeling so bitter between Germany and France. However, Europeans are singularly free from prejudices in matters of art. So, just as we in Warsaw presented the German play "Sodom's Ende" while the Germans were surging toward our gates, Mr. Davidson and the members of the company courageously undertook "Du Barry."

I had boundless enthusiasm for the character of *Du Barry*. How I knew the soul of that little milliner! Like me, she was the daughter of an ironic fate. Next to *Carmen* I like the rôle of *Du Barry* the best of all I've played. I read every available book in which she figured. Never have I known a company to work with such harmony and inspiration as for that production. We were a family. With Mr. Lubitsch directing, Emil Jannings playing the king, and an assemblage of the best players in Germany, my ambition was fired. There was no "star," we were one for all and all for one.

I DO not believe in star pictures; each part should be played for its worth. A star does not gain public favor by holding the major footage of a film. On the contrary, I would rather have less than my legitimate share so that people might go away wishing they could have seen more of me. In "The Spanish Dancer," my favorite American picture, I deliberately sought an all-star standard. My success on the screen was achieved as an actress playing a rôle, surrounded by actors of such calibre as Emil Jannings, whom I regard as the possessor of genius. Rôles were not re-fashioned to display my talents, no foolish "sympathy" was injected to ensnare regard for me personally. I played my part for what it was worth and so I received credit as an actress rather than as a personality.

We had terrific obstacles to overcome in making "Passion." There was a scarcity of materials, general discontent among laborers, and a political situation that made any investment hazardous. To balance these handicaps, we had a triumphant zeal and faith in our success.

But I never dreamed America would receive me as she did. When the echo of the reception given me at the Capitol theater in New York reached Berlin, I was overcome with pleasure. I had had sufficient confidence in myself to believe I might become famous as an actress in Europe, but never did I dream of winning America in so short a time.

I was bewildered by the congratulations, the flowers and the offers I received from representatives of American film companies. Only once before had I experienced such joy in success—that was on the night of my debut in Warsaw.

After completing "Passion," I went to Warsaw for a visit with my mother. I had become a celebrity, and was received by the people as a queen. Naturally I was haughtily indignant when I was halted at the Polish border, upon my return trip to Berlin, and brusquely informed that I could not take my jewels out of Poland. It was one of those curious arbitrary rules that sprang into effect during the chaos following the war.

I was so indignant at the injustice that I demanded to see the commandant. When I entered his office I was furious, prepared to indict him in no uncertain manner. . . . Instead, I married him a few weeks later!

Count Eugene Dombiski was a charming gentleman with estates at Sassnowiecc in

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Poland, and there I came as his wife, following my completion of the film "Sumurun," exhibited here as "One Arabian Night."

I was married just a year and a half. My husband wished me to give up my work and take my social position as the countess. I could not do it. Happy as I was during the first few months of marriage, I felt constantly the urge of my ambition. My work was really my first love. It had lifted me from poverty, restored my mother to health and comfort and given me a position in the world of art that I loved.

As I have said, in work I find my philosophy of life. I am not speaking in the manner of *Pollyanna* when I say that service is the solution of life. I am speaking practically as one who has found the greater happiness in service. With me it has been service in art; but the object does not matter, it's the serving. The finest work I ever did was writing letters for those Russian boys in the soldiers' hospital, because I regard it as service in the finest cause. That is why I call it the loveliest moment of my life.

Perhaps the time will come when I wish to give up my work. The right to change one's mind is the particular prerogative of woman. I would like a home, but it is difficult to serve two masters, and now my work possesses me.

I met Charlie Chaplin the first night of his visit to Berlin during his trip abroad. I was with a party of friends, including Mr. and Mrs. Albert Kauffman, at the *Palais Heinroth*, a fashionable Berlin restaurant, when Mr. Chaplin was presented to me. Although I had heard his name, I did not know his position in the film world and I had never seen one of his pictures. During the years of war no American films came to Berlin, and Chaplin, along with the other American stars, was practically unknown. Inasmuch as he complimented me upon my work, however, I told him that I thought him one of the world's greatest artists. I thought I was being very clever in my diplomacy; I learned later that he was quite as clever—he had never seen any of my pictures!

Mr. Chaplin has great charm of personality. He is boyish, enthusiastic and delightful in conversation. We met at several parties and I enjoyed seeing him give impersonations at several little affairs. He is always the actor, never losing an opportunity to indulge in mimicry or burlesque.

OUR association in Berlin, far from being romantic, was quite casual. I admired him as a personality and as an artist. Indeed, at that time, I was charmed by all the American men I was meeting. Their deferential attitude toward women is quite different from the attitude of the European man. Americans treat every woman as though she were a queen. That I like!

I have since learned that the American press was amused by my salutation of the famous Mr. Chaplin. I squandered all the English I knew upon him in one magnificent outburst. I called him "little jazz boy Charlie." Wishing to pay me a compliment in German he asked Mr. Kaufmann how to say "I adore you." But what he really said to me was "I think you are a piece of cheese." Naturally I was astounded and angered by such impertinence . . . and Charlie was more astounded by the effect his intended compliment had upon me. The amusement of our friends soon revealed the trick they had played on us; Mr. Kaufmann had given poor Charlie the wrong phrase!

About this time I was suffering terribly from the criticism directed at me by the German press. They knew, of course, of my Polish sympathies, and, next to the French, the Polish people were the most unpopular with the Germans directly following the war. When they learned that I was giving money to Polish organizations, they took the opportunity to attack me openly. They said I was making my money in Germany and giving it to Germany's enemy, Poland. In vain I explained that I was giving it, not to the Polish *militaire*, but to charity, just as I had given to



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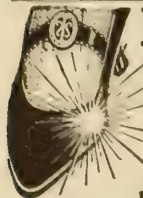
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German charity. They misunderstood me, and I was deeply hurt, for I did appreciate the patronage they had given me. At the same time I felt I had a right to dispose of my money as I chose.

Perhaps I was tactless. In any event, I felt I could no longer endure the unfriendliness in Berlin, and I went to the estates I had purchased at Bydgosse—called Bromberg by the Germans—in Poland. There I was given a welcome so truly affectionate that I forgot all my troubles, for it was there I had been spending most of the money. I had established on my estate an orphanage for Polish children.

The first money I received from America under my American contract I used to take care of two hundred war orphans. It was little enough to do, considering what Americans did for the unfortunate people of my country. I still maintain that orphanage on my estates, supervised by my mother.

After rest and happiness with those who loved me, I returned to Berlin to start work on my American contract in "Montmartre," directed by Ernst Lubitsch. "Montmartre" was the last picture I made in Germany, but it was not scheduled for release in America until after "The Spanish Dancer." The part I play in the picture is one of my favorite rôles, perhaps because my heart was so gay while doing it. I was going to America. The promise had been made, and for four months I studied English in preparation.

I was asked upon arriving in America what picture had impressed me most. I replied, "Broadway at night." Next month I will tell you my impressions of America, of New York and of Hollywood.

She's a Regular Trooper

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64]

—by all this splendor. We dashed hither and thither trying to make a choice.

And I, for one, had forgotten all about Leah Baird.

So it gave me a terrific kick to find her still doing business at the same old stand, as it were. Making her own pictures for a faithful and devoted public. Still the dramatic idol of lots of people who never heard of Pola Negri. Cleaning up a tidy little fortune on each of her economically-produced, cleverly-handled, well-acted pictures. Sweeping the nickels and dimes into the box office, where they never knew it would cost more to get into a movie, while \$2 top starved a few blocks away.

It was really amazing to find that, while we ranted and raved about this and that, Leah Baird had gone serenely and wisely on her way, kept her place in the heart of the masses, without flare of trumpets. That, as the whirlwind died down, her productions were beginning to creep back to Broadway, to be well noticed by the critics and applauded by the big cities once more.

In all frankness, Leah Baird admits she makes pictures for the masses.

"A mixture of mush and melodrama, that's what I write," said Leah Baird, with that big, warm, hearty smile of hers. "I like it. I give 'em what I believe the majority of people want. I hope it's art—but if it isn't, that's all right, too."

She has been married for many years to her producer, Arthur Beck. She was born in Chicago. She lives very quietly, but has a host of friends, particularly among the struggling young actors and actresses of the colony.

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The Love Dodger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

silence. Young Cleveland Brown knotted his tie with unnecessary violence. If he could have pierced the veil of the future he would probably have hung himself with it.

"Let me tell you about this Connable kid," said Scoop Wilson seriously. "Some fresh director promised her a job and she gave up her place in the Follies and spent her money to get out here—and of course you know what happened. She gave him the raspberry and now he's black-listed her and she supports a mother and a couple of kid sisters or something back home. You know how tough it is to break in. If you'd let this story run along and not deny it—it wouldn't hurt you—it'd make her."

"What'd you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Engaged to you she'd be worth a million dollars to some of these producers. Probably could get a contract. Later you could break it off, mutually. It'd be a great, big, fine thing to do. You'd be giving a poor, helpless, down and out youngster a chance."

Cleveland Brown glanced at the paper. Certainly in those ragged pants and that torn shirt, with those bare toes, she looked pathetic enough. Poor kid. It was a tough role.

Cleveland Brown looked about him helplessly. "I suppose I couldn't come right out and deny it anyway, could I?" he asked.

"No. No. Terrible. Nervy little kid, too. I'll just go down and tell the gang you've nothing to say, they'll have to see her."

"N—now Scoop," said Cleveland Brown nervously, "you go easy. Don't—you know—don't go off on any of your nut ideas. Be conservative."

"Right," said Scoop, "and then I'll fix it for you to meet her."

"I don't want to meet her. Do I have to meet her? I don't have to meet her, do I? Why should I?"

"Well, it might not be a bad idea to know your fiancée by sight," said Scoop Wilson dryly, "besides, it'll pep you up to take a classy little jane like that to the Biltmore for dinner. And boy, she can dance."

"I can't," said Cleveland Brown.

"You will," said Scoop merrily, "and until you've danced with Ray Connable, you ain't done nothing."

"Scoop," said Cleveland Brown, "I think maybe—you know—"

"Now, now," said Scoop soothingly, "it'll do you good. Anyway, you'll be crazy about this girl. She's a good kid."

"But I don't want to be crazy about her," wailed Cleveland Brown desperately.

"DO I look nice? Do I? Do I?"

Ray Connable, late of the Follies, faced the mirror with a passionate intensity. From behind her, Ella could see the little knot of muscles tighten just in front of her ears.

"Do I?" she demanded, stamping her foot with vixenish insistence.

"You look perfectly swell, Miss Ray, perfectly swell. I've already told you that one hundred times. Either you think I'm a liar or your memory is getting defective."

"Do I look nice enough?" asked Ray Connable, and she gave a funny, breathless laugh.

Ella moved ponderously around and stood in front of the smart little figure.

"Tell me the truth," said Ray Connable "tell me if there's anything wrong. Is my mouth on right? Should I have had my hair touched again? My God, I'm so nervous my throat won't swallow. I'm going to funk it, Ella."

The giant colored woman laid steady hands on the restless, white shoulders. "It'd be the first time, then, Miss Ray. Now you stop. After all, he ain't nothing but a man. There's a sight of women got it on you for looks, Miss Ray. But for ginger and pep and excitement, you got it on any lady I ever

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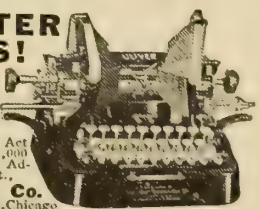
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worked for. I remember the first night I worked for you in New York. Mr. Zahn himself was there and you kept him laughing like nobody ever laughed."

Ray Connable's eyes brightened. She took one last look at the jazzy little figure in the mirror. Shook her bobbed curls. Settled the daringly simple, straight frock of lip-stick red.

"All right," she said, "only it's a bit odd meeting the man to whom you've announced your engagement, for the first time."

"You remember one thing, Miss Ray," said the big maid soothingly, "no matter how nervous you think you is, he is nervous."

HE was.

When he found himself sitting opposite her at a small table amid the shaded lights of the new Biltmore's fashionable dining salon, Cleveland Brown was suddenly overpowered with the awful suspicion that he had left his trousers at home. No, they were in their accustomed place. Something else was giving him this uncanny feeling of nakedness, before the eyes of all those people who seemed to be riding on a merry-go-round or something.

Then, suddenly, he felt a soft little touch on his arm and a crisp, cool, little voice said, "Buck up, dear old thing. It's a lot worse for me than it is for you. I feel exactly like I'd been caught stealing a Bible out of the room in a hotel raid."

Laughter, bright and frivolous as confetti, scattered about him. He felt refreshed. Only, just as his spirits began to rise, the head waiter stood bowing and smiling, with a joyous and knowing air. He stood presenting a menu.

Cleveland Brown took it. What on earth was he to do with the thing? He couldn't order. But he supposed this New York Follies queen would expect him to reel off one of those "perfect little dinners."

There was a pause, a shade too long. Then that crisp, cool voice came to the rescue.

"I say, Cleveland, suppose we let this boy strut his stuff. I'm too excited and—happy—to bother about ordering food. Go as far as you like, Don Quixote," she said coolly to the man, "only make it expensive. Charge us plenty. As long as we seem to be part of the show here, you mustn't eat with your knife. Cleve. Not tonight. Because if you look about, you will notice that everybody is present except Mrs. Astor's horse. Your press agent must be good."

Her eyes, wide and gray, concentrated on his.

"The only thing is, laddie, if you don't take that I-Loved-her-but-she-moved-away expression off your face, they'll think they've strayed into a funeral parlor by mistake. Looking at you now, a little soft music would make me burst into tears. Remember your scenario, Mr. Brown. This is a joyful occasion. Put down that menu. You must have it memorized by now."

Before she had finished he was looking at her with admiration. The professional in him was stirred. It was a fine performance.

She flashed him a swift eager smile. "Ah, there, friend," she said brightly, "it's a pleasure to see you looking so well, but it's your turn to say something, even if it's only cene meene mo, or this gang of morbid pleasure seekers will think you have been struck dumb with joy."

Just what made him do it, he never knew. But something in the flush of her cheeks and the slight quiver of her voice, told him that she was near the end of her rope.

So he put his hand out and covered hers, where it lay on the white cloth.

And he said, "I'm not a bit of good at this sort of thing. I'm sorry. Funny, too, and I can see what a great gag it'd make in a comedy. I'll use it sometime. But I'll do my best."

"I think you're perfectly wonderful," said Ray Connable, looking him straight in the eyes and tightening her cool little fingers about his hand, "now that you've come out of the

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silence, I think you're the nicest man I ever met. And I want to apologize to you for the fresh thing I did and thank you for being so square about it. I know it was wonderful but I didn't realize just how wonderful until now. You're so different from any other man I ever met."

"I expect I am," said Cleveland Brown, of Fargo, North Dakota, "different the wrong way."

"It's the rightest way I ever saw in my life," said Ray.

It was a nice voice. Intimate and cool and sweet. And she had a trick of looking you in the eyes and begging you to look at her that was almost irresistible.

"Honestly," she said, "I never saw anyone with so much poise as you."

The lump that had lodged in his throat so that he could not eat his dinner melted away. He felt something pleasantly warm in the region of his backbone. Of all things in the world, he desired most to possess poise. No one had ever told him before that he had any. But this girl—who had been a New York favorite—must know what she was talking about.

IN spite of the fact that most of the diners were frankly staring at them, he relaxed into a comfortable glow. Ray Connable responded to the attention centered on their table as a fire horse responds to the bell. It was the audience. She had always drawn an audience, because she loved it.

"Well, it sure looks like she'd landed him," said the wise ones.

When the music began, Ray Connable put down her coffee cup and smiled. "That music would make me sit right up in my coffin and say 'Let's go,'" she said. "Suppose we trip a measure, buddy."

Well, that was the way with women. Just as things were nice and comfortable, they wanted to do something else.

"I don't dance," he said.

Just the same, they danced. Cleveland Brown went onto the polished floor as a man might go to the gallows. But he went.

There were a great many cords as yet untouched within Cleveland Brown. Experiences and sensations by the score he had never tasted. And they were suddenly stirring, tempting him. He had, for instance, never known the heady intoxication of a light love. Thus he did not recognize the skillful bait Ray Connable was using.

He never forgot that first dance. Even later, when he was caught in a maze of sensations and disasters, it could bring him a little thrill. It could have happened in no other age, in no other land, exactly what happened to Cleveland Brown on that dance floor.

He had never danced with anybody before except Janice Reed. And that wasn't very different from dancing with his kid sister, Annabelle. In the course of long days of arduous work shared, he and Janice had come to know each other very well. They were as comfortable together as a couple of puppies. Janice Reed's mother was very strict. Janice never got to go anywhere or see anything unless Cleveland Brown took her. Mrs. Reed trusted him. Half the time, Janice was the one who begged him to manage so she could see the new roadhouses, or to arrange a party so she could get a glimpse of Tia Juana and the races. That was the plane on which their intimacy was conducted.

Outside of Janice, there had been no one. Once or twice, Cleveland Brown met beautiful women in Hollywood who intrigued his imagination. Only he had no method of approach. Besides, if an idea flitted through his head, his ever-present caution reasserted itself.

Certainly, dancing with Ray Connable had nothing to do with anybody's kid sister.

When it was over, they sat down at the table and suddenly looking deeply into each other's eyes, they found themselves laughing. Laughing hilariously and happily and a little foolishly.

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P. 3-24



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The dance bug that had swept the country with the mightiest epidemic ever known to man, had found a new victim.

A month later, he and Ray Connable had won three dancing cups.

For two weeks, the engagement had filled the papers and it still occupied considerable space. Cleveland Brown continued to maintain a discreet silence. He had never at any time admitted that he was engaged to Ray Connable. But neither had he ever denied it. So an interested world watched and drew its own conclusions.

Ray was working now, but her evenings were spent largely in the arms of Cleveland Brown. Always, it is true, upon the dance floor, but still, in his arms.

And just about then, Cleveland Brown began to realize how utterly difficult it was going to be to get out of this thing. He had moments of terrifying apprehension, moments of feeling trapped. And then, with a half-hearted smile, he reassured himself. Ray was such a good little sport. And yet, after all, what did he really know about her?

Once or twice he tried to ask her when this fake engagement should come to an end. But it seemed so rude. Besides, he rather hated to end this pleasant companionship.

Once he had decided to bring it to a close that very day.

But on his way through the hall, his mother cornered him and with tears in her eyes lodged a violent and exceedingly well-informed protest against Ray Connable.

It was all quite true. Only—he couldn't explain it—his mother's attack aroused all his sympathy for Ray Connable. He became a knight errant in the girl's behalf.

What in the world could a woman like his mother know about a girl like Ray Connable? Why couldn't an older woman have a little more charity for a poor, unfortunate little kid who'd been thrown into the world at seventeen to make her own way? After all, wasn't the virtue of a great many women merely a negative virtue? Had it stood the awful fire of temptation? What right had they to judge?

Of course he didn't like the way Ray talked sometimes any better than anyone else. Nor did he approve of her constant cigarettes. He had no illusions about her past. But coming from his mother, those very facts put him on the defensive. Anyone, knowing Cleveland Brown, would have known that.

Why, he remembered a day when they had tramped over plowed road-beds and broken fields in a big tract of land he had bought and opened as a subdivision. There were new little bungalows, fascinating doll houses in every conceivable style springing up everywhere. The late afternoon sun flung restful shadows from the big trees and the freshly plowed earth and the drying grasses smelled sweet and clean.

A LONG legged girl was wheeling a baby buggy up and down the new-laid sidewalk. Cleveland Brown thought it was a very ugly baby. But Ray put her pretty powdered nose down in its fat neck and made gurgling noises.

When the girl and the baby had gone on, she stood there looking at a small white bungalow with a ridiculous patio, filled with purple and white petunias, waving like lovely banners.

"You'll never know, Cleve," she said slowly, "what all this has meant to me. I've had five years of New York. You get awful sick of being an entertainer. If it hadn't been for mother and the kids, the old Brooklyn Bridge—

"They're my sister's kids you know. She's dead. Gee, they're cute youngsters.

"That's why I wanted to come to Hollywood. Whatever they may say about Hollywood, I know it can't be like New York. Because Hollywood is all outdoors. Why, you can smell the hills, and see the ocean. Everyone goes around bare-headed. There



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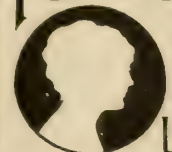
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are flowers growing everywhere you look. Just the sun shining on you all day long makes it different.

"That's why, when I got out here, I couldn't go back. That's why I did that terrible thing to you. Sometimes, I wake up nights and blush all over thinking about it. You've been so kind to me. Clevie, did you ever stop to think how few folks are—just kind? And I've had my punishment, realizing what it would be like—to be really yours, not just a pretender.

"I've got a chance now for what looks like a year's contract with Silverberg. If I land it, I'm going to bring mother and the kids out here and maybe sometime I can save money enough to build a little bungalow—like that one. Gee—wouldn't it be heaven?"

And when she said it, she meant it. That was one side of Ray Connable.

Cleveland Brown grew warm all over. Imagine feeling like that about one of those ridiculous bungalows. And still—it would be home. Sunshine for the kids. Why shouldn't he—what was one lot and a silly little bungalow more or less? Charity didn't have to be confined to institutions, did it? The idea grew as he looked at Ray Connable's softened, wistful little face.

At any rate, it certainly wasn't the moment to ask a girl when she intended to discontinue an engagement, was it?

And Ray Connable stealing a side glance at his eager, sensitive face, felt a thrill of pure hope in her heart.

SHE wanted very much to marry Cleveland Brown. Bigger stakes than she had ever dreamed might come her way, glimmered before her. And she would stop at nothing, absolutely nothing, to achieve her end.

The thing that drove Ray Connable was ambition. In her world you had to be somebody. You had to be famous. She wanted people to notice her, to stare at her.

Mrs. Cleveland Brown would be somebody.

She had been cold-shouldered in her time. She had been shoved into second place. She wanted to be first. Cleveland Brown could make her first.

Scoop Wilson had been a lot of help to her. He knew Cleveland so well. "You tell him you're willing to give up the stage any time for a nice home and a lot of babies," he advised her. "That's one of his complexes."

Ray told him that. Often. Yet she could no more have been transplanted from the grease-paint alleys than an orchid could be set in a poppy field on a California hillside.

And, though she did not know it, Ray had found a valuable ally in Cleveland Brown's mother.

Cleveland Brown made a brief and confidential explanation of how things stood to Janice.

He found her one sultry afternoon, sitting in the sand by his swimming pool, with his sister Annabelle. She had on a dark blue, one-piece bathing suit. Her eyes, too, were darkly blue. Her skin was warmed to a lovely biscuit tan that melted into the brown bronze of her hair where it fell in little ringlets on her neck.

When Annabelle disappeared, he found Janice's eyes fixed on him, with just a little question in their depths. Not a demand. Not an accusation. Just the question of one pal to another.

Cleveland Brown understood that look. Friendship was part of his creed. Loyalty, comradeship, service, were things he knew. There was a good deal of that sort of friendship between him and Janice. She was capable of that kind of friendship.

As he looked at her sitting there, one pretty bare ankle crossed over the other, that faint question in her eyes, a wave of tenderness swept him. So that it was very easy to speak and to tell her all about Ray Connable and just how the thing had happened and just what sort of a girl Ray Connable was.



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Photo of Mrs. Grace Horchler, 4352 Madison Ave., Chicago, before getting thru to music; weight 234 lbs.



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Mrs. Horchler just four months later, showing what Wallace reducing records did for her; weight only 160 lbs.

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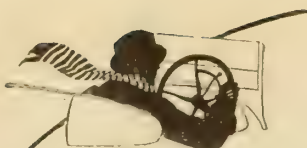
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It was, he discovered, rather nice to know that he could trust Janice with the secret. The way she took it, filled him with admiration.

Not that Janice had any claim upon him. He had been darn careful about that. Not because of Janice, but because he had never been able to wipe out that queer little feeling about her mother. He just felt that there was no special reason why a girl like Janice Reed, who had been sheltered and protected all her life, should understand the sad little story of Ray Connable.

But, unaccountably, she did. She said so, in the nicest, friendliest way. And she understood why Cleveland had done what he had done. She considered it the only sporting thing he could do.

"I'm awfully glad you told me, though," she said, with her faint, boyish smile. "You hate to think a pal doesn't want to talk over his troubles with you. And we're such good pals, aren't we, Cleve?"

Cleveland Brown took her hand and patted it affectionately. "You bet we're good pals. The best."

She had thrown herself flat in the sand on her stomach, so that her blue figure made a Japanese print effect against the silver whiteness. Cleveland, watching her with a new admiration, realized that he had neglected Janice lately. And he missed her. So he asked her to go to dinner with him. It never occurred to him that, in the eyes of the world at least, he was an engaged man and that he had no right to start a new flood of speculations and comparisons eddying about Janice's name.

"I'd love it," she said.

And he was amazed to see a little crimson flush along her throat and a crystal dew in her pretty blue eyes. Something took him by the throat and he looked hard at her, Little Janice. How sweet she was.

What was it, in her eyes? How could Cleveland Brown, who knew nothing about women, know that those blue eyes had gone suddenly so wet and sweet because he looked to her so clean and wholesome and trustworthy. He looked as though, if you loved him, you need, never, never be afraid of the thousand hurts and humiliations, the black shames and unbearable disillusiones, a man can put upon a woman who loves him.

And Janice wasn't thinking at all of his greatness.

But before he could say anything, she leaped up and started toward the dressing room. He didn't want her to go. He wanted her to stay and talk and fight. He wanted to tease her, as he always did, and see her speechless with rage one minute, only to come up smiling the next.

At the door she turned with her friendly, faint smile. "You know—Cleve, there isn't any chance that you might really marry Miss Connable, is there?"

"No, certainly not," he said, "don't be a goof all your life, Janice."

"I'm not a goof," said Janice, imperturbably, "but you are. You might without meaning to. And, though I believe all you say—I shouldn't like you to marry her."

Cleveland Brown, quite honestly, was not thinking of marrying Ray Connable. And he was a million miles from realizing the determination of her heart to marry him. In fact, if anybody had told him such a thing, or intimated that she intended to do it—by fair means if she could, if not by foul—he would have laughed at them.

And yet, in spite of Janice's friendly warning, any number of things might have happened if it hadn't been for Leda O'Neil.

THE big car swung out of the curved drive in front of the Plantation Club and circled noiselessly into the Boulevard.

Cleveland Brown leaned back in his corner of the seat and drew a deep breath of night air. It was good to be in the open air. While he and Ray danced, he forgot the stuffy closeness, the tobacco-laden air.



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He was tired. He wished now that they hadn't stayed so late. Well, that was it. Women were always making you want to do things that weren't good for you. Why, here it was almost daylight. That strange intangible, magic promise of light that is dawn filled the air.

He peered out to see if its glimmer already lay upon the sky.

Then his nose came in violent contact with the window. There was a terrible jar. The car swung half across the road, sideways, with a scream of rubber on the cement and a deep groan of brakes.

Cleveland Brown sat paralyzed for an instant. Then he flung open the door and leaped to the ground.

The woman was laughing a little. A sort of sleepy laugh.

She stood in the middle of the road, exactly where the big car must have passed in another second. She was all in white and her splendid crown of black hair was bare. Her shoulders and arms, too, over the glimmering dance frock, gleamed bare in the luminous air.

"Hello," she said, "what do you think you're—"

Her voice was low and thick. And even as she spoke, she swayed and would have fallen, but that he caught her in one arm and braced himself to steady her weight. She leaned heavily. Her hair was like live satin against his cheek.

THE chauffeur righted the car and its headlights fell with startling clearness upon her. It made a spotlight that illuminated for Cleveland Brown's startled eyes a beauty the whole world knew.

"My God," he said aloud, "it's Leda O'Neil."

"Certainly is," she murmured, nodding her head, "certainly is Leda O'Neil."

"My God, man, you better take me home. You know where I live. The people I came down here with—I don't like 'em. I was going to walk home—then you came along."

His heart sick, he tried to lift her into the car. The chauffeur jumped down and between them they managed to put her in.

"She gave me an awful scare, Mr. Brown," said the boy breathlessly, "she just staggered right in front of us."

Ray Connable had drawn back, silent and dismayed. A little pang shot through her. A nameless pang.

Cleveland Brown climbed in between the two women.

Instantly, he found himself engulfed in a pair of warm, bare white arms. The strong, hot fingers were clasped behind his head. He felt them caressing his hair.

Her head went down on his shoulder and again that maddening perfumed black hair covered his face. She cuddled against him with a deep sigh, as though she had found an accustomed place. He tried to move away, but she only clung tighter.

The scent of her, some heavy, suggestive scent like tuberose mingled with the alcohol of her breath and filled the car. It made him dizzy. It poured from her as though it belonged to the creamy thick skin.

He felt the curve of her breast against his arm.

Just once she raised her head sleepily. Her great, dark eyes, with their amazing lashes, gazed up at him.

"Oh," she said, and it made a big, exaggerated red bud of her lips. "why it's Cleveland Brown. You sweet old thing. I just love you. I think you're so funny."

And she kissed him.

The car slid on, swift and noiseless.

And Cleveland Brown sat, stiff and unbending, his head in a whirl, with the soft, warm fragrance of Leda O'Neil in his arms and the strangely silent, white-lipped figure of little Ray Connable beside him.

[END OF PART ONE]



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Clean, catchy hits that everybody likes. Ballads, comic songs, novelty songs, comic songs; full sheet music with beautiful colored covers. Ideal for public entertainment or home diversion. Hundreds of plays and entertainment books. Big catalogue free.

T. S. Denison & Co., 203 S. Wabash, Dept. 203, Chicago

Must She Commit Murder?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.]

Hollywood says so. Your own personality says so, in spite of you. Now don't manufacture transparent yarns about your wild life and depraved pleasures. There's nothing to do but make the best of this vice of purity and tell me how you acquired it."

"Very well," said Lois, ordering up some toasted sustenance for this ordeal. "My first reason for being good is utilitarian: badness is inconvenient."

"How true," I breathed fervently.

"My second is to follow the line of least resistance. I have no inclination toward vice. Wild parties never have appealed to me, as they don't to most people who for eight years have had to be made up and on the set by nine o'clock. My constitution wouldn't have stood them, in fact, neither would my family."

"Ah, there is a family."

"My dear, in cases like this always '*cherchez la famille*,' to paraphrase the rule."

"—and in the case at hand?"

"THE family includes three sisters. I had the good luck to live with my people. The girls were in high school. Movie actresses popularly were supposed to be outside the moral pale. So, by this assorted circumstance, discretion was forced upon me, and it soon became a habit."

"Of which you never broke yourself?"

"Well, I have been seen publicly with men."

"The results couldn't have been so terrible. Some actresses have been caught privately with them."

"The results were rather mild,—a few rumored engagements."

"Unfounded?"

"Absolutely."

The wildcat heroine of "To the Last Man" smiled significantly and poured a cup of coffee.

"And you will never, never marry?"

"Gracious, I hope to some day. I don't want to be an old maid."

"Now the conventional thing to say is—"

"but I won't let it interfere with my career."

"I probably would. I'm like that. I don't think many women can be successful at two careers."

"You have been successful enough at this one and you ought to be true to it. Don't you love it any more?"

"Love it! I adore it! I am transfigured with happiness every hour I am at work. Every minute of it thrills me. I always have been stage-truck, from the time I was six years old. I went to the theater every time I could and came home with the rawest imitations of every actress I saw. In boarding school I figured in private theatricals and I was terrible. I went to Los Angeles and got a job with Universal at twenty-five dollars a week, making two two-reel pictures a week, with no publicity, and I was still terrible. I furnished my own wardrobe out of this munificent sum which, in spite of my distressing performances, was gradually increased to forty dollars a week."

"I was positively terrorized with camera-consciousness. It was a nervousness I had to fight for several years. I suffered agonies of the inferiority complex. I was awful, but I knew it. I used to go home every night and rehearse my day's work in my room, giving performances many times better than those I had dragged myself through on the set. People were wonderfully patient with me, until by slow degrees I overcame my self-consciousness."

"Now acting before the camera is as natural to me as—as—"

"—being good?" I supplied.

"Oh, why will you revert to that dreadful scandal!"

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TYPEWRITER

Yes, We Will Positively Ship You

this splendid Underwood upon receipt of only \$3.00. This is by far the most liberal typewriter offer that has ever been made on so perfect a machine. Nearly two million Underwoods have been made and sold, proving conclusively that it is superior to all others in appearance, mechanical perfection and all-around excellence.

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We want you to see for yourself that this is the typewriter you ought to have, and, therefore, we make our great free trial offer. You merely send us the three dollars deposit and we ship the machine for you to try for ten full days before you decide to keep it. If not satisfied, every penny of your money will be returned to you.

Rebuilt Like New

Every Underwood we sell is rebuilt just like new. It is dismantled right to the very bottom, and remanufactured to make it just like a new typewriter, with new enamel, new nickel, new platen, new key rings, new type; a complete, perfect typewriter, with two-color ribbon, back spacer, stencil device, automatic ribbon reverse, tabulator, key shift lock, etc. Impossible to tell it from a brand new Underwood, either in appearance, durability or quality of work.

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Our easy monthly payment plan makes it possible for YOU to own this splendid machine without having to pay out any big sum of money. You will hardly know you are paying for it. REMEMBER, you have the full use of the machine, just the same as though it was fully paid for.

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With every typewriter we give a written guarantee. These machines are rebuilt like new by the famous SHIPMAN-WARD PROCESS. Equipped with late improvements, you can't tell them from a new machine. The world's standard typewriter, the same models as sold by the Underwood Typewriter Company today, at a big saving to you. Act Now! Get this splendid offer and save money.

Your Money Back

Yes, you can have your money back if you want it. After you have examined the typewriter carefully, used it to write letters, if you decide for any reason whatever that you do not care for it, you may return it to us at our expense and every penny you have paid will be cheerfully and promptly refunded.

No Obligation on Your Part

When you send in the coupon for either further information about our great typewriter offer or for the typewriter itself on our free trial plan, you are under no obligation whatever until after you have tried it and have decided for yourself that you want to keep it.

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telling all about our great big typewriter factory. In this book we illustrate and describe all of the various processes of remanufacturing, remodelling and assembling this splendid Underwood. It tells in an interesting way how each part is examined and tested carefully and thoroughly to insure the finished machine being one you will be proud to own.

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A complete course in touch typewriting. You don't have to know how to operate a typewriter. You can learn to operate this machine in one day. We also give free a waterproof cover and all tools that come with a typewriter.

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Send me your big bargain catalog and complete details of your surprising offer, without obligation on my part.

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Whiten Your Skin

Almost Over Night!

No more freckles, no more blackheads, no more sallow skin! A new discovery clears and whitens your skin with amazing quickness! Now you can clear your skin of redness, roughness, blotches, muddiness or any blemish.



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There is hidden beauty in your skin. Dust, wind, and clogged pores may have injured it. But underneath—just waiting to be brought out—is a clear, vividly beautiful complexion. Banish freckles, pimples and blackheads this new way; don't let liver spots, moths patches, tan or sallowness mar your beauty. Make this 3-minute-before-bedtime test. Smooth this cool, fragrant creme on your skin. The very next morning look into your mirror.

An Unsolicited Letter

"Almost overnight Golden Peacock Bleach Creme removed all tan from my face, and when I got up in the morning my husband asked if I felt ill because I looked so pale. I told him of the preparation and he said he could hardly believe his eyes. I did not look the same person." Mrs. M. M., Royal Oak, Mich.

Money-Back Guarantee

So wonderful—so quick—are the results of this new scientific creme that we absolutely guarantee it! Send for a jar now—today. Use it for only five nights. Then if you are not delighted and amazed at the transformation, your money will be instantly refunded. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below. When package arrives pay postman \$1.



PARIS TOILET COMPANY, Dept. 103, Paris, Tenn.

Paris Toilet Co.,
Dept. 103, Paris, Tenn.

Please send me one Jar of Golden Peacock Bleach Creme. When package arrives I will pay postman \$1. It is understood that if for any reason I am dissatisfied my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

If you prefer you may enclose \$1 with the coupon.

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MEN WANTED!

Earn up to \$250 per mo.

Many opportunities for advancement in this new, fascinating profession. Travel or remain near home. Pleasant, outdoor work. Report to high railway officials.

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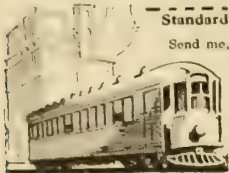
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Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-61, giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.

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"Editorial instructions. It's an assignment."

"I hate interviews. They're always garbled. Everything you said always reads like everything you didn't mean. Once a paper called me a nice girl and put nice in quotation marks. It sounded as though I was the spirit of reform incarnate. I'm not. If you promise not to use a single quotation mark I'll tell you what I really am:

I'm a normal tolerant human being. I avoid hectic dissipation because I don't enjoy them. I'd rather see a play like *Pelleas* and *Melisande* than all the undress reviews in town. It's a question of personal taste, not moral principle. I believe in the relativity of virtue. Every person would do exactly as every other person under the same circumstances and submitted to the same pressure. I don't care about the private lives of any of my friends and I expect the same courtesy. I don't deserve credit for being good. I've never conquered a temptation to be anything else. Consequently, it's obvious that I am not any better than anyone else, and probably often not as good. Judging is the most despicable of the vices. The only people we hate are those we don't know. My Hollywood friends are of all kinds. My type is not exotic. My work appeals to the so-called family following. I haven't that compelling appeal for men of the sex-drama stars. I have done so much character work like Lulu Bett, Only 38, The Covered Wagon, To the Last Man, and now Icebound, that personal piety has been pinned on me like a fireman's badge, until I never see myself in print without some seemingly sneering reference to my prudishness. I have become so super-sensitive on the good-girl-of-Hollywood epithet that I'm tempted to commit a murder just to establish my claim to flesh-and-bloodness.

"Why don't you commit one strong, passionate, sexy film instead," I suggested. "It would be twice as convincing."

"Oh, I couldn't," and lovely Lois rolled her big eyes toward heaven in naive astonishment.

"Nonsense," I replied severely. "You are one of the few real, sincere, expert, hard-working intelligent actresses in the films, and one single performance in a 'bad girl but terribly good company' rôle would be so convincing it would ostracize you completely from the exalted companionship of the demi-angels."

"Do you really think I could do it?"

"Really."

"So does Mr. William de Mille."

"Doesn't Lois Wilson?"

"Oh, I know I couldn't. I'm not the type."

"Just a little bad girl gone wrong?"

"No, I'm just an ordinary human being—"

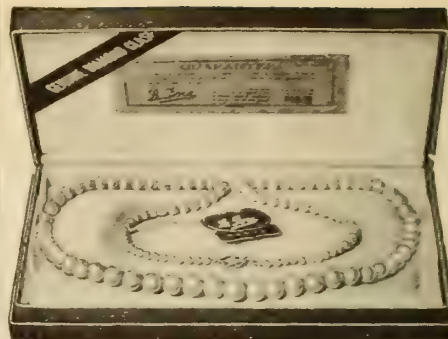
"Now, don't say—'trying to get along!'"

"Well, that's exactly what I mean," concluded the good girl of Hollywood.

The LOVE DODGER

is the kind of story you have been looking for. A great serial, done in Adela Rogers St. Johns' brilliant, inimitable style. Plot, suspense, really human characters, fascinating conversation—all are here. After reading the opening chapters, on page 51, this issue, you will be impatient for the second installment

In the April Issue
Out March 15



SPECIAL OFFER

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Solid Gold, Diamond Clasp, only
(Regular Retail List Price \$15.00) \$4.83

A sensational slash in price now makes it possible for every woman and girl to wear a strand of lovely La Dora Pearls. These synthetic Gems are the proud product of France—where the art of creating indestructible pearls has been mastered.

AN IDEAL GIFT

that will delight any woman or girl. As a reproduction of the Oriental Pearl—the La Dora Pearl is perfection itself. They possess all the charm, all the soft, delicate colors and iridescence of true deep-sea pearls. The passing of years never lessens their glorious beauty. Guaranteed not to break, crack, peel or discolor.

Money Back Guarantee

Perhaps never again will such a money saving chance be offered you. Just imagine getting a wonderful 24-inch strand of perfectly matched and graduated pearls with solid white gold clasp set with genuine chip diamond, in a beautiful silk lined gift case at the unbelievable price of \$4.83. You do not risk a penny. Our guarantee protects you absolutely. Upon receipt of Necklace, if you are not perfectly delighted, we will refund your money instantly. Send us your order and remittance of only \$4.83 at once and in a few days you will receive an exquisite La Dora Pearl Necklace that you will always be proud of. If you desire, we will send C.O.D., you to pay postman \$4.83, plus 15c charges, upon delivery. This is a rare opportunity. Order now.

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"Silver Threads Among the Gold"

A beautiful sentiment, but you don't want it said about you... not yet. People will be saying it soon unless you

Restore Your Gray Hair with Henalfa-Rapide

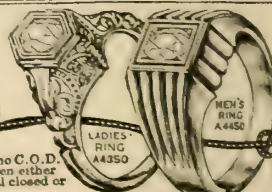
This can be done in less than 15 minutes. Henalfa-Rapide is so easy to apply that you can do it yourself in the privacy of your own home and guard your secret. Comb the liquid into your hair and see it change from unbecoming gray to its natural color. Henalfa-Rapide produces a beautiful color—natural, lustrous and permanent. Sunlight or shampooing will make it look even more attractive. You may have it curled or permanent-waved without affecting the color. The texture of the hair remains soft and smooth and growth continues normal.

In ordering, please state color of hair or send us a lock, if possible. Send no money—when the package arrives in plain wrapper, pay the postman \$2.10 plus a few cents postage. Send for free booklet.

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New Offer!

Genuine Diamonds



Send no money. Pay no C.O.D. Wear ring 7 days; then either return it and call deal closed or pay \$3.75 a month.

NO DEPOSIT

Just send your name, address and finger size and we will send you this beautiful genuine diamond, 14K solid gold ring on approval. Send no money; pay no C.O.D. Merely accept the ring and wear it a week. Then decide—either return the ring and call the deal closed, or keep it and send only \$3.75 a month, until our cut price of \$38.75 is paid. (Regular \$50.00 value.) Each ring is solid 14K green gold, with 18K white gold top, exquisitely hand engraved and set with a fine, large, extra-brilliant perfectly cut, blue-white genuine diamond. Order now—at once! Send name, address and finger size. Also kindly state occupation and whether you want ladies' or men's ring. Write today!

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A simple, safe home treatment—16 years' success in my practice. Moles (also B1G growths) dry up. Write for free booklet giving full particulars.

WM. DAVIS, M. D.

C-126 Grove Ave.

Woodbridge, N. J.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

In the new Universal group some of the most intricate, eccentric and delicious film politics of the day was played.

There was that first formative moment when it was anybody's fight and when any one might have emerged with a victory. The first round of conflict, as related in the previous chapter, resulted in the secession of C. O. Baumann and Adam Kessel, who went over to the Mutual. This reduced the strong personalities in the Universal camp to P. A. Powers on one side and Carl Laemmle and Robert Cochrane on the other. For the purposes of the chess game of the picture industry, Cochrane and Laemmle may be considered by the historian as one man. As a team they have put on the only continuous performances in the history of the motion picture. Laemmle's name and picture dominated the advertisements and utterances of Universal, but the words were Cochrane's. Undoubtedly the potent ideas belonged to both of them. Cochrane was primarily an advertising man and business analyst, just as he was that day when Laemmle, the clothier from Oshkosh, sold him the idea of the motion picture. The advertising man's viewpoint was, with the orthodoxy of his craft, to put the name of the client foremost. He also may have very well held that all the glory and fame in the whole of the industry of that time was nothing a man of taste should enjoy.

Universal was prospering and it seemed that it would be a profitable and pleasant thing to control it. Getting control was a matter of dealing with men and stock certificates. A great deal of both was done. To follow all of the complexities of the moves that were made would be as unprofitable as a tabulation of election returns in Mexico.

THE war began at once. There were plenty of pretexts on all sides, if any pretext had been needed.

William Swanson, David Horsley and Mark Dintenfass, the other factors in Universal, were part of the pieces on the chess-board, but Powers and Laemmle were the players.

Dintenfass and Horsley occupied most uncomfortable positions on the fence, while Swanson dashed from side to side as the advantages of battle changed.

The top of the fence became exceedingly uncomfortable and Mark Dintenfass wanted, down, off and out. His stock was for sale. Since there was considerable question in those hurly-burly days as to whether that stock was ever to be worth anything, there were no bids from either side. Powers seemed to Dintenfass the logical customer, but Powers professed an attitude of high scorn. He was moved to break the profound pride and dignity of Dintenfass if possible by studied indignities.

Dintenfass became highly disturbed. The ructions in Universal were doing him and his Champion brand pictures no good. Any move any day might bring ruin.

While Dintenfass was in the midst of this situation a trivial coincidence arose to bring on a succession of events destined to affect the course of film affairs for many years.

Business called Dintenfass to Chicago. He boarded the Broadway Limited and settled for the long ride west. Across the aisle of the Pullman he presently discovered that the young woman opposite was more interesting than the diversion of counting telegraph poles. Before long they were in conversation and he was showing her the flamboyant heralds advertising Champion films, with the imposing name of Mark M. Dintenfass, president.

Dintenfass wore the moustache and heel clicking precise manner of an officer of the Prussian guards, withal a bearing of snappy distinction.

"And where are you going?" he asked by way of conversation.

"Pittsburgh."

A flash of recollection came to Dintenfass.

He lived again for a moment those carefree days when he went to Pittsburgh selling salt herring for his father's Philadelphia fish house. And there was that blithe and witty chap that he met at the fish shop where the two pretty girls presided at the counter. They had a good time together, the four of them. He remembered it all now. That fellow had a job in a jewelry store in Smithfield street, and kept a bachelor apartment—what was his name? Then it came to him.

"You know," Dintenfass remarked to the young woman alongside, "I'd get off at Pittsburgh myself, if I could find a fellow I used to know there—wonder what became of him—Louie Selznick."

The young woman sat up abruptly.

"Who did you say?"

"Louie Selznick—L. J. Selznick—why, do you know him?"

"Sure—he's my brother-in-law. I've just been to New York to visit them."

"Well, now, isn't it a small world," etc., etc.

And so when the Broadway Limited paused at Pittsburgh Dintenfass escorted the young woman off the train and gave her his best military bow and salute.

"Here is my card—when you write Louie you send it to him and tell him I want to see him when I get back to New York."

At this especially fateful period, Lewis J. Selznick was conducting with most indifferent success a jewelry store in Sixth Avenue, near Fourteenth Street, in New York. The business was falling off. In fact, it was so anaemic that Selznick decided to turn his defeat into a victory by holding an auction, the conventional and often profitable last resort of ailing jewelry stores. The auction left Selznick with nothing pressing to do and a whole waiting world to do it in. History shows that this is a time when things happen.

Dintenfass presently returned from Chicago. He called Selznick on the telephone.

"I'll bet you don't know who this is—Louie."

"Ach—I smell salt herring," Selznick responded.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" Dintenfass exclaimed. "What a head for remembering you have got."

They got together for a talk about the old days, the jewelry shop and the salt herring and all—*schoen gemuthlich*.

AND then came the film business into their discussions, along with it Dintenfass' troubles and his efforts to negotiate with P. A. Powers.

"He pretends everything must be so secret that he can't talk to me anywhere in the office," Dintenfass complained. "He says, wait for me out in the washroom—and then he tries to keep me waiting for hours."

Selznick, with a profound sense of humor, scented both amusement and opportunity. Now that he had auctioned himself out of the jewelry trade there might be something to do here.

"What kind of a fellow is this Powers?"

In response came a detailed description of the august, vigorous and domineering personality of the battling Mr. Powers. It was indicated that he was, among other things, a bit inclined to nifty garb and an appearance befitting a magnate of the new art on Broadway.

Selznick nodded, as Dintenfass went on, making note in his shrewd way of the observations that came through the other man's eyes.

"Nifty dresser—eh?" remarked Selznick. "I will see him for you and see what we can do, maybe."

"How will you see him? If you tell him you come from me he will say 'meet me in the washroom room.'"

Selznick waved his hand.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
as he is today

If a Jelly Fish Could Slap a Rat in the Face

he would do it. But he can't. He has no arms. Neither does he have a backbone. How much worse off is a man who was given a good backbone and a pair of arms—and won't use them.

NO EXCUSE

We excuse the jelly fish. He never had anything to work on. But there is no excuse for a flabby, round shouldered and flat chested specimen of a man. You were given a perfect framework for a body. You were meant to rule the world, but there is hardly an animal alive which does not show better sense than you do.

CUT IT OUT FELLOWS

Brace up and be the man you were meant to be. Don't try to imitate a jelly fish. Get some pep into you and make a real He man out of yourself. Come on and let me help you. I'll shoot a thrill into you that will make your old spine quiver with excitement. I'll build up that chest, broaden those shoulders, and give you the huge, muscular arms of an athlete. And that's not all. Your lungs will start pumping real oxygen into your blood, purifying your entire system. Those old cobwebs in your brain will disappear. Your eyes will radiate the life within you. You will have a spring to your step, and every move you make will show new life and energy.

IT'S NOT TOO LATE

I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. All you need is a framework and enough ambition left to say "I'm ready. Let's go!" I'm going to put one full inch on your arms in just 30 days. Yes, and two inches on your chest. But that's only a starter. Then watch 'em grow. I'll put pep into your old backbone and build up every muscle on your body so that your own friends won't know you. This is no idle talk, fellows. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. Come on then and make me prove it. That's what I like.

Send for my 64-page book
"Muscular Development"
 It is FREE

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 103 305 Broadway, New York City

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 103, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

(Please write or print plainly.)



Eyes He Adores

Your EYES mean everything to you and to those who love you. Do you give them the care they deserve to keep them bright and beautiful?

Often dust, wind and undue strain make the EYES appear dull, lifeless and unattractive. To preserve and enhance the natural charm and sparkle of the EYES, they should be cleansed just as carefully as the skin and teeth.

For daily use, or when your EYES are tired, dull and heavy, **Murine** is most refreshing and beneficial. This old and tried preparation has been used successfully for more than thirty years. It is guaranteed not to contain belladonna or any other harmful ingredient.

Our attractively illustrated book, "Beauty Lies Within the Eyes," tells how to properly care for your Eyes, Brows and Lashes, and thus enhance their beauty. Send for a copy of this helpful book. It's FREE.

The Murine Company
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EYES

**DeLuxe
DIAMOND BOOK
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3000

Exceptional Values in
Diamonds, Watches
and Jewelry

The most complete
and beautiful book of
its kind—YOURS FREE!
96 colored pages full of
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gifts for every occasion.
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You have 10 WHOLE MONTHS
to PAY on anything you select.
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THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$1,000,000

L-W-SWEET INC.

1650-1660 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, weak and want to be strong, I will send you a sample of famous Alexander Vitamins absolutely Free. No money, just name and address for sample. Alexander Laboratories, 1205 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

"Never mind, I will see him easy enough—you wait."

Not long after this conference, Lewis J. Selznick, formerly jeweler in Sixth Avenue, presented himself at the office of P. A. Powers. No, he would not state his business. He would speak only to Mr. Powers in person and privately, and it was about a matter in which Mr. Powers was profoundly interested. This eventually got Selznick private audience in the Powers sanctum.

Mysteriously and persuasively Selznick smiled himself into a seat at the corner of Powers' desk. He reached into a vest pocket and produced a little parcel in thin white paper and unfolded it with a deft manner of profound consideration.

Powers looked on curiously.

After enough pause to make the move dramatically correct as a bit of salesmanship Selznick lifted the paper and poured a glittering stream into his palm and then spread a handful of unmounted diamonds on the edge of the desk.

Selznick's manner toward the diamonds was almost reverential. It was as though he had unveiled all of the treasures of Zion.

THIS, of course, was only a manner. In the philosophy of Lewis J. Selznick are two gems of polished thought:

(A) "Jewelry is for suckers."

(B) "There is always a demand for jewelry."

But that is beside the point. This day Selznick was ostensibly selling diamonds of great value at, oh, the merest song of a price. As he had calculated, Powers was interested, and enough appreciative of a bargain to feel friendly. He bought.

Selznick brought his chair a bit closer.

"Why don't you buy my friend Dintenfass's stock in this Universal company? He only wants seventy-five thousand."

Powers grinned—so that was it.

"I don't want his stock—if I did I'd get it."

"Yes, but you do want it—it would give you control—that's what makes it worth the price."

Powers would not deal.

Lewis J. Selznick has often been baffled, but so far not ever conclusively beaten—for long.

He still had a pocket full of diamonds and a perfectly workable idea. He made certain inquiries pertaining to the tastes of Carl Laemmle. He was minded to sell some more stones.

With the little white paper of stones Selznick went to call on Laemmle. They got along famously, dickering back and forth over the sparkling blue-whites.

"Now this fellow Dintenfass, maybe you think his stock isn't worth much, but it would give you control of the company."

This time it worked. Laemmle bought the stock and Dintenfass was happy, for the moment anyway. Laemmle was now the biggest stockholder in Universal, but he said nothing about that for the time.

Selznick still had plenty of diamonds, but his visits to the Mecca building had given him motion picture ambitions. He shrewdly sized up the men he saw about in the offices and lobby. He knew nothing about motion pictures, but he knew a great deal about men. Across the counter in Smithfield street Selznick had learned a great deal about faces and the minds back of them.

"For such a big business it seems to take almost no brains," he confided to himself.

The diamond broker from Pittsburgh had, besides a taste for salt herring, a bottomless thirst for action, excitement, power and, maybe, down at the end of the list somewhere, also money. He decided to declare himself into the motion picture. It seemed to be standing there waiting for him to cut himself a piece of cake.

A little more conversation resulted in Selznick ingratiating himself into a somewhat undefined job and a desk in the office of the Universal. It was the hazy general understanding that he was to be useful to the cor-

poration in general and to the Laemmle interests in particular.

Sitting on the inside, Selznick found the film business even more interesting and full of opportunity than he had suspected. No one knew just what Selznick was there for, and he was in an equally open minded state. There may have been doubt, but surely no uncertainty.

Universal was so thoroughly split into factions and split so widely that none of them knew what the other was doing with any accuracy. All strangers were assumed to belong to the other faction until identified. Meanwhile they were treated with such consideration or inconsideration as might be deemed safest in a tremulous even if not delicate situation. This situation of weakness and incipient chaos was Selznick's opportunity.

One of Mr. Selznick's first discoveries was that the corporation did not have a general manager. This was a grievous oversight to be remedied. He appointed himself at once. He took no one into his confidence in the matter except the stenographer who got out his letter of announcement. This was not as daring as it may seem, since in this period motion picture men were not accustomed to reading their mail.

Free lancing about the office at 1600 Broadway, Selznick rapidly took on things to do. He put himself in charge of all purchases and expenditures as far as might be. Since no one knew who was boss in the concern anyway, it was decidedly easy for this assertive newcomer to issue instructions to clerks and demand information. He set about a scheme to establish a credit rating and fattened the treasury by giving the creditors conversation, procrastination and paper while the money stayed in the bank. He had a whole bag of tricks, familiar enough in the business game of wits, but new to the motion picture.

THE internal amusement and delight which the adventuring jeweler and diamond salesman enjoyed may well be imagined. No musical comedy extravaganza ever embodied a more whimsical plot. As we have seen in many chapters, there were endless ways to get into the motion picture industry. This is, however, the first instance of forcible entry by simple declaration. The blonde stranger from Pittsburgh, adrift on the sea of circumstance without a paddle, floated in on a log that landed him on the beach of the Isle of Easy Money in the Broadway Archipelago. Shaking off the brine he strode up the coral sand and, seeking out the chieftains, dazzled their eyes with shining beads and helped himself to coconuts. With one hand he began to order the natives about as he held the attention of the chiefs with feats of prestidigitation with the other. The theme of this chapter ought to be carried along with an orchestra. The typewriter lacks the tonal range to record the fantasies of fact.

The inward truth of the situation never escaped the dexterous and able Mr. Selznick. The richest of his rewards have ever been the thrills and laughs of the game. Regardless of the figures that may ultimately add up his total of successes and failures, the only true measure of history will be as of Selznick the Jester. He came to Broadway with a tiny paper of glittering stones and stayed to emblazon his name in the electric lights and play battledore and shuttlecock with the affairs of a whole industry. Fate is defenseless against the ironic humility of the man who could cable the deposed Czar of Russia an offer of his sympathy as a fellow countryman and a job acting in the motion pictures. A mere publicity gesture to be sure. But if the Czar had accepted and arrived, Selznick would not have been surprised.

But back to Universal and 1912. Very presently P. A. Powers discovered that Laemmle had acquired a certain new force. There was a stiffening of the hand. Power-decided maybe that Dintenfass stock might be worth having. Dintenfass, riding high on hi-

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wounded dignity, was not to be approached. Powers called up Selznick.

"What's the matter with your friend Dintenfuss? He won't speak to me."

"Oh," exclaimed Selznick with an affectation of surprise. "I will see if I can't make an appointment with him for you—in the washroom."

Powers made other plans. He is a bit of a jester, too.

A vigorous dispute between Powers and Laemmle soon broke into the open. Powers contended that his exchanges were not getting the benefit of the same low prices from Universal that Laemmle's enjoyed. He wanted a rebate. He got refusal.

Selznick was rejoicing in his self-made job of general manager one morning in this period when the manager of one of the Universal studios in New York called up in great excitement.

"Pat Powers is up here with a gang of trucks moving the props away, and we're right in the middle of a picture. What shall I do?"

Selznick grinned. "Call the police and then report again to me in a half hour."

At the end of the half hour the studio manager was on the phone again.

"Did the police come? How are you getting along?"

"Yes, the police came," the voice on the wire replied. "And they are getting along fine. They are helping Pat Powers load the trucks."

So ran the comedy of the Universal war from day to day.

But the time came when Selznick's expanding powers in his self-appointed post undid him—and liberated him for further adventures. One afternoon a secretary from Laemmle's office went to Selznick's desk and laid a letter before him, glancing up at the clock as he did it.

"Mr. Laemmle went to Chicago on the Century—he told me to give this to you two hours after the train left."

Selznick opened the letter, but he could read it without looking at it. It was "accepting your resignation."

"Did he think I would dynamite the train?"

Selznick smiled and reached for his hat. He was on his way out into the world of opportunity to play the new game he had learned. A busy ten years were ahead.

The Powers-Laemmle war meanwhile progressed merrily.

When in doubt, Powers attacks. At about this juncture he caused a receivership action to be brought against the Universal. Nothing especially resulted but more fighting.

The annual meeting of 1913 found this situation at high climax. The meeting opened in a highly dignified manner at the company's offices at 1600 Broadway. There was, however, an electrical tension in the air and a good many private policemen in the hall. The Laemmle stronghold was well manned.

The reading of the minutes was barely under discussion, however, when Mr. Powers and his occasional partner, William Swanson, ventilated the situation by neatly tossing the books and the great seal of the corporation out of the window into the upper air of Broadway.

This may have been connected with the presence of certain persons waiting below. Anyway it was a valiant move with every promise of success.

But, some way, fate so often intervenes in the affairs of melodrama. The nick of time is always being nicked.

The lone hor-man galloping across the horizon in this thriller chances to have been William Oldknow of the Consolidated Film Company, New Orleans and elsewhere southerly. Mr. Oldknow had just arrived from the South and was making his way with hastening steps to the office of his friend Carl Laemmle.

We left the books and the seal going out the third floor window of the Mecca building. When they came down it was at the feet of Oldknow. If his train had arrived one one-

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hundredth of a second earlier he would have been precisely under the books and the great seal as they arrived at the sidewalk level. As it was, the visitor stumbled over the crashing heap and then picked it up. A glance at the books told him volumes. They obviously belonged to Laemmle's office.

A crowd surged about Oldknow and the police rushed in. They took the visitor and his catch up to the offices of the Universal. A police court action ensued and the books were tied up in the courts for a long period.

In one of the many alignments on the checkerboard, Horsley's stock became of vital importance. Laemmle held an option on it, so did Powers. One afternoon, in this merry year of 1913, Robert Cochrane and Carl Laemmle raced about the banks of New York to get \$170,000 in cash to take up the stock. Horsley demanded spot cash. After a quest of hours, the taxicab was laden with small bills. The entire sum was in denominations of ones, fives and tens—mostly ones. The motor car raced across the Hudson river to Horsley's New Jersey establishment. He had prevailed on a bank to stay open to receive the money, and insisted that it be counted three times, personally inspecting each bill. At four o'clock in the morning the tired bank clerks for the third time verified the total, marked the bundles and tossed them in the safe. But Powers contended with some measure of success that the stock could not be delivered to Laemmle because of his option. Laemmle contended the Powers option expired at noon, Powers said midnight.

When the fighting was all over and endless changes and maneuvers, Universal was practically divided between Laemmle and Powers, the latter holding some forty-odd percent of the stock. In May 1920, he sold to the Laemmle-Cochrane interests and the reports of the price run from one to two millions.

THE rise of the Mutual Film Corporation, contemporary with Universal, was marked with as many whimsies and controversies but considerably less open fighting.

Mutual started out to be an affiliation of film men and rapidly, under the ministrations of H. E. Aitken, became a promotion concerned with the acquisition of outside capital.

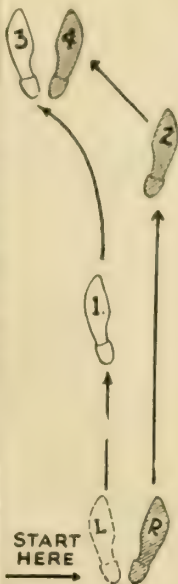
Aside from those operations which have been noted in earlier chapters when interests connected with the Empire Trust Company take a share in the affairs of Biograph in the early days, the motion picture had held no connection with Wall street and the world of finance.

All the way down the years into 1912, the motion picture rather paid its way and financed itself out of its own profits. But now it was arriving at the stage which presented opportunity, and even perhaps a necessity for financial operations in the professional financial market.

The first faintly experimental effort in the direction of making the motion picture the subject of large scale financial operations was the formation of a project to be known as the Sage Securities Corporation, which was to finance a consolidation of the independent interests. Some one, it seems, had an impression that the name of Sage was a good one for a finance company, merely because Russell Sage left a great fortune. The exact parentage of the Sage Securities Corporation, which went out before it was lighted, is undetermined. Traditional rumor says that it was a project fathered by P. A. Powers, but Mr. Powers says he does not recollect it. At any rate, big business and "big money" might have come into the motion picture business at the time, but the most cursory investigation by the experts of Wall street convinced them that the motion picture looked more like a war than an industry.

Now again, with the Mutual project afloat, came a new and somewhat similarly short-lived and obscure finance concern, the Nassau Securities Corporation, born in January, 1912, according to report, under the auspices of H. E. Aitken. But Mr. Aitken, like Mr.

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Powers, does not recall the concern credited to him.

While financing was under way, the Mutual encountered some curious adventures. It had a full staff of officers, except a president. H. E. Aitken was first vice president, and John R. Freuler, with whom Aitken was associated in the exchange business, was general manager. Robert Leibler, of Indianapolis, who had been slated for president, refused, and everyone else was a bit timid about it. If Leibler did not want it, there must be something wrong with it.

Freuler rented offices for the Mutual in the Harris Trust building in Chicago and went on the road to buy up exchanges for the new distributing concern. Meanwhile, Aitken, in New York, attended to financial matters.

Crawford Livingston, an investment banker in downtown New York became interested in various aspects of the motion picture and the prospects of the new concern. He acquired stock interests in Mutual and established a connection which brought in Kuhn, Loeb & Company and gave Felix Kahn, brother of Otto Kahn, the financier and opera patron, a seat on Mutual's board of directors.

At last Wall street was in the picture business. Some seven hundred investors became stockholders in the Mutual Film Corporation. It was the first film stock to be widely held.

Millions were made through but not by the Mutual. It will figure considerably in chapters to come for its share in the making of some of the great names of the screen.

When Freuler came in from one of his exchange buying tours to discuss affairs in New York, a tiny incident arose that sowed the seed of ruin for the concern as it was being born.

Livingston, in captious mood, took exception to Freuler's expense account, on which the film man had rashly charged a hotel cost of six entire dollars a day.

Freuler was at this time enjoying an income of probably \$75,000 a year and he was vastly annoyed. Also he found, among other things, that he had been outvoted on the decision to office the concern in Chicago and that the financial interests had decided that a Wall street address would be more imposing, Mutual set up its offices at 60 Wall Street.

Freuler resigned as general manager and went back to Milwaukee. In this he was merely backing up for a running start. He was coming back in due season to make some screen history.

Aitken was elected president of the Mutual. It launched itself on the motion picture industry with an advertisement announcing for release a picture entitled "Dora Thorne," but the address 60 Wall Street, New York, went all the way across the bottom of the page.

It will be entirely fair for the reader to begin to speculate about what was happening to the art of the motion picture through all of these bickerings and manipulations. The answer is, very little. The art of the motion picture stood marking time while the business of the motion picture fought its wars.

It was not alone that strife stood in the way of progress. The tremendous prosperity of the business was an obstacle. It must be remembered that the motion picture was a belated invention. The demand may be said with curious truth to have existed before the picture was more than a fanciful dream. In 1912, if all of the existing facilities for the making and distribution of pictures had been entirely free of the trammels of litigation and other struggles, they would have still been inadequate. The theaters were clamoring and battling for film service.

In this day, when thundering publicity and sales campaigns and armies of salesmen are laboring to influence the buying agencies of the theaters, it is difficult to realize that, hardly more than a decade ago, there was an eager market for even the poorest of pictures.

The motion picture distributor had only to make his wares available. Exchangemen were persons of power. It was often possible for

the manager of a local exchange to make or break the fortunes of theaters. The bookers, clerical persons concerned with the records of which theater played which picture, were of high importance, and sometimes, when they chose to sell their royal favor, they became persons of substance.

The exchanges were daily filled with brawling clamoring theater men, bidding, haggling, screaming their demands, or fawning and smirking for accommodations and preferences.

Motion pictures were sold as program service. This is best described to the layman as selling "in bulk." Exhibitors operating theaters contracted for a service of so many reels a week. The price was based on the age of the films, computed from the date of their release. Various distributors had various systems, but it was standard practice in the trade to graduate the price for from one to thirty days of age, after which all reels were called mere "commercial," renting thereafter to the lowliest of the nickelodeons at a flat price.

The exchanges and distributing systems paid the makers of the film on much the same basis as they sold, by quantity or bulk. The price was to the makers of pictures established at ten cents a foot for each print. Within very wide limits the manufacturer could make his pictures as cheap or costly as he chose, but the market results were the same. Hence he usually made them cheaply.

THE efforts of the film industry were, very practically, directed toward the maintenance of a system whereby pictures were supplied in a steady stream like so much water or gas. The exhibitor was the faucet.

Obviously such a condition was destructive of initiative. The maker of pictures profited most by making pictures that were just good enough to "get by." This system successfully prevented any picture of special merit winning special reward. Better pictures, such as Biograph's, helped the repute of a program and supplied a selling leverage for the whole mass of product that went out with it. But these better pictures were handicapped by the load of the mediocre that had to carry.

Volume was the aim of the smothered motion picture concerns. A service or program was the unit of sale. A single good picture was entirely useless alone.

So it came that the General Film Company, the agency of the Patents combine, drove its output upward to the point where it could supply two competing theaters, side by side, with entirely separate programs. And so it was that the independent makers of pictures were forced into clustering groups, combining to get sufficient product to constitute a program. A theater, of course, had to be either "licensed" or independent.

This struggle among the dependents for the maintenance of program volume led naturally to a filling of the gaps in their output with purchases from the foreign market. On the whole, the foreign pictures were quite as well made as the average of American production, certainly as good as the average among the independents. But the patrons of the American motion picture theaters, a rather different public than now, had little taste for what the foreigners had to offer.

There are many reasons. The average in intelligence and cultural interest among the picture patrons of 1912 was lower than today. The motion picture had not attained to a real respectability yet, in any application of the term, and it lacked a great deal of having reached the power to appeal to the better people. Also, twelve years ago, the United States was neither so thoroughly infiltrated with foreign races nor foreign interests and influences. The motion picture public of 1912 wanted pictures of its own people and its own time, and nothing else. And that is the preponderating demand yet.

This singleness of demand led, by its box office reactions, to a deep prejudice in the mind of the exhibitors against foreign pictures in

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Only after the world war was this prejudice, still prevailing in the exhibitor mind, found by tentative, hesitant steps to have been appreciably outgrown, both by the development of a new attitude of interest in the old audience and in the acquisition of a greater audience for pictures.

It should also be said in fairness to the motion picture industry of the program period that the exhibitors were entirely willing to buy their pictures in ready made program units. They were not judges of the wares which they handled and scarcely competent to shop and select. It was a commonplace and a byword of the day that exhibitors did not want to buy pictures but rather the posters with which they adorned the fronts of their showhouses. If the paper was sufficiently sensational, it well near guaranteed the success of the picture in the mind of a large proportion of the trade. The motion picture served the only demand it could see. Its blunders differed in degree rather than in character from those of other industries in like stages of development. The motion picture is essentially conspicuous, and it is a simple justice which makes its mistakes quite as glaring as its triumphs are brilliant.

A peek into the projection room of the Lubin studios in Philadelphia, a prospering unit of the Patents company group, gives an illuminating view of the status of the art and its market.

Sigmund Lubin, the proud proprietor, took a large pleasure and responsibility in the reviewing of the products of his concern. In so far as possible, he saw every picture that went out from his studios.

A pretentious Lubin production entitled "The Battle of Shiloh," a Civil War drama of the then popular pattern, was being run. In the course of the action General Grant appeared on the screen, duly represented as according to the authentic descriptions. "Pop" Lubin pushed the buzzer and stopped the picture.

"How many times have I got to tell you I don't want whiskers in my pictures," Pop roared. "Take out the bum whiskers, I don't like them, nobody likes them."

"But that's General Grant and he has to have whiskers if he is going to be Grant," the director protested.

Lubin waved an impatient hand. "General Grant!" he snorted. "I'll tell you something, General Grant can't wear his whiskers in my pictures—nobody can. I don't care if it would be even Napoleon."

"The Battle of Shiloh" went out without General Grant's whiskers. That was settled once and for all.

THEN came a little one-reel fantasy made by one of Lubin's southern companies, entitled "Nita of the Pines." The main title of the picture had hardly more than flashed on the screen when Lubin signalled a stop.

"What is this Nita—what does that mean?" "Nita—that is a girl's name—the girl the story is about," the director explained.

"I see," Lubin responded, "but I never heard of a girl named Nita—better you call her Mary. That's a name everybody knows." He pushed the buzzer to go ahead with the picture.

Lubin saw the picture through without comment. His mind was still busy with the problem of that title.

"Why," he demanded, "do you say 'of the Pines?'"

The puzzled director stuttered and stammered:

"Why, why, because it is a story about this girl Nita—or Mary if you want to call her that—who lived down in the pine country. It's all pine woods down there."

"Oh, pine woods, eh?" Lubin ejaculated. "Well then, why don't you say woods and be done with it? The title will be 'Mary of the Woods.' What is the next picture?" That was settled, too.

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Lubin's final argument in all such cases was: "If I don't understand it, then there must be a lot of other people that don't know any more than I do—and maybe sometimes not so much. Fix it up the way I tell you."

These stories and their like have been told on many of the motion picture men of the time, as bits of critical humor. But the stern, iron faced truth is that "Pop" Lubin was more than half right. He was making pictures to sell.

J. J. Kennedy, of the Motion Picture Patents Company and General Film, came forward in those days with an idea for the betterment of the pictures. He suggested that, since the National Board of Censorship was viewing all of the General's product, the vote of the censors should be taken to decide which was the best picture of the week and which the poorest. "Then," said Kennedy, "the maker of the best picture will be rewarded by an order for double the usual number of prints, and we will cancel the poorest picture and reimburse the manufacturer for the cost of making his negative."

The board of directors of General Film pondered this question for considerable time. Several meetings went by without action. Finally, at a meeting unattended by Kennedy, they voted on the plan, knowing he would demand action.

A SPOKESMAN called on Kennedy to apprise him of their decision.

"We adopted that plan of yours about the best picture," he said.

"Fine," Kennedy exclaimed. "That will put the boys on their toes."

"But," the spokesman timidly went on, "we changed it just a little bit. We decided to have the vote taken on the best and second best pictures. Then we cancel the second best picture and pay for the negative."

"Oh, damn," Kennedy exploded. "The second best might easily be really the best. Decisions like that are close, and besides being second best it would be a part of our best merchandise. What do you mean by such foolishness?"

"Well, Mr. Kennedy," came the answer, "you see we had to fix it that way, because, you see, none of these gentlemen want to take credit for making the worst picture of the week."

That was the end of the quality uplift movement in the General Film Company.

The only effective force toward the betterment of the motion picture had to come from the consuming public, variously expressed in terms of patronage, censorship movements, and letters to the editor. Mostly the public has expressed its opinions in terms of box office receipts, the language best understood by the makers of motion pictures or any other merchandise.

In this same 1912, however, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the first publication aimed at making the public articulate in its motion picture opinions, was born.

PHOTOPLAY's beginnings were quite as modest and humble as those of the motion picture itself. This magazine first greeted the public as the program leaflet of a Chicago theater. A long journey lay ahead in the busy career that has brought it into the full grown status of a national magazine, unique in its position as an independent best friend of the motion picture. From its theatre program days, PHOTOPLAY has grown with the development of the motion picture as a national institution and an art, rather than with it as an industry. The major obligation of the magazine has ever been to the public from which it has won its reward of success and prosperity.

The great day of the star had not yet dawned in 1912 and the motion picture was still adding to the anonymous personnel of the screen the players who were soon to rise on a wave of personal fame with the new era just ahead. The summer of 1912 brought the Gishes to the screen, probably the last sig-



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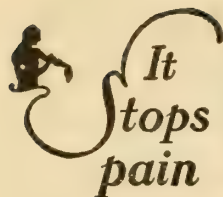
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All men, women, boys, girls, 17 to 65, willing to accept Government Positions, \$117-\$250, stationary, at or near home, or traveling. Write, Mr. Ozment 233, St. Louis, Mo. immediately



Those recurring twinges due to abrupt weather changes can be promptly relieved

THAT bottle of Absorbine, Jr. which you have so often used as a cleansing, soothing, healing antiseptic possesses a world of comfort for those subject to muscular aches due to abrupt changes in weather.

Apply it to the congested area. It awakens a dormant circulation. With the renewed coursing of the blood comes relief for the stiff, lame, sore muscles of the back, legs, arms, neck or other affected part.

Absorbine, Jr. merely stimulates nature to help herself. Its clean, agreeable odor makes it pleasant to use. It is conveniently at hand in the medicine cabinet.

At all druggists', \$1.25 or postpaid.
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Ford Auto FREE!

We have a plan whereby our active workers can get a Ford without cost, in addition to their big cash earnings. Get the plan—quick!

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BE COMFORTABLE—

Wear the Brooks Appliance, the modern scientific invention which gives rupture sufferers immediate relief. It has no obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions bind and draw together the broken parts. No salvers or plasters. Durable. Cheap. Sent on trial to prove its worth. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., 214 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Try This on Your Hair 15 Days

Then let your mirror prove results. Write Today for FREE Trial Offer. Your hair need not thin out, nor need you become bald, for there is a way to destroy the microbe that destroys the hair. This different method will stop thinning out of the hair, itless hair, remove dandruff, darken gray hair or threatened or increasing baldness, by strengthening and prolonging life of the hair for men and women. Send your name now before it is too late for a free trial offer.

AYMES CO., 3932 N. Robey St., M-381, Chicago

nificant additions to that celebrated roster of stars who partook of the glories of the golden age of Griffith at Biograph.

The dramatic careers of Lillian and Dorothy Gish began some years earlier. The two little girls and their mother had been left to make their own way in the world. They were living in a New York boarding house where there were on occasion players from the road shows of the stage.

One of these boarding house acquaintances, Delores Lorne, was promised a part in a road company if she could find a child to play with her. Miss Lorne prevailed on the reluctant Mrs. Gish to let her take Dorothy. So little Miss Dorothy Gish made her first appearance before the public at the age of four as *Little Willie* in "East Lynne."

After that came a whole series of melodramas and soon Lillian followed Dorothy to the stage. Some of their appearances were in the melodramatic classics entitled, "The Little Red School House," "The Convict's Stripes" and "Her First False Step."

Somewhere in this round of road shows the Gishes met Gladys Smith, a child actress of the melos in those days before her stage rechristening as Mary Pickford. They were friends, and in the dull idle days of summer when the road shows "rested" in New York, their mothers met, shared apartments and their sewing.

After a time the Gish sisters were sent away to school, Dorothy to Baltimore and Lillian to Massillon, Ohio.

When, in June, 1912, Lillian and her mother came east to meet Dorothy at Baltimore, they celebrated with a visit to a "ten cent show," which was of course quite the best of picture theaters of the day. It was "Biograph day" at the theater.

When the picture opened the Gishes were all agog with a thrill of discovery. The film conspicuously presented their little friend Gladys Smith in the leading role. They made note of the fact that the picture was made by a concern called Biograph in New York.

Not many days later, Dorothy and Lillian presented themselves at the Biograph reception room at the old brownstone mansion at 11 East Fourteenth street and told the girl at the switchboard they wanted to see Gladys Smith.

"There's no one here by that name," the girl at the board responded.

"Yes, there is, we saw her in one of your pictures—it was 'Lena and the Geese,'" the Gish sisters insisted.

"I guess I know who you mean." The telephone girl inserted a plug and called for "Miss Pickford" on the studio floor above.

MARY came down and there was a chatter-fest of busy little girls in the hall. As they stood talking, a serious, sober-faced man came down the big stairs and walked past with a glance at the trio of youngsters.

"That's Mr. Griffith," Mary whispered. "He's the director."

They were still talking when Christy Cabanne, then an assistant to Griffith, approached and inquired if Miss Pickford's friends would like to help out in the making of a scene for the picture then in work.

This was adventure. They certainly would. Up in the studio under the green-blue glare of the lamps, Lillian and Dorothy sat in the front row of an audience scene. They had made their start on the screen as extras.

Griffith took an interest in the Gish sisters and their first engagement led to another. Soon they were getting real parts and, presently, their first important picture roles in "The Unseen Enemy."

The busy Mr. Griffith had some difficulty in remembering which sister was who, so it was arranged that they should wear distinguishing colors. Dorothy became "Pink Ribbon" and Lillian was "Blue Ribbon."

The next few years were to bring them so far into the limelight of film fame that millions could tell them apart without a ribbon.



March winds cannot blow off this Rouge

PERT ROUGE gives a natural, velvety rosinness that lasts until you remove it with cold cream or soap and water. Unaffected by rain, snow, wind or constant powdering. Pert has a light, fluffy, cream base which is instantly absorbed by the skin, thus protecting it against the formation of enlarged pores.

At Last, a Pert Waterproof Lipstick to match your Pert Rouge. Made with wholesome oil of sweet almonds.

Rouge and Lipstick obtainable at drug or department stores or by mail. 75c each.

Write today for samples of Pert Rouge and of Winx for darkening the lashes. Samples are a dime each.

ROSS COMPANY
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Pert Rouge



PERSONAL APPEARANCE

is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-legged and knock-kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lini-Straitner," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

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WOVEN NAMES 9 doz. \$2⁵⁰ 12 doz. \$3.
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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
Dept. 95 Springfield, Mass.

The great age of screen personalities, the stars, was just ahead. It was coming as a part of a rebirth of the screen art and an accompanying new effulgence of success for the business of the screen. This new period just ahead in our narrative involves many names now familiar in this history. But it centers for the early moments of its phenomenal development about the movement of Adolph Zukor. He now stood at the critical point where he was about to emerge from his comfortable obscurity as a successful exhibitor into a region of uncharted adventure. That will be the theme of a chapter to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

THE story of the prospective marriage of James Cruze and Betty Compson is causing great interest. When two of filmdom's most popular people get engaged there's bound to be a leak somewhere.

The romance that began some time ago, and that was renewed after Betty's return from a recent trip to Europe. They did not intend to tell of their coming marriage, for the ceremony cannot be performed for nearly a year—not until Mr. Cruze's divorce from his first wife, Marguerite Snow, has become final. But there were first whispers, then rumors and—finally—congratulations.

MR. AND MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON have sailed, again, for darkest Africa. They plan to be away for about five years—maybe. And if there's a lion or an elephant that hasn't blushing faced the camera in that time—well, we'll have to have a signed statement to the effect! No beast, however wild, could resist Mrs. M. J.

EXHIBITORS are saying nowadays that we have too many crying men on the screen. No matter how tough the man, they say, there always comes a moment when he is softened by emotion and bursts into tears.

Sometimes it's a girl who does the softening. Or the old pinto pony dies, or the little child in the white nightie makes an appearance. And then there's a closeup of a hardened set of features dissolving into tears.

The exhibitors say that this type of man doesn't appeal to women. And that men don't like him too darn well, either.

MARY BETH MILFORD, late of the "Music Box Revue" and now appearing in one of Witwer's prize fighting serials, has invented something. Something for ladies. Something that will not make them lovely—that will keep them lovely and fresh and crisp. Just as a nice refrigerator will keep a salad fresh and pretty and crisp on the warmest day.

The invention is called the "Mary Beth Ice-Puff" and it is nothing more nor less than a wee ice bag, with a metal cap. The ice bag is made of chamois, and it is carried in milady's party bag when she attends a dance or a ball game, or when the Cooper-Hewitts get too hot for human endurance, it may be patted over the face, refreshingly, just as a powder puff may be used. And the result is that make-up doesn't run, and perspiration doesn't show, and everything's cool and lovely. Mary Beth says that, if the ice melts—or is broken—at a dance, the owner of the ice puff may sneak up to the nearest punch bowl and get a supply.

IN Chicago a man never dies a violent death in pictures. He just topples over and the audience must supply the cause. Spectators hold guessing contests to decide whether it was tummy-ache or just mumps that killed him. It is said to have been one of the mid-Western censors who wanted to cut "lingerie" out of a comedy title because he couldn't pronounce it and he suspected it had a double meaning.

Send for FREE Trial Bottle

Gray Hair? —Don't Have It —Not at any age

Whether you are young or old, gray hair is unbecoming and absolutely unnecessary. My scientific preparation will bring back the original color easily and surely and keep it for the rest of your life.

I perfected it many years ago to restore the color to my own hair, which was prematurely gray. Since, millions have used it and so will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Clean as water

My Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, pure and dainty as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky, nothing to wash off or rub off. Restored color perfectly natural and even in all lights—no streaks or discoloration. Easily applied by simply combing through the hair. You do it yourself—no one need ever know your secret.

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold



Patented
Trial Outfit Free

Mail the coupon for my special patented free trial outfit, which contains a trial bottle of the Restorer with full directions and explanations for making my famous convincing test on a single lock of hair. A trial package of my wonderful new Preparatory Powder is included with this outfit. This powder is the most recent discovery made in my laboratories, and I consider it invaluable. It puts your hair in perfect condition for restoration and acts as a tonic and antiseptic. Mail coupon today.

Fill out the coupon carefully, using X to indicate color of hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter. When you have made the test which proves how easily and surely your gray hair can be restored, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist. If he cannot supply you, or offers you a substitute preparation, write me direct and I will supply your needs.

Please print your name and address

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, as offered in your ad. X shows color of hair. (Print name plainly.)
Black..... dark brown..... medium brown.....
auburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light auburn
(light red)..... blonde.....

Name

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Free Send no money **Free**
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YES—Girls, it finally arrived. The most beautiful and convenient article in the cosmetic family. A dainty gold plated five-in-one compact, that actually has a little drawer that you can open and shut.

When you open the drawer, here you have it all. Powder, Powder Puff, Mirror, Lip Stick and Rouge. You can easily tuck it away in your hand bag or small pocket. It is convenient to carry.

Words cannot describe this wonderful article so we are making the following offer—We will send one of these compacts to you absolutely free of charge. After you have received it and are satisfied send us \$2.48—if not return it and that ends it all. Isn't that fair enough? A limited supply, so order at once.

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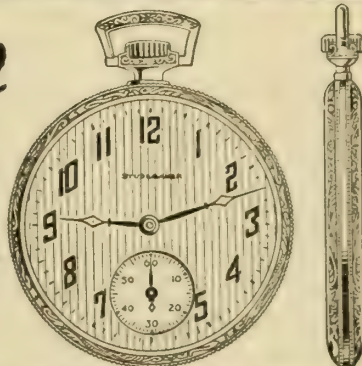
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Is This a Miracle?

Beauty Scientists Call It That

By Marion Frances



The Same Girl



Before This girl's skin was sallow, dark, muddy. Blackheads helped make it ugly. Freckles, too, were noted.

5 Minutes After The same girl from actual photograph. Skin lightened at least five shades. Blackheads gone, freckles reduced. "A miracle," say world's beauty experts.

The thrill of seeing your skin transformed before your own eyes in 5 minutes. How mysterious blending of certain plants and flowers, without "beauty mud" or artificial bleach, purges face pores and presto!—a skin like a baby's instantly.

Can you imagine a sallow skin, one even marred by blackheads and freckles, cleared up and left soft and white and lovely as a baby's in 5 minutes? It sounds like magic. And beauty scientists call it that.

The inventor is an internationally noted beauty specialist. His miraculous transformations have gained for him the title of "The Man Who Works Miracles on Women's Faces." So many thousands are adopting his method that it is said a woman with anything short of a flawless complexion soon will be a rarity.

PURGES THE PORES

The "Fayre" method is unlike any other ever perfected. Dermatological authorities say it has no parallel in the annals of beauty culture. It is a simple cream-poultice, compounded of plants and flowers, that affects the pores like a laxative does the bowels—cleans out the poisonous accumulations.

Containing no bleach, no harsh chemicals; no Clay, it purges every pore in your face within five minutes. You apply it like cold cream and results are unbelievable until you see them with your own eyes.

At the recent Beauty Congress, dark-skinned women and girls, women with mottled, ugly skins were brought in for the "Fayre" treatment.

In one application their skins were lightened from four to seven shades. Blackheads were removed—every one. Freckles and fine lines disappeared as if by magic. Beauty experts from all the world stood awed before what was done, for instant beauty, an unattractive woman transformed, had become a reality.

FOR HOME USE

The secret preparation—"Fayre"—used in working these amazing skin transformations is now obtainable, for home use. Your dealer will supply you or we will send direct for a limited time a regular \$2.50 jar if you mail the coupon below, together with \$1.00 to cover mailing cost.

Mail Today for Test Jar

International Beauty Institute
Dept. 310, St. Louis, Mo.

Send regular \$2.50 Jar "Fayre" with personal directions for using. I enclose \$1.00 to cover mailing cost.

Name.....

Address.....

City (or R. F. D.) and State.....

IT'S YOURFAULT

If you continue to suffer with sore, swollen, perspiring, tender, aching feet, corns or bunions, because

YOURFAULT FOOT POWDER

will promptly relieve all such suffering

Dancers, clerks, golfers, sportsmen, tourists and others suffering with foot ailments send 50c for full size package of this scientific preparation. Satisfaction or money refunded.

Yourfault Foot Powder Company, San Antonio, Texas



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Dear Sirs—Without further obligation please send me your FREE illustrated book giving full particulars how I can make \$15 to \$50 a week at home in my SPARE TIME WITHOUT CANVASSING. Also your GUARANTEE to teach me how. Supply me with WORK and pay me CASH EACH WEEK no matter where I live.

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Street..... City..... State.....

DETROIT SHOW CARD STUDIOS 213 Dinan Bldg. DETROIT, MICH.

SUZANNE VIDOR, five year old daughter of beautiful Florence Vidor, was watching her mother dress for a party. Mrs. Vidor was experimenting with a new hairdress, a soft mass of brown curls on top of her head. After fastening it with the jeweled comb, she turned away to slip into her dinner frock, when she met her small daughter's horrified eyes.

"Mother," said Suzanne, in a terrified tone, "you're not going out like that? Why, your ears show!"

Such is the younger generation.

THE Virginia Pearson Film Company is in bankruptcy. It's broke, busted. Virginia, herself, says that she's O. K.—but the outfit that bears her name is not so fortunate.

THEY tell two funny stories in regard to "Flowing Gold." One is that Anna Q. Nilsson, the heroine, is one of the first oil investors—who got fooled. She read much literature, and bought a tract of land, and then sat by, placidly, and waited for a gusher. And, just before being signed to play the oily heroine, she was sent word that the nearest oil to her acreage was in the storage tank of a garage, one hundred miles away!

The other story?

It's to the effect that Joseph De Grasse was approached, the other day, by a debonnaire young man—who was in search of a job.

"You're doing an oil story, aren't you?" queried the young man "Well, I've been in the oil business a long time and if you need someone familiar with the game—as a sort of a technical adviser. . . ." the young man paused.

"What branch of the game were you in?" asked De Grasse.

"I've sold stock for nearly all the large concerns, and some of the small ones," announced the young man.

De Grasse sighed.

"Your training would better fit you for the publicity department," he said, "and we're full up, there!"

Wonder what he meant?

HOPE HAMPTON is one of the number to announce that she is going to take a flyer behind footlights, for a change. She is planning to appear—next fall, probably—in a musical comedy.

The name of the play is "The Convent Bell," and it is hoped that Miss Hampton will ring it.

Seriously, though, there's no reason why Hope Hampton should not make good upon the stage. For the screen—often so kind—has robbed Miss Hampton of much of her charm. Her hair, and her coloring; these the flat tones of the camera have been unable to record!

And they say that she has a very fair voice, too.

EVERY star has his own little form of amusement. Some like tennis, some motor, some play golf and some go in intensively for petting parties.

But George O'Hara, star of the "Fighting Blood" series, plays "Hangman" whenever he has a moment to spare.

You remember the game. You played it when you were a kid in school. You draw, on a piece of paper, a rough gallows. And then you choose a word, with a number of letters in it. And for each letter you put a dash at the bottom of the paper. And then you get some one to play with you, and they guess letters. And every letter that they guess wrong, you draw a head or an arm or a leg, and attach it to the rope that dangles from the gallows. And every letter that they guess right is written down in its proper place on the diagram. And if the person is completely strung up, before the word is guessed, you win. And if the word is guessed first, well, then, they win.

Not exactly a hectic game—"Hangman." But it keeps George out in the open air.



She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that the *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

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True-Tone Saxophone

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Tells when to use Saxophone—singly, in sextettes or in regular band; how to transpose solo parts in other things you would like to know.

Free Trial You may have six days' free trial of any Buescher Grand Saxophone, Cornet, Trumpet, Trombone or other instrument. Easy terms of payment can be arranged. Mention the instrument interested in and a complete catalog will be mailed to you free.

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explaining how the FAMOUS MARVO LIQUID SKIN FEEL PREPARATION removes all surface blemishes, Freckles, Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, discolorations, etc. Wonderful results proven. GUARANTEED absolutely Painless and Harmless. Produces healthy new skin as Nature intended you to have. Write NOW—before you turn this page—for full details and free "MARVO BEAUTY BOOKLET."

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Clear Your Skin

If you suffer from pimples, acne, blackheads, brown spots or eruptions I want to send you my simple home treatment under plain wrapper. It gave me a soft, velvety, smooth and radiant complexion, and cured thousands of men and women, after everything else failed. Simply send name for generous 10 day free trial offer of my secret home treatment.

W. H. WARREN, 449 Gray Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80]

MARIE, BOSTON, MASS.—Madge Bellamy was born in Willsboro, Texas. Ever notice how many small town girls are screen stars? She is a small person, for she measures just five feet. Kenneth Harlan is a screen rarity, a native born New Yorker, straight from Manhattan Island. He is a substantial gentleman, being five feet eleven inches tall and weighing one hundred and sixty five pounds. His hair is black and his eyes are dark.

L. R. C., LOCKPORT, N. Y.—Pearl White will be greatly surprised to learn that a girl at Lockport is mourning her death. Cheerio! Miss Pearl White is as alive as you or I, probably much more so. That is one secret of her success, that she is so keenly, thrillingly alive.

BABBIE, SEATTLE, WASH.—Settle a bet? That is one of the best things I do. You win. It was Nita Naldi who did the high power vamping in "Blood and Sand." The consolation prize for your friend is that Barbara La Marr has vamped very successfully in other plays. The place of Bebe Daniels' Firth is Dallas, Tex. The date, January 14, 1931.

"JUST J," RICHMOND, VA.—The camera occasionally misleads as to character. It may seem to register conceit while the actor inwardly is quaking. I do not think John Gilbert is over-confident. He has repose, a quality essential to the best forms of acting as in home and social life. The actor you mention is as handsome in real life as seen through the camera.

PHOTOPLAY receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method:

Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to pay the expense of the photograph and mailing. The stars get hundreds of these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay the cost themselves.

THELMA, NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Superb" is a high term of praise. Norman Kerry may have received it before. If not, he will be interested to know that a girl of the "wise" old town applied it to him. Mr. Kerry's age is twenty-eight. He is married. His address is the Grand-Ascher Studio. Besides "The Merry Go Round" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," he has been seen in "The Acquittal" and "The Satin Girl."

MILDRED, BUFFALO, N. Y.—You want "to live to see Thomas Meighan and Dorothy Dalton in the same play." They are hereby notified of your request, Mildred. This is the cast of "Molly O." *Molly O*, Mabel Normand; *Tim O'Dair*, George Nichols; *Mrs. Tim O'Dair*, Anna Hernandez; *Billie O'Dair*, Albert Hackett; *Jim Smith*, Eddie Gribbon; *Dr. John S. Bryant*, Jack Mulhall; *Fred Manchester*, Lowell Sherman; *Miriam Manchester*, Jacqueline Logan; *Albert Faulkner*, Ben Deely; *Mrs. Jas. W. Robbins*, Gloria Davenport; *The Silhouette Man*, Carl Stockdale; *Antonia Bacigalupi*, Eugene Besserer. The heights of the actresses you name are: Carol Dempster, five feet five inches; Claire Windsor, five feet six and a half inches; Billie Dove, five feet four inches; Enid Bennett, five feet three inches.

Eva T. Sheldon, Registered Nurse, says:

"I thank Madame Berthe' for ZIP.

"I have taken the treatments a short time and find them more than satisfactory and everything that is advertised.

"This testimonial is voluntary and was unsolicited, as I consider ZIP the only thing on the market for the removal of superfluous hair worthy of second notice. I speak from years of experience."

Superfluous Hair and the Story of Eva Sheldon

Her experience is like that of thousands of others who have become familiar with ZIP after having tried innumerable preparations for eliminating superfluous hair. She realized the necessity for a remedy that is an honest-to-goodness hair destroyer, and has now banished the problem of superfluous hair.



ZIP

IT'S OFF
because
IT'S OUT

EPILATOR

Quick As A Wink

you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember you are not merely removing surface hair—you devitalize the roots, thus treating the cause and invariably checking the growth. Moreover, ZIP leaves the skin clear and smooth, pores contracted and like magic your skin becomes *adorable*. The process seems almost miraculous but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the *scientifically correct* way to destroy the growth.

Ask Your Mirror

Look in your mirror and ask yourself whether you can afford to ignore these

objectionable hairs on your face, arms, underarms, back of neck, and limbs, or shaggy brows. Can you longer neglect to use a method which really lifts out the hairs from under the skin, gently, quickly and painlessly and in this way devitalizes the roots and checks the growth? Such is the action of ZIP and it accomplishes its work with astounding effectiveness. So different from ordinary sulphide depilatories which merely burn off surface hair and which cannot destroy the roots.

Eliminate Your Growth

with ZIP—absolutely harmless; free of injurious drugs; easily applied at home; delightfully fragrant—and thus bring forth the beauty which may be hidden by these few unsightly hairs.

Madame Berthe'

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with

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FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

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Treatment or FREE DEMONSTRATION at my Salon.



FREE BOOK and FREE SAMPLES
Massage Cream and Face Powder with My Compliments—Guaranteed Not to Grow Hair.

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Please send me FREE Samples of your MASSAGE CREAM and FACE POWDER and your book "Beauty's Greatest Secret" in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful. (Please print your name.)

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"Samuel Goodrich Proctor is the fifth Mellin's Food baby in this household."

Geo. S. Proctor,
New Hampton,
N. H.

Mellin's Food

Many mothers have written us that they have brought up all of their babies on the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification.

Let us send you a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.



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Florient, an exquisite bouquet fragrance, harmonizes with widely varying types of beauty—seeming to change its individuality with each wearer. And there are many other lovely Colgate scents from which to choose.

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures N.S.E.
PHOTOPLAY

April

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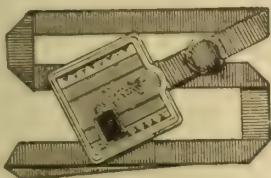
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A JAMES CRUZE Production with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Cullen Landis, Phyllis Haver, Noah Beery. By Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Walter Woods.

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With Lentrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Julia Faye, George Fawcett, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Raymond Hatton. By May Edginton. Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson.

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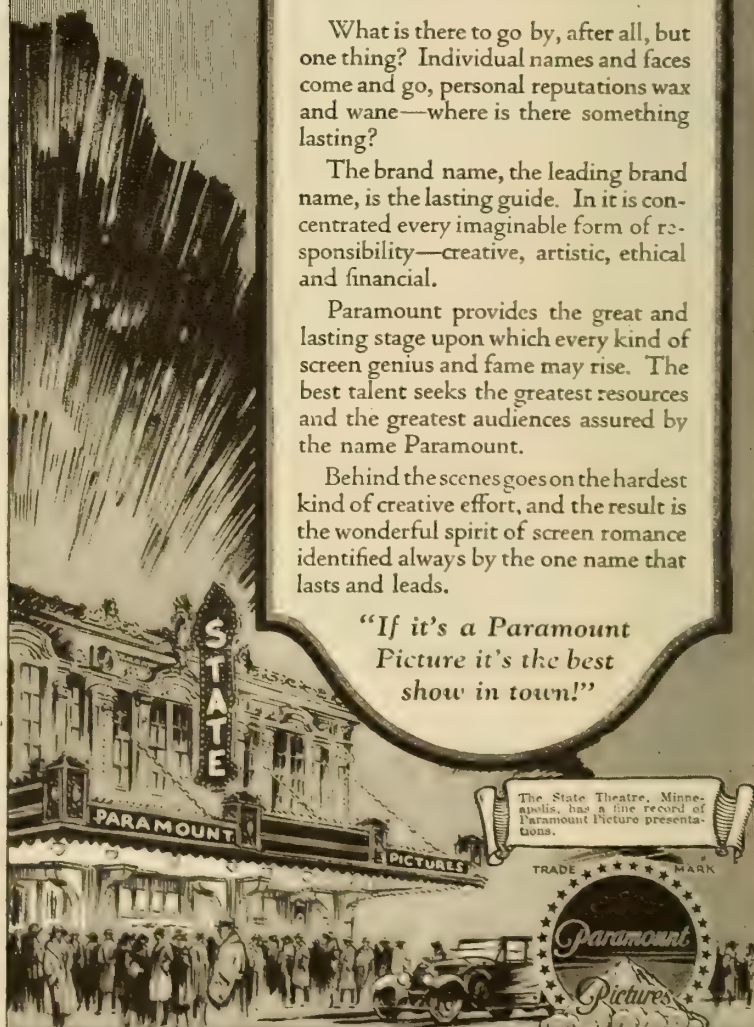
What is there to go by, after all, but one thing? Individual names and faces come and go, personal reputations wax and wane—where is there something lasting?

The brand name, the leading brand name, is the lasting guide. In it is concentrated every imaginable form of responsibility—creative, artistic, ethical and financial.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FRANK T. POPE
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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

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WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXV

No. 5

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the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

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*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 134*

Who are the most popular stars of the screen?

In an effort to ascertain which stars of the screen and which directors are the most popular with the motion picture patrons of the country, PHOTOPLAY recently sent out a questionnaire to five thousand exhibitors all over the United States. The exhibitors were asked to name the six stars whose pictures were most largely patronized and to name them in the order of their relative value at the box-office. They were also asked to name the six directors whose names were the most valuable in exploiting a picture—names that would draw dollars to the theater. The results will appear in the May issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

How to lose your husband

In a great many pictures a deserted wife figures. The philandering husband, wearied of the woman to whom he is married, chases off on jazz parties and meets beautiful blondes, leaving the wife at home. Of all the women on the screen, Mary Alden probably has been a deserted wife more times than any other. She has been left flat so many times that she has made a study of the subject and has formulated a set of rules on "How to lose your husband." So, if any women readers of PHOTOPLAY desire to know how to drive their husbands away from home, be sure to get the May issue of PHOTOPLAY and read Miss Alden's infallible rules.

What have you to sell to the pictures?

There are many thousands of men and women, boys and girls in the United States whose desire—secret or otherwise—it is to act in motion pictures. They don't know how to go about it. They don't even know whether or not they have the slightest ability. And if they are sure they have talent, they don't know how to offer it, how to find a market.

In the May issue of PHOTOPLAY, L. M. Goodstadt, for many years a casting director, tells just what should be done. He tells who are wanted in pictures and who are not. It is an authoritative article, written by a man who knows the wants of the industry as few can.

Be sure to get the May
PHOTOPLAY
Out April 15



What Do They See In Each Other?

HE had invited her to dinner. She had accepted. Now, sitting opposite each other at table, they begin to see things they never saw before. They begin to see each other for the first time as they really are.

What is revealed to them across the table? What do they see in each other?

She sees with a little pang of disappointment that he is not the cultivated man she thought him. Why do the waiters treat him with less deference than they do the men at tables nearby? What does he lack? Can he be just . . . ordinary? She does not want to believe it, but there are certain indications that are unmistakable.

And he is watching her curiously, realizing that this must be the first time she has dined in a fashionable hotel. Why does she fumble so awkwardly with her fork? Why

does she seem so self-conscious, so ill at ease? Her evident embarrassment makes him feel uncomfortable, and suddenly he finds himself wishing he had never invited her.

Yet only yesterday they had been attracted to each other, interested in each other. Both had dreamed a little. Today the dream has faded and they are disillusioned. Telltale blunders have revealed crudities they sought to conceal. And though they try half-heartedly to keep up the conversation, they know that they are disappointed in each other, that they will probably never see each other again.

Are You "Dressing Up" The Real You?

There is one thing that cannot possibly be concealed—and that is embarrassment. And there is one thing that causes more embarrassment than anything else, and that is the fear of blundering, the fear of doing or saying what is conspicuously wrong.

The famous Book of Etiquette, recognized as the most complete and authoritative work of its kind in existence, has brought ease and comfort to people in hundreds of thousands of homes. It does not attempt to "dress up" the real person—does not concern itself with petty artificialities or trifling rules of society. It does, however, dress the true personality, gives a wonderful new ease and poise of manner to people who have long been self-conscious and ill at ease.

In other words, the Book of Etiquette does not attempt to *conceal* embarrassment—it removes the *cause* for embarrassment. It tells you precisely the

things you want to know, clears away all doubts and uncertainty, smooths away crudities, makes you sure of yourself. Before you realize it, you will have acquired a new self-possession, a new confidence. You will be able to mingle on an equal social footing with the most highly cultivated people everywhere—free from embarrassment, free from little unexpected humiliations, free from hesitancy and doubt.

The Famous Book of Etiquette Half a Million Sold at the Regular Publishing Price of \$3.50 Special, Only \$1.98

Do not "dress up" the real you, making it artificial, unnatural. Instead, make that real you so poised and impressive that people will instinctively admire and respect you wherever you go.

Wouldn't you like to be able to do and say the right thing without stopping to think about it? Wouldn't you like always to be perfectly comfortable and at ease, never embarrassed and constrained?

Perhaps you have been to a party recently, or a dinner, or a dance. Were you comfortable, at ease? Or did you feel "alone," out of place, actually tongue-tied while others conversed easily and comfortably? Were you embarrassed at the table, or so sure of yourself that you had complete self-possession?

The Book of Etiquette will give you lifelong protection from embarrassment. It will keep you from making impulsive blunders at conspicuous moments. It will give you a marvelous new ease of manner, a new assurance, a new confidence in yourself. It will tell you everything you want to know about dinners, dances, parties, weddings, funerals, dress, speech. There is even information for the business woman, for the country hostess, for the debutante, for the child.

You want the Book of Etiquette—you have always wanted it. Here is a rare opportunity to secure the regular two volume \$3.50 edition at the special low price of only \$1.98. This low price is made solely for the purpose of accommodating the thousands of men and women who have not yet purchased the Book of Etiquette—and we are able to make the offer only because of the vast number of sets already sold at the regular price of \$3.50.

Will you be among those to take advantage of this opportunity? Or will you let it slip by? No money is necessary. But clip and mail the coupon now for your set of the Book of Etiquette, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 774, Garden City, New York.

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Young men and women in social contact find the Book of Etiquette an invaluable aid and guide. It shows them the way to impress one another, the way to avoid the blunders that cause disappointment and disillusion. It gives them ease, poise, confidence

Nothing so quickly betrays breeding as table manners. Do you know how olives are taken, celery, asparagus? Do you know the cultured use of the knife and fork? Are you sure of yourself?



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockett-Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (March.)

ACQUITTAL, THE—Universal.—One of the best mystery photoplays of the year. (January.)

AGE OF DESIRE—First National.—A woman, desiring riches, sacrifices better things. Interesting picture, well done. (March.)

ALIAS THE NIGHT WIND—Fox.—A man unjustly accused, vanishes. He has many hairbreadth escapes, and is finally captured by the blonde girl detective. (October.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—First National.—A faithful adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, splendidly acted. A bit too strong for children. (January.)

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. (November.)

ARABIA'S LAST ALARM—Fox.—A joyous comedy, with a clever child, a bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (March.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture. (February.)

ASHES OF VENGEANCE—First National.—One of the first—and best—of the costume pictures. Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle excellent. Should not be missed. (October.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Holbrook Blinn is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE—Commonwealth.—A touching and well done piece of work. Lots of good touches, and pathos well put over. (January.)

BIG BROTHER—Paramount.—A really big, human picture, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (February.)

BIG DAN—Fox.—A stereotyped story with a hero altogether too good to be true. (January.)

BILL—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris pushcart peddler, done by Maurice Feraudy. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK OXEN—First National.—A good picture of the popular novel on the rejuvenation of a woman, with Corinne Griffith doing fine acting. For adults. (March.)

BLACK SHADOWS—Pathe.—A clever mixture of entertainment and instruction. Views of the strange people of the South Seas. (October.)

BLINKY—Universal.—The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN—F. B. O.—A machine-made story which turns into a picture of the same type. (January.)

BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE—Paramount.—Highly sophisticated and good entertainment with Gloria Swanson wearing gorgeous clothes. (October.)

BOY OF MINE—First National.—A Tarkington classic of childhood, extremely well done and with some splendid work by little Ben Alexander. (March.)

BRASS BOTTLE, THE—First National.—A fantastic picture, amusing and well done. The Oriental prologue is especially fine. (October.)

BROADWAY BROKE—Selznick.—An interesting picture of New York theatrical life forty years ago. Mary Carr excellent. (March.)

BROADWAY GOLD—Truart.—A formula picture of the good little chorus girl, forced into marriage with a dying rich man. (October.)

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE—Paramount.—A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathe.—A dog star, Buck, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. (December.)

CHAPTER, IN HER LIFE, A—Universal.—A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine. (Nov.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Universal.—What Acton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." (November.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

COMMON LAW, THE—Selznick.—The cast saves this one from utter mediocrity. (January.)

COUNTRY KID, THE—Warner Brothers.—An old-fashioned picture with Wesley Barry as the oldest of three orphans, being parents to the other two. (January.)

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Charles Ray's latest and most ambitious effort, which doesn't quite register. (March.)

CROOKED ALLEY—Universal.—Another Boston Blackie story, but not particularly well done. (January.)

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dashes through flames, saving imperiled women. (February.)

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE—F. B. O.—One of William P. S. Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE—Johnnie Walker.—Eddie Polo's fall from an airplane through a roof is the feature. (February.)

DANGEROUS MAID, A—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (February.)

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE—Universal.—Baby Peggy the delightful center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (January.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Associated Exhibitors.—A Swedish production and a good one of the Dickens story. (January.)

DAY OF FAITH, THE—Goldwyn.—Made of impossible situations; rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.—An amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographer. Somewhat preachy. (November.)

DEFYING DESTINY—Selznick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

DESIRE—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE—Independent.—Absurd and artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. Unimportant. (December.)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vampire who grabs all the valuables in sight. It won't do for the children. (November.)

DON'T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount.—The screen version of "Rita Coventry," extremely well produced and acted. (March.)

DON'T MARRY FOR MONEY—Apollo.—Still the formula—and this time an old one. (October.)

DRIFTING—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demimondaine. (November.)

DRIVIN' FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Wally Van in one of the auto-driving pictures that Wally Reid made famous. (January.)

DULCY—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE—Metro.—An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November.)

ELEVENTH HOUR, THE—Fox.—Roaring melodrama for the youngsters. (October.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a wail, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

ETERNAL CITY, THE—First National.—One of the most beautiful and entertaining pictures in months. (January.)

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Rence Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand heads the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (February.)

FAIR CHEAT, THE—F. B. O.—Rather hackneyed story, with chorus girl as heroine. So-so. (Nov.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS—F. B. O.—You know all about this one after the first five minutes. (Feb.)

FASHION ROW—Metro.—The best Mae Murray picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (Feb.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

CORINNE GRIFFITH PRODUCTIONS INC.
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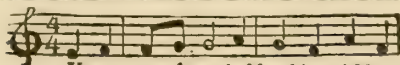
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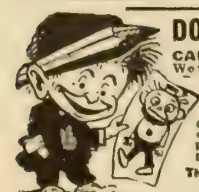
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

FIGHTING BLOOD—(Second Series)—F. B. O.—Prize fight stuff, with a new and blonde leading woman for the O'Hara boy. (October.)

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Steiner.—Badly written, acted and produced. (November.)

FLAMING YOUTH—First National.—A sophisticated ultra-jazz picture, with Colleen Moore doing about the best acting of her career. (January.)

FLYING DUTCHMAN, THE—F. B. O.—An unusual picture which follows very closely the Wagnerian opera of that name. (October.)

FOOLISH PARENTS—Associated Exhibitors.—The moral of this is that marriage is a great institution and should be in every family. Formula stuff. (January.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selznick.—A "thriller" of the early Spanish days in California with the usual ingredients. (January.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and directed. (Dec.)

FRENCH DOLL, THE—Metro.—Mae Murray in a typical Mae Murray picture—legs, lingerie and lure. (November.)

GENTLEMAN OF LEISURE, A—Paramount.—The story drags at the start, but picks up speed and becomes rapid and interesting. Above the average. (October.)

GIRL FROM THE WEST, THE—Aywon.—Commonplace and inane imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (December.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies, with Douglas MacLean at his best. Laughs for the family. (December.)

GOLD DIGGERS, THE—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photodrama of New York. Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usually painted. (November.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verbose and cloudy piece of work, with Guy Bates Post as star. (December.)

GOVERNOR'S LADY, THE—Fox.—A most appealing picture, at times touching greatness. Pathos well done. (March.)

GRAIL, THE—Fox.—A well made and well played picture, but somewhat lacking in plot. It's more or less of a Western. (November.)

GREY WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour of New York, well acted and filled with interest. (March.)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Distinctive.—George Arliss in a screen version of his famous play, which is as good as the stage version. (October.)

GRIT—Hodkinson.—Glenn Hunter in a play of gangsters and the underworld. Not new, but fairly interesting. (March.)

GUN FIGHTER, THE—Fox.—A feud picture with William Farnum in the midst of it, enjoying himself thoroughly. (November.)

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeiters. Amateurish, but with some good Houdini stunts. (December.)

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro.—Interesting and well played story of waif adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (March.)

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro.—A formula picture, featuring a wrongfully-accused minister. (Jan.)

HELL'S HOLE—Fox.—Straight Western melodrama with Lefty Flynn and Charles Jones as cow-puncher buddies. Excitement fast and furious. (Oct.)

HER REPUTATION—First National.—A flood, a forest fire and a persecuted heroine, all good. Plenty of thrills. (March.)

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A riotous comedy, full of laughs, providing a joyous entertainment. (February.)

HIGH LIFE—Educational.—A Mermaid comedy with Lige Conley starred. Lots of old tricks. (Nov.)

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount.—Another lesson about the fast-stepping younger generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone.—Robert McKim as a most villainous villain in a Bertha M. Clay story. Full of "movie stuff." (November.)

HIS MYSTERY GIRL—Universal.—The old story of a serious man who gets a little lesson in romance. Herbert Rawlinson is good. (March.)

HOLLYWOOD—Paramount.—Dozens of the picture stars shown unconventionally to prove they are just humans after all. A rattling good picture. (October.)

HOMEWARD BOUND—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan as a salty hero in a lot of storms. Story is unconvincing and commonplace. (October.)

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox.—An old stage favorite made into a most entertaining picture. Melodrama with ideas. (March.)

HOOK AND LADDER—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a fireman, with a pretty love story and lots of comedy. Family picture. (March.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney, in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brimming with tears. It follows the Hutchinson novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Mark Sabre does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

INNOCENCE—Apollo.—An ineffective melodrama with Anna Q. Nilsson as a redeeming feature. (March.)

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a little rich girl wants to see life and becomes an Apache in Paris. (January.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction not good. (February.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe.—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have been made in type. (December.)

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. B. O.—The Palmer School's prize photoplay, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, A—Johnnie Walker.—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. (November.)

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal.—A charming story, excellently played by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAWFUL LARCENY—Paramount.—Most of the interest is in the production which is extremely lavish. Story is weak. Fairly good entertainment. (October.)

LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph.—A poor adaptation of a famous old best-seller. A mystery story without mystery. (January.)

LEGALLY DEAD—Universal.—Theatrically unheavened, with adrenalin used to bring a dead man back to life. (October.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture, excellently acted. (February.)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—Warner Brothers.—Johnny Hines is very good in this Geo. M. Cohan success. Realistic sets and good horse race. (October.)

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK—Cosmopolitan.—A charming picture with Marion Davies doing the best acting of her career. (October.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Aywon.—Again the Texas Ranger is sent to get his man and gets him. (January.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony, his horse, have a lot more adventures, defying a great deal of death. (November.)

LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro.—The King is Jackie Coogan and this is one of the best things he ever has done. (January.)

LOST IN A BIG CITY—Arrow.—Action all the time. The story doesn't amount to much, but there is so much going on, you don't mind that. (October.)

They Said It Couldn't Be Done!

—But these
Screen Authors
Did It!



ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author
**"JUDGMENT
of the STORM"**



HAROLD M.
SHUMATE
Author
**"THE
WHITE
SIN"**



WILL LAMBERT
Author
"LOST"
(Working Title—
Release Title to be
announced later.)

THE three new screen authors whose photographs appear at the head of this announcement have demonstrated that "It can be done."

Friends and relatives said: "You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers with a pull can succeed. You aren't a professional writer, and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time."

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THEY MADE GOOD

The result was another defeat for the skeptics who say "It can't be done." Mrs. Middleton was a housewife. Mr. Shumate a salesman. Mr. Lambert a mechanical engineer. None was a professional writer. Today all are accepted photodramatists. Their plays, produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theatres throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what skeptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned the technique of photoplay writing in spare time study in their own homes. They have been equipped to write, not in high-flown language but in the dramatic terms of the screen. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body of screen writers upon whom the motion picture industry as a whole will come to lean more and more. Several stories by Palmer trained authors now in production or on the screen are "The Inner Sight," a Thomas H. Ince production; "High Dawn," produced by Hunt Stromberg; three current Century comedies, and "Tangled Lives," another Thomas H. Ince production.

Almost without exception every individual ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unaided, before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if at the

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The success of Palmer-trained writers is a challenge not only to the skeptics who say "It can't be done," but to all readers of this announcement who at some time have felt the urge to write for magazines or the screen. "What man has done, man can do," says an old proverb.

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LOVE BRAND, THE—Universal.—Spanish-ranch owner, gang of crooked capitalists, beautiful daughter of rich man loves rancher, and plot fails. (October.)

LOVE MASTER, THE—First National.—Strongheart is the star, and Mrs. Strongheart the leading woman. The others and the story are not so much. (March.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and dictaphones. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (Dec.)

LOYAL LIVES—Vitagraph.—Propaganda for the letter carrier. A simple story, filled with pleasant hookum and kindly talk. (October.)

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brother.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

LULLABY, THE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. Interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

MAN FROM BRODNEY'S, THE—Vitagraph.—Wildly improbable, but also wildly exciting and, therefore, good entertainment. (February.)

MAN LIFE PASSED BY, THE—Metro.—Another interesting interpretation by Percy Marmont of one of the lovable failures he does so well. (March.)

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount.—The story is based on "The Faun." Fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

MASK OF LOPEZ, THE—Monogram.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn't help this dainty musical play. It is heavy and dragging. (February.)

MEN IN THE RAW—Universal.—A formula picture. Heart-of-gold cowboy, "little prairie flower," cattle rustlers. Jack Hoxie rides well. (January.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitagraph.—Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Everything happens. (November.)

MILLION TO BURN, A—Universal.—An amusing picture without much probability. (January.)

MIRACLE BABY, THE—F. B. O.—Not much miracle, but a nice baby. Harry Carey up in the gold mines. Formula again. (October.)

MIRACLE MAKERS, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-heroine-and-Chinese-den formula. (Feb.)

MODERN MATRIMONY—Select.—A commonplace plot filled with homely sentiment. Just innocuous. (January.)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE—Selznick.—An intelligent piece of work by a producer who has a real idea and who sticks to it, thereby deserving praise. Worth seeing. (January.)

MONNA VANNA—Fox.—Would have been better if not so heavy. Crowd scenes are well done, and Lee Parry in title role is charming. Only fair. (December.)

MOTHERS-IN-LAW—Gasnier.—Many dresses cut short, top and bottom, jazz parties, lots of glitter—the usual things. (October.)

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn.—A Hall Caine story with the long arm of coincidence stretched out of shape. (February.)

NEAR LADY, THE—Universal.—Poor comedy, with the titles the poorest. (February.)

OLD FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Starts with a good idea, but loses it in favor of conventional crook story. (March.)

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH—Vitagraph.—A fine cast miscast and wasted on a weak plot and poor direction. (January.)

OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS—Apollo.—A sporty father meets his daughter at a swift party, but all ends happily. (March.)

OUR HOSPITALITY—Metro.—Buster Keaton in what seems to be a travesty on the old feud story. Not very good or funny. (January.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. (October.)

PHANTOM JUSTICE—F. B. O.—Rod La Rocque with a toothache in a weird and wild melodrama. (March.)

PIONEER TRAILS—Vitagraph.—Imitation of "The Covered Wagon" without the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

PLEASURE MAD—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

The Grown-up Mary

Just a few words to voice my disapproval of the announcement of Mary Pickford's returning to childhood rôles. She is too beautiful and intelligent a woman to be playing juvenile rôles. I enjoyed every foot of "Rosita"; it was flawless.

ANNA WILLIAMS, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

To a Lady

I have just seen "To the Ladies" and while still under its spell I must sing, or rather write, for which you may be thankful, my praises of Louise Dresser. I think she is perfectly splendid—and what a wonderful couple she and Theodore Roberts do make, in that picture! Despite her charm and ability, however, I never see one word about her in the magazines or even a picture. Why is she so neglected? Surely her work in "Prodigal Daughters," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Woman Proof," "To the Ladies" and several others should merit her some attention. Of course I know of her rather enviable stage record but I'd like to see the movies give her some attention.

I wonder if there are other fans who have seen Miss Dresser and admired her—I should like to hear from them.

LUCY RUICK, CHICAGO, ILL.

A Few Suggestions

I think PHOTOPLAY is the best motion picture magazine on the market. "The Shadow Stage," "Gossip—East and West," and "Close-Ups and Long Shots" are just fine; the interviews are all interesting and the pictures are so well printed! I have one suggestion to make, however. I think there should be more variety in the pictures in the Rotogravure sections. While I like Barbara La Marr, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Leatrice Joy and Thomas Meighan, I think their pictures have been too numerous.

FERN BLAIR, ELVINS, MO.

Gloria's Finest

After reading so many unfavorable criticisms of Gloria Swanson, I can no longer keep quiet as to the fact that she cannot act! If "Zaza" didn't prove she could, then "The Humming Bird" surely has—it is one of the finest pictures I have ever seen.

BETTY WILSON, HARTFORD, CONN.

Unjust Action

I wish to protest against the action of certain city councils and censors, forbidding the showing of Mabel Normand's pictures. Just as if the trouble were her fault, or as if it reflected on her character! I think their action is bigoted, narrow-minded, and absolutely unjust.

EDWARD G. LORENT, WINSTED, CONN.

Registering a Kick

Your contest to determine the most beautiful woman on the screen interests me very much. However, I am not voting because my favorite is not listed. But I am registering a "kick."

You have omitted several mighty good-looking young ladies from your gallery; or, it may be that you do not consider them beautiful? Of course, I know it would be impossible to include every pretty face that ever walked before a camera, but I find well known ones missing. There are few lovelier than Leatrice Joy, and then, there is Mildred Davis, Dorothy Mackaill, Elaine Hammerstein, Julia Faye, Alice

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

Calhoun, the dazzling Mae Busch, Viola Dana, Edna Purviance, and many others. Of course, I realize too that it is all a matter of one's personal idea of feminine beauty, but how can you justly proclaim one girl as the Screen's Most Beautiful Woman, when they are not all given a fair chance?

N. RUTH HANGE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Good Judgment

I have just seen "Judgment of the Storm" and cannot refrain from saying that it is the finest play I have seen for a long time. Myrtle Stedman and Claire McDowell, as the mothers, were splendid. Lloyd Hughes is a wonderful actor and, though I don't believe I ever saw Lucille Ricksen before, she, too, I think, is a darling!

GRACE ELLEN WOLFE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

That Hampton Interview

I guess those Hampton admirers just wanted to kick about something. That interview with Hope Hampton was very lovely and I never saw more beautiful portraits of her than those that were published with it. That was the first interview with Hope Hampton that I ever read, and I had been wanting to know who and what she was. I do not see anything unfair in the interview. In fact, Miss Johanson said very nice things of Hope.

HELEN GILLETTE, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

Charming Elaine

I have been surprised when reading the letters published from month to month to see no mention made of one of the most beautiful and charming actresses on the screen—Elaine Hammerstein. Her pictures are not specially

well advertised and are not always above the average, but Miss Hammerstein invariably makes them well worth seeing.

N. N., AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

Shattered Hopes

Only a short notice appeared in PHOTOPLAY, along with others, of the divorce of Elsie Ferguson from Mr. T. B. Clarke. It was to most just another one, but to us it was a beautiful hope shattered—a hope that this romance, which had been declared by Miss Ferguson and all who knew her, as "ideal," would really last. We have followed her so long on stage and screen that she seemed very real and near to us.

E. H. AND FRIENDS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The "Half-Way-Betweens"

This is in frank praise of those "half-way-betweens" who are so numerous on the screen just now. The most promising of these is, to my mind, Ben Lyon. And there has never been printed one photograph or interview about him so far! He is of the new, Glenn Hunter type that seems to be coming into vogue now in place of the Latin dynasty. He was very appealing in "Flaming Youth," even if his rôle wasn't so very sympathetic.

Of course, Ronald Colman and Ivor Novello can hardly be cast into this pigeon-hole, but they are neither stars nor leads. Lloyd Hughes is also on an uncertain pedestal. I admire these young "will-bes" greatly and know that, in not so very long a time, they will come into their own.

ESTELLE PEARSON, PORTLAND, ME.

An Unfair Division

I think PHOTOPLAY is undoubtedly the best magazine of its kind, but I have one suggestion to make. I think that all movie magazines have too much about some stars and not half enough about others.

MARIE ALLEN, NEW YORK CITY.

The Amorous Trio

What is the peculiar charm of Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and Jack Holt that they should be the only men in the movies? I have nothing against these gentlemen, but they are beginning to irritate me. One might as well be married to them. It is impossible to see a picture in which the heroine is not being wooed by one of the three—Conway, especially, doesn't care whom he loves, nor how many in one evening!

If I am careless enough to find myself a spectator of his amours, or Milton's or Jack's, I give a piercing scream and stagger out of the theater and into the night.

MARGARET HALL, NEW YORK CITY.

Irresistible Renee

After seeing "The Eternal Struggle" I shall never miss Renee Adoree again. I enjoyed the picture very much, considering my evening well spent, only bemoaning the fact that it was the last showing.

One thing was a great relief—the hero didn't fall in love at first sight! He even trifled with the heroine, not for long though—for who could possibly resist the appeal and charm of Miss Adoree as the wild, lovable *Andree*?

CORLISS JORDAN, BOSTON, MASS.

A Request

I am an admirer of Malcolm McGregor, Glenn Hunter, Douglas MacLean, Harold
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

Loses 72 Pounds Through New Discovery

**The Personal Experience of a Woman Who Reduced
From 190 Pounds to 118 Without Drugs, Medicines,
Exercise, Starvation, Massage or Any Discomfort.**

"I AM mailing you two photographs of myself, before and after following your method," writes Hazel O'Leary (Mrs. Gene Cobb), the charming actress of Muncie, Ind. "You are at liberty to use my name and photos any time you see fit in behalf of what your wonderful method has done for me. I wouldn't take a million dollars for the good it has done in reducing me from 190 pounds down to 118 pounds. I feel better in every respect, look better, and a woman could not ask for more. I am very grateful and wish you all the success in the world."

To lose 72 pounds, without discomfort, without distasteful dieting, exercises or drugs does seem almost miraculous. Yet the wonderful results from this new method are a familiar story to thousands of formerly stout people who have benefited from it as Mrs. Cobb has done. Indeed, many have reduced anywhere from a pound a day to ten pounds a week!

The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is absolutely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh so rapidly, you can regulate the natural law on which the method is based, so that your loss of flesh is more gradual.

Restores Health, Vigor and Youthfulness

Those who have taken off excess flesh through this new method have pronounced it the most pleasant way of reducing imaginable. They did not starve themselves, load their systems with drugs of any kind, or submit to the discomforts of strenuous exercise, massage, steam baths or any of the futile and disagreeable measures usually resorted to. And they found that the new system, far from being harmful, brought wonderful health, and freedom from the indigestion and other ailments so common to stout people. The complexion is clearer; the eyes brighter; the step more elastic. You regain your normal, youthful figure. You feel and look like a new person.

Yet all these marvelous benefits involve no change in your daily routine. You continue to do things you like and eat the food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you may even increase them!

The Secret of Weight Control Explained

Scientists for years have been trying to find the natural law they realized must govern the whole system of weight reduction. At last, after years of study and research, Eugene Christian, world famous food specialist, determined a simple fact in physiological chemistry that enabled him to establish an entirely new—indeed, the only safe, certain, easily followed method of scientific weight reduction. This important fact which he discovered was that certain foods, when eaten in combination with certain other foods are fattening—but when

taken by themselves or in correct combination, are non-fattening.

For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But if you eat the very same foods at different times in different combinations they will be converted into blood and muscle, and your excess fat will be used up.

By combining properly the various foods according to Eugene Christian's remarkable method, you can not only attain and keep a normal weight, you can eat many delicious foods which you have denied yourself before, lest they increase your weight!

Send No Money

Eugene Christian has incorporated his remarkable discovery of the real means of weight control into an interesting course — "Weight Control, the Basis of Health." In order that everyone can profit from his work, he offers to send the course, without the payment of one penny in advance to anyone who sends in the coupon. He feels that the best advertising he can get will be from those who try his marvelous course for themselves and prove to their own enthusiastic satisfaction how effective it is. They won't be able to refrain from mentioning it to their friends. He is therefore willing to secure a great number of users in the shortest possible time in this way.

Mr. Christian's Special Offer— Why the Coupon Is Worth \$1.00 to You Now

Just mail the coupon—no money. The coupon will be accepted as worth \$1.00 on the purchase of the course, the regular price of which has hitherto been \$1.97. Then when the postman delivers it to your door, give him only 97c, plus a few cents postage, and the course is yours, without the payment of another penny! Moreover, if you are not entirely satisfied with the course and really delighted with the results you get from its use, you have the privilege of returning the course and your money will be returned at once without any quibbling. (Of course, you can remit the 97c with the coupon if you wish, but it isn't necessary.)

Our generous guarantee protects you in every way. Either you are so delighted with the weight you lose during the ten days' trial that you wish to continue to reduce by this simple, safe, agreeable method, or you return the course and get your money back at once.

Why put it off? You can have a beautiful, well-proportioned figure—when you can lose as many pounds as you wish—and feel absolutely fit in every way. No trouble. No ex-



Miss Hazel O'Leary (Mrs. Gene Cobb) who is with the Ray Andrews "Why Worry" Company of Muncie, Ind., before and after losing 72 pounds by this wonderful method.

pense. Sit down and fill out the coupon without delay. This special price may be withdrawn any day. If you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of priceless value to you throughout your whole life. You take no risk—your scales and tape-measure tell the story—if you're not more than pleased your money will be refunded instantly on request. Mail the coupon now.

Corrective Eating Society 404 Fourth Ave., Dept. W-2084, New York

Corrective Eating Society, Dept. W-2084,
404 Fourth Ave., New York.

Without money in advance, you may send me in plain wrapper, Eugene Christian's Course on "Weight Control — The Basis of Health." You are to accept this coupon as worth \$1.00 (ONE DOLLAR) on my purchase of this course. Therefore when the course arrives I will pay the postman only 97c (plus a few cents postage) in full payment and there are to be no further payments at any time. Although I am benefiting by the special reduced price, I retain the privilege of returning this course within 10 days, and having my 97c refunded if I am not surprised with the wonderful results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name (Please write plainly)

Address

City State
(Canadian price \$1.00 must accompany order)

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This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE Trial!

Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So you must send for it quick! Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette



TAKES AND MAKES Finished Pictures Instantly

You press the button, drop card in developer and in one minute take out a perfect, finished postcard photo 2½ x 3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½ x 5½ inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 60 post cards at one time.

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Not a bit of the mess and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography. Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't over-develop; results simply amazing.

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No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete "Mandel-ette" outfit absolutely on approval and give you 10 days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us 50c per week until our special price of only \$10.00 is paid.

Easy Payments—No References

No red tape of any kind. Weekly payments so small you'll not notice them. Lots of fun and big profits.

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon right now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

The Chicago Ferrottype Co.,

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Send me at once one complete model Mandel-ette camera outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied keep it and pay you 50c a week until your special price of \$10.00 is paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name.....
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Town.....State.....

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Frank DePries K. Stidell made over \$325 profit in one day. L. D. Payne averaged \$20.77 profit in 217 days. F. E. Mendenhall only worked half time and made \$100 a week. We need more men to sell Super Fyr-Fyters to hotels, restaurants, stores, factories, schools, homes and auto-owners. Approved by Underwriters. Get our Plan, find out how to make real money. No experience needed. We train you free. Good territory going fast—write us today!

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Ford Auto FREE!

We have a plan whereby our active workers can get a Ford without cost, in addition to their big cash earnings. Get the plan—quick!

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Send for booklet showing photos of Men with and without the PERFECT LEG FORMS for BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES. Also BRACES for children for permanent cure.

Perfect Sales Co. 140 N. Mayfield Ave. Dept. 54, Chicago, Ill.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilms.—A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter here. (December.)

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage. Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. (Nov.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that where there's love there's hope. (November.)

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker.—A good idea gone wrong, except for Eddie Polo. (March.)

PRINCE OF A KING—Selznick.—Little Dinky Dean is the star and all children and most grown-ups will like it. (March.)

PURE GRIT—Universal.—The Western formula, with Roy Stewart heading the cast. (March.)

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson.—A screen version of "The Scarecrow," delicate and fanciful. A charming production. (November.)

PURPLE HIGHWAY, THE—Paramount.—Rather a silly plot with overdrawn situations. Madge Kennedy is sweet as a little housemaid and is mostly wasted. (October.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture. Excitement and thrills. (November.)

RED WARNING, THE—Universal.—Even Jack Hoxie gets out of breath keeping up with the story in this thriller. (February.)

RENDEZVOUS, THE—Neilan-Goldwyn.—The love story of an American soldier and a Russian princess, delightfully produced by Marshall Neilan. (March.)

RENO—Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes' argument for a uniform divorce law. Interesting for adults. (March.)

RESTLESS WIVES—Commonwealth.—Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (March.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors.—Wallace Beery is a two-fisted, meat-eating King Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alabama hills with E. K. Lincoln in leading role. Good entertainment. A great fight between Lincoln and George Siegmann. (December.)

ROSITA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. (November.)

ROULETTE—Selznick.—A good cast wasted in an improbable story. (March.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A highly amusing comedy, the locales being a Western "cow town" and a Hollywood Paris. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. (November.)

SALOMY JANE—Paramount.—Bret Harte's famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while. (November.)

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lady crook fools the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

SCARAMOUCHE—Metro.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a Charles Ray role. (November.)

SECRETS OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures.—The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laid bare by a new photographic process. Very interesting. (Nov.)

SHADOWS OF THE NORTH—Universal.—William Desmond as a miner who fights off claim jumpers. Happy ending, after a good fight. (October.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artificial, badly acted. (Nov.)

SHEPHERD KING, THE—Fox.—An interesting story of David the Psalmist, done by a capable Italian company. (February.)

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson.—Desert stuff, camels against the sky and such things. (December.)

SILENT COMMAND, THE—Fox.—A story of the navy. Propaganda type. A good narrative of the sea, well told. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. (November.)

SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—A light and amusing comedy, well handled, with Ernest Truex doing excellent work. (February.)

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn.—Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement and a remarkably good cast. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal.—A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back. (November.)

SKID PROOF—Fox.—A racing picture after the style that Wally Reid made famous. Crooked driver, honest boy takes his place. (October.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balzac's "The Magic Skin" in celluloid. Rather vague, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—A "find the woman" melodrama with Viola Dana as a society butterfly and not so good as usual. (November.)

SOFT BOILED—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony in a new type of comedy. Slight story, but plenty of action. (October.)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—First National.—Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl and very much worth while seeing. (March.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox.—Shirley Mason is good in a mediocre and unconvincing story. (Feb.)

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount.—Pola Negri's best American-made picture. A proof that the faults in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were not hers. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno's. (December.)

STEADFAST HEART, THE—Goldwyn.—Although the story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worth while. (March.)

STEEL TRAIL, THE—Universal.—A serial about the building of a railroad, interesting and full of thrills. (October.)

ST. ELMO—Fox.—A novel of the time of our fathers which makes a picture of same era. Attempting to modernize the story has not helped it. (Oct.)

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount.—The first and only picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February.)

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture in every way. Even better on the screen than as "Captain Applejack" on the stage. (November.)

SUPREME TEST, THE—Renown.—The country boy in the wicked city, the mortgage on the farm and the rest. (March.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox.—An Al St. John comedy with the usual slapstick stuff, but also with some of the clever mechanical effects he always has. (Dec.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors.—The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox.—A mixture of a lot of box-office drawing cards. Jazz, scantily clad nymphs, and a weak love story. (January.)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and a marvelous sermon. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February.)

THIS FREEDOM—Fox.—An English company, headed by Fay Compton, makes the Hutchinson story fairly entertaining. (February.)

THREE AGES—Metro.—Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots. (November.)

THREE MILES OUT—Kenna.—Madge Kennedy and a lot of rum pirates provide plenty of laughs. Good entertainment. (March.)

THRILL CHASER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson goes to Hollywood and thence to Arabia, becoming a sheik. (February.)

THROUGH THE DARK—Cosmopolitan.—A Boston Blackie crook story, dealing with the redemption of a man through a woman's faith. (March.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]

New Kind of Girdle Makes You *Look* Thin While *Getting* Thin!

Waist and hips look inches thinner the moment you put on this new kind of girdle and, best of all, it actually removes fat while you dance, walk, play or work. Produces same results as an expert masseur—yet does it so gently you hardly feel it.

THINK of it! No more heart-straining exercises—no more disagreeable starving diets—no more harmful medicines—no more bitter self-denials! This new scientific girdle ends all need of that forever! The moment you put it on, the bulky fat on waist and hips seems to vanish and your body becomes erect, graceful, youthfully slender! And then—with every step you make, with every breath you take, with every little motion, this new kind of girdle gently massages away the disfiguring, useless fat—and you look and feel years younger!

Gives You With Comfort Fashion's Straight Boyish Lines Takes the Place of Stiff Corsets

Now you can wear the stylish, becoming clothes your heart desires—without worrying about your figure. You don't have to wait until the fat is gone in order to appear slim. You can look more slender at once—without stiff, harmful corsets of any kind.

By means of this new invention known as the Mme. X Reducing Girdle, you get a stylish, graceful appearance instantly and actually get thinner every day.

Reduces Fat Day by Day

No matter how many other reducing methods you've tried without results; no matter how heavy your waist and hips may be—the Madame X Reducing Girdle is guaranteed to make them look inches thinner—**instantly**—and to gradually and gently take off the fat itself.

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is built upon scientific massage principles which have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20, even 40 pounds. It is made of the most resilient Para rubber—especially designed for reducing purposes—and is worn over the undergarment. Gives you the same slim appearance as a regular corset—and without any discomfort. Fits as snugly as a kid glove—has garters attached—and so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! The constant massage causes a more vigorous circulation of the blood, not only through these parts, but throughout

the entire body! Particularly around the abdomen and hips, this gentle massage is so effective that it often brings about remarkable reduction in weight in the first few days.

Those who have worn it say you feel like a new person when you put on the Madame X Reducing Girdle. You'll look better and feel better. You'll be surprised how quickly you'll be able to walk, dance, climb, indulge in outdoor sports.

Many say it is fine for constipation which is often present in people inclined to be stout. For besides driving away excess flesh the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus preventing fatigue, helps hold in their proper place the internal organs which are often misplaced in stout people—and thus brings renewed vitality

and aids the vital organs to function normally again.

Free Booklet Tells All

You can't appreciate how marvelous the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance—just mail the coupon and learn all about this easy and pleasant way of becoming fashionably slender. Mail the coupon now and you'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced price, special trial offer.

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Improves your appearance instantly—works for you constantly every second of the day to reduce your excess fat.



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No Diets—Dangerous Drugs—Exercises, or Absurd Creams

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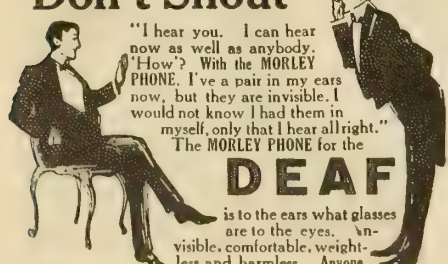
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We want a fourth verse for our song, "Empty Arms." \$500 will be paid to the writer of the best one submitted. Send us your name and we shall send you the words of the song and the rules of this contest. Address Contest Editor, World M. P. Corp., 245 W. 47th St., Dept. 752B, New York, N. Y.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

THUNDERGATE—First National.—Conventional story with scenes in China. Owen Moore good. (March.)

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal.—A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

TIGER ROSE—Warner Brothers.—Excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Lenore Ulric in her original role. (February.)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox.—Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Conventional and good for the family. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers.—Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks, missing necklace and the rest of it. (December.)

TO THE LADIES—Paramount.—A joyous entertainment and—incidentally—Director James Cruze's fourth successive hit. (February.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. (November.)

TRILBY—First National.—A careful and artistic production of the Du Maurier romance with Andree Lafayette, the French actress, as star. (October.)

TWENTY-ONE—First National.—The 1924 model of Richard Barthelmess in an interesting, but not great, picture. (February.)

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathe.—Will Rogers impersonates a lot of other stars and isn't very funny. (February.)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan.—A costume picture of the Louis XIII period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but a bit draggy. (January.)

UNKNOWN PURPLE, THE—Truett.—Less thrilling than the stage version but nevertheless worth seeing if you like suspense. (February.)

UNSEEING EYES—Cosmopolitan.—A splendid picture—if you like snow. (January.)

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a victim of a dual personality. Rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VICTOR, THE—Universal.—Rather obvious story of titled Englishman, stranded in New York, and his love affair with a good little actress. (October.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Preferred.—Owen Wister's famous novel made into an exceptionally good Western. (January.)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE—Grand-Ashur.—This picture starts well, but gradually dwindles. The title is tricky. (January.)

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Paramount.—An exceptionally good picture, in spite of the cutting and changing of the story, made necessary by censorship. (March.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES—Capital.—A shadow of "The Covered Wagon." Trite story of old plainsman and abandoned baby. (December.)

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox.—William Russell wins the mine and the pretty girl again. (Feb.)

WHERE IS THE WEST?—Universal.—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. (Nov.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. It's a pity some of the two-legged players can't be as consistent. (November.)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram.—Based on the peonage system. Tells brutal truths but is unpleasant. (February.)

WHISPERED NAME, THE—Universal.—Interesting and full of action, with Ruth Clifford doing excellently. (March.)

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another triumph for Lillian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. As a whole, excellent. (November.)

WHITE TIGER—Universal.—A crook story with plenty of thrills and a conventional ending. (January.)

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME—Pathe.—Interesting film of trapping of elephants. (February.)

WHY WORRY?—Pathe.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, A—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as a love-hungry wife in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount.—W. S. Hart's return to the screen in a picture filled with gunplay and other stunts his admirers like. (Feb.)

WILD ORANGES—Goldwyn.—An interesting and gripping picture, based on Hergesheimer's weird story of fear. (March.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a young newspaper woman who gets tangled in libel suits, jail sentences and a lot of things. (December.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists.—Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another proof of the genius of Charles Chaplin, who produced and directed it. Not for children. (Dec.)

WOMAN PROOF—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a George Ade story, cut to fit and therefore entertaining. (January.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick.—Betty Compson, always charming, in a picture that grown-ups will like. (February.)

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Apollo.—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

YOU ARE IN DANGER—Commonwealth.—Good little country boy in big city. Doesn't tell nor mean much. (January.)

ZAZA—Paramount.—A very interesting picture which gives Gloria Swanson a chance to prove that she is one of the leading screen actresses. (Dec.)

Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Lloyd, and Richard Barthelmess. Also, Mary Astor, Madge Bellamy, Betty Compson, Marion Davies, the Gish sisters, Corinne Griffith, May McAvoy, Patsy Ruth Miller, Colleen Moore, Marie Prevost, and the Tal-madges.

Why don't you give us more of them in your magazine?

GOLDIE LAZARUS, BELINGTON, W. VA.

Vive Lafayette

Hooray! Gid-de-ap, Napoleon, at last we have caught someone! Tell us all about the beauty, the one that plays Trilby in "Trilby." She makes the rest look like a pile of mud pies. Is that all her own, that golden hair—and are those cameo features just natural? We are not used to having them come as pretty as that.

Andree Lafayette is a winner! You people seem to be very stingy with your news about her.

REX TRAYNOR, SEATTLE, WASH.

"Banzai" for Sessue

As soon as PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE comes out each month I read "Brickbats & Bouquets." Often as I scan those pages I see nothing at all about that most wonderful of artists, Sessue Hayakawa. Why? I have never had another favorite, myself, since I saw his first picture, "The Typhoon." I understand he is now making a picture in France, and I hope to see it released in the United States. I trust he will be able to secure good strong stories, for weak vehicles were his only handicap in the past.

ALTHEA THORNTON, NEW YORK CITY

FREE 7-PIECE LUNCHEON SET

Your Own Initial on Every Piece

Set Includes 12 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell.

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No Money Down!

Just mail the coupon—not one cent now—and Hartman, the Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World, will send you, transportation charges prepaid, this wonderful, genuine Wallace 32-Piece Silverware Set and with it, absolutely **FREE**, the handsome 7-Piece Luncheon Set. When goods arrive, make the first payment of only \$2.00 on the Silverware Set alone. Pay nothing for the Luncheon Set—it is **FREE**. Use both sets 30 days on *Free Trial*, and if not more than delighted, send them back and we will refund your money and pay transportation charges. If you keep the Silverware Set, pay a little every month. Keep the Luncheon Set as a gift from Hartman.

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Positively exquisite! A set you will be proud to use on any and all occasions. You know what the name WALLACE stands for on silverware. You know that the quality and workmanship of this nationally famous product is the very finest obtainable. This beautiful “Briar Rose” pattern is one of the most popular ever produced, and the set pictured here is extra heavy silver-plated, guaranteed for 10 years’ service. 32 pieces, including 12 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, 6 Knives, 6 Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 1 Sugar Shell. When your set arrives, examine it carefully. Notice the handsome finish—none more beautiful. Even in much higher-priced sets of solid silverware, you can find no more pleasing design.



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Over 300 pages (of which 68 are in actual colors) of the world’s greatest bargains in home furnishings; jewelry; also farm implements and accessories, etc.—all sold on easy monthly payment terms and 30 days’ free trial.

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This book explains how you get glassware, jewelry, table linens, etc., free with purchases. Send today.

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This amazing offer proves that Hartman gives the world’s most liberal terms and the greatest values in dependable merchandise. Send no money with order. Pay only \$2.00 on arrival for the Silverware Set. Nothing to pay on the Luncheon Set either now or later. Then, if after 30 days’ trial you decide to keep the silverware, pay a little every month.

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7-Piece Luncheon Set is FREE.

IMPORTANT!

This set is genuine silver-plated, guaranteed for ten years. It is not nickel silver. Beware of cheap imitations!

FREE

Not one cent to pay for the handsome 7-Piece Luncheon Set pictured above. It comes to you with the Silver Set absolutely free—a gift from Hartman. Set includes a large 38-inch centerpiece and six 12-inch doilies to match. All of celebrated “Indian Head” line with dainty scalloped edges embroidered in colors. A set that adds much charm to your luncheon service. Take advantage of this offer. Send today.

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No. 317FMA39, Price \$9.85,

as described, and with it the 7-Piece Luncheon Set. I will pay \$2 on arrival. Luncheon Set is **FREE**. I am to have 30 days’ Free Trial. If not satisfied, I will ship both sets back. If I keep them, I will pay you \$1.50 monthly until the price of the Silverware Set, \$9.85, is paid. Title remains with you until final payment is made.

Print Initial
You Want Here

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or Street and No. _____

Town _____ State _____

Occupation of Head of Household _____

How long have you lived at your present address? _____

HARTMAN FURNITURE & CARPET CO.
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Largest Home Furnishing Concern in the World

"BACTERIA and parasites, carried by dust into the pores of the skin, cause blemishes. To free your skin from blemishes use the special Woodbury treatment given below."



Blemishes

are directly caused by infection from dust . . Guard against them by the right cleansing treatment!

YOU know how easy it is to catch cold when you are tired or run down.

In the same way, any condition that lowers your general vitality makes your skin more susceptible to blemishes. (Anemia or digestive disturbances are often associated with this trouble.)

But the *direct cause* of blemishes is local infection from bacteria and parasites carried by dust in the air.

To free your skin from blemishes use this treatment every night, and see how wonderfully helpful it will prove:—

JUST before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes, then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment until the blemishes have disappeared, then continue to give your face, every night, a thorough bath in the regular Woodbury way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending

with a dash of cold water. In this way you can guard against a reappearance of the blemishes.

Special Woodbury treatments for each different skin need are given in the booklet "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin the right treatment for *your* skin tonight!

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send 10 cents for a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.

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For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream

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Together with the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*"

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 204 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. English Agents:

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Cut out this coupon and send it to us today

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Photoplay's New Pictures



Heiser



BETTY JEWEL sobbed herself past the door-man, and into the presence of the critical D. W. Griffith. That happened not so many months ago—now she's a leading lady. Betty was convent bred



Ball

CORINNE GRIFFITH scored a great personal triumph in "Black Oxen's" most difficult role. And now she's to appear as the loveliest flower in "Lilies of the Field." But she is perhaps most charming in a home setting. One of the screen's great beauties



Ball

IT'S HARD for Barbara LaMarr to look domesticated—even with the aid of a fireplace and a linen smock. The *Mona Lisa* at her elbow gives her away! She came into her own with the "Eternal City." Now she's a star as *The Lady that's known as Lou*



White

Lowell Sherman oscillates between the screen and the stage. But he is conceded to be one of the really great actors



Witsel

Adolph Menjou justified his French name by making a real hit in Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris."



Seely

Eddie Phillips is a nice boy—but they will insist upon casting him as an underworld character! He plays another crook in "Through the Dark"



Pach Bros.

Ricardo Cortez has that Valentino look. Probably his Latin blood—for he's a Spaniard. With Gloria in her two latest pictures



Murray

Ben Lyon is to appear in "Painted People," opposite Colleen Moore. Before that it was "Flaming Youth"



Oscar Shaw got off to a splendid motion picture start by his work in "The Great White Way"



Evans

Lloyd Hughes will be featured in Rafael Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk." His first costume picture—after a series of modern leads



Apeda

Ronald Colman made his first appearance in pictures opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." He will be with Lillian, again, in "Romola"



"I wonder," wonders Sally Jollyco to herself, "if I shall ever be as lovely as Cousin Joan."

Fancy charming Sally wondering that!

The plain truth about soap and beauty



"Look, Sally," smiles Cousin Joan, who has just returned from Capri, Cannes, Naples and points South.

"Why, Cousin Joan, you didn't get Guest Ivory abroad!"

"No, my dear—this is the last cake but one from the carton you gave me before I sailed. That gift was worth all the flowers and candy, because I used it constantly. All the time I was away I didn't find any soap I liked as well."

IN these days of promised "soap-magic," women are often surprised to learn that, whatever a soap may claim, the utmost it can do for their complexion is to cleanse it safely. No more!

This simple truth prevents delusions about soap claims and goes to the very heart of the whole soap subject.

Dr. William Allen Pusey, perhaps the best known authority in America on the care of the skin, says that soap's function is to cleanse—not to cure or to transform. Further, he recommends, as the most effective method of achieving and maintaining a lovely skin, *simple daily washing with warm water and pure soap, followed by a rinsing in cool or cold water.* If you have a dry skin, use a small amount of cold cream.

Among all soaps, quite regardless of cost, Ivory is usually first choice for such a method, because Ivory has for generations been distinguished for purity and gentleness. Doctors recommend it for babies. Hospitals find it almost indispensable. Millions of women have used it to achieve and maintain a beautiful skin. It contains neither coloring matter nor medicaments. It is pure soap.

And we now offer you Guest Ivory—a dainty new cake of Ivory, especially designed for the face and hands—charming in dress, convenient for slim fingers, and fitting in every way to grace the washstands of fastidious women. Guest Ivory is truly as fine a soap for the skin as can be bought, yet its modest price is five cents.

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99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

PHOTOPLAY

April, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

THE Ohio board of censors is hereby handed the idiocy prize of the month. There was considerable competition by the Pennsylvania Association for the Protection of Morons, but in all fairness the solid ivory medal must go to Ohio. They objected to the intimation that in France a man might call on a lady and find a supply of clean handkerchiefs for his personal use in her boudoir. But they wanted to be reasonable. So they permitted Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris" to run for one week. Then to the boneyard. There's a brilliant compromise for you. Perhaps they thought the people of Ohio were too thick to get the point in one week.

THE radio is going to put theaters out of business again. This time a Washington inventor claims to have devised a method of broadcasting moving pictures direct from the studios as the action takes place. He overlooks the trivial objection that it sometimes takes a year to finish the picture at the rate of thirty feet a day. It's a great claim anyhow, and if he doesn't look out some motion picture producer will hire him to write some advertisements for those super-special-spectacle productions.

THE radio is in a way a twin brother of the pictures. It broadcasts entertainment and information. But the fact remains that folks like some place to go once in a while. What a life this would be if all the needs of our body and mind were broadcast right into the front parlor! It would put more than the motion picture theaters out of business.

HERE are the little imitators following right in on "The Ten Commandments." In the trade papers the Artclass Pictures Corp. advertises, "After Six Days, Featuring Moses and The Ten Commandments." "The greatest cleanup this business has ever known," "more favorable comment than has ever been accorded a picture," are other modest statements. Boy, pass this advertisement the garlic wreath of veracity.

UP to the time of going to press Rudolph and the Famous Players Company are getting along together like a couple of D. W. Griffith's doves in a love scene. He's hard at work at the Long Island studios on "Monsieur Beaucaire," and from all indications it will be a wonderful picture, a veritable riot of beauty and color. Lois Wilson is playing the queen of Louis XV, and such a queen. Bebe Daniels is the *Princess de Bour-*

bon-Conti, Lowell Sherman is the king. Then there's Helene Chadwick, Betty Carsdale, Yvonne Hughes, Florence O'Denishawn, and scores of other beauties. Ladies, take my tip, and don't let your husband see this picture. It's going to be hard on happy homes. And while I am about the work of preserving the American home, husbands, steer the wife away from it too. "The Sheik" was a dead one compared to the way Rudy looks in this home wrecker.

THERE ought to be a law against beautiful women and handsome men appearing on the screen. A middle west preacher complains that the movies are one of the greatest causes of divorce. Of course this objection would be entirely removed if all the heroines and heroes were dowds and slobs.

A VAUDEVILLE artist tells of meeting a singularly beautiful and dumb young movie star who had just returned from abroad at a party. When he asked her about her impressions of Europe, she said, "France is lovely. You should hear the Pheasants singing the mayonnaise while the Los Angeles were ringing."

A BRAHAM LINCOLN, a really splendid picture, is a fluke in New York, and will be a failure all through the country unless they do some fast and effective exploitation to tell the public about it. The Rockett boys made a picture to be proud of, but they do not know how to sell it to the public. They committed the mistake of bringing it into New York on "rubber heels."

Here was a picture worth making a noise about. The critics raved about it, and the producers ordered an extra supply of "standing room only" signs and sat back. Over the theater they proclaimed it as "the greatest motion picture ever made." What a shame to damn it with such a meaningless bromide. Take it down, boys, take it down. That will crowd the theater about as fast as an inscription from old Tut's tomb.

METRO can be relied upon to pull boners with regularity. They are going to make a new production of "Revelation" with Viola Dana in the rôle in which Nazimova made her greatest screen hit. And what a performance it was! The picture, as you may remember, was made from Mabel Wagnall's "The Rosebush of a Thousand Years." Viola is a clever little actress, but Nazimova's classic performance will be hard to follow.



Nita Naldi has been called the most exotic, the most bizarre personality in pictures. But, off the screen, she is intensely human—and delightful. Honest, exceedingly without pretense, and with such a sense of humor! One of the few people who can really claim New York City as a birthplace, she came to prominence via the Century Roof. Then the "Follies," musical comedy and the silver sheet. She had her first real chance in "Blood and Sand"—since then her path to fame has been a glory road!

What Men Have Told Me About Other Women

A story that every wife should read

By Nita Naldi

I SHALL always claim that it is not my fault that I have these eyes and this hair. I was born with them and while peroxide might change the hair, nothing can be done about the green eyes that slant after the Chinese fashion. Since I was fifteen, people have considered that I must be wicked on account of my coloring. However, I suppose I shouldn't complain because it has enabled me to make my living.

Combine my coloring and general contour, which is also the result of nature, with the sort of roles I play on the screen, and every man I meet thinks I am the real thing in vampires and either runs after me or away from me, according to his nature and inclinations.

No man that I have ever met so far has taken the trouble to inquire about my personal likes and dislikes. I am a vampire and all men are my prey. He takes one look at me, somebody says, "That's Nita Naldi, the vampire," and he wades right in.

I have heard it said that appearances are sometimes deceitful, but nobody ever gave me the benefit of the doubt.

Oh, I'm not claiming that I'm an ingenue by instinct. I admit that I have been in the "Follies" and various other American institutions of that kind. I don't like ingenues. Most of them are either hypocrites or bores. Men interest me. I admit that, too. Sometimes I get a thrill out of them and sometimes they're good for a lot of laughs.

But I have learned most about men from those who assumed on first acquaintance that I would be interested in their views on love, with and without marriage. The "with marriage" referring to their wives, and the "without marriage" referring to me. The things I have listened to from men whose names I couldn't remember! And it is odd, but so many men are married.

My idea in writing this yarn is chiefly to give a little advice and a warning or two to women.

Ladies, ladies, listen to me and let me tell you the things men tell me about their wives, their sweethearts, and their women friends. It has been a liberal education to me. Incidentally, if you care anything about your man, it may show you some of the things not to do.

A lot of it is such old stuff that I'm ashamed to mention it. Caesar told it to Cleopatra on the banks of the Nile. And I daresay he stole it from the ancient Chinese. However, since

there's nothing new beneath the sun, and a lot of women don't seem to know any more about men than they do about monkeys, I may as well not try to be original.

The first line that is pulled on me oftenest is—oh, it's a shame to do this —, "My wife's a fine woman, but she doesn't understand me."

If I like his looks, maybe I let him get away with it. If I don't, I say, "The truth is that she understands you too well.

You don't want to be understood. You want somebody to tell you how grand you are."

Nevertheless, I notice by the papers that nice little school teachers and innocent young stenographers all over the country are still falling for that misunderstood line. It isn't such a joke, either, because a lot of times it leads to divorces and separations and even to murder.

So, just in confidence, let me tell you an experience of my own. I knew a man once who had a wife. (This line is going to cause a lot of men who read it to get very nervous around the collar.) I was young and innocent then, my ankles had just got me into the "Follies," and I thought this man was pretty nice. He had such lovely, trustful brown eyes. Well, anyway, as for his wife — my dear, my dear. That woman, according to his story, should have been boiled in oil, given lethal gas, hanged by the neck. She nagged him from morning till night. She spent more money every month than he could make in a year. She hadn't any sense of humor and she didn't laugh at his jokes. She threw dishes at him when she got angry, and once she broke a clock over his head. She flirted with other men. She was always gadding

around to teas and bridge and beauty parlors. Oh, there is no end to the things that woman could be guilty of.

I believed him. I believed him! The merest thought of that man's wife used to make my young blood boil. I never felt so sorry for anybody in my life as I did for him.

Well, a few years later when I was touring around the country, I happened to stay at a fashionable hotel at a well known springs in the middle west. There, I met a lady by the same name. But it was a fairly common name, and my heart had ceased to turn over at the sound of it many months before. The only thing that did occur to me was how different this Mrs. Smith—we'll call her Smith though that wasn't her name—was

Nita Naldi's Ten Commandments. For Wives Only

Don't be too obvious in understanding your husband's little faults and failings. Let him get away with it sometimes.

Don't nag. If he doesn't get you the second time, it's hopeless anyway.

Don't let him make you dowdy in appearance.

Don't keep him from drinking cocktails or playing poker at home unless you can enforce the amendment everywhere else.

Don't make a liar out of him for a few miles or a few dollars when he's telling a story.

Don't be too free with your opinions and too stingy with your laughs.

Don't knock any other woman he admires. Agree with him and then look around diligently for some little thing that will make her seem or look ridiculous.

Don't make him feel as if his home is a prison. Let him go out with the boys once in awhile and always see to it that you've got something amusing to do yourself those evenings, so he'll worry a little about you. He'll come home earlier.

Don't forget that man, being a polygamous animal, can't be content with merely a wife. He's got to have a sweetheart as well and the smartest thing a wife can do is to be it.

Don't be too familiar, too nervous, too busy, or too tired to be polite and decent to your husband. There are so many other women in the world.

from the one I'd spent my evenings hearing about. She was a sweet, pretty, gentle soul, well-groomed and intelligent, and devoted to her husband. She used to tell me what a fine man he was, and I found she even had a sense of humor. I liked her immensely.

Imagine — I ask you — imagine my surprise and horror when Mr. Smith appeared for the week-end and turned out to be my long-lost acquaintance. It was beautiful. Incidentally, imagine his surprise and horror.

A man will say anything when he wants to win a woman; never forget that. And it's my personal experience that nine out of every ten men who describe their wives as monsters of iniquity are merely looking for an excuse for their own rottenness. Before you fall for that bewhiskered line of courtship, look up friend wife. Even if you have to pretend to be a book agent, give her the benefit of a passing glance. See what she looks like and how she talks. As Bert Savoy used to say, "You'll be surprised."

On the other hand, it occurs to me from men's conversation, that wives understand their husbands a little too obviously. Let him get away with a little something. As I said before, he isn't looking for a deadly chemical analysis of his virtues and faults. What he wants is a little love and flattery and belief in his ability to bring home the world on a platter if necessary. Maybe you can't go that strong. I never could. (Oh, I was married once. Yes, indeed. I still wear my wedding ring to remind me to control myself when my emotion becomes too exuberant and the marriage license bureau is mentioned as the next stop. Some woman wrote me a letter the other day to tell me my husband was in town, but I wrote back and said: "I'm sorry, but I can't leave right now. I'm in the middle of a picture.")

Anyway, even if you can't believe all the things about your husband that he'd like to have you, stall a little. Pretend at least as much as you do with your lady friends when they come in afternoons for bridge.

There are two things I have seen wives do that ought to be barred by law. One is to stop a husband in the middle of a story and say, "John, it wasn't *eighty* miles, it was only twenty-three." The other is to make fun of a husband, or tell about his little failures in public.

Little as I believe most men, when they've told me about things like that, they have convinced me they had cause for complaint. Tears actually come into their eyes. After all, a husband may be the lowest form of human life, but even a worm deserves better treatment than that.

Another thing that men are always telling me is how dowdy and old looking their wives let themselves get and what rotten taste they have in clothes.



Miss Naldi looks backward, reminiscently, as she tells what she knows of men

A WOMAN who is immensely attractive to men, whose screen career is based on that quality—Nita Naldi in this article views the admiring male sex calmly and dispassionately, and tells the truth about them. She may be thought unkind—even a little brutal at times—but her opinions bear the impress of verity. She knows men—and proves it. Nor do the members of her own sex escape unscathed.

On that one, I've got to go back a little ways. The first thing a man does when he really falls in love with a woman is to try to make her as unattractive as possible to the rest of the world. In China they make them shave their eyebrows and blacken their teeth. They can't get away with that here. But they do their best.

The way I can tell that a man has really fallen in love with me is to watch for the time when he says I wear too much lip-rouge and not enough bathing suit. In Turkey, they shut their women up in the harem so they can keep them beautiful and nobody else can see them. In America, a man may doll his wife up and take her out somewhere to show her off, if he can keep his eye on her. The rest of the time, he'd prefer her to be harmless.

All that is natural enough. But I notice that about the time a man has persuaded his wife not to use a lipstick or put mascara on her eyes, not to have her hair marcelled, not to wear sheer stockings or an evening gown that comes below her collar bone, he usually romps off in pursuit of some show girl that is done up like a Christmas tree. Watch it and see.

A man falls for a woman who understands how to make the most of her looks and then he tries to show her how to make the least of them. Then he complains because she's let herself get old and dowdy and finds some beautiful young damsel to start in on again. It's a nice little circle.

Don't do it. Don't do it! The man is sincere enough at the moment and he probably thinks he will love you better if you look more domestic and less beautiful. But he won't. They admit it to me every day. And believe me, when a man starts to tell me his wife has lost her looks and doesn't care how she dresses any more, I always ask him how much he had to do with it.

Don't let him get away with it. Don't let him make you look dowdy. And unless it's a question of food, don't let him make you economize on your clothes. If you do, he'll be buying fur coats for his stenographer some winter day.

Another complaint that I get made to me a lot is that wife won't let him have a cocktail before dinner. Therefore he rushes out and buys a case of bad champagne for some "Follies" queen.

I hold no brief for cocktails. But until a woman can convince a man that they're all wrong and he mustn't use 'em, she'll be wiser to let a man drink them at home. Then if he gets any wild ideas about spending the evening, she'll be there.

Then there is the time-worn and time-honored one about all men being naturally polygamous and morals are all a matter of geography anyway. I have a stock answer for that one. I say: "Yes, look at the South Sea Islands. Women have got just [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

Good-by Boys I'm Through

"I was talked into making this picture," she says. "But no more"



Intends to abandon acting for the megaphone and become a director

Star who never knew fear says that "Terror" is her last picture

By Bland Johaneson

PEARL WHITE is lost to the movies. The bravest girl in pictures has done her last stunt. "I'll never work in another picture. I only did 'Terror' because I was talked into it," said the valiant Pearl. And she announced that all her future connection with the films will be in the capacity of a director. Not only have the melo-serials lost their courageous and harassed heroine who was pursued to the depths of the sea and the heights of the air, but Pearl has abandoned the land of the neighborhood movie altogether. She is a Parisienne, now, a real one, with a high-necked nightie and black Georgette underwear.

She was wearing the former the first time I saw her on her recent flying visit to New York. What runaway locomotives and wrecked balloons had failed to, laryngitis had accomplished. Pearl was laid low by it.

She has grown both prettier and plumper. "I can't talk," she whispered from among the mufflers and blankets. "I haven't anything to say, anyway. I'm only here for a few weeks to try to sell my picture. Then I go back to Paris where it's cheaper to live—and I use the word 'live' advisedly."

Pearl muttered of economy in a suite at the St. Regis strewn with jewels and chinchilla. "I've been studying French for two years and you've no idea what a few *'c'est trop chere's'* can accomplish."

With this the door opened to admit, or rather disgorge, the exuberant Miss Blythe Daly, ingenue daughter of Arnold, who squealed, "Pearl, you look wonderful!" and implanted an enthusiastic kiss upon the patient.

My admiration for Pearl White doubled. She was running a temperature, but I never have seen such perfect composure.

"Go in the other room and sit down. Read a book," she said evenly, and Blythe departed with a gurgle of, "Darling, you look marvelous!"

A long time ago, a mutual friend told me that Pearl White was strange, so matter-of-fact that if she was occupied with bridge or something and a stranger entered the room she would disregard the introduction until later when her attention was free and she could be genuinely interested. This sounded like the rankest rudeness. I put Pearl down as an underbred and ill-mannered person.

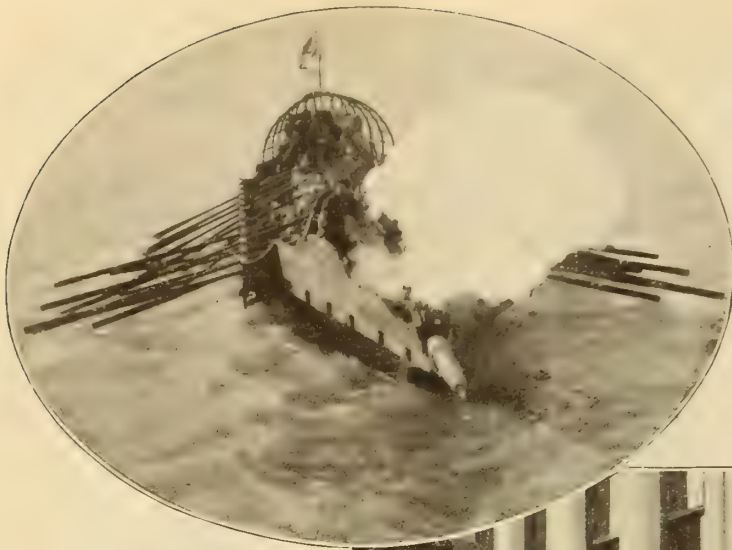
But I was wrong. She is unquestionably an unusual young woman. But what savored of social eccentricity, was nothing more or less than Pearl's abounding sincerity. She has the "take it or leave it" attitude toward life. She makes no efforts to please or to impress. She evokes no false interest. She has the profound detachment of an aristocratic cat, and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]



Odds & Ends the Camera Caught

Throughout the known world
you will find cameramen, and
they pick up many interesting
things in their travels



A fifteenth century pirate
galley chasing a ship for
"Romola"



This gown with a
thirty-foot train was
designed for "Zaza,"
but never used



Yes, it's Rudic. Training for the title rôle in "Monsieur
Beaucaire"



All dressed up and
no place to go, but
still happy. Farina,
of course



You don't need a caption to identify him, for he looks just the same now, does Tom Mix



Claire Windsor out in the Sahara desert, riding a mile with a camel



Ben-Hur and Messala, alias George Walsh and Francis X. Bushman



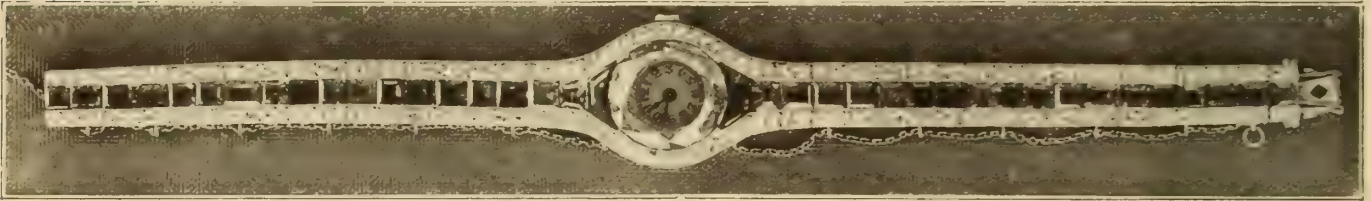
And here is little Ina Anson, the dancer, diving. Diving into what? Oh, nothing, just diving!



What they will do for their art! See what Corinne Griffith did to herself for "Black Oxen"



The most startling of the Mix collection is an anklet of diamonds and platinum with three diamonds of four carats each in the center. It is of unique and beautiful design and exquisite workmanship. This and the eleven-carat solitaire were Tom Mix's gifts to his wife last Christmas



A watch set in a diamond and worn as a bracelet is the unique piece of Mrs. Mix's collection. A large diamond was hollowed out to hold the works of the watch, the face of the diamond forming the crystal of the watch. Large sapphires and diamonds are set around it. It is insured for \$30,000



Three of Mrs. Mix's many rings. From left to right are a ring with a great emerald and two diamonds; an eleven-carat solitaire, her largest gem; and an eight-carat diamond



This bird is of diamonds set solid in platinum and is worn as a brooch. The diamond drop is a ten-carat stone, on a platinum chain

The Mix Jewels



And here is Mrs. Mix, herself, wearing practically all the best pieces of her wonderful collection

WITH the possible exception of Mrs. Cecil B. DeMille, Mrs. Tom Mix has the most valuable collection of jewels in Hollywood. It is valued at about \$250,000. Practically all her jewelry consists of diamonds or sapphires. She has a superstition about pearls and will have none.

"Tom can't get insurance because of the risks he takes," says Mrs. Mix, "so we put our savings into jewels. They are a good investment and we can realize on them quickly if necessary. I love these gems and I know their every characteristic, just as I know Tom's or Thomasina's."

The Camera Never Lies

*But it does
mislead at times
and it is liable
to cause odd
complications,
especially when
it brings about
a meeting of
East and West*

By
Frank Condon

Illustrated by R. Van Buren



*"What a girl!" he
muttered. "Gosh!
What a girl!"*

WE have, here in America, and there is no use denying it, a rather gloomy future, and we will have to look sharp and howl for our rights during the next ten years, or something cataclysmic will befall us. We are in a fair way to receive it just under the ear, the way Rome got it, and Carthage, and Nineveh, Tyre and,—the name escapes—the ball team at the bottom of the American League.

They, and you know who "they" means, have been savagely taking our liberties away from us over a long period, beginning with the first "keep-off-the-grass" sign, erected upon the lawn of the Philadelphia City Hall in 1856, and the pastime of liberty-snatching grows more impudent and astounding day by day.

They slapped away our beer from under our chins, and we whined mildly and took up with the drug store addicts, heaving in strange liquids that never expected to enter the human esophagus. They came out against our smoking cigars and cigarettes, or chewing fine cut without the aid of a bib, and what did we do about it? Not a thing.

There are strong and frowning confederations organized today, to work against picking the free American teeth in front of cafeterias; combing the male hair on the sea beach; rolling the feminine hose to a point due south of the knee; powdering the nose between the little fish and the soup; kissing in railway stations when leaving; kissing in the parks and autos when not leaving, these latter reforms being sponsored by the living dead of both sexes, who were probably kissed in extreme youth by

whisker-bearing relatives or garlic eaters and thus got the wrong idea about it. They are going to prevent us playing golf, tennis, baseball, post-office and pinochle on Sunday, and, eventually, the time will come when nobody will dare to eat an ear of corn in public, wear a bathing suit, keep his hat on in an elevator, ask a doctor for a prescription, or swear through the telephone. . . . The outlook is sad.

As Ralph Waldo Block truly says, when you take away too many small rights from a nation, you thereby destroy Romance in the land, and when you run Romance beyond the national boundary, you are digging the national grave, for, without Romance, marriage slips into a decline, and the birth columns begin to print ship arrivals, whereupon the international undertaker hauls out his jar of embalming fluid and sends over for the exact measurements.

The one loyal, vigorous and unterrified friend of Romance in America today is the Motion Picture. Take away our movies and Romance curls up and quits, particularly in the remote places, where the traffic is light and the ploughman homeward plods his weary way. You find precious little Romance in modern books, because modern books have become painful psychological pokings into the pornographic, studies in psychoanalysis, and half hours with perversion. Therefore, Romance is having a stony time of it, and the movies—well, it's a good thing people like the movies.

For example, Dan Claypool not only admired them, but he likewise believed in Romance, although mighty little of it had ever come his way, which circumstance was probably due to the



character of his job. Dan would have gone into Cypress every night in the week for his movies, but it was fifteen miles over a rutty, dirt road, and he usually worked until nine or ten at the ranch. There was one theater in Cypress, the Alcazar, formerly a retail paint store. During tense moments in a film tale, one could smell the varnish of other times.

Dan was young, stepping upon the sill of life, and alone, except for twenty-two active men who aided him in running the property. It was a cattle ranch, established by his father and kept going by his mother until Dan grew up. Both of the old folks were now gone over the border, and Dan ran the place and ran it well. The fragrant earth was dotted with his cattle as far as the eye could reach, and he shipped to Chicago, not by the car, but by the trainload. His men liked him because he was a square-shooter and paid excellent wages, and in the natural course of events, Dan Claypool would become one

of the cattle giants of Oregon.

The Claypool house was a cheerful, comfortable pile of stone and brick, with windows everywhere and half a dozen fireplaces. Dan was twenty-three, and at twenty-three the male mind frequently turns to the contemplation of women. He met with few of these in the flesh, and, usually, they were Indians, or Swedes who came out from Cypress to scrub.

Romance knocked timidly at Dan's door at intervals, and he sank into musings, generally after an hour at the Alcazar. He saw numberless nice girls at the movie house, fluttering from scene to scene, and meditated about them on the ride home, unless Broken Nose Donnelly was with him. Broken Nose was one of his hired men, and a favorite pal, but a man could not talk sentiment to Broken Nose.

"May Sosen!" she gasped.
 "Of all things—to meet you
 here! My Lord! What's
 happened to you?"



Dan Claypool was commonplace to look at. He wore leather boots, corduroy pants and a blue shirt without a tie. He was six feet tall and bony, with a beak of a nose and calm gray eyes that seemed to believe in people. Reading and study had played but a small part in his life, so far, because he had hustled since he was fourteen. He respected women and regarded them all as far better creatures than men, which theory has sometimes fooled people, but never harmed them much.

Dan's laugh was loud and hearty and the neighbors liked to hear him coming. One of them called him Smiling Dan, yet there was a question in his eyes about life in general. Sometimes he believed it was an accident, and at other times he felt sure there was a purpose of some sort in it. He had almost become convinced that Romance was a thing that never drifted into a man's life and settled upon his shoulder like a snowflake. You had to go out and find it for yourself,—look

for it, and never stop looking till you had it. He was religious, clean-minded, soft-spoken, took a cold bath every morning, and could knock any man on his ranch sprawling with a single poke. He had nice teeth and wavy black hair, and many a girl would have looked at him kindly, even leaving out the cattle ranch.

There was no reason why Dan Claypool should be sophisticated, and he was not. Some of the jesting subtleties in the films were Greek to him, and the motives that actuated screen characters were often without meaning to the big lad, sitting in the rear row with a cold cigar in his mouth.

ON a warm spring morning, Dan drove into Cypress with a bundle of papers for the notary public, and after lunch, as usual, he paid his forty cents at the Alcazar ticket window and strolled within, to sit through a five-reel society tale, called, "Help Wanted." Dan decided that it was mildly good, because it was about city people, all New Yorkers, moving through episodes of fashionable life in the metropolis.

The star was a well-known woman of the movies, with masses of yellow hair, but Dan surveyed her coldly, and it was not until the picture was half over that he suddenly sat bolt upright. His hat fell off his right knee and lay unnoticed on the floor. He held his breath, and for that single, amazed instant, an earthquake would have bounded off him unobserved.

A young woman meandered into the picture, and a subtitle identified her as Jennie Malone, "a typical, modern, New York working girl." Dan stared at her hungrily, and strange, deep forces stirred within him. It can be done. It has been done. He fell in love with this fitting figure on the screen instantaneously. Presently, Jennie Malone came into a close-up and Dan saw that she was a creature of purest beauty and beyond compare.

"There," he said to himself, "is the girl I am going to marry."

The lady, anon, receded into a medium shot, and an elderly character, a mere tradesman, strode into the scene and asked Jennie for her address. She told him that she still lived at the same place, but to make certain he would deliver the shoes, or whatever it was, she wrote down her address upon a bit of paper.

A minute later, the street and number flashed momentarily across the screen in what the movies term an insert. The number was 422 East 68th Street, in plain handwriting.

Jennie then departed smilingly and, later on, Dan Claypool watched her enter another scene and walk up the steps, take out her key and disappear into what was obviously and undeniably her own home.

When the five reels of "Help Wanted" ended, Dan could remember nothing except Jennie Malone. He could recall no character, nor did he desire to, except the slim, straight figure of a girl ascending the steps and entering her home. He emerged from the Alcazar Theater in a pleasurable haze, walking upon little, unseen clouds, and his feeling about Jennie was unchanged.

"I am going to marry her," he repeated. "There's the girl that Fate intended for me and I know it. This is no accident or mistake or idle thing. This is the moving finger of Destiny."

He returned to the notary's office, signed papers, walked out and leaned against the price sign in the filling station.

"Dan can act anyway he wants," remarked the clerk, "with his money."

The Oregon sun blazed down into Mr. Claypool's youthful eyes, but he scorned it.

"Her name," he murmured happily, "is Jennie Malone, and that's where she lives, and I am going to marry her. Nothing in the world can prevent me."

A problem seemed to be settled, all in an instant. Dan had wondered, in a puzzled way, about marriage. Every young fellow got married, but where, he asked himself, would he meet a girl—him working on a cattle ranch, with never a rustling skirt for miles, or the click of high heels? Why should a girl fancy him, anyhow? He wasn't handsome or heroic. His finger-nails were cracked. His skin was burned a brick red. He wore suspenders and his feet were big—too big.

Still and all, Jennie Malone would *have* to like him, because Fate had meant it to be so. He was calmly assured about that. He had never thought of Fate before, but here was its palpable working. No other girl had stirred him. This was meant to be.

He generally returned to the ranch at five in the afternoon, but on this day, he remained in Cypress, because it was necessary to have that address and write it down. It had slipped by too quickly. He purchased a lead [CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]



"There is something my critics never knew—that I cried day after day and night after night behind closed doors. When I went out my head was high. It will always be high. I am ambitious to achieve success as an artist, not as a personality"

The Autobiography of Pola Negri

PART III

MY life has been one revolution after another, and Hollywood was the worst.

It was not easy to leave New York for California after the cordial reception I enjoyed. America is the goal of virtually every European artist today. Nowhere is the aesthetic impulse so vigorous. Art requires patronage, and New York is the most magnificent patron in the world today. Consider the success of the Moscow Art theater, the reception accorded Duse, and the support given to the Metropolitan Opera year after year. New York has always been my goal, and I was not disappointed when I arrived.

I viewed the New York skyline breathlessly. What grandeur, what color, what aspirations in marble! The skyscrapers, like the Gothic cathedrals of Europe, seem striving heavenward at the urge of man.

The first glimpse of New York from the bay awed me with its loveliness, the first view of it from within thrilled me with its drama. The rushing, seething, noisy turbulence of its streets is the dramatic expression of America. I love it. Of course I couldn't work there; I'd go mad. But I do want to work at a studio near the city, in touch with its power and beauty.

The most beautiful picture in the world: New York at night. Times Square, robed in jewels, is a pageant unrivalled in the achievement of man.

I was not prepared for the ovation that awaited me. While I knew of my success on the screen in "Pas-

sion," I never realized how much New York was interested in me. When a boat came out to meet the steamer with a banner inscribed "Welcome Pola Negri," and I heard the orchestral serenade in my honor, I was surprised and touched. I waved my greeting and then suddenly found myself surrounded by reporters and cameras.

During the eight days I was in New York, before starting toward Hollywood, I was entertained at dinners, luncheons and theater parties. Then Hollywood and another lovely greeting. A little newsboy presented me with some roses, the sweetest greeting of all. Everyone was charming, and I felt that it was all a dream which could not last. People are human; where there is great generosity there is also jealousy and selfishness.

The heat was terrific the day of my arrival, and it continued so for a week. I despaired of becoming acclimated. For the first four months I suffered under the most frightful depression.

I could scarcely arise from my bed in the morning; it seemed an effort even to think clearly.

The climate was sufficiently depressing, but the criticism was worse. I was a foreigner unacquainted with the customs. Everything I did, every move I made was criticized. It seemed to me as though nothing I did was right. Perhaps I had been spoiled by the attention given me in Europe and by the reception of New York. Perhaps I was tactless. All I know is that for every mistake I made I paid twenty times in suffering.

I learned that I was being called

This is the last installment of the remarkable story of Pola Negri, which the beautiful Polish screen star wrote for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Since this was written, a great change has taken place in the attitude of the public and of the motion picture people toward this wonderful woman. Greeted on her arrival with jealousies, unkind and exaggerated stories, she has since won friendship and admiration for her human as well as her artistic qualities.

"the competition," my house "the competition house" and my car "the competition car." Interviewers sometimes asked me such personal questions that I misunderstood the motive. In Europe they ask you about art; here they asked me, what is the dangerous age of a man and of a woman! I did not know that every other star was interviewed the same way; I thought it was something personal.

There were stories printed so absurd, that they were beneath denial. Until now I have never replied to criticisms and have never sought to show my side.

There was, for instance, the story of the cats. Some one who evidently disliked me terribly printed a story to the effect that I ordered the cats killed or removed from the studio. And the story was reprinted everywhere! It was absolutely untrue. Even had it been true, it was too petty for the attention of an intelligent person.

Every time I expressed an opinion contrary to the accepted or made an objection of any sort I was heralded as "temperamental." I refused to do "The Cheat," it is true. In the first script they had me jump from an airplane into the water, from the water on to a motorcycle and from a motorcycle on to a moving train where I was to run along the roofs of the coaches. They wanted me to do all the things that have made Eddie Polo famous. I did not feel I was qualified.

When the acrobatics were deleted, I finally agreed to do the story, although I protested that I was not suited to the rôle. It was not my *milieu*. I am not so conceited that I think I can play all types with equal effect.

I did not like "Bella Donna."

The original story, yes, I liked that, but when they found it necessary to alter Mrs. Cheston's character by making her sympathetic, in order to please exhibitors, censors and the public. I knew I was lost. What could I do? All these problems were new to me. I did not wish to be dictatorial and unreasonable. I realized I had a great deal to learn about the motion picture situation in America.

Now I know the situation fair-

Miss Negri as "The Spanish Dancer"



"I did not care for Hollywood parties, and, as I had no friends, I kept to myself with my books and music, and my dogs. For that I was called snobbish"

ly well, and I also know exactly what I intend to do. No more "sympathy." I don't care what people think of me personally. I don't care whether they like me or hate me when they leave the theater, but I do want them to say, "Pola Negri gave a marvelous performance."

I am ambitious to achieve success as an artist, not as a personality. I despise the word personality. I'm told that the public often prefers personality to acting ability; that more money can be made as a personal favorite than as an artist. That may be true. Very well, then I shall make less money. I do not care for money; I have all that I need. I have been penniless and hungry and I have had luxury and adulation, and I know that neither poverty nor wealth has anything to do with happiness.

I know from experience that happiness is the exception rather than the rule. My favorite philosopher is Schopenhauer—he helped me a great deal in Hollywood! The greatest joy I have experienced has been in struggle. When an artist ceases to struggle, he ceases to be an artist. I shall always struggle because I shall never achieve my goal. The artist never arrives; he always owes to his ideal.

Although I suffer great loneliness, I must be alone. I crave solitude. Sometimes I feel that I would like to go away far into a strange country, into a peasant's hut and close the door. I have never liked the superficiality of society. In Berlin and in Warsaw I found recreation in the opera, the theater, a few friends at dinner, and in reading the books I like. Social affairs bore me.

I did not care for Hollywood parties, and, as I had no friends, I kept to myself with my books and music. This attitude brought

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



Wallace Reid—the epitome of charm



Richard Dix—manly, brave and daring



Douglas Fairbanks—the athletic type



Ramon Novarro—highly romantic type



William S. Hart—ice to be melted

What Kind of Men Attract

THERE is an answer to every human riddle. And the most fascinating game in the world is trying to find those answers.

But the question of what kind of men attract women most and why, is one the solution of which is being sought continually by novelists, dramatists, and even psycho-analysts—and without any great success.

Nine cases out of ten you can figure out why a certain woman attracts a man, because men are not hampered by shame in such matters and can be honest. They have been honest for centuries. But women?

My father, who was a great criminal lawyer and had faced all kinds of men and women on the witness stand, used to say that it was absolutely impossible for a woman to tell the truth where a man was concerned. Certainly the old-fashioned

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

superstition that it is immodest and unwomanly to admit that men do attract women still persists in enough places to make it difficult to get at

any authentic cross-section of feminine feeling. Nearly all women are secretive on that subject and most of them will deny flatly that they are ever attracted by anything in men but grand and noble character. Which is manifestly silly.

When a man stumbles upon some small measure of the truth about what kind of men women actually admire, his ideal of the fair sex is usually somewhat shattered.

But he seldom finds out. Oh, he may nose about and find individual cases of great interest. He may diagnose his own experiences and those within his immediate circle.

For instance, I asked a woman once why she loved her husband enough to beat to death the girl who had become her



Thomas Meighan—courteous and chivalrous



Richard Barthelmess—charm of delicacy



Rudolph Valentino—passion personified



Reginald Denny—strength and good looks



Antonio Moreno—the gay and poetic wooer

Women Most?

*Women crave love, yearn for romance.
So they choose stage or screen
idols as the lovers of their dreams*

rival. She was a black-browed woman with a scarlet mouth and the shadow of jail bars fell upon the slim, brown hands that had wielded the fatal hammer. (I had seen her husband in court and found him singularly colorless—a slight man with the cheap, soda-clerk type of good-looks.) Her sombre eyes met mine for a moment and then she said: "He's the only man I ever knew that I was afraid of. I never knew from one day to the next whether he'd show up or what he'd do to me if he did."

On the other hand, the wife of a famous matinee idol who had walked through hell-fire with the love-light still burning in her eyes, explained her inspiring devotion by saying softly: "He needed me so."

When I was a girl at boarding school—and girls of that age are apt to be more frank—I remember that we had four idols common to the student body.

The most popular was a chauffeur who drove one of the day

scholars to school. I have never seen a man before or since who was better to look at, there is that in our defense. In addition he wore a cold, bitter expression and never once glanced at the flutter of a fair skirt. It was the general belief that he was the younger son of an English peer and that he had been forced to leave England because of an indiscreet love affair with a lady too near the throne.

Our second choice was the captain of the Yale football team. He was excessively homely and he had a rather timid, embarrassed smile. He was in love with one of our seniors—a plain girl who had been unnoticed in the school before his arrival, but who immediately became a personage of great importance. He wasn't much to look at, but he *was* the Yale football captain.

The third was a famous stage star, and the fourth was the Episcopal rector, a tall young [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



Born in 1893 and now a world-famous screen star

HIS LIFE STORY BEGINS NEXT MONTH

HIS screen personality is as well known to the entire world as that of any person living. His "fan" mail is enormous. But of the man himself comparatively little is known. That is largely because he does not favor personal publicity.

He starts his story at the proper place—with his birth in a small town in Nebraska. He follows the wanderings of his restless family during his early years. And he gives a most interesting picture of his boyhood.

Humorously and graphically, he tells of his first business venture—as a popcorn merchant—of his first appearance on the stage, and of his first love affair—with a girl to whom he never dared to speak.

Briefly he gives his background up to the age of eighteen years—just

the usual human kid, up to all manner of kid pranks and generally in scrapes. He even became a prize-fighter, but only for a short time. The stage was his ambition.

"And," he adds, "I made my first appearance in a motion picture and I played an Indian."

Here is a document that should not be missed. Not only because the subject of the autobiography is one of the most interesting and human figures before the public today, but also because he has played and is playing such an important part in the making of motion picture history. And **PHOTOPLAY** is both pleased and proud to present, beginning in the May issue, his own story of his life.



RUDOLPH VALENTINO is suggestive of "The Thinker" in this pose. Perhaps he is wondering how it will seem to wear a wig and satin knee panties in the appealing title role of his next picture, Booth Tarkington's great romance "Monsieur Beaucaire"



BABY PEGGY—excuse us, Miss Peggy Montgomery—has adopted the expression of an infant *Dulcy*. In the oval she would seem to be the screen's youngest, and most delightful, dumbell. The smaller picture proves that she's only acting a part



THE lady of the leopard skin not only reclines upon them. She has 'em made into coats! Yes, this is Aileen Pringle—hailed as something quite new, and very effective, in the vamp line—who has the difficult leading role of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks"



Bull

THE brooding eyes of a Madonna—the narrow, curved lips of a heartbreaker. Gowned with a simplicity so demure that it is ultra-sophisticated. This is—Aileen!

Ride 'Em

THE FORE-HORSEMEN OF AMERICA

By JULIAN JOHNSON

THE cowboys have ridden into history. The last ropers have loped down the evergreen canon of yesterday. When the herd was grazing, they rode supreme as the dreadful quartet of the Apocalypse; but instead of death, they left the seeds of Empire in their hoof-prints, and peace, not destruction, settled in the dust behind them. They were the fore-horsemen of America. Where their lariats whirled, railways came to make the States really United. Where their beef bellowed into the market-place, great cities grew. They nourished the world and enriched the nation. Thus, the cowboy seized the universal imagination not only because he is picturesque, but because he is one of the decisive horsemen of the ages. He rides

with the fire-shod Arab and the cartridge-jeweled Cossack, and behind them thunder the wild hosts of Attila and Genghis Khan.

Yet the cowboy thanks to the motion



This is Bill Hart's fighting expression. In centre—Roosevelt, modeled by Laura Gardner Fraser from J. N. Darling's drawing



Freulich

Boyish, lovable, with a sense of humor. Hoot Gibson, whose pictures are consistently good



Charles—sometimes known as "Buck"—Jones. Daredevil, heroic and such a smile! The sheik of the cow country, and a regular fellow, too, who is not afraid to take a chance

Cowboy!

picture, is the only horseman of history who is immortal, living on to delight future generations not merely with legends, but with his actual existence. Meissonier, greatest of battle painters, remotely suggests the rushing splendor of Napoleon's cavalry. But the camera perpetuates the cowboy's speed as well as his spunk, his habits as well as his habitat—it has preserved everything about him except his raucous voice. To the native the cowboy is patriotism; to the immigrant he is a lesson in Americanism; to both he is an unconscious inspiration. The cowboy is also the last horseman. The machine has claimed us in work and war; and the horse, who dragged civilization behind him for forty centuries, has become an archaic pastime. Into the valley of memory the riders have galloped, giants and barbarians and centaurs, but men every one! And they sleep, and are a tale that is told—except the screen-living cowboy vanguard, immortalized by the sun.



The favorite of the small boy, and the dearest dream of the sub-deb! Tom Mix has been called a "ridin' fool"—he dares anything



Freulich



Freulich

When Jack Hoxie lays aside his six shooter in favor of nature's weapons, Jack Dempsey must needs look to his laurels. A great man in a fight, despite the dimpled chin
In centre—Tom Mix and Tony

Art Accord is beloved of the serial fans—and their name is legion! A best seller cowboy

Paramount's Eastern Studio



This is the interior of Paramount's Long Island studio. Under these blinding lights are dreams made! Notice the many different sets, the varied devices for getting technical effect



In an idle moment—there aren't many such!—Allan Dwan chats with the glorious Gloria, and Sam Wood tells Mary Eaton a new one

The outside of the studio is so impressive that it probably sends many a shy, would-be extra scuttling home. A building architecturally perfect



John Barrymore is almost too handsome to be true as the sartorially perfect *Beau Brummel*. A powdered coiffure certainly does enhance his profile—not that it needs enhancing! The picture is from the Clyde Fitch play of the same name



A big moment, in which the big line of the play falls from the bored lips of *Beau Brummel*. "Sherry, who's your fat friend?" he asks—referring to, and quite refusing to recognize, the corpulent Prince of Wales. Consternation—and comedy!





Here are Harry Carey and his two candidates for roles in his next Hunt Stromberg production—"Doby" Carey and his baby sister, Ella Ada



Woodbur,

These modern girls are always up to something when their fathers are napping! Sheila O'Malley hits the pipe while Daddy Pat dozes



Then she opened her eyes and looked at him—unsmilingly, steadily, almost accusingly

The Love Dodger

A story from behind the
curtained windows of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Illustrated by Arthur William Brown

Part Two

TWO days later, Cleveland Brown received a note from her. It bore that remembered heavy fragrance and his heart stopped as it came to him, so vividly did it bring back the soft yielding of her in his arms.

In bold, ten-words-to-the-page writing, it read—

"Dear Cleveland Brown—I am having a very small dinner party on Tuesday night at eight. Will you come? I want an opportunity to thank you for saving my life and also I don't want you to go through life with such a dreadful and, really, erroneous picture of

"Leda O'Neil"

He stuck the thing immediately into his pocket out of sight. Of course he wouldn't go. Ridiculous idea. He had been shocked to the very depths of his being by her condition. It was the first time he had ever been close to a woman who had

drunk too much, though he had seen them. His whole being recoiled from the experience. A drunken man was bad enough—but a drunken woman!

And yet, how strangely sweet and soft she had been, unlike anything he had ever known! The memory of it simply would not be erased. How sweet it might have been to hold her like that, if she belonged to him!

Rather a rotten trick that fate had played him—throwing such a creature as Leda O'Neil into his arms that way.

He took out the note and read it again. "A dreadful and, really, erroneous picture of Leda O'Neil."

At least she had the grace to be ashamed of herself. Perhaps it had been one of those unfortunate and accidental things that happen nowadays. He himself had once drunk two glasses of some gin whose parent had recommended it highly and had forthwith passed into that state where all men are indeed equal.

Maybe something like that had happened to her. Poor girl.

However, he would refuse the invitation. It was safer. No use rushing into trouble.

Then he stopped short. He couldn't. It would be the height of rudeness and cruelty to do that. Why, the poor girl must be feeling dreadful enough about the whole miserable affair. Probably she was suffering sufficiently with remorse and shame without his heaping coals of fire upon her head by rebuffing a simple act of courtesy and gratitude like an invitation to dinner. If he didn't go, what could she think except that he was an ill-mannered and narrow-minded prig?

He hesitated long about the manner of acceptance. Should he write or telephone? No one had ever invited him to dinner by mail before.

Her stationery was heavy and white and satiny, like her skin.

Finally he, too, wrote a note. Simply—

"Dear Miss O'Neil: It is very kind of you to ask me for dinner on Tuesday and I shall be awfully glad to come.

"Sincerely,

"Cleveland Brown."

On a night some two weeks after that dinner party of Leda O'Neil's, all Hollywood would gladly have listened in on three conversations that touched closely the life of Cleveland Brown.

Janice and Anabelle Brown, side by side in Janice's white bed, were whispering in the still night hours.

A faint starlight poured in through the big, open windows and filled the fresh and simple chamber where they lay. A room like that of a particularly fastidious college girl.

"Janice," said Anabelle, in an awed voice, "Cleve's just as *different*. Why, I never did see such a change in anybody."

Janice turned on her side, so that Cleveland's sister saw only the thick, rippling curls of her hair, loose on the pillow.

"What do you mean, different?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. He's grouchy—and he never was before—and he's nervous and he's so absent-minded, honestly it's terrible. He can't seem to get started on his new picture. Mother's just worried to death. Janice, he's just *crazy* about her, that's all."

"Crazy about who?" said Janice. Her voice sounded as though she had stifled a yawn.

"Oh, you know. Leda O'Neil. He can't stay away from her. Every minute he's home, he's like a shut-up dog."

"Well," said Janice, and she turned restlessly, as though, somehow, she could not find a comfortable spot in the bed, "well, she's the most beautiful thing I ever saw. If I were a man, I'd be crazy about her myself."

"Oh, would you, Janice?" Anabelle almost gasped. "Well, if you like that type! But my goodness, Janice, you know she's got a *terrible* reputation. They say she's a worse vamp off the screen than she is on. It seems so funny for *Cleve* to be running around with a woman like that. Promise you'll never, never tell?"

"I won't tell."

"Well, I was up in Cleve's room the other morning and there was a book on the floor by his bed. One of hers. It was poetry. Oh, Janice, it was *terrible*."

"Why terrible?"

"You know. I—I memorized some of it to tell you, but I'm ashamed to say it."

Janice laughed. "If you memorized it, I guess it won't hurt you to say it."

"I only had time to read the ones that were marked. This one was," she hurried into it, giggling now and then between the lines,

"'Can this be sin?

This ecstasy of arms and eyes and lips,
This thrilling of caressing finger-tips,
This toying with incomparable hair?
(I close my dazzled eyes, you are so fair.)

*"Did the naughty, old bad
ramp get him, poor little
boy? Did the wicked vamp-
pire just grab him and eat
him up? It's a shame,
so it is!"*



This answer of caress to fond caress,
This exquisite, maternal tenderness?
How could so much of beauty enter in,
If this be sin?"

"Opposite it she'd written something about—'this is what I tried to explain to you last night.'"

"What was the other one?" asked Janice quietly.

Anabelle took an audible breath and made the plunge:

"'Unbind your hair and let its masses be
Soft midnight on the weary eyes of me.
I faint before the dazzle of your breast;
Make shadows of your hair that I may rest,
And I will cool my fevered temples there;
Let down your hair.'

"There's more, but I can't remember it. Can you imagine *Cleve* reading that kind of junk?"

"Cleve's a man," said Janice. "Of course, they sound silly when you say them, Anabelle, because, of course, you don't know what they mean. But can you imagine what they'd sound like to a man if *she* read them to him? Somehow—I can."

There was so long a silence that Anabelle dozed.

Awakening with a little start, she said, "*Janice*. Were you crying?"

"Certainly not," said Janice coldly, "I think—I've taken a little cold in my head. Do go to sleep, Anabelle."



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Ray Connable stood at her window looking down into the almost deserted street.

A policeman stood on the corner, leaning up against a building. A taxi sputtered by. Across the way, there was a small blur of light and activity at John's, where the late crowds dropped in for something to eat. Everything else was dark and quiet. How different it was from New York at midnight!

Ray Connable, with an unaccountable pang of homesickness, shivered in the night air.

From the room beyond a sleepy voice said: "Miss Ray, can't you go to sleep? You want me to get up and fix you some hot milk? You'll catch cold standing there like that."

"I don't want anything," said Ray Connable, drawing the blue and gold of her mandarin coat about her. "Oh, damn it, Ella, why is the world so rotten?"

"You quit worrying, Miss Ray. That woman ain't going to keep on bothering long with no Cleveland Brown," said the unseen counsellor. "She's used to sheiks, she is. Besides, I hear she's got to have somebody new every few days. And when he does get through, my, won't he be glad of somebody to cheer him up? Didn't he send you them roses yesterday?"

"Yes. But everything was going so wonderfully until she came along. Well, I'm not going to give up. I'm not. Go to sleep, Ella. I'm all right."

But in the still darkness, she put her forehead against the cold comfort of the window pane and said bitterly: "It isn't fair, it isn't fair."

And even while Janice lay wide-eyed, staring into the starlit darkness; while little Ray Connable stood straining to see the midnight world go by, Mrs. Henry Brown, in her big brass bed, was awakened by a stealthy footstep on the stairs.

She sat up instantly, very formidable and entirely prepared to cope with an army of burglars if necessary.

But when the door opened it was only Daddy Brown who slipped in like a wren and ridiculous ghost. He edged very quietly and cautiously around to his own side of the big bed, only to be galvanized as he neared it by the unexpected and violent tones of his wife.

"Where have you been, Henry, chasing around getting your death of cold this time of night?"

"Why, I just went downstairs to get me a drink of water," said Daddy Brown. "I didn't know you was awake, Jennie."

"There's plenty of water right up here in the bathroom," said his wife, switching on the light beside the bed. "Is Cleveland home yet?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Mother."

"Don't lie to me, Henry. You been downstairs to see if he'd come in. Has he?"

"Why, now you speak about it, I don't think he has."

"What time is it?"

"Why, I don't know, Mother."

"You can find out by looking at the clock on my bureau."

"My gracious, it's most two o'clock."

"Two o'clock and Cleveland's not in yet. And when he comes in, he sneaks along so quiet. When he was flying around with that chorus girl, he used to stay out late some nights, but at least he'd come banging in, whistling and waking up the whole house. How many nights has he been out this week?"

"My gracious, Jennie, you better lie down and go to sleep. Cleveland's not a baby any more. I guess he can stay out a few nights *all* night, and it wouldn't be unheard of in a young fellow his age."

"Henry," said the voice from the bed, and for the first time it broke a little and its commanding note was lost in a pleading that Daddy Brown had not heard in many a year, "Henry, it's not like Cleveland. You're scared, aren't you? I know, every night you're wandering around, most all night. I hear you, up and down, up and down. You think—oh, I'm so worried. What do you think—"

Daddy Brown went and sat down on the edge of the bed and patted the hunched shoulders.

"I don't know, Jennie, I don't know. I never got into anything like this myself, though I guess most men do. Some one woman, some time, gets into their blood and sort of sets 'em crazy. Usually, it don't last. But this Miss O'Neil—"

"She's a devil," said Cleveland Brown's mother.

"No, she isn't. If she was, I wouldn't worry. Straight out and out badness isn't much to worry about with a boy that's got fine principles like Cleveland. But it's funny how much goodness and badness can get all mixed up together in this world. Cleveland's been dodging love a long time. It was bound to catch up with him some time—in this town. I'm just hoping it won't hurt him so bad that—he'll never get over it."

"Do you think he'll marry her?"

"No, because I don't think she'll let him."

"Does he want to, Henry?"

"I hope so, Jennie. I wouldn't want my boy to feel like that about a woman and not want to marry her. Yes, I expect right now he'd about give his soul to marry her."

The purr of a motor broke the night air. Daddy Brown pulled off the bedlight. Side by side, as they had lain every night for forty years, they stayed breathless in the darkness.

But the motor went by. And the night seemed stiller than ever, almost as still as death, when it had died away in the distance.

It was the first time he had ever been in that particular room.

The room in Leda O'Neil's house that was to be printed on his mind forever. A strange room that could have belonged to no one but Leda O'Neil, with her childish love of the bizarre and the sensational.

At first sight of it, Cleveland Brown had stopped on the threshold, startled and just a little amused. It was more like a motion picture set—a glorified boudoir from some film extravaganza seen on the screen—than any room in the house of a real woman.

After all, Leda O'Neil's tastes had been formed and controlled almost entirely by motion pictures. Like Cleveland Brown himself, she was a product of them.

The pale grey walls, so palely grey that they were only a shade warmer than white. The black velvet curtains, somber in their long, straight lines. And then the odd, startling, bizarre splashes of color all about. In the fantastic cushions heaped about the floor. The transparent glass bowls and vivid potteries filled with flowers. The gleaming lamps and the odd, futuristic pictures on the walls.

Its effect was almost violent, like some weird piece of Oriental music, stirring the senses and deadening the intellect. His feet hesitated on the plain, black velvet carpet.

A panic, almost a premonition, drew him back, as surely as the picture of Leda O'Neil, on the black velvet couch in the middle of the room, drew him on.

He had never seen anyone in his life who could lie so still, so deliciously, lazily still. As though she never wanted to move again and yet pulsing and throbbing with life in her stillness.

The soft glow of the lamps had given the long, white thing she wore the sheen of a pearl, like her skin.

She lay on her side, with knee drawn up against her body, and one bare arm curved under her head.

The tiny, glowing, perfume lamp on the table beside her filled the air with that heavy scent he knew so well.

The pitiful look of a great desire that is only desire swept Cleveland Brown's face. His eyes hungered shyly, hotly, over the lovely thing on the black velvet couch, pleading and yet afraid. Agony imprisoned him. An agony of longing and painful timidity. Every step became a separate torture that must be endured.

He knelt down on one of the purple cushions at her side. For a moment he thought she was asleep. Then she opened her eyes and looked at him, unsmilingly, steadily, almost accusingly.

His hand went out hungrily, gently, and touched her hair.

And then he had her in his arms. Holding her with a young madness that was terrible.

Kissing her with hot, untaught, almost brutal kisses that fell on her lips and her eyes and her hair and her long, white throat.

He held her against him, as a man might hold a panacea that would cure some great and horrible pain. Touched her with his hands and at last hid his face against her breast, sobbing like a child.

Leda O'Neil held him close, sweetly, almost maternally close.

"I love you, I love you," he said, and knew no ornaments with which to embellish the great words his lips had never said before.

"I love you."

She smiled, a luxurious, swooning smile, because she could soothe this desperate, painful need.

The loveliness of her that had swept a world to her feet, she seemed to pour out upon him, like a scented oil, to soothe and heal the heat of his young, violent passion.

She drew him closer, until they held each other as two people might who see death just around the corner. Held him close and hard and sweet, until they were wrapped in some living flame that sealed them together and away from all the world.

Leda O'Neil was twenty-five.

An Italian mother and an Irish father had combined to produce in her something that, on the screen, had the fascination of both races. And, off the screen, most of their faults.

Her popularity was based entirely upon her beauty. A beauty that possessed both sex appeal and distinction. Her stardom had nothing whatever to do with acting. And a great many men had loved her, not wisely but too well.

There is no explanation for a Leda

O'Neil. Hollywood attempted none. In some measure, she was a product of its sudden riches, its tremendous flatteries, its essential familiarity and lack of restraint. But not altogether. Anywhere, Leda O'Neil would have been the thing she was. Only she would probably have been forced to add the final sin of hypocrisy.

Her theory of living was exceedingly simple. She earned more money than most men. She paid a large income tax to her government. She supported civic and business schemes with her name and her money. Charity drives and charity organizations depended upon her time and again, not only for large donations but for all sorts of personal appearances, speeches and appeals. She supported her family well and decently, and met her financial obligations promptly.

Therefore, since she fulfilled the duties of a rich man and a prominent citizen, she assumed that she had the right to enjoy the privileges that most of them took unquestioned.

She did not choose to marry, because she preferred her freedom. So, she argued, if she took the pleasures of life where she found them, she was harming no one. No one had any claim upon her. No one had any right to say you shall or you shall not to Leda O'Neil. Except Leda O'Neil herself. And it never occurred to her that she had any obligation to herself.

She was wholly independent. She owed her success to nothing except the gifts the gods had bestowed and her own ceaseless endeavors.

The Latin languor that dominated her in her lighter moments was entirely absent in connection with her work. She worked like a dog. There was no star in any studio who worked harder or more diligently or more honestly than Leda.

And there was no girl in Hollywood who was down and out, but might come to Leda O'Neil and find an open house and an open hand.

She had also the disposition of an angel. No one ever saw her cross. She didn't know the meaning of the word temperament. She had a marvellous, lazy, ever-present good humor and a fund of easy kindness. She could endure hardships for herself without a whimper, could work twenty-four hours on end, or under the most miserable conditions of place and weather, and come up smiling and unruffled.

She could not bear to hurt anyone's feelings and her democracy around the studio had won her the love of every grip, electrician and cameraman on the lot. "No" was a word not in her limited vocabulary.

That was Leda O'Neil.

Her weaknesses corresponded with her desire to please, her inability to give pain.

She loved love.

The man-woman game fascinated her. Every littlest phase had its thrills and its amusements. Leda could be everything in the world to a man except his friend. Give him everything except fidelity. Tell him everything except the truth.

Cleveland Brown was a new sensation to Leda.

That there could be—in Hollywood—in the Twentieth Century—a man like Cleveland Brown, seemed to her inconceivable.

He was like a boy—like some young knight. His innocence, his trust, his adoration were new and pleasant things to her.

Long, long ago Leda had learned the ancient truth that, to a woman who plays the game, there are only two kinds of men who are worth while. The men who know everything and the men who know nothing.

Cleveland Brown knew nothing more consistently than anyone she had ever met.

And he was Cleveland Brown.

Even a Leda O'Neil might be proud to exhibit Cleveland Brown

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That which has gone before

CLEVELAND BROWN, the famous screen comedian, was at heart only a small town boy, grown older. A small town boy with a distrust that amounted almost to a fear—of all women. This feeling of his, however, did not keep him from being the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood, for his past had been blameless, and he paid an income tax that reached the quarter million mark. Many women tried to insinuate themselves into his life, but it was all wasted energy until Ray Connable—an ex-Follies girl, and an utter stranger to Cleve—announced their engagement. The announcement appeared in the papers, and the comedian planned to deny it, until he discovered that the Connable girl was at the end of her rope—that she needed publicity in order to get a job. So he played the game with her—dancing, dining, almost, at times, losing his head. Though he told his little leading lady, Janice Reed, that the engagement meant nothing, there's no telling what might have happened if Leda O'Neil—alluring, lovely, and quite intoxicated—hadn't strayed across his path. After his car had nearly run her down, Cleve—who was taking Ray home from the Plantation Club—was forced to become Leda's escort, also. Entering his car she cuddled down against him and, with her coming, a new era dawned in the life of Cleveland Brown.



The Enchanted Princess

The story of a little girl who decided that she had something more than beauty to offer on the screen—and proved it

By Margaret E. Sangster

May McAvoy in
"The Enchanted
Cottage," and (left)
as she really is

ONCE upon a time there was a very beautiful princess. So beautiful that folk said the fairies had made her of sunlight, and blue sky and the pink of rose petals. And people loved her because she was so pretty! And then one day an ogre took it into his head to make her ugly. He did it for no reason at all, for he was a motion picture director—and motion picture directors don't need reasons! He made her so ugly that the people who had loved her turned away their eyes, in pitying horror.

She cried, of course. Not glycerine tears, either! She begged, and entreated. But the ogre didn't pay any attention to her protests. And so, because she was a philosophical princess, she got down to work. And showed the people who loved her that she had something more than beauty—better than beauty! And because hard work is its own reward, and because genius cannot be covered with a false nose and make-believe teeth, the director-ogre smiled upon the princess, despite her ugliness. And, smiling, he said one word. And that word was a magic word. "Cut!" he said.

And the princess, knowing that she had been disenchanting, tripped off the set and ran happily into her dressing room. And, with the aid of cold cream and a towel, became beautiful again.

SHE sat in a deep chair, with her head thrown back and her feet tucked under her, little girl fashion. Behind her, making the bare top of a hotel table into a veritable garden place, bloomed a low bowl of hyacinths. And, close beside the hyacinths, stood a vase of pussy willows. Shy brown and silver grey, the vanguard of the spring-time! I looked at the whole picture, etched—but gently—against the coming twilight. And then I spoke softly to myself. Spoke one word—and a name.

"April," I said, first. And then, "May McAvoy!"

It was hard to reconcile this youth, this tenderness, this fresh quality with the pictures that I held in my hand. Stills taken from "The Enchanted Cottage"—in which May McAvoy plays

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CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Drawing by Ralph Barton

Pencil Sketches by Rex Ingram

TUNIS, AFRICA—

When I arrived in Paris to join Rex Ingram I found that he had gone on to Tunis to pick locations for "The Arab," leaving the company to join him a week later. The company consists of twenty-five birds from eight different nations and God knows how many jays. It beats Barnum's. There are hunchbacks and dwarfs, a dancer with funny legs, an old jazzbeau with a henna beaver, an actor with a Shakespearean voice and a John Barleycorn nose and a lady whose passion is playing the victrola and memorizing the joke records. I'm the only unnaturalized American, Alice Terry having become Irish when she married Misthter Ingram.

Rex met the boat when we arrived at Tunis and immediately taught me the proper Arab salute. It consists of shaking the other guy's hand and then passionately kissing your own. It's not very thrilling but it's sanitary. Having mastered this and six cups of Mohammedan coffee the size of quinine capsules I was ready to step out among the yashmaks.

THE harem beauty of Tunis of whom you've heard so much wraps herself bulkily in sheets until she looks like the week's washing coming home. Her face is bound tightly in black stuff with only a slit for a peep hole. At a distance you'd swear she was Al Jolson playing ghost.

The swell dishes never get a hoof out of the harem except on Friday afternoon when they're treated to a ride to the cemetery. That's the only exercise they ever get. A wife of my friend El Beji missed one Friday and lost the use of her legs.

"They were no use anyway," she said philosophically.

I HAVE seen Bedouins and Berbers from the desert who were quite 'and-some fellows, but the downtown cake-eaters are no more imposing than our own. There's a distinctly modern note to their dress. The burnous falls just below the knees, allowing a fascinating glimpse of Paris garters, socks and bull-dog shoes. They still wear turbans, but I predict derbies next season.

IN company with Rex I visited an Englishman's Moorish house at Sidi Bou-Said. We were received through portals of hammered brass by an Arab servitor in pantaloons. Passing between slim marble pillars supporting Moorish arches and walls so delicately hand-carved they appeared to be embroidered

ivory, we entered a cool and fragrant court where water played over an alabaster lamp into a marble basin of floating roses. The balcony was enclosed with grilles and panels of painted gold inlaid with rich enamels. No sound but the trickle of water in the basin and the faint stirring of petals in trays of amber under a mystical light.

Then we visited the home of a high Arab chief. The reception room was papered with illustrations cut from ancient issues of the London Times. The drawing room was furnished in red plush with crocheted tidies. Countless photographs of relatives, deceased and active, intermingled with paper butterflies and Japanese fans, adorned the walls. Aside from his fez, denoting Arabic nobility, our host looked as though he might belong to the noble house of Kuppenheimer. He wore a fashionable stout business suit, and his hands played with a heavy gold watch chain that swung across his vest like a suspension bridge.

THE Bey of Tunis signified through one of his ministers that he would be pleased to receive Mr. Ingram and Madame, but first would like to know if they could take a photograph of him, and, if so, how large a one. We were glad to know that the Bey, like ourselves, was interested in Bigger and Better Pictures.

REX made another one of his startling "discoveries" the other day. He saw a photograph of an Arab maiden in a postcard store of Tunis. The shopkeeper assured him that he would have her there in the morning ready to work in the picture. When Rex called for his "discovery" the next day the obliging shopkeeper made humble apologies. The beautiful girl was unable to come because she had been dead for twenty-five years. Another case of just missing a good part.

UNABLE to sleep a night while crossing the Atlantic, Ramon Novarro announced upon landing that he didn't intend to see Paris and die, he intended to see her and sleep. And he certainly did. I have never known anyone capable of such soporific concentration. He never wasted a moment. Whenever he got into a taxicab he had to leave word for some one to call him at his destination. At Louer's while Yvonne Georges was singing "Why Did You Make Me Care" for his special benefit he slipped right off to dreamland. Later he fell downstairs and

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We were stumbling weak and weary out of a Paris cafe at six in the morning when I suddenly saw Fanny Ward skipping gaily past us to her car. She looked as fresh as the dawning sun. Mon Dieu, I groaned, it must be wonderful to be sweet sixty



This is Rex Ingram's sketch of Alexandresco, a Roumanian actress from the French stage, who plays the part of one of the dancers in "The Arab."



An impression of Ramon Novarro in the title rôle of "The Arab," in which he has an opportunity to display that subtle and impertinent humor that won him stardom in his first rôle—that of Rupert in "The Prisoner of Zenda"

EDITOR'S NOTE: Disguised as a wandering sketch artist for PHOTOPLAY, Mr. Ingram and his company invaded Tunis to make "The Arab." Here are some of his pencil impressions



Do you know what an Ouled-Nail is? Nothing more nor less than a Saharan vampire. An intensive gold-digger who spares neither her charms nor herself in securing money from stranger men for a marriage dowry. The Ouled-Nail is famed for her dancing

A Marabout or holy man—"sits" for Mr. Ingram. He is a member of a religious nobility who are highly regarded by the Arabs, and their sanctity descends to their children and their children's children



A Moroccan chieftain who has a prominent character part. Writes Mr. Ingram to PHOTOPLAY: "The Arabs are natural actors. They have a traditional poise that prevents any self-consciousness even before the camera"

The Romantic Motion

By Terry Ramsaye



Clara Kimball Young and John Bunny in the old Vitagraph days, in a bit of by-play not for screen registration.

Chapter XXV

IT was the year of 1912. To place it back in the perspective of time, remember that this was the year of the Titanic disaster, the discovery of the South Pole, the election of Woodrow Wilson, and the Rosenthal murder in New York. Motorists still wore linen dusters. Birth control was yet to be heard from. Skirts were ankle length, and there was a new war in the Balkans.

If you can not place it by that, recall it as the year of the tango eruption, the year of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon."



Wallie Reid, when he first appeared in pictures in 1911, played in Vitagraph's "Leather Stocking Tales"

And it seems even longer ago than those saffron-tinted memories in the swiftly moving world of the motion picture. Twelve years ago in the film is about the close of the Middle Ages.

One afternoon, in March of this 1912, an obscure little man of no special importance presented himself at the office of the Motion Picture Patents Company in New York. He gave his name to the attendant in the lobby.

The name was "Adolph Zukor."

Zukor took a seat.

The attendant took his name inside and returned to his post. There were many waiting at the portals, ex-changemen, theater men, cranks, reformers and all that miscellany of callers who sought the attention or favor of the motion picture's overlords, the bosses of the film trust.

An hour passed and many who came later went in and came out again while Zukor sat waiting. After a time he attracted some attention because of his persistence and apparent patience. The door opened just a little and some one peered out to size up this little fellow. There was a low voiced conversation on the other side of the door.

"Who is this guy Zukor, anyway?"

"Oh, he's an exhibitor, string of theaters with Marcus Loew—got some nut idea about big pictures."

"Well we don't want him—we've got Lubin—that's enough for us."

Meanwhile, Zukor kept on waiting. A certain degree of patience in places where he has to be patient is one of his characteristics. Sometimes patience makes speed.

But it was, after all, an absurd hope that had brought Zukor to the doors of the stronghold of the motion picture combine. He had an idea and a motion picture. He intended to ask the picture

Now You Can Read About the Time—

ADOLPH ZUKOR sat on a waiting room bench three hours for a chance to tell the Motion Picture Patents Company about his idea of famous players in famous plays—and they did not want to hear it.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG emerged from a Salt Lake stock company to appear in Vitagraph pictures in a minor part in a one reel picture that started her up the road to fame.

"QUO VADIS," produced in Italy, was imported by George Kleine and presented for a sensational success which upset the world of the speaking stage and the motion picture.

D. W. GRIFFITH asked for a raise and promoted himself out of Biograph into the independent field, as his first step from an anonymous obscurity to fame as the world's greatest director.

History of the Picture

trust's bosses to let him in on the ground floor with his idea and his picture. Nothing could have been more preposterous. That was just as foolish as it would be to go now and wait outside Mr. Zukor's office in Fifth Avenue for him to decide to let you in on the ground floor of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

It was a decidedly untimely call. The motion picture dictators of the day were looking for big things in court decisions rather than on the screen. Their problems were not problems of the motion picture, but of plain, desperate, commercial war. The Motion Picture Patents Company was suing the "Imp" and Carl Laemmle in pursuit of a permanent injunction against infringements. William Fox was suing the Patents Company to let him stay in business under license. Laemmle and P. A. Powers were fighting for the control of Universal. H. E. Aitken and John R. Freuler were promoting and building the new Mutual Film Corporation, which they were presently to fight over, and which Wall Street was in turn selling to the public as a bonanza. There was an internal fight brewing in the General Film Company. Also everybody, licensed and independent alike, was making money—largely because at this period it was practically impossible to escape money in the motion picture business.



Daniel Frohman angered his brother Charles by aligning himself with the "trivial" motion pictures. Now Charles Frohman, Inc., is owned by Famous Players

All in all, it may readily be seen that the motion picture was entirely too busy to listen to any outsiders. It was, from the internal point of view, no time to be starting experiments or considering revolutionary ideas. All that the men in control, and those trying for control, wanted was a good, free-handed chance to drive the *status quo* into a corner and milk it. That is the one outstanding fact of any period of industrial history that you may choose to examine.

Neither Zukor nor his more or less new idea stuck far enough above the horizon to arrest the attention of these preoccupied film bosses, warriors, manipulators, promoters, and litigants.

But Adolph Zukor was an agent [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Adolph Zukor, then only an exhibitor, saw his big opportunity with the appearance of Sarah Bernhardt in the picture, "Queen Elizabeth," and started "Famous Players Film Co."

REVELATIONS of the birth of the modern era of the motion picture screen in the days of 1912 are here set forth for the first time, authenticated and interpreted in terms of stark reality. Only twelve years ago, and yet already deeply obscured by the flood of intervening events in this busy world.

This chapter should carry a message of large encouragement to all those who are hopeful and ambitious. Here we see the tiny, feeble beginnings which, in this comparatively short interval of time, have grown to greatness against apparently insurmountable obstacles.

There is a great lesson, a warning and an invitation in the clearly documented thesis of this history, that the art and industry of the motion picture prove a destiny more powerful than any man or group of men who rise to proclaim themselves its chieftains for their little hours of glory. The investigations of this history have, above everything else, shown that success has come only as the destiny of the screen has been served, and that a few swift years have always broken those who broke the faith. Here you can see for yourself, from the inside.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor.*



THE HUMMING BIRD—Paramount

THE finest piece of acting Gloria Swanson ever has done. Her work, and the almost faultless direction of Sidney Olcott, make this one of the best pictures in months. It has an appeal that cannot be denied. It is the story of a French girl—an associate of the *Apaches* and the cleverest thief in Paris. In the pursuit of her profession, she wears boy's clothes, and her elusiveness is so great that she is known as *The Humming Bird*. The war is brought in, and an American newspaper man is the other half of the love story. But almost all else fades into significance when compared with Miss Swanson's performance as *Toinette*. When "Zaza" appeared, it was hailed as her best work. But in this picture she is so infinitely better that there is no comparison. The entire production is worthy of high praise.



THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro

HERE is a tragedy, told simply, faithfully and effectively. One of the striking features is the direction by Fred Niblo, who has not allowed himself to overplay his hand at any time. The result is a picture that, even in its lighter moments, holds the hint of drama, of tragedy. It is a story of the love of two men for one woman. Her husband cannot keep her from the other man, so kills her. But around this theme has been placed some wonderful mountain scenery, a large amount of excellent acting, and some capital photography. Barbara La Marr is the woman in the triangle, the men being played by Ramon Novarro and William V. Mong. Mr. Novarro is getting better all the time, and Miss La Marr has a rôle that suits her eminently. Mr. Mong can always be depended upon.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



SECRETS—First National

MARRIED life is made up of secrets—of moments that are hidden away in the silent places of the heart. The poignant secrets of one marriage have been revealed in this picture—with Norma Talmadge as the wife and Eugene O'Brien as the husband. The story is reflected back, across the years, from the pages of a diary—held in the withered hand of a woman who is waiting to hear of her husband's death.

The romance of youth, the elopement. The struggle, as pioneers in a new land. The death of the first baby—during a battle for the lives of all of them! Wealth, at last, and success—bringing, however, the question of the "other woman." Through all of these tense situations we follow and if, at times, the tears are close, we are not ashamed to admit it!

Miss Talmadge does as fine work, in this picture, as she did in "Smilin' Through." In the hoopskirted costume of girlhood she is a delight to the eye, but it is as the pioneer mother, and as the woman of thirty-nine, that she really scores. She rises—upon several occasions—to superb heights. And, though Eugene O'Brien is both good and convincing, he is left behind!

The photography, particularly in the first part of the picture, is touched with real loveliness. And the scenario, by Frances Marion, is always searchingly human. But it is the personality, and the ability, of Norma Talmadge that makes this a thing worth seeing. This is a story that should mean much to all married people. And to all people who expect to be married. It teaches a lesson in devotion and tolerance.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

SECRETS

THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE THE HUMMING BIRD
THY NAME IS WOMAN
THREE WEEKS THE STRANGER

The Six Best Performances of the Month

GLORIA SWANSON in "The Humming Bird"
NORMA TALMADGE in "Secrets"
TULLY MARSHALL in "The Stranger"
GEORGE FAWCETT in "Pied Piper Malone"
MARIE PREVOST in "The Marriage Circle"
JOHN SAINPOLIS in "Three Weeks"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 127



THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE—Warner Brothers

IT is becoming more generally recognized by producers that a story can be told on the screen with pictures, plus intelligence, and does not have to have a title every thirty or forty feet. Also it can be told clearly, concisely and straightforwardly, without "flashbacks" or other nuisances. Mr. Chaplin did it with "A Woman of Paris," and Ernst Lubitsch has done it again with "The Marriage Circle." What stands out in this picture is its simplicity. Here is a story with a number of human characters in it. The picture starts, the characters themselves reveal the story, which runs smoothly along to its logical ending. There is no straining for effects, no effort to be spectacular. It's all very simple, very human, and immensely entertaining.

The story deals with the complications which beset a young wife who tries to steal the husband of her best friend. The plot is extremely thin and has no distinction whatever. It has certain farcical angles which are most amusing, but it is the treatment which makes the picture.

Mr. Lubitsch has been notably economical even in his use of incident. The scenes are laid in Vienna, but there is no attempt at scenic effects. It is just everyday life and surroundings. The cast is uniformly good. There are two wives, admirably played by Marie Prevost and Florence Vidor, and two husbands, played by Monte Blue and that delightfully sophisticated actor, Adolphe Menjou. Creighton Hale also contributes an excellent performance. It would be hard to award first place to any one of these five. The women probably will give it to Miss Prevost, but there is something positively enchanting in the work of Mr. Menjou. He's such a "wise egg"



THREE WEEKS—Goldwyn

THE celluloid edition of a book that shocked us, a generation ago, makes an entertaining picture. True, in this frank age, the story has lost much of its daring. But it is well told, and well directed and interesting. Some of the settings are exquisite, and the lighting effects are good. And the whole cast is excellent. It is Aileen Pringle, as the unhappy *Queen*, however, who stands out cameo-like from the rest of the picture. She sets a new style in enchantresses—she never loses the wistful charm that will win the sympathy of any audience. The story of a queen who, bitterly disappointed in her marriage, allows herself one fling at romance and joy. Not quite a month—but every day crowded! And then, again, a life of repression that ends in the greatest sacrifice. Not for the children, of course!



THE STRANGER—Paramount

A GIRL of the London slums and a dissolute younger son are thrown together by fate. They fall in love and plan to go straight—with marriage as a starting point. And then they become involved in a murder which complicates the whole scheme of things. Because it is easy to let the blame rest upon another, they forget their newly found ideals almost. But, in the end, they prove that they are made of the right stuff and manage a happy ending.

Betty Compson is lovely as the girl—and Richard Dix, as the boy, is lovable. But Tully Marshall, as the man accused of the crime—a broken old chap whose heart is filled with love, though his mind is half dazed—walks away with the picture. The first part of this picture drags. But it comes to a strong finish.



SPORTING YOUTH—Universal

BUILT along the lines of the Wallie Reid racing pictures, and almost as good. Reginald Denny, who plays the part of *Jimmy Wood*, comes nearer to filling the vacant place than any other leading man. A story of a chauffeur who, through mistaken identity, is hailed as a speed king—and proves that he is one. The racing shots are some of the best ever filmed. A family picture.



WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—First National

THIS Harold Bell Wright best seller—though too liberally sprinkled with titles in which the words "*You are a man!*" figure prominently—is a fair western. There's plenty of riding, and some good shots of rodeo and round-up. John Bowers broke his leg while making this picture—he's a good enough sport to take nasty falls, and George Hackathorne gives one of his pathetic characterizations.



THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT—Paramount

A TYPICAL Zane Grey story of the troubles between the honest settlers of the West and the bandits. The settings and photography are admirable, and the acting is good, but at times, the picture seems jerky. There are four featured players—Bebe Daniels, Ernest Torrence, Noah Beery and Lloyd Hughes—but, as usual, Mr. Torrence's performance is the outstanding one.



JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox

MARIAN NIXON, one of the newly named "baby stars," gets a chance in this swiftly moving crook drama, opposite John Gilbert. The story of an international band of thieves, a millionaire in disguise and an innocent little girl who never seems to know what it's all about. A lot of excitement, and no let down until the final close-up. Program stuff—but of the best sort.



PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount

A DELIGHTFUL combination of Booth Tarkington and Thomas Meighan, against a setting of ships and quaint New England villages. The story is a simple one of land and sea and love, with a chorus of little children to make it charming. The New England town is perfect in detail and feeling, and a shipwreck, is pictured graphically. Lois Wilson and George Fawcett do fine bits.



A FOOL'S AWAKENING—Metro

THAT enduring happiness can not be built on a lie is the underlying principle of this adaptation of William J. Locke's "*The Tale of Triona*." A man steals another man's history, and pays a heavy price before he decides to start fresh. Enid Bennett is one reason for seeing the film, and Harrison Ford is another. If you like your pictures with a dash of something a little better you'll feel repaid with this.



PAINTED PEOPLE—First National

COLLEEN MOORE, single handed, lifts this picture from mediocrity. The story of a girl from the wrong side of town who—through sheer hard work and grit—becomes a real somebody upon the stage. As a child she is delicious—as a flapper she is even more so. Except for an artistic bit, done in silhouette against a pair of lighted windows, Colleen is the whole picture.



TWO WAGONS—BOTH COVERED—Pathe

A BURLESQUE on the "greatest motion picture of America" by the inimitable Will Rogers, who plays the double rôle of the *Scout* and *Bill Bunion*. He gives a good caricature of the part that Ernest Torrence made famous, and in the J. Warren Kerrigan rôle he is superb. Not screamingly funny. But individual touches make it a joy—especially if you have seen "The Covered Wagon."



NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL—Goldwyn

THIS picture is done in the only way possible, in the form of a play. You view it, not as the audience, but *with* the audience. In this way the incongruities seem delightful, even whimsical. The story—of a child heiress stolen by her father's double, and later nearly murdered by her cousin—is too impossible to be treated seriously. Done with deft humor, it contains a series of punches!



THE YANKEE CONSUL—Associated Exhibitors

DOUGLAS MACLEAN is beginning to be, to the screen, what George Cohan is to the stage. He might be called an all-American comedian. This picture, adapted from the musical comedy of the same name, tells the story of a practical joke, involving a girl and a treasure chest, which is practiced upon a young Yankee in a strange land. He takes it all quite seriously, with uproarious results.



FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount

A COMEDY of small town life and an inventor who has a fire truck on his hands—and nothing to do with it. Until a note of tragedy sweeps in, with a forest fire, and gives the truck a chance. The cast is practically all star and Jacqueline Logan, as the inventor's daughter *Jerry*, is prettier than ever. George Melford handles the fire skilfully—it never seems too spectacular.



DADDIES—Warner Brothers

A BACHELORS' club—made up of four hardy woman haters—plans to do its duty by society by the adoption of war orphans. The complications that arise are never unexpected, but they give everybody a good time. The oldest of the orphans is Mae Marsh—she and Harry Myers make a charming couple. The oldest bachelor is Claude Gillingwater. Of course the club disbands. [CONT'D ON PAGE 102]

Have You a Dressing-Table?



Gloria Swanson at the dressing-table which she uses in her latest picture, "A Society Scandal"

ONCE upon a time, a dressing table was considered in the light of a luxury. It was the symbol of the sheltered woman—the loved, protected flower woman. But now the dressing table occupies a new place. It has become the necessity of the average woman's daily life.

The motion picture has been, in part, responsible for this change. It has popularized the dressing table—in fact, the boudoir! It has shown to women the convenience, the joy, of owning this article of furniture. It has pointed out the fact that a dressing table may be the key to a woman's personality—as well as to her beauty.

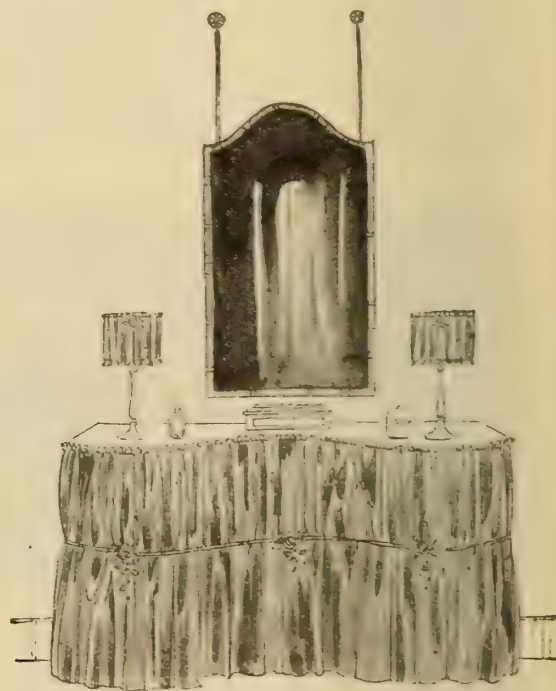
Especially have the pictures featuring Gloria Swanson been responsible for bringing the dressing table into favor. In fact, it was in one of her pictures that the covered telephone, to be used upon a dressing table, first saw the light of day. In this way was a national fashion set—a fashion that has become a whole country's fad!

It was with the use of a mirror, in a boudoir, that we have to deal here. And with the use of the dressing table that accompanies that mirror. Of what avail is a dainty bed, or charming furniture, if the room lacks a focal point of interest?

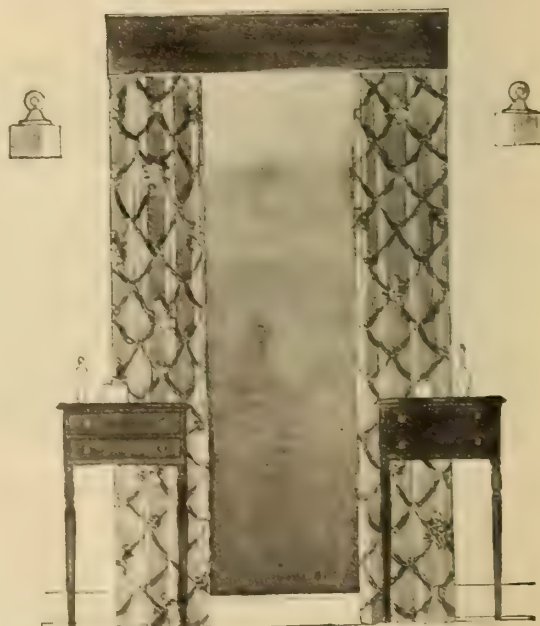
In the decoration of a bedroom there are a certain number of definite points to keep in mind. These points are simple, but we repeat them here simply to refresh our memory. First, because the bed is usually the

Milady of the screen counts this piece of furniture one of her chief assets in her work and at home

By William J. Moll



This is a little expensive, but worth it



A clever arrangement to hide an unused door

This will help You Make One

This is the fifth of a series of articles
for Photoplay readers on

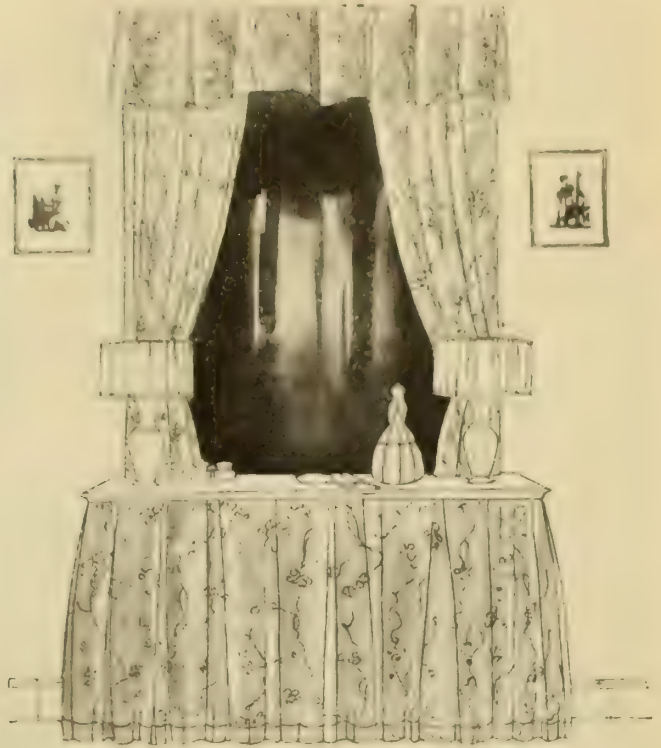
Home Furnishing & Decoration

It requires money to build a great many of the film settings that you see, but we are taking their basic elements and translating them, in an economical way, to your needs and adaption. This month's article shows you how to build charming dressing tables in your own home.

The following articles, on home decoration, have been published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE: "What Can Be Done With Cretonne" appeared in the December, 1923, issue; "The Firelight's Soft, Warm Radiance" was published in January, 1924; "A Modern Living Room in the Italian Spirit," in February; "A Modern Colonial Room" in March.

If you have missed these interesting articles, we will be glad to mail you, at 10c each, copies of them.

Address your request to Home Furnishing Editor, Photoplay, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



Here is an attractive table in which inexpensive chintz may be used. It is dainty in appearance, and yet striking



Utilizing a wide space between two windows

largest piece of furniture, it occupies the largest wall space. The dresser or chiffonade comes next. The dresser and the vanity are placed with reference to light and service to the user. Such details as the boudoir desk, the comfortable slipper chair, etc., all depend upon the size of the room.

It is not our intention to go closely into the decoration of a bedroom in this article. We are planning this for some later issue. But we want to talk about that most important unit of service and decoration in any bedroom, be it large or small, the dressing table.

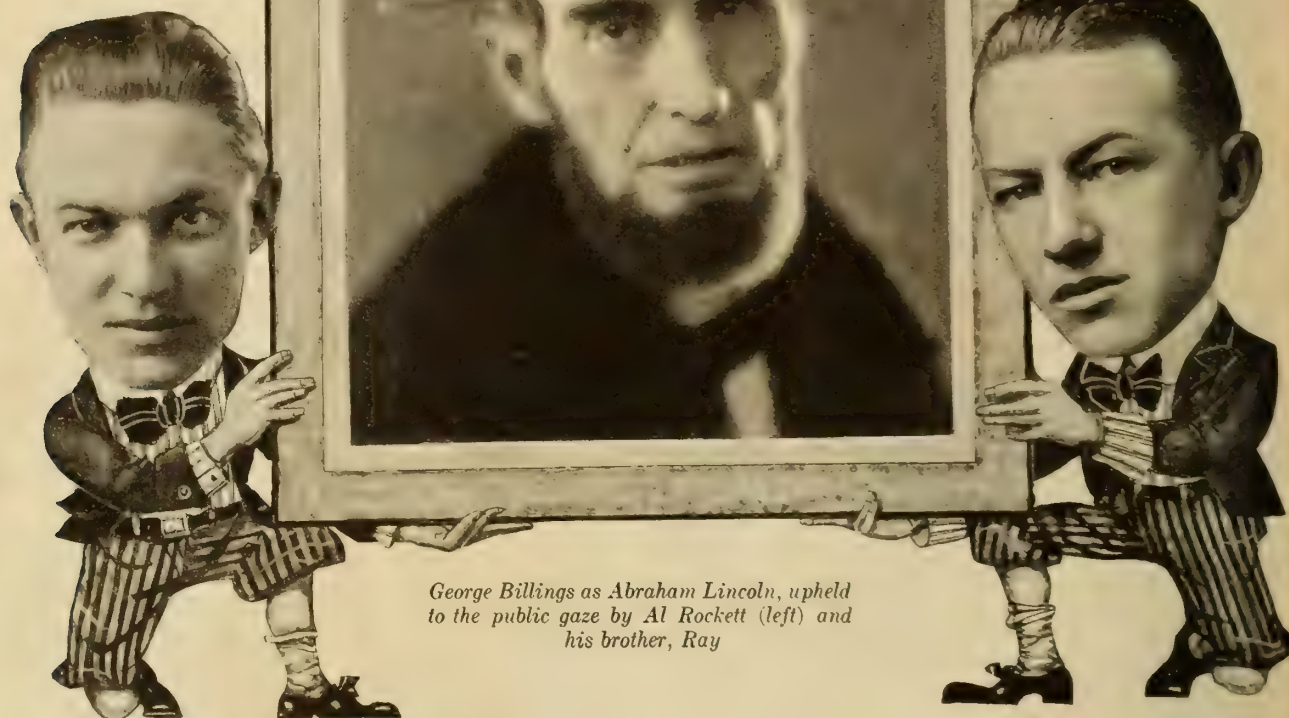
No matter what your color scheme, no matter what shape or size the table is, no matter how beautiful and charming the rest of your room,—the central beauty should be in the dressing table. Not only should it be [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



This is the dressing table used by Pola Negri in her picture, "The Cheat," with Pola herself before the mirror

There were two kids in Hollywood—Al and Ray Rockett—with an idea. The older heads scoffed, but they went ahead. "Abraham Lincoln" is the result

It took them three years to work it all out. They did their own research work—seven months of it—and they made a really great picture



George Billings as Abraham Lincoln, upheld to the public gaze by Al Rockett (left) and his brother, Ray

Lincoln and the Kids

"LINCOLN? Why, his life can't be told in pictures!"

Thus declared the magnates when two kid producers in Hollywood announced their conviction that a great picture could be made on the life of Abraham Lincoln.

And it has been made. A picture which is "great," in its simplicity, its drama, its tender romance, its love-interest, which transcends the elaborate sex-appeal of the conventional movie-masterpiece and encompasses all humanity.

And those same kid producers made it—Al and Ray Rockett, after a fight and a labor for their idea which lasted three years, fraught with meanness, jealousy and the embittering despair of deliberate handicaps. But the idea won, the Rockett Brothers won, and the picture on which they had staked everything has emerged an inspired film-drama, a monument worthy of the man it celebrates.

The story of Abraham Lincoln they have told with a wealth of relevant detail and color. But the Rockett Brothers are more reticent about their own. These young men are not erratic artists, tilting at the wind mills. They are not impatient with the movies. They are not sanguine of "revolutionizing" them. What they wanted to do was put themselves

By Bland Johaneson

on the production map. They wanted a great picture, a sincere picture, one good enough to make the public as well as the industry pay attention to them. They

knew what the public wants and the successful picture demands. And there was their story at hand—"the dramatic life of Abraham Lincoln."

Hollywood refused to be convinced. The consensus of expert opinion was against it.

They set to work. They wanted to hire Frances Marion to write the story, but they couldn't afford her usual fee. But when they told her of their ambition and plan, she not only wrote the continuity, but put \$50,000 of her own money into the picture.

The Rocketts spent months in research work at the Congressional Library. They made journeys into the backwoods to revive the fading memories of old men and women who had known the President. They located a living crony, and learned of mannerisms, intimate little characteristics. Then, they "found" George Billings, a man who never had appeared upon the stage or before the camera, who had neither the experience nor the technique to "act the rôle" of Lincoln, but had the imagination to live it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]



Alfred Cheney Johnson

MIMI PALMERI was a model and a mannequin—until her beauty won her a place upon the silver sheet. Her rise was sudden. She was leading lady to Alfred Lunt in "The Ragged Edge"—her first picture. A French mother, Italian father



Alfred Cheney Johnson

BETTY COMPSON—whose latest success was as a vivid French dancer, in "Woman to Woman"—is evidently learning something from the parrot. Her attitude of attention would make a dumb beast eloquent, and surely plays havoc with a talking bird!



Alfred Cheney Johnson

THIS portrait of Alma Rubens is quite after the famous manner of Gainsborough—with its powdered curls and sweeping plumes. One only wishes that her wide dark eyes were smiling into the camera. She was a featured player in "Under the Red Robe"



Alfred Cheney Johnson

JULANNE JOHNSTON fills a coveted niche in this year's hall of film fame. She is the one who plays opposite Doug Fairbanks in his eagerly-awaited "Thief of Bagdad." Her oriental beauty stands out against the exotic setting in startling fashion.

Gossip— East & West

By Cal York

THE monthly Hollywood sensation is Charlie Chaplin's victorious fistic encounter.

Much to his own amazement and chagrin, Charlie was one of the principals of a sensational fistic duel, fought in a well known Hollywood cafe, in the presence of his former wife, Mildred Harris, and his own guest of the evening, Mary Miles Minter.

The gentleman on the other end of Charlie's mighty right—and the other end was the floor, believe me—was C. C. Julian, a well known oil operator in Los Angeles.

It happened like this:

Charlie and Miss Minter and another couple were dining at the new and very fashionable Cafe Petroushka, on Hollywood Boulevard. This new eating place is the latest favorite with the film colony—being run by a Russian princess and cooked for by the chef of the late Czar Nicholas—and there was a large crowd present on this Sunday evening.

Another party, a large one, which included Mildred Harris and Peggy Browne, a friend of hers, came in and took the next table to Chaplin and his party. According to all reports the ladies had nothing to do with the ensuing encounter.

Julian, it is stated by all witnesses to the

affair, even the ladies of his own party, was extremely boisterous, knocked over a lamp and did various other damage, before, on one of his trips about the room, he knocked against the chair occupied by Mr. Chaplin. The famous comedian asked him to be careful, whereupon

Julian assaulted him, striking him in the face.

Whereupon Mr. Chaplin arose and with a neat left-right sent Mr. Julian to the floor. Spectators declare it was a very nifty and forceful piece of work.

Charlie, who is always a most gentlemanly and well-conducted person, was much upset by the fight forced upon him and especially by the fact that anyone might believe either Miss Harris or Miss Minter was involved in the matter.

On the following Tuesday night Charlie attended the fights at the Vernon arena, and was received with wild cheers by the enormous crowd. From the ringside to the gallery, they greeted him with approbation and congratulations and he found himself the hero of the evening.

THERE has been some speculation as to whether or not Rudolph Valentino's long absence from the screen would affect his drawing power on his return. Well, here's what happened recently in Williamsburg, a section of Brooklyn.

Rudie was sued by the Roman Bronze Company for \$165 for a bronze statue, used by an Italian newspaper in a contest. He was called to a magistrate's court in Williamsburg to answer to the suit and the news spread through Brooklyn.

The result was that when Valentino arrived he had to have police assistance to force his way through the crowd of women that stormed the courtroom just to see him. Hundreds of women thronged the sidewalks, refusing to obey the orders of the police to move on. They were on hand when Rudie arrived and there were more of them when he left, after paying half the bill of \$165. It was fully ten minutes after he came out of the courtroom before the police could make a way for his automobile through the crowd.

WHEN Marguerite Snow Cruze, who is known to all her many friends in Hollywood as Peggy, recently returned from a visit to her mother in Georgia, she found that her divorced husband, James Cruze, the famous



"The bigger they are the harder they fall," says Battling Chaplin. And he proved it in the Cafe Petroushka in Hollywood recently. The gentleman with the stern expression and pleated trousers in the background is Norman Selby, once known to fame as Kid McCoy. The punchee is Mack Swain



All Hollywood was delighted with the announcement of the engagement and is anxiously awaiting the marriage of Betty Compson and Director James Cruze



This is entitled "Burying the Hatchet." You can't see the hatchet because it is buried, but you can see Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and Rudolph Valentino with all their differences settled

director, had built her a lovely house in her absence. Peggy and Jimmy have remained friends in spite of their divorce, and it's a very beautiful house which Jimmy built for Peggy and their daughter Julie.

In overseeing the interior decoration, therefore, Mrs. Cruze paid her ex-husband the delicate compliment of having a small covered wagon delicately traced on stone and inserted in the arch over the fireplace.

"After all," says Peggy Cruze, "it was 'The Covered Wagon' that made the house possible.

MRS. CRUZE'S engagement to Neely Edwards, the comedian, is much rumored just now, following her former husband's announcement that he was to wed Betty Compson as soon as the divorce decree was final.

Apropos of that, there's a little story that might not be amiss.

Peggy and Jimmy had met to discuss something concerning their daughter Julie, who lives with her mother. Jimmy told his ex-wife of his coming marriage to Miss Compson and said: "She's a fine girl, Peggy. You'd like her. I hope you'll meet her some time, but if you do, don't tell her anything bad about me, will you?"

To which the lady who was once his better half said sweetly: "Oh, no, Jimmy, I'll just tell her I was eccentric."

PRISCILLA DEAN gave the prize "cat party" the other night, and that's going some. On the dinner table she had a large black cat with green eyes, a red ribbon around his neck, and at every place was a small black cat also glaring greenly. The hostess informed her guests that they might conduct their conversation accordingly, so everybody had a good time. Among the guests were Annette Kellermann, Barbara La Marr, Florence Vidor, Enid Bennett, Mrs. Douglas MacLean, and Mrs. Bennett.

By the way, Mrs. Bennett—Enid Bennett's mother and therefore Fred Niblo's mother-in-law—is an idol with her daughter's girl friends.

They never think of having a party of any kind or description without "Michael," or "Mummy," as they call her, and she is usually the life of the party and the last one who wants

to go home. She's a dignified lady with lovely snow white hair and it's easy to see where her daughter got her beauty. Mrs. "Peg" Talmadge is just that way with her three daughters and their "gang," and it's a great example to other mothers, believe me.

GREAT news, indeed.

There is to be an heir in the Harold Lloyd family.

Harold was married over a year ago to his pretty blonde leading lady, Mildred Davis.

Which reminds me of an amusing little domestic incident that happened in the Lloyd family the other day. Mildred, who is just a baby herself, takes housekeeping very seriously and is running the beautiful home Harold bought for her with all the ardor and efficiency possible. She oversees the *menus*, devotes a lot of time to conferring with her housekeeper, and so on.

One day she and Harold dined hurriedly at a little restaurant by the roadside, while on a motor trip, and Harold ordered stew.

Mildred said: "Oh, Harold, do you like stew?"

"Better than anything," said the world's most popular comedian.

Mildred heaved a great sigh of relief. "So do I," she confessed, "but I've been afraid to have it for fear you'd think I wasn't a good housekeeper."

The next night the Lloyds had stew, with dumplings.

THE Wampas ball, held in San Francisco, certainly did make history. Never was such an event staged in the Bay City, and more people turned out to see the parade of film stars when they got off the Lark in the morning than have ever lined San Francisco's streets except for the funeral of President Harding.

The Western Motion Picture Advertisers—to give the Wampas their official name—after paying for special trains and hotel accommodations for the stars, cleared twenty thousand dollars on the ball.

Everybody was there. When the forty auto-



Lois Wilson and Richard Dix discovered a musical prodigy while working in "Icebound." She is Marie Louise Bobb, five years old, who plays the works of the great composers, although she cannot span an octave with her tiny hands



*When the nails are groomed
and brilliant your hands are
free from embarrassment*

It keeps its even brilliance for days and days

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*Send 12c for
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Cutex Liquid Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First you must shape the nails. For this Cutex has fine emery boards. Then to soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin you need Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then for the brilliance that makes the nails wholly lovely Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

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THE fastidious grooming of the nails demands that they be always gleaming with a lovely brilliance. So Cutex has prepared a wonderful liquid polish that meets every requirement of the most particular woman.

With it your nails look for days and days as if they had just come from the daintiest manicure. Its glistening lustre brings out the full beauty of the soft smooth cuticle and the carefully shaped nail long after most polishes have begun to dim or look spotty.

Cutex Liquid Polish spreads over the nail smoothly and evenly. It is never gummy, so it flows easily and cannot leave brush marks and little thick places. It is easy to put on, too, because the little brush holds just enough polish for one nail. And it dries instantly. Almost before a second nail is done, the first is so dry you cannot mar the surface. It is tinted the fashionable new rose color that brings out all the pink of the skin under the nail.

This careful perfection of detail gives a polish that is unsurpassed. A smooth, firm brilliance, a rosy glisten that is bewitching. And until you are ready for a fresh manicure Cutex Liquid Polish keeps its lustre. Water will not dim it—it never cracks or peels or comes off at the edges.

Needs no separate polish remover

The final convenience of this marvelous polish is that it does not need to be removed by a separate polish remover that often roughens the skin and makes the nails brittle. To remove the old polish all you have to do is to put a little fresh polish on the nail and wipe it off while it is wet. Every trace of the old comes off, leaving the nail smooth and clean.

Cutex Liquid Polish comes in a smart little bottle with the soft brush attached to the cork. It is 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada. Or ask for the complete Cutex Manicure Sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

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(or P. O. box)

City _____ State _____

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*



It has been a long time since D. W. Griffith sat for his photograph, but as "America" is almost completed, he found time—with this result

mobiles started from the station to the Palace Hotel, headed by Pola Negri, Bill Hart and Jackie Coogan, the crowd simply went wild.

On the evening of the ball, held in the Municipal Auditorium, thirty thousand people packed the place to the doors. And they cheered every star who appeared, the biggest hands of the evening going to Pola and Kathryn Williams. Miss Negri appeared in her full *DuBarry* costume, worn in "Passion," the picture that first made her famous in America.

Bill Hart had both guns working. Ben Turpin boxed two rounds with Benny Leonard, world's champion, and Bebe Daniels sang a group of Spanish songs. Barbara La Marr was received with loud acclaim, and the appearance of Strongheart, the wonder dog star, accompanied by his leading lady, Lillian Rich, brought down the house. Fred Niblo acted as master of ceremonies with his usual tremendous success.

Other stars who were present were: Priscilla Dean, Enid Bennett, Constance Talmadge, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason—who did their famed imitation of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino—May Allison, Lew Cody, Hoot Gibson, Will Rogers, and—oh—it's impossible to give the whole list.

Suffice it to say that it was a wonderful turnout for the picture industry and a wonderful reception was given them by the San Francisco people.

BOTH New York and Hollywood film circles have been greatly interested in the report cabled from Florence, Italy, that Lillian Gish has been introducing Charles H. Duell to friends there as her fiancé. This report came on the heels of denials from both Miss Gish

and Mr. Duell that they were to be married. Miss Gish is understood to have said that the wedding would be before Summer.

When the former Mrs. Duell returned from Europe recently and admitted that she had divorced her husband, the rumor of a Duell-Gish marriage started. Miss Gish with her sister, Dorothy, has been in Italy for some time, making "Romola," and Mr. Duell recently joined them.

EVERYBODY is watching the Pola Negri set these days with a great deal of ardent curiosity. Miss Negri has just started her new picture under the direction of the famous Russian, Dimitre Buchowetzki, and there have been rumors that there might be fireworks. Mr. Buchowetzki has a reputation for temperament with his actresses almost equal to that of Miss Negri with her directors. However, so far everything is peaceful and diplomatic, except the language. They talk to each other in four or five foreign tongues, which makes it difficult for a casual bystander to know exactly what it's all about.

ONE of the most charming studio parties ever given was the tea dance at the Famous Players Long Island City studio recently, with Gloria Swanson as hostess. The occasion was a house-warming for Miss Swanson's new bungalow dressing-room—her "Little Grey Home in the East." This bungalow, the gift of the studio, is perhaps the most elaborate ever built for a star. It is on wheels, so that it can be moved to any part of the studio, and is as complete as a cabin *de luxe* on an ocean liner.

For the tea dance, a part of the studio as large as a city lot was partitioned off and made into a walled garden, with a lattice-arched

entrance and a flag walk leading up to the house. On either side of the walk was a large grass plot, on which were set small tables and chairs, and several lawn swings. At one end was a large dancing space, presided over by a colored orchestra. At the other end was a long table on which were displayed the refreshments, including sandwiches, cakes, ices and—er—tea.

Miss Swanson was a most graceful and gracious hostess, even though she did break an engagement to dance with a famous book reviewer, thereby causing him to leave the party in a huff. Her hundred or more guests included many of the leaders of the literati and motion picturii, among them being Rebecca West, the English novelist; Edward Knoblock, Frank Crowninshield, Rosa Ponselle, of the Metropolitan Opera; Gari Melchers, the famous artist; George Putnam, the publisher; William Benet, Stephen Benet, Charles Hanson Towne, Owen Johnson, Fannie Hurst and John Farrar.

Lois Wilson and Richard Dix, who were working in William de Mille's "Icebound" at the studio, also attended. Mr. Dix's afternoon costume consisting of a heavy gray sweater, khaki trousers and lumberjack's boots.

NITA NALDI is wearing hoop skirts—oh, the largest hoop skirts ever seen—in her new production, "The Breaking Point." The other day she agreed to go up to the Grauman theater at noon for a luncheon with Mr. Grauman and some other celebrities. She didn't have time to change her costume, so they had to call for a truck. Naldi rode through the streets of Hollywood in state, seated on the floor of the truck, with her hoops filling the rest of the space, and she caused quite a sensation.

LOVELY Florence Vidor, in spite of her stately demeanor and her intense respectability, simply can't prevent the men from falling in love with her since her separation from her husband, King Vidor.

The latest victim is a very distinguished one, none other than Jascha Heifetz, world famed violinist. Heifetz recently gave two concerts in Los Angeles, but they seemed merely incidental to his devotion to the beautiful Florence. He managed to procure invitations to every affair she attended and was always to be seen at her side.

Heifetz has been a matinee idol of music-loving women for several years, but apparently Mrs. Vidor managed to reduce him to the state of a very young college boy.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



Hal Roach has just installed a gymnasium at his studio and Ena Gregory trains every day so that she may battle with her director

What one of Society's twelve most beautiful women says about the care of the skin

"The woman who achieves loveliness must be exquisite at all times. Her skin should be so perfectly cared for that every situation finds it the same—smooth and transparently clear—unlined by fatigue, showing no trace of exposure. And this I believe any woman can accomplish with the careful use of Pond's Two Creams. The skin responds instantly to their delicious texture and fragrance."

Cordelia Biddle Duke



OF COURSE if one did nothing but recline upon a chaise longue in a foam of Venise lace and chiffon, such terms as fatigue and exposure would be unknown.

But the woman who is active in society leads a life that is as active and vigorous and often more wearing than that of the housewife or professional woman. Moreover she is invariably an enthusiastic sportswoman and a strenuous day of skating, riding, or golf is often followed by a night of dancing.

But sports and late hours combine in an insidious attack upon woman's dearest possession—her complexion.

For wind and sun are bound to dry and coarsen the skin and post-midnight dancing will show next morning in faint lines of fatigue.

But—"exquisite at all times" is the society woman's code, as Mrs. Biddle Duke says. And exquisite at all times she is. For long ago she discovered a sure and simple method of skin care that keeps her skin as clear and fresh and delicate as society has always demanded.

Exquisite women use this Method

Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing—is a deliciously soft pure cream that not only cleanses the skin thoroughly, but restores its natural satin suppleness. Dip your fingers into its fragrant softness and rub an ample amount on your face and neck. The fine oil in it sinks deep into the pores to dislodge all of the dirt, excess natural oil, and powder that invisibly clog those tiny cells. Now wipe it off with a soft cloth and don't be ashamed if the cloth is black. *Do this twice.* How clean your skin is, how soft and velvety and above all how fine! That is because the tiny pores now have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is now smoothed on. This light delicate cream is used after every skin cleansing, leaving a new fresh loveliness that prepares your skin perfectly for the necessary finish of powder. Smooth on only a little.



POND'S TWO CREAMS USED BY WOMEN WHO WANT TO BE EXQUISITE AT ALL TIMES



From a portrait by Neysa McMein

Mrs. BIDDLE DUKE

As Miss Cordelia Biddle of Philadelphia, young Mrs. Duke began her social life against the brilliant background of one of America's most exclusive families. She is one of the most prominent and most admired of the younger women of society. Her captivating personality is coupled with a beauty that made Neysa McMein choose her as one of the twelve most beautiful women in America.

There's a pearly glow to your whole face—and how extraordinarily young you're looking! The powder will go on more smoothly than ever and will last almost indefinitely.

Remember, that transparent clearness for which the fashionable woman is distinguished is the result of daily care. Begin this method at once, the method that the younger women in society depend on, and you will see the same loveliness reflected in your own mirror. Pond's Two Creams may be had at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10c today

THE POND'S EXTRACT CO., 132 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK
Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



Rudolph Valentino makes a gorgeous and picturesque figure in the laces and satins of Beaucaire, the ducal hero of Booth Tarkington's romantic story

RUDOLPH VALENTINO

as

"Monsieur Beaucaire"

and BEBE DANIELS
who is beautiful as a Watteau
painting in the brocades
of her costume as the
French Princess





*Palm and olive oils
—nothing else—give
nature's green color
to Palmolive Soap.*

*Note carefully the
name and wrapper.
Palmolive Soap is
never sold unwrapped.*

“Let's Both Keep That Schoolgirl Complexion”

The lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beauty of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this budding beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that the exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlhood days.

That this proper care is based on mildest, gentlest cleansing she has learned from her own experience. For most young mothers of today were brought up on Palmolive.

Protects natural beauty

Palmolive plays the part of protector when used as baby's soap. It soothes while it cleanses, through the gentle action of its mild, lotion-like ingredients.

Baby's delicate, roseleaf skin is kept

smooth and perfect, protected from all injurious irritation.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather develops this beauty year by year, until it bursts into the bloom of a radiant schoolgirl complexion.

Rare oils the secret

The emollient qualities of the Palmolive lather is the secret of its beautifying action.

It is the scientific blend of palm and olive oils—the same rare oils that Cleopatra used in the days of ancient Egypt.

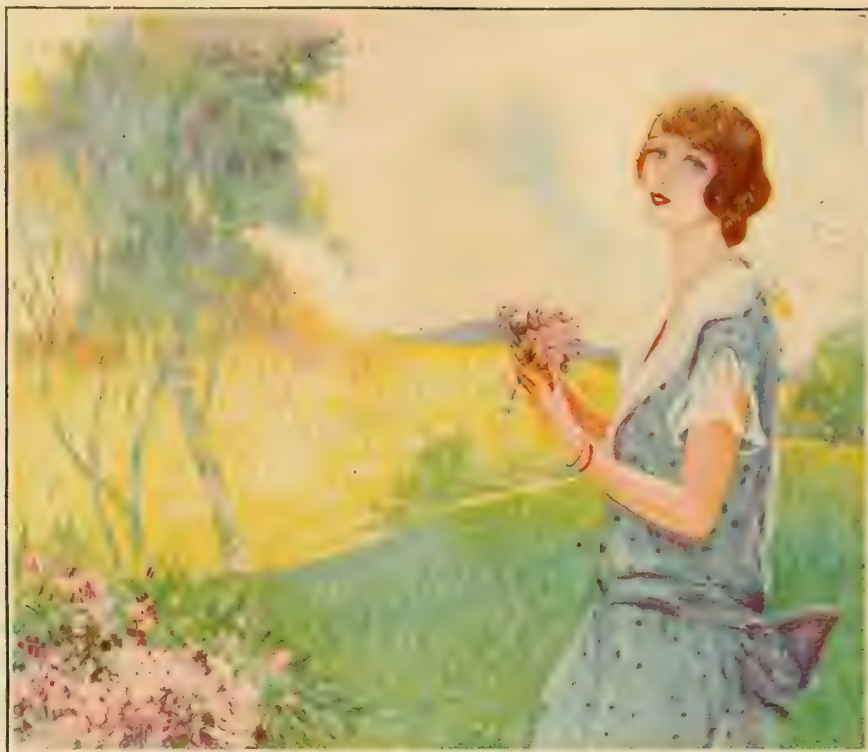
These cosmetic oils, so lotion-like in their action, make Palmolive the mildest of all toilet soaps.

Thus, while it is a favorite “beauty” soap, it's the best of all baby soaps, too. For certainly your own finest, mildest complexion soap is most suitable for baby, for the same reasons.

*Volume and
efficiency
produce
25c quality
for only*

10c





THE CREED OF BEAUTY

"I believe in Beauty, in the power of Beauty to give happiness, and that to help create, develop and perpetuate Beauty is the finest work I can do in the world."—ARMAND

YOU have felt the gladness of the morning sun, when little winds make merry with white puffs of cloud in bluest sky. You have seen apple blossoms aquiver at sunset while the breezes are whispering. You have watched waves dancing in the path of the moon, and in the far-off silver stars you have read how Beauty brings happiness.

As surely as night follows day, you recognize in your own life the intense desire to reflect the Beauty that you see about you. Armand is in business to make the world happier. Back of every Armand product are the highest standards, behind them principles, and beyond those—ideals.

Armand Cold Cream Powder was created to bring increasing loveliness to every woman who wants her complexion to express her best self. The magic touch of cold cream; the alluring fragrance of rare perfumes, subtly combined; the exquisite quality—result in a powder of enchanting charm. You will find it softer, finer, smoother, much more adherent, in every way more satisfactory and effective than any face powder you have ever used. Because of the cold cream, it stays on till you wash it off, doing away with the need for continual powdering. Because of its delicate texture, it blends with flesh tones, with the happy naturalness that shows good taste. In White, Pink, Creme, Brunette, Tint Natural and the new Gipsy Flame. Price, \$1.00 a box everywhere.



ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER

ARMAND—Des Moines

Please send me the Armand Week-end Package, including the "Creed of Beauty."

I enclose 25¢ (coin or stamps).

Name
Street
City State

You may have the Week-end Package for 25¢

It includes the famous Cold Cream Powder and three other powders, generous purse box size. There is also a purse box package of Cold Cream Rouge, a tube of Cold Cream, a tube of Vanishing Cream and a little cake of Cold Cream Soap. You will find these aids in quantity sufficient for several days. There is also your copy of the "Creed of Beauty," a little book of happiness secrets. Clip this coupon and mail it to-day. Address ARMAND—Des Moines, or Armand, Ltd.—St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

No matter where purchased—if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

In Paris, Florian et Armand
In London, Florian and Armand, Ltd.



Here are the Armand Aids

POWDER'S	COMPACTES	COLD CREAM
Cold Cream Powder	Single, in gold, in silver	In jars
Powder	Double Compact	In tubes
Petals	Rouge Compact	VANISHING CREAM
Rose Amante	LIP STICK	In jars
COLD CREAM SOAP		

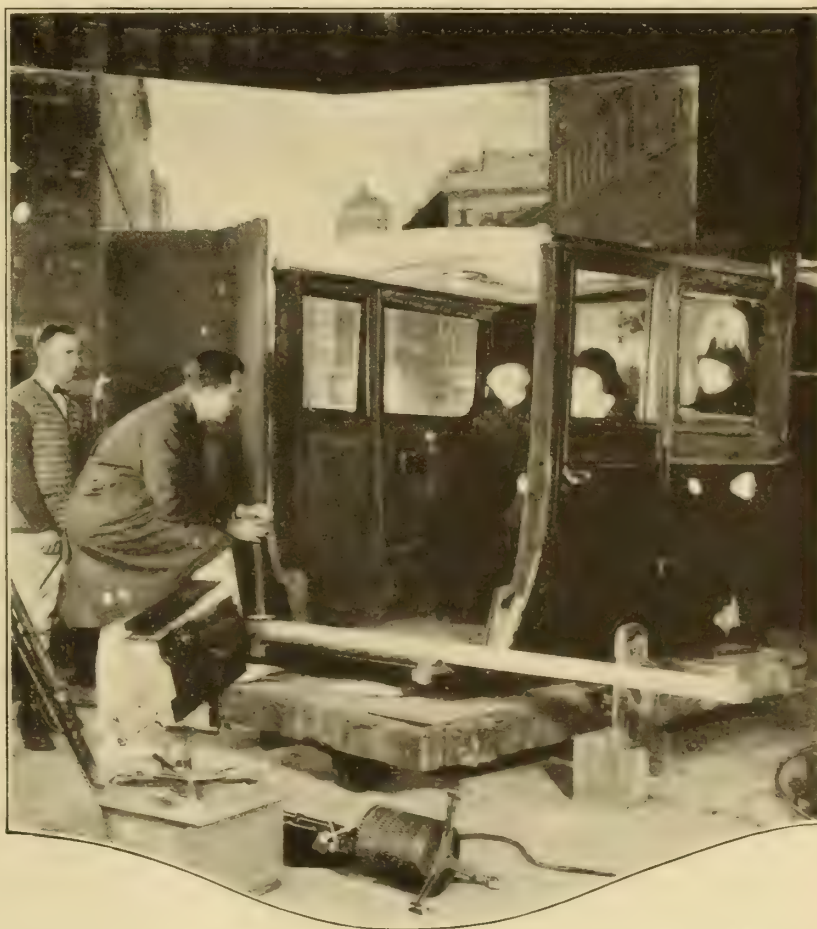
(Refills may be purchased for all the compactes)



Here are two pictures showing how interiors of cars or automobiles are photographed. They are from "Happiness." The upper one shows King Vidor directing a scene in a subway train. Laurette Taylor, the star, is at the extreme right

King Vidor Shooting "Happiness"

In this picture the scene is the interior of a limousine. Only the body is being used and that seems somewhat dilapidated. Miss Taylor sits in the center, between Edith Yorke and Hedda Hopper, while Mr. Vidor gives a few final instructions





How Thousands of Women Have Made Their Hair Beautiful

**Why You, Too, Can Have Beautiful Hair, Soft, Silky, Wavy—
Full of Life and Lustre**

YOU see beautiful hair everywhere today. Hair that is softer, silkier, brighter, more charming and more attractive. Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it. Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful

you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair easily squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch, and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly, evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine, silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

**Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo**





QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

B. W. P., NEW YORK, N. Y.—You're a straight-forward seeker of information. "Questions unadorned" is right. The leading men who have played opposite Pola Negri since her arrival in this country are such well-known charmers as Conrad Nagel, Conway Tearle, Jack Holt, Charles De Roche and Antonio Moreno. Lucky Pola!

E. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—John Bowers's latest picture is "Flattery." At present Mr. Bowers is a martyr to the conviction that no one else ought to perform his difficult scenes for him. In other words, he is suffering from a broken leg acquired while he was annoying a bull in a risky scene.

C. J. M., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Do you think I am coming right out and tell you that I think Claire Windsor is the prettiest girl on the screen? Don't try to trap me with such questions. If I made any such admission, 50 other blonde beauties would retire with broken hearts. Write Viola Dana at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Your favorite actor, Richard Dix, was born July 18, 1894. His hair is brown and his eyes are too. He's six feet tall. And yet he isn't married. Write him at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.

H. S. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—You want to know all about Forrest Stanley. He was born in Brooklyn twenty-nine years ago. He has blonde hair, blue eyes and is about five feet seven inches tall. He married Marion Hutchins. They have no children. Mr. Stanley's hobby is painting and those who have seen him at work in his home in Beverly Hills tell me he wields a wicked brush. He likes to paint street scenes and landscapes.

DIXIE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—You have "discovered what Richard Dix looks like." Just to embarrass you, I shall come right out and tell what you said. "His profile is very classic and resembles that which we see of Liberty on the old quarter dollars. If you hide the hair you will see that the line formed by the nose, mouth and chin are exactly like Dick's." It's all very well to look like Liberty

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

on a quarter but I'd rather look like old Ben Harrison on the five dollar bills, whiskers and all. Betty Blythe is a half inch taller than Nita Naldi. I don't know whether the measurements were taken in her stocking feet or not; Betty was too shy to tell me. You were right. Jack Kerrigan is thirty-four years.

JUANITA, GEORGETOWN, S. C.—The only way to decide the fatal question as to whether or not you can act is to go to the nearest studio and ask the casting director to give you a chance. Usually an aspirant is tried out among the extras. Ramon Novarro is unmarried and twenty-four. Write him care of Metro Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

HELEN J., ALBANY, N. Y.—Are you kidding me or do you really want to know? Ben Turpin is married.

L. S. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Warner Oland played *Charlie Yong* in the film version of "East is West." Remember his fine villainies in the Pearl White serials? Warner is a Scandinavian; that's why he plays Chinese parts.

A. C. FROM JAVA.—All your favorite heroes are married. It's always that way. Thomas Meighan has been married twenty years to Frances Ring, sister of Blanche. His address

is the Famous Players-Lasky studio, Long Island City, N. Y. Mahlon Hamilton, of the same address, is married too, and so is Reginald Denny. Mrs. Denny formerly was Irene Haisman, an actress. Mr. Denny may be reached by addressing Universal Studios, Culver City, Calif.

EARL C. B., BLACK DOVER FALLS, WISCONSIN.—Lawrence Wheat is, as you say, "not such a bad looking cuss." That's complimentary raving from a man. I'd hate to tell you how a girl would put it. Wheat is a blond. He and Thomas Ross and the late Harry Woodruff were once called "The Three Blond Gods of Broadway." He's Tommy Meighan's closest pal.

CORNELIUS, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—So I am a "lovable fellow of forty," am I? Did you ever know a lovable fellow of forty? However, it is known far and wide that I am the best dressed man on Broadway. Pola Negri is twenty-six and may be addressed at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Betty Compson is about twenty-four. Write her care of Edward Small, 1493 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Estelle Taylor is twenty-three and letters reach her via Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

A. M., WESTPORT, CONN.—These are the casting directors whose names you ask. What are you up to, A. M.? Good luck, anyway. Michael J. Connelly, 140 W. 44th Street, New York, N. Y. Cecil B. DeMille, Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif. James Ryan, Fox Studio, 1401 North Westervelt Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. Robert P. McIntyre, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. Harvey Kent, Metro Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

BABY CHICK, NASHVILLE, TENN.—You are "of the town that has been the home of two great men, Andrew Jackson and Cullen Landis." And you are bursting with pride about it. The young man whom you consider "adorable," who plays opposite Mabel Normand in "Suzanna" is Walter McGrail. His eyes are blue, his hair is black, he is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds



The Theodore Roberts Family

As it appeared during a recent visit to New York, and just prior to Mr. Roberts' serious illness in Pittsburgh. Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Roberts and the two pets—the wire-haired terrier and the Corona-Corona. T. R. has discarded his cigar for a set of white whiskers, which he wears as *Moses* in "The Ten Commandments."



Fits the Finest Homes or Most Modest Incomes

Consider the evident high quality of this all-year family car, and its remarkable price—then you can understand why it has been necessary for us to double our production facilities this year.

Many families already owning the highest priced cars, also own a Chevrolet Sedan or Coupé. They find it not only consistent in style and general quality with their social position, but also astonishingly economical to operate.

Those of more limited means take justifiable

pride in the ownership of this distinguished car, which is nevertheless so easy to buy and maintain.

Thousands of pleased owners will tell you a Chevrolet offers the best dollar value of any car made.

Your own requirements for economical transportation will determine your choice of models.

Any Chevrolet dealer will explain their many points of superiority.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

Division of General Motors Corporation

Chevrolet Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers only, for territory not adequately covered.

Five United States manufacturing plants, seven assembly plants and two Canadian plants give us the largest production capacity in the world for high-grade cars and make possible our low prices.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	-	-	\$490	Superior Sedan	-	-	\$795
Superior Touring	-	-	495	Superior Commercial Chassis	-	-	395
Superior Utility Coupe	-	-	640	Superior Light Delivery	-	-	495
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	-	-	725	Utility Express Truck Chassis	-	-	550

**Superior
Utility Coupé**

\$640

f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



Bebe Daniels—with her favorite dance frock of crystal-beaded crepe, over a foundation of satin—wears dainty slippers of silver brocade. The heel is very new; it is practical as well as graceful. And the arrangement of the two straps manages to lend, to the foot, an almost Colonial outline



The Shoe Must Fit the Foot and the Costume

NOT the least of the many worries of the motion picture star is the problem of shoes. The lower picture of Bebe Daniels was caught by Photographer Ball as she was sitting in her suite at the Biltmore. Bebe had to go to a party and she changed her costume and shoes three times before she was satisfied. Bebe has sixty pairs of shoes, so no wonder she was perplexed. She went out shopping the other day to buy a dress but came back with six pairs of shoes instead.

"There is one thing I've noticed about New York women," she said, "and that is that they are always well shod. I've never seen a really well dressed woman who didn't use the same taste in her shoes as in her costume, hat and gloves. Nothing can strike a more inharmonious note than shoes that are not in keeping."



The young bride veiled her handkerchief as the car drew away from the host of well-wishing friends.

"Stop waving, darling," said the happiest man in the world. "I want to look at you—you never seemed so beautiful as you do right now!"

Choosing your own kind of beauty

By MME. JEANNETTE

IT is one of the fascinating miracles of today that pretty women become beautiful—and quite plain ones become really attractive—through the simple arts of the dressing-table.

But much depends upon the kinds of powder and rouge that you choose, and upon the skill with which they are applied. Too many women make the mistake of using miscellaneous cosmetics.

It is far better to stick to one maker's products throughout, for when a chemist develops a new rouge, he naturally "tries it out" with his own powder, and vice versa.

Thus, one maker's powders, rouges, and lip sticks will always harmonize better and blend more closely with one another than with other kinds.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in a sufficient variety of shades to meet every complexion tint; also, to provide for those whose skins require powders of different tints under daylight and under artificial light.

These powders have been developed for naturalness of effect and for adhesiveness. A powder that *stays on* means a face *always* properly powdered, rather than one that is alter-

nately powdered, unpowdered, and repowdered.

Pompeian Bloom is the rouge especially prepared for use with Pompeian Beauty Powder. It can be had in the new Orange Tint or the regular shades.

It combines two advantages rarely found in the one rouge—it will not break or crumble, yet it comes off easily and readily on the puff.

Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream, and disappears under your finger-tips as you smooth it over the surfaces to be powdered. It is a protection to your skin, and forms a proper surface for the even application and blending of your powder and rouge.

Not only do powder and rouge "go on" better over this foundation cream—they adhere much better, staying on for hours with their original clear loveliness.

▽

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM (vanishing)	60c per jar
BEAUTY POWDER	60c per box
BLOOM (the rouge)	60c per box
LIP STICK	25c each
FRAGRANCE (a sale)	25c per can
NIGHT CREAM (cold cream)	60c per jar

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada



Pompeian Bloom (a rouge)

Cultivate the Beauty of Your Skin Now!

If you would have a flower-blossom skin all summer, you must be a good caretaker in the spring!

Your skin needs constant care, especially in trying weather. It needs feeding and retting and careful cleansing to keep it free of dirt.

A Cream that Performs a Triple Service

The "feeding," and "refining," and "cleansing" of your skin comprise three distinct actions, and Pompeian Night Cream offers this trio of benefits.

This cream is exceptionally well qualified to feed and refine and cleanse the skin.

Its fine oils free the dirt secreted in the infinitesimal folds and pores of the skin, making for exquisite cleanliness.

The softening effect of certain of these oil-attributes refines the skin, making it soft and delicate.

To obtain the greatest benefit from this cream, you must use it regularly—this means at least once every day. The best time, if you use it but once a day, is at night just before retiring.

Begin a gentle massage. Start at the point of your chin, using firm, light finger-tips. Move your fingers in little circles, gradually working upward and outward. After a few minutes of this treatment, pat your face and neck with smart little blows till some, or all, of the cream has become absorbed. Wipe off all remaining traces. And finish this treatment with a brisk dashing of cold water.

Pat in the moisture, and you should find your skin firm, smooth and soft to the touch; or, if your skin still feels dry, rub in just enough cream to relieve it of the drawn feeling.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____

© 1924, The Pompeian Co.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]



O-Cedar Polish

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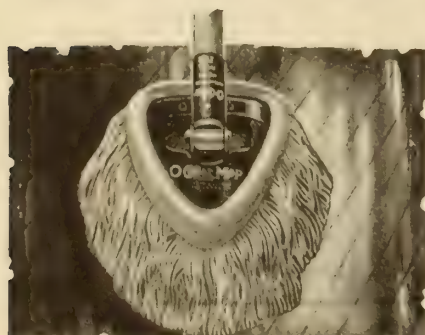
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MRS. WALLACE REID has a projection room in her own home where she runs the current films, and the other evening she had sent to her "Black Oxen." To her bewilderment, her six year old son, Bill Reid, insisted upon staying up to see the film. Mrs. Reid, after much persuasion from Bill, agreed to run it early, and the boy sat through the reels with the most intent gaze. When it was over he said emphatically and disgustedly: "They oughtn't to be allowed to do that way. There wasn't any black oxen in that anywhere, and here I sat and watched all that silly stuff, and never saw a single animal."

Whereupon Bill went angrily to bed.

BARBARA CASTLETON, who has been known in pictures for some time, is said to have deserted the screen for all time. She was married recently to Everly Davis, a wealthy New Yorker, and is living in Mr. Davis' beautiful home at Ridgewood.

SPEAKING of close calls, there isn't a cat in the film colony of Hollywood that would have been able to go through the automobile accident Owen Moore experienced and come out with its heart still functioning.

Mr. Moore was returning to the Ambassador Hotel from a country club in Beverly Hills when his car plunged into a six foot water-main excavation. A lighted red lantern to warn autoists of the jeopardy had become dimmed with soot and Moore did not see it until it was too late.

The sedan toppled over on him and pinned him down. Other motorists obtained small trees which they used as levers and lifted the car. He was rushed to the Ambassador Hotel where he was treated for bruises.

For once in the history of automobiling, cautious driving was the cause of an accident. Moore was driving slowly when he hit the hole.

The excavation was not over three feet wide, so if he had been traveling faster the machine would have "shot-gunned" the drop.

OUT in Hollywood the police have become so familiar with picture stars of various magnitudes that arresting or summoning one of them means little in the daily grind. Even Jack Hoxie, one of our most heroic screen cowboys, is not exempt. Jack got two tickets in one day. No. not for shooting up anybody, but just for parking himself and his horse in the way of traffic.

Jack was on his way to make a personal appearance at a theater where his picture, "The Red Warning," was showing. So he loaded Scout, his horse, on a truck and started. Just why Scout had to ride in a truck isn't stated. But, anyway, he couldn't find a place near the theater to park himself and the truck, so he stopped outside the line of parked cars. Whereupon, up stepped a policeman and handed him a ticket. Jack, deeply hurt but always law-abiding, moved on. Then he found a hole alongside the curb and slid himself and his outfit into it. And along came another minion of the law and handed him ticket No. 2 for parking directly in front of the entrance to the theater.

And then Jack expressed his opinion of personal appearances and the police, and took his horse and truck home. If he had only picked Fifth Avenue in New York, the police probably would have held up traffic to let him park, but Hollywood is kind of used to screen stars these days.

WHEN you see "The Humming Bird" take particular notice of the Apache dance that Gloria Swanson as *Toinette* does in the Paris dive. But, if you ever meet Miss Swanson, don't speak of it, because it is a tender subject—physically tender.



"Run, you jack rabbit, run," says Harold Lloyd to his cousin, Keith Lloyd, one of the track stars of the University of Nebraska, and said to be sure of a place on the Olympic team



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Aurelio Coccia, originator of the Apache dance on the American stage, was engaged to put on this dance with Miss Swanson. He has danced with his wife, Minnie Amato, for a good many years. His Apache dance is decidedly acrobatic, but his dancing partner, being always in training and knowing every move, was able to go through with it without inconvenience.

When Director Sidney Olcott ordered the first rehearsal of the dance, Coccia grabbed Miss Swanson and started in as if dancing with a professional partner. He swung her about, bent her backwards and forwards, choked her, threw her to the floor and dragged her back, and did all the things that he was used to doing. Miss Swanson was game. She never whimpered, but after the brief rehearsal she dropped into a chair, gasping. Her maid helped her to her dressing room and thence to her car. She managed to limp to her apartment, where she dropped. And for three days she stayed there, lame and sore in every muscle and utterly unable to go back to the studio.

The enthusiasm of Coccia was toned down at subsequent rehearsals, with the result that the dance was finally done for the camera without serious accident, or loss of life or limb. But, as the picture shows, it was still plenty strenuous.

MRS. MIGNON LEBRUN LANDIS has brought suit for separate maintenance against her husband, Cullen Landis, charging cruelty and alleging that she and her two children are being supported by the charity of friends. She asks \$1500 a month allowance in the suit, which was brought in California.

IT'S a mean trick to pick on a little kid just because he's got money, but that seems to be the fate of Jackie Coogan. It is a part of the training of Jackie by his parents to instill principles of thrift, so that when he grows up he will be able to worry along on the few millions he will have. In pursuance of this idea, Pa Coogan recently gave Jackie a trained white duck. What it was trained for is not revealed.

The next development of the plot was that Uncle George Coogan offered Jackie a whole dollar for the duck. Jackie's spending money being low, he accepted and the sale was made.

A day or two later, when he was going to work, Uncle George showed Jackie the duck in a little pond on the Metro lot.

"What's he doing there?" asked Jackie.

"I'm making money with him," replied Uncle George. "I've rented him to the Metro people for \$2 a day."

And a chaplet of woe descended on Jackie's brow and lasted several days. But the experience—phony though it was—added to his business experience.

BARBARA LA MARR is playing *The Lady That's Known as Lou* in "Dangerous Dan McGrew," made from the Service poem, and in the scenes in the Red Dog saloon she wears costumes that are—well, scanty. A friend of hers visited the set recently and saw one of these scenes being shot. Being a great admirer of Miss La Marr's, she realized how the wearing of such costumes must offend the actress. So she tried to express her regret and her condolences that Barbara should be obliged to appear in the somewhat immodest garb.

"Oh, Miss La Marr," she said, "I think it's just terrible that you have to dress that way. Don't you feel badly about having to wear such thin costumes?"

"I'll say I do," replied the beautiful star, emphatically. "It's so dog-gone cold."

NELL SHIPMAN and her husband, Bert Van Tuyle, are slowly recovering from a terrible experience they had while working on location in Northern Idaho. Mr. Van Tuyle was so badly frozen that it was necessary to amputate his right foot, and he undoubtedly would have died had it not been for the heroism of his wife, who dragged him on a sled twenty miles to a place where they could get medical help.

They had a camp out in the woods and, on their way back to Coolin, Idaho, the stage line terminal, lost the others who were with them. Van Tuyle had injured his foot and it had become infected. He was delirious at times, and insisted upon leaving the sled and walking. All alone, Miss Shipman handled the heavy sled and dragged it across the ice on Priest Lake, falling into the water through airholes two or three times.

Her feet were frostbitten, but she kept on,



Jackie Coogan ought to be happy making "A Boy of Flanders." He wears comfortable clothes, has Teddy and a lot of other dogs to play with, and plenty of children for his off-set ball games

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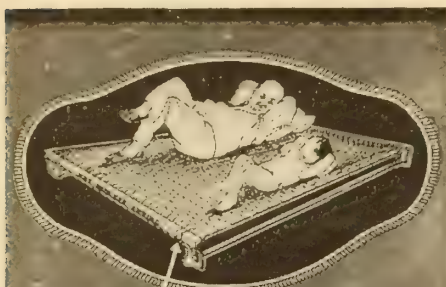
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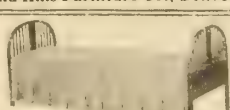
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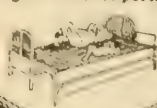
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dragging Van Tuyle when he would consent to sit on the sled, and holding his arm when he insisted on walking. At times they were compelled to leave the lake and plunge through the deep snow. At last they reached a ranch on the shore of the lake, after they had traveled nearly twenty miles, and were taken to Coolin in a motor boat. Van Tuyle was hurried to a hospital in Spokane, where it was found that his foot was in such bad shape that amputation was necessary.

HELEN FERGUSON, one of the best known of the younger screen actresses in Hollywood, is wearing a new and beautiful diamond ring on her engagement finger. But—Helen only smiles when asked if she is engaged and she absolutely refuses to discuss the name of any man who might have given her the ring.

THE joke is on King Vidor. But nobody's laughing, because the joke turned out so happily. It was while the casting was in progress for "Wild Oranges." *Minnie Stope*, the girl-woman heroine, was not an easy character to draw upon the screen. Timid, fear-ridden, as lovely and as old fashioned as mignonette—that was *Minnie*. But the girls that Mr. Vidor had in mind for the rôle proved, upon close inspection, to be new-fashioned. Why? Because they, one and all, had bobbed hair.

"I want a girl with long hair for the part," Mr. Vidor mourned. "No! A wig won't do. Why in thunder does every girl with pretty hair go and cut it off? That's what I want to know!"

And so the possible heroines passed in review—able actresses, each one of them, and pretty girls. And at last Virginia Valli was sent for. And Mr. Vidor, seeing her, smiled for the first time in weeks.

"Thank the Lord," he told her, "that you have sense. You haven't cut off your hair. You'll do!"

And, as *Minnie Stope*, Virginia Valli scored a real triumph. But the joke is on King Vidor. For, after a serious illness, Miss Valli was compelled to shave her head, and her hair is just beginning to grow in adorable little ringlets—much shorter, though, than the most shingled of bobs! She wore a wig all through the picture, and King Vidor didn't guess it—until she told him!

THE male sex—or that portion of it which patronizes motion pictures—is seriously considering putting on mourning. Why? Because Corinne Griffith, about whom—according to Adela St. Johns—every man goes crazy, has married. Her new husband is Walter Morosco, son of Oliver Morosco, the theatrical producer, and they were married at Tia Juana, running away from all their friends in Hollywood.

Miss Griffith recently divorced Webster Campbell, the director, and has been reported engaged to several others since that time. She is conceded to be one of the most beautiful women of the screen. Her most recent pictures were "Black Oxen" and "Lilies of the Field."

HOLLYWOOD was greatly exercised recently because it heard that an offer has been made to the Prince of Wales to become a picture star. The offer was sent to the Prince by Fred Niblo, who cabled: "Would your royal highness consider appearing in an historical photoplay of magnitude and dignity? Time, place and financial arrangements at your convenience."

Well, you can't blame a young fellow for trying, no matter what the result. And, of course, no one would accuse Mr. Niblo of wanting publicity.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., after his brief experience in pictures, is going on the speaking stage. J. W. Elliott is to produce "Merton of the Movies" on the Pacific Coast, with young Fairbanks in the Glenn Hunter rôle.

WITHOUT saying definitely whether or not she is to marry, Agnes Ayres is calmly accepting congratulations on her engagement to Ricardo Cortez, one of the new leading men for Paramount Pictures. Miss Ayres was divorced about two years ago, her husband having been a non-professional.

NEWS seeps out that Nicholas A. Dunay, alias Nicholas Dineauw, Russian stage actor, has been granted a divorce from Nina Byron Dunay, former Follies beauty, on the grounds of desertion.

Dunay, as you may remember, was leading man for Pauline Frederick, and a short time ago attracted considerable attention in Hollywood when he announced his intention of producing some anti-Bolshevik pictures. Somehow, however, the plan failed to materialize.

AND now comes another feather in the bonnet of the motion picture industry. Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, noted music critic of New York who is visiting Hollywood, has made the statement that the motion picture theater organ, orchestra and piano are largely responsible for the growing knowledge and appreciation of good music.

When one comes to think it over, there's probably some truth in the declaration, too. On picking up the music cue to a recent feature picture we find it includes smatterings of such operas as "Madam Butterfly," "Carmen," "Tales of Hoffman," "Thais" and "Il Trovatore."

"The motion picture theaters," asserts Dr. Spaeth, "are feeding the average American daily doses of good music and making him like it,—in any other form, it was taken like medicine."

RENEE ADOREE has brought suit against the Los Angeles Railway Company for \$50,000 for injuries as a result of an accident some months ago, when a street car collided with her automobile.

Miss Adoree and Miss Salter were in the car, and Miss Salter is also suing, asking for \$30,000. Miss Adoree charges that she was injured internally besides being cut about the head and arms. She asks \$25,000 for the injuries and the same amount for the time she lost from her work.

WHEN Frances Marion was in New York for the opening of "Abraham Lincoln," her family was enlarged by one member. No—not what you think, at all! The addition was a Great Dane puppy, with an almost blond coat, and an ingratiating wiggle and a long pedigree. Miss Marion loves all dogs—and Great Danes in particular. She has had several of them, and this newest acquisition is the nicest of all, she thinks.

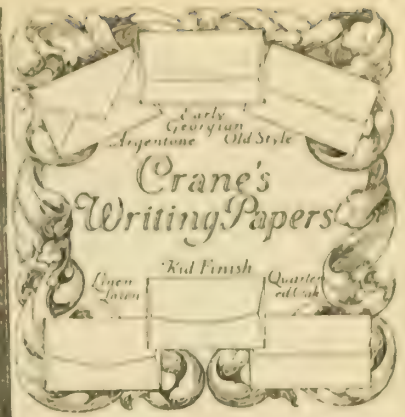
HELEN HOLMES, who accumulated a sizable fortune by risking her life in railroad serials, "The Hazards of Helen," a few years ago, has invested a part of her earnings in a ranch in Utah. It should be a good rest retreat as the nearest railroad is forty miles away.

RUTH RENICK of stage and screen fame is mourning the loss of a husband. Nor is she alone looking and wishing for him. The federal authorities in San Francisco would like to lay hands on him also, for he is wanted on a charge of impersonating a U. S. officer.

Shortly after finishing an important part in Jackie Coogan's "Long Live the King," Miss Renick left Hollywood to accept a short engagement with a stock company in Oakland. It was soon after that news leaked out that she had married a mysterious major. The major looked well in his uniform, but when Miss Renick's brother-in-law heard that while Ruth claimed him as a husband, the uniformed chap said they were "merely friends," he decided to investigate.



"Now don't you ever breathe a word of this,
but just listen . . ."



**You wouldn't discuss your
personal affairs before servants**

OF COURSE NOT! Such a thing is never done. No self-respecting girl would be guilty of so glaring an exhibition of bad taste.

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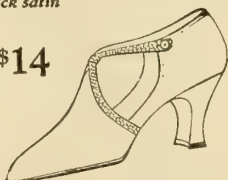
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It was dry enough out on the desert before Mr. Volstead took the stage, and it must be terrible now. However, Ernest Torrence looks cheerful about it. Supposedly those tanks contain water

The result was the arrest of the mysterious major for impersonating a U. S. officer. The "major" put up bail and is still among those missing. Miss Renick says he is her husband, but the final words from the "major," before he dropped from sight, were to the contrary.

HEDDA HOPPER, one of the most charming women of the stage and screen, has recently divorced De Wolf Hopper, the famous comedian. She was his fifth wife. Mrs. Hopper was awarded the custody of a son, Billy, who is seven years old, and also was given 30 per cent of her husband's salary as alimony, the amount paid to be never less than \$50 a week.

De Wolf Hopper is 64 years old. His wives, in the order of succession, have been Ella Gardiner, his second cousin; Ida Mosher, a light opera actress; Edna Wallace Hopper, the actress and singer; Nella Bergen, also an actress; and Elda, known as Hedda Hopper.

BARBARA LA MARR is one of those shining exceptions to the "beautiful and dumb" rule.

For some reason they're keeping it much under cover at the Metro studio, but I happen to know that Barbara is responsible for most of the excellent continuity of "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," her present starring vehicle.

"Bobby" took a hand when several continuity writers fell down and sat up several nights and made one of her own, which is largely the one being filmed.

She used to be a writer, you know, before the camera got one look at her.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has been laid up for weeks with a bad attack of Kleig eyes. For several days she lay in a darkened room, with bandages about her eyes, but now she is up and about again and fortunately no damage has been done to the fascinating and sparkling eyes of the youngest Talmadge.

GEORGE HACKATHORNE, who usually manages to appear wistful and a little sad in his pictures, has a well-defined sense of humor nevertheless. He is out in Hollywood now, playing at Culver City, and he has bought a new car. One of the streets over which he has to drive on his way to the studio is unpaved and deep with mud. As a result George's nice, shiny car is usually a mess. So he has given this street a name of his own. He calls it "Mineralava-nue."

"PIDGIE" BEERY, the small son of Noah Beery, was explaining to some of his young friends that in the picture business the highest salaries are not always drawn by those actors who play the noblest rôles.

"Look at my father," said the proud young Beery. "Look at all the money he gets for being a bad actor."

AT the time of his death a few years ago, Harold Lockwood was one of the most widely known figures on the screen. Yet—

The other day a director in Hollywood, casting an appraising eye over the five or six hundred extra people that an agency had sent to him, noticed among them a woman whose face seemed familiar.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "You and my husband used to work together on the Metro lot. My husband was Harold Lockwood."

Standing by was a young actress who has been in pictures less than a year but whose name is now almost as well-known to picture fans as was once the name of the man whose widow is now an extra at \$7.50 a day.

"And," queried this young actress, "who was Harold Lockwood?"

Such is fame!

WHEN Ed Wynn, who is not only a successful stage comedian but also the successful son-in-law of Frank Keenan, played Los Angeles recently in "The Perfect Fool," Pola Negri, Herbert Brenon, Kathlyn Williams and Charles F. Eyton sat in a stage box. Wynn's entertainment included a mind-reading stunt during which he answered questions which were submitted to him by members of the audience.

Brenon wrote, "When did you see me last?" Back came the answer from the stage: "Fifteen years ago when you and I were in vaudeville together." Which was true.

Something else that is true is that Harold Lloyd, himself a mind-reader of no mean ability, spent a lot of his time, while Wynn was in town, doing some of Wynn's stuff for the edification of his associates at the Hollywood studios. Lloyd's loyal employees contend that he is the best magician in the picture business.

"OUT of the mouths of babes and sucklings" Even motion picture directors may learn something at times. Bonnie Barrett, aged three, was working with Lloyd Hamilton in a Pullman car scene in "Going East" recently.

Many foods, good to the eye and to the palate, are so soft and creamy that they lull the gums to sleep, as it were, and fail to give them that blood-rousing stimulation that rougher, coarser foods once gave.

How soft foods ruin the health of your teeth and gums

RESARCHES prove that we, as a nation, give more attention to our teeth than any other people in the world.

And yet, in spite of this, and in spite of the fact that our dental profession is acknowledged to be far and away the superior of any other, the advance of oral hygiene is discouragingly slow.

General tooth health is not increasing. Troubles of the *gingiva* (gum structure) seem to be on the rise.

And the fact of the matter is, not that our care is wasted or the efforts of our dentists useless

(quite the contrary), but rather that, under the conditions of modern life, keeping the teeth and gums healthy is a harder job than it has ever been before.

Undoubtedly the lack of hard physical work and the nervous tension of modern life are partly to blame, but the greatest foe to the health of your teeth and your gums is the food that you eat. *For it does not stimulate the gums.*

How Ipana protects the health of your gums

THIS modern food of ours may be delicious, but it's soft. It does not give the brisk exercise that rough, coarse food once gave. It does not stir your gums to health.

Probably you eat it hastily. That, too, cheats the gums of exercise, of stimulation.

Gums become soft and pampered. The toothbrush begins to "show pink." And then follows that train of tooth troubles showing such an alarming rate of increase today—those troubles whose source is a weakened gum structure, and whose course, if unchecked, leads straight from gingivitis to pyorrhea.

Recognizing the great need for fighting soft and bleeding gums, thou-

sands of dentists now use and prescribe Ipana Tooth Paste. Many practitioners have written us that in especially stubborn cases of bleeding gums, they prescribe a thorough daily massage of the gums with Ipana *after* the regular brushing with Ipana.

How Ipana helps to build sound gum tissue

For in strengthening soft gums and healing bleeding gums, Ipana has a very specific virtue. It contains ziradol, a positive antiseptic and germicide, and a preparation with a recognized hemostatic value. Throughout the country ziradol is used by dentists, after extraction, to allay the bleeding

of the wound, to heal infected tissue and to restore to irritated and congested gums their normal tonicity. Indeed, Ipana, in the relatively short time that it has been before the profession, has proved itself to be the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush.

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From the sample you can judge, not only the healing effect of Ipana, not only its fine, free-from-grit consistency, not only its remarkable power to clean safely and thoroughly, but you can judge too, its delightful flavor and clean taste. For Ipana is a perfect proof that a tooth paste need not have an unpleasant taste, in order to be a beneficial agent.

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Throughout the day's activities—or the evening's pleasure—your most charming coiffure effects may be easily kept intact! The strong, invisible strands of this perfect hair net will free you from all worry. You may be sure your hair dress will retain its charm!

Being "the preferred net" of millions of discriminating women—more Gainsboroughs are sold than any other hair net. Certainly the retainer of your coiffure charm will be found within the tissue folds of the attractive package shown above!

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Genuine HAIR NET
The Net of the Life-Like Lustré

The Western Co., Chicago—New York
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G. H. N. 624



After a hard day on the Metro lot, Viola Dana hurries home—to this! Her home, in beautiful Beverly Hills, is as dainty and charming as herself

and was expected to crawl into a berth beside Hamilton and go to sleep. Ordinarily the child is very quick to "get" a scene, but this time she fidgeted and couldn't seem to settle down to slumber.

Director Fred Hibbard tried everything he knew to get her to "play sleep," but it was no use. Finally Bonnie's mother was sent for. Bonnie flew into her mother's arms, almost in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, darling?" asked the mother, anxiously.

And came the answer in a whisper: "Muvver, they didn't tell me to say my prayers."

SOMETIMES a bit of trouble comes, and threatens life and happiness. And then, the trouble brings some unexpected result. And one is forced to quote, with *Dulcy*, "that there may be a good reason for everything!"

So it was in the case of Mabel Normand. Twice the victim of most unpleasant publicity, she—that is to say, her pictures—have been barred by certain state censors and city officials. And the storm of protest brought about by this action has shown definitely just how well loved she is—just how much her pictures are enjoyed and needed.

From the press and the pulpit have come expressions of friendship for the whimsical little comedienne. Women's clubs, boards of trade, arbiters of education have risen in her defense. Although she may be barred from certain towns and cities, she cannot be barred from the hearts of her friends. And they are legion!

TOMMIE MEIGHAN is so quiet about his charities that no one would ever suspect him of the great amount of good that he really does!

For instance the leading hotel in Jacksonville, Florida, gave a benefit ball the other day. The proceeds—which, incidentally, amounted to about two thousand dollars—went to the crippled children of Jacksonville.

None of the guests knew that the expenses of the affair, which were not small, had been taken care of by T. M.—who was in that city, filming exteriors for his newest picture, "The Confidence Man."

ENID BENNETT played a mean trick on Hobart Bosworth recently while she was in charge of a booth at a bazaar in Hollywood. Mr. Bosworth passed the booth and she stopped him.

"Won't you buy a cigarette holder, Mr. Bosworth?" she asked.

"No thanks, I don't smoke," grinned Bosworth.

"Then buy one of those nice penwipers."

"I never write." More grins.

"Well, here's a nice box of chocolates."

"I don't eat candy."

Miss Bennett is a quick thinker.

"All right, Mr. Bosworth, but how about buying this cake of soap?"

"I don't—" began Bosworth, and then purchased.

BABY PEGGY is thinking seriously of being psycho-analyzed in an effort to determine just what the jinx is that seems to be following her. Certainly the little star has had more than her share of hard luck in her recent picture, "Captain January."

Peggy herself started the run. Hardly had Director Cline given the order to "shoot" than Peggy caught a severe cold and the start of the picture was delayed a week, which Peggy spent in bed. A few days later Hobart Bosworth was struck by a great wave while working in a scene and was laid up three or four days. The next thing was when Director Cline fell off a cliff, breaking three ribs.

Then Lincoln Stedman, not wishing to be outdone, refused the services of a double for a hazardous jump, made it himself and broke his foot. There were other minor mishaps, but finally the last day of production arrived. Coming back to town that night after dark, three members of the company were held up and robbed of their watches, jewelry and all their money.

TALK about efficiency! Just listen to what Paul Powell, the director, did when he lost his dog Tex, said dog being an affectionate but far from pulchritudinous Airedale which strayed from the Powell fireside in Pasadena.

1. He placed an advertisement in each of the fifteen newspapers published in and around Los Angeles.

2. He visited every police station not only in Los Angeles but in eight surrounding cities and towns.

3. He hung circulars bearing a full description of his livestock in the carriers' rooms in eight post-offices.

4. He addressed meetings of the Boy Scouts to whom he offered handsome largesse for the return of his pet.

5. He placed advertisements in two Japanese newspapers.

Unlock the hidden beauty in your skin

Lurking beneath your skin—yes, however imperfect it may be—is a hidden perfection only waiting to be released.

BELOW those unsightly blemishes, deep down where patchwork remedies fail even to reach, natural forces in your skin are fighting day and night to counteract the harsh conditions of daily life.

Unaided, these forces fight a losing battle, and imperfections appear. A little help on your part, and the balance swings toward that clear, clean complexion you have perhaps always envied in others.

This is a scientific fact. Skin specialists will tell you the same story. It means that any woman can have that radiant complexion she may have always sought in vain.

Used for years by thousands of women, this easy method of daily care is based simply on the idea of keeping the skin functioning normally

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to gently restore the pulsing of

the tiny capillaries in the lower layers of the skin, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands of women have learned to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment in the daily care of their skin.

Often in a few days, blackheads, blemishes, and even infections that appear to be more or less serious, will yield to this gentle treatment. Cleansing, soothing, mildly stimulating, Resinol sinks deep into the pores and starts the skin again acting normally.

Start today this simple treatment

If your complexion is not all you want it to be, if it is dull and sallow, or marred by blemishes, begin today to use Resinol. Get a cake of Resinol Soap and a jar of Resinol Ointment at your druggist. Every night before retiring, work up on the face, with warm water, a thick creamy lather of Resinol Soap. Work it gently into the pores; then rinse off, and splash on a dash of clear, cold water to close the pores. Then, with special irritations, blemishes or rashes, apply a touch of Resinol Ointment and smooth it in very gently with the

fingers. In the morning wash off again with Resinol Soap.

Within a week you will begin to notice the difference in your skin—a finer, softer texture—a ruddier glow—a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

For regular toilet use, too

In thousands of homes where Resinol Soap was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath where harsh soaps are especially irritating to sensitive surfaces—Resinol is today in widespread daily use.

Send today for free trial sizes of both Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Address Dept. 5-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

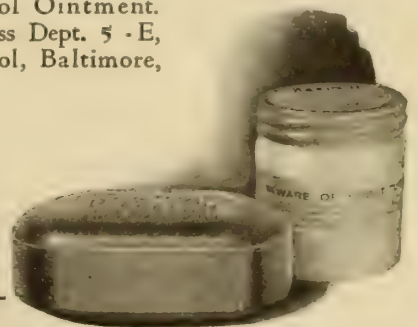


Resinol Ointment also for more serious skin affections

Not only is Resinol Ointment used by women everywhere for clearing away minor skin blemishes—but its soothing, healing properties have for years been successful in relieving more stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish in a few days. Even a light application sinks deep into the pores, attacks the root of the disorder, and starts the skin again acting normally. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

RESINOL

SOAP and OINTMENT





Now— we can tell you

The secret is out. At last the originator of Parfum Mary Garden has disclosed the real reason why this fragrance has enjoyed so many years of popularity.

"The reason is a simple one," said the aged creator of Rigaud odeurs. "In formulating Parfum Mary Garden, we deliberately set for ourselves the task of achieving an odeur that would be *so seductive, so fascinating, so bewitching that it would be utterly irresistible to men.*"

"To create this kind of a perfume we distilled nearly 100 new odeurs and secured dozens of women to give them actual tests in their social contacts with men.

"At last after eighteen months we reduced our researches and conclusions to just one odeur which we then perfected. And this became Rigaud's *Parfum Mary Garden*—a perfume with so distinct, so individual and so seductive a lure that *men simply could not resist it!*"

That is the secret of why it has survived so long—that is the reason it will live on for many years to come. * * * *Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., 16th & Irving Place, N. Y.—Sole Distributors, U. S. A. and Canada.*

You will find at the better shops a complete line of toilet accessories, fragrant with Parfum Mary Garden. Ask to see them.

Parfumerie Rigaud

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PARIS, FRANCE

6. He described Tex to everybody he met during the ten days the dog was on tour.

The result of this super-efficiency? On the eleventh day the homely but homesick wanderer came trotting into the Powell front yard, dragging a rope which he had chewed in two.

JACKIE COOGAN, in common with a lot of other people just as unwise, made a lot of good resolutions when 1924 came along. And Jackie is having just as hard a time living up to them as anyone else. Here are Jackie's rules for the year:

I RESOLVE

To be a good boy all the year instead of just three weeks before Christmas.

Not to play hookey from my lessons.

Not to be late on the set and keep the company waiting.

Not to read in bed.

Not to take my dogs to bed with me.

Not to eat between meals. (The vision of castor oil prompted this one.)

WILLIAM S. HART will no longer produce at the Famous Players-Lasky. There has been a definite disagreement and the western star has taken offices at 6404 Sunset Boulevard, where he and his business manager, "Scoop" Conlon, are getting ready for his third picture, the exteriors for which will probably be taken in or around Banff, Canada, where Lawrence Trimble made his last Strongheart picture, "The Love Master."

Hart's fourth story has been selected and will be based on the life of Patrick Henry.

THE firm of Trimble-Murfin—to be more explicit Larry Trimble and Jane Murfin—have definitely split and just what effect this will have on the wonder dog, Strongheart, re-

mains to be seen. Some two years ago this director and Miss Murfin, the playwright, gave to the picture world a new star—for Strongheart became a star over night. It was then that the first Trimble-Murfin production, "The Silent Call," was shown. It is generally understood in the film colony, that Trimble plans to finish "White Fang" this spring, and that it will be the joint property of his former partner and himself. When the firm was dissolved Trimble took over all of the police dogs with the exception of Strongheart himself. The wonder dog is the personal property of Miss Murfin. While in New York recently Miss Murfin is said to have refused an offer of \$150,000 for Strongheart. She believes the dog is at his best only when Trimble is directing and so did not take the offer.

WHAT had all the appearances of another Martha Mansfield tragedy was narrowly averted the other day when the dress of Dot Farley, leading member of the "Listen Lester" cast, caught fire during a scene in which she was playing.

The accident was unusual. Metal decorations on the actress' gown came into contact with an open electrical switch and in a second the filmy gauze was a mass of flames.

George O'Hara seized an automobile rug and threw it over Miss Farley, smothering the flames.

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, former newspaper man and dean of Hollywood scenario writers, and his wife, Mae, are divorced. Mrs. Sullivan secured the decree. The Sullivans have been living apart for some years. Mr. Sullivan has written some of the most successful screen dramas. He is credited with

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]



A miniature Venus at the bath—or was it Psyche? The lady's name is Miss Peggy Fry; she's five years old and recently returned from Europe, where she's been making pictures. Miss Peggy—take it from her picture—has poise, a sense of humor, and no false modesty



Posed by
Mlle. Andrée Lafayette
Courtesy of
Richard Walton Tully



The patent leather oxfords illustrated are instantly identified as shoes of quality by the Diamond Brand (visible) Fast Color Eyelets. Their genuine celluloid tops retain their original finish indefinitely. They promote easy lacing and actually outwear the shoe.

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STYLE is the presence of that subtle sense of absolute correctness which is possessed by the well-groomed woman.

Style gives the American woman the poise and calm confidence in her appearance that is at once the despair and admiration of her European cousin.

True style is the sum total of the care and discrimination with which every item of one's wardrobe is selected, since details, insignificant in themselves, may make or mar the perfect harmony of one's costume.

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Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

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! betrayed

Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

So many people overlook this one matter of fastidiousness. And do so in spite of the fact that in conversation the teeth are the one most noticeable thing about you.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem—finally solved.

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

So the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, have found for you also the really safe dentifrice.

What are your teeth saying about you today?—**LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., Saint Louis, U. S. A.**

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Large Tube—25 cents



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A brush expert says they are the best Hair Brushes made. They are penetrating. They go all through the hair to the roots and stimulate growth. They make a beautiful radiance. The glory of woman is made more glorious with Whiting-Adams Hair Brushes.

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Will you take \$15 to \$36 a week for one hour, two hours, or three hours a week? Read my offer.

I must have at once a limited number of refined, cultured women in every community who will sell me their spare time for cash. An amazing new scientific discovery has been made which assures radiant beauty to every woman—in five days. I want to pay you for just telling other women where they can get this wonderful discovery. Many are making from \$15 to \$36 a week. **BEAUTY OUTFIT FREE.** Write me immediately and I'll explain my whole wonderful offer to you. I will finance you. No obligation. You can start earning money at once if you write me now. **MARIE FRANZAN, Dept. 124, 2707 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.**



The Enchanted Princess

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

opposite Richard Barthelmess. In which she takes the character of a shy, ugly young woman, plaintively near to middle age. A woman with a bent nose, and a protruding upper lip, and irregular, fuzzy eyebrows. A woman with saddened eyes, and a pathetically drooping figure. A woman worn out with loneliness, and held back by a super-sensitive soul.

"But how," I questioned suddenly, "could you ever stand it—to look that way? It must have seemed terrible, to you, to be so unattractive!"

May McAvoy laughed. A small laugh, but a very happy one.

"How could I stand it?" she said—"Why, I loved it! It gave me a chance to do something. When you're not looking—well, pretty—you've got to make good in some other way. You've got to show that you can act. This picture, I feel, gave me a big chance."

I NODDED. I have heard the murmur that creeps through a theater when May McAvoy is upon the screen. A murmur that has to do with eyes and hair. With features and figure. That is dotted with adjectives such as "dainty," "exquisite," and "lovely." A murmur that is based upon surface beauty—even though, at the moment, the girl is really working, is really doing a difficult part in an intelligent, clever—sometimes even subtle—manner. I nodded, understandingly. And, after a moment, May McAvoy spoke again.

"I had quite a time, getting that make-up perfect," she told me. "Yes—I worked it out alone, although Mrs. Robertson, the wife of my director, helped me. The nose wasn't hard. It was just putty, you see. But the nose wasn't enough. I looked pretty bad—but not quite right. If only, I thought, I could do something about my mouth to make it different—" (an almost profane speech, this, when one takes the McAvoy mouth into consideration!) "I'd do. And then, all at once, I remembered the teeth that John Barrymore used in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' And I spoke to Mrs. Robertson about it.

"I was only joking, of course, when I spoke. But Mrs. Robertson took me very seriously. Before I knew it she'd called up, and wired, and managed, some way, to get the address of Barrymore's dentist. And in a week I had a set of teeth that fitted right over my own, and pushed my mouth all out of shape. Then—then I slicked my hair back, and brushed my eyebrows the wrong way, and I was ready. You," she indulged in a wee chuckle that was almost childish in its fun, "you'll never know what a thrill it is to look into a mirror and say, to your reflection: 'Pardon me, madam—but I don't know you!'"

I interrupted. "But wasn't it hard," I asked, "to be natural with all of those make-believes fastened on your face? Wasn't it hard to be spontaneous in a false nose—and false teeth?"

"As a matter of fact," Miss McAvoy said slowly, "as a matter of fact, it was very easy. As soon as I got my make-up on, as soon as I was dressed for the character, I felt dragged out, depressed, frightened. I lost all sense of

youth, of happiness. I'd come to the studio, humming and whistling and wanting to dance. But as soon as I was ready to commence work there wasn't a song left in me. The face that I'd given myself was ingrowing. It took roots in my spirit!"

There was a knock on the door. It was a waiter, with tea things. As May McAvoy signed the check—as, with the quaint air of a little kiddie playing hostess, she poured the tea—I watched her covertly. I was glad that they had not done anything to her hands; that they had not tried to make over her slim little fingers!

"But after all," I said, irrelevantly, "it does seem a shame, when there are so many unattractive ones, to make the attractive women un-pretty! There's little enough beauty in the world. It seems a pity to hide it!"

May McAvoy was leaning forward. I had a feeling that—had she known me better—she would have said, "Don't be silly!" As it was, she said nothing of the sort.

"But I loved it," she told me, wide-eyed. "I—haven't had much luck with casting directors—not since 'Sentimental Tommy.' I haven't had many parts that I could really like—and live. 'The Enchanted Cottage'; it had the Barrie touch. It took me away from myself. I've been trying, all my life, to look my best. Every real woman does. It was an adventure, trying to look my worst!"

ONE day, the head of the company came to luncheon. I had my make-up on, and I sat down to the table without giving it a thought. But he fidgeted, and looked uncomfortable, and finally spoke.

"My dear young lady," he said, "would you mind washing your face, and trying to look natural? I—I hate having to eat opposite you!"

"Everybody laughed. So did I. But—I didn't remove the make-up. When I got that on I kept it on—until they'd finished shooting for the day. And then I took it off, and became myself again!"

We had finished with the tea. Leaning back, again, with the background of hyacinths and pussy willows making her even more charming, May McAvoy was suddenly silent. So was I.

The twilight had deepened into dusk. Out on the streets the lights were beginning to glow, like living flowers. And then, just a trifle hesitatingly, May McAvoy spoke.

"But—" she said, "there's one thing I've got to admit. I would have hated the picture if they'd made me stay ugly all through. If they hadn't let me look nice for a little while. There's a dream part of the story, in a garden. Then I discard the nose and the funny teeth and re-arrange my hair and my eyebrows and they let me look just as well as I can. I—I suppose that I'm vain to say this. I enjoyed working in the first part of the picture. I felt that it was the biggest thing I'd ever done. That—perhaps—it would lift me out of the 'just girl' class. That, maybe, a few people would call me an actress. But, well—" she hesitated, and then it was out, "I just loved working in the garden sequence!"

Do you know how to lose your husband?

Mary Alden, who has played the role of deserted wife times without number, has become an authority on disentangling one's self from an undesirable marriage. She has evolved a system of never-miss fire rules and will tell all about it in the

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In every close contact be sure of sweet breath. Many a cause may make it offensive. And a foul breath kills every charm.

Combat it, whether the cause is the mouth or stomach. You want a pure breath—a breath like spring.

A May Breath tablet instantly overcomes bad breath. It combats the odor of cigars or cigarettes. It acts to deodorize when the mouth or stomach is at fault.

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Try this once and you will make this ideal way a habit.

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A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

ALIMONY—Film Booking Offices

THE screen, this month, is taking up the question of divorce in its every phase. This is a picture built to illustrate what happens to good little husbands when the great god Jazz gets to 'em. There's a large and elaborately gowned group of female near-stars, with Jackie Saunders giving, quite unconsciously, a glimpse of her old flair for comedy. Nothing outstanding in either direction or plot.

THE MAN FROM WYOMING—Universal

A ROARING western, with the eternal feud between sheep and cattle men as a background for the blustering personality of Jack Hoxie. The usual plot of a girl ranch owner, and a hero who has been wrongly accused of a nefarious deed. Needless to say Jack comes out on top—and gives up sheep herding in favor of something with more of a future. Splendid scenic effects—but little else.

THE NEXT CORNER—Paramount

THIS adaptation of Kate Jordan's novel and play makes just a programme picture, that's all. The locale changes from the Pyrenees to Paris and to South America, where the good little wife with a shadow in her past manages to get into the sunlight again. Dorothy Mackaill does well in the leading rôle, supported by Ricardo Cortez, Conway Tearle and Lon Chaney, who have little to do.

MY MAN—Vitagraph

THE story of a political boss who follows the slogan of the tank corp, "Treat 'em Rough," in both his business and his love affairs. Being Dustin Farnum he adores doing this. He succeeds in carrying the lady of his heart away from the very altar steps and she reacts, as they always do in pictures, by falling for it. Just passable entertainment.

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National

HAVE you a jealous husband in your home? If so, lead him straight to the nearest theater and let him see what happens to poor Jane Novak when her husband (Earle Williams) in a jealous rage decides his child belongs to another and presents it to a burglar. The right letter in the wrong place is what starts all the trouble, and the crooks end it.

NORTH OF HUDSON BAY—Fox

THIS story of the frozen north, featuring Tom Mix, is excellently done, and contains many thrills especially when the agile star fights a pack of wolves bare-handed. We have the great open spaces, a man wrongfully accused of murder, a wily factor, an evil half breed, then the arrival of the valiant Tom, brother of the murdered man, his perils, his discovery of the true culprit. Not such an unusual story, but it gives the star several opportunities for his daring feats, and is very good entertainment of its sort.

LADIES TO BOARD—Fox

HERE we have another Tom Mix with the welcome addition of Tony, his wonder horse. Mix is at his best in feats of horsemanship, and there are some of them here but not enough. An old ladies' home is his inheritance and it keeps him pretty busy, but he finds time to indulge in his customary fisticuffs, to register brawn and to do some mean twists of a wicked lariat, and there isn't a man in the audience who isn't going to like him.

THE FAST EXPRESS—Universal

A SERIAL of railroad life—with every sort of complication thrown in to make it interesting. Old-fashioned melodrama, this, with chapter endings that bring out the perspira-

tion. Wrecks, robberies, falls from mountains and high buildings, and some really excellent riding. Not up to Universal's semi-historical type of chapter play—but sure fire, for all that! Edith Johnson and William Duncan co-star.

WINGS OF THE TURF—Fidelity

IT goes without saying that this is a racing melodrama. In rather serious financial straits, the fiancé of a turfman's daughter puts his last penny on his sweetheart's horse—and you know the rest. It's an English importation and vastly better than our pictures of a similar type and grade. The scenes are none the less exciting for having been done again and again.

NO MORE WOMEN—Allied Producers

MATT MOORE is off women for life because an early romance went wrong. His determination to give his undivided attention to the study of geology works well until Madge Bellamy decides with equal determination to prove to him that most women aren't as bad as they're painted. The picture belongs to the group of "easy pieces for little minds."

JACK O' CLUBS—Universal

THE story of a genial patrolman who loves a cafe singer who is, in turn, loved by a bold, bad gangster. With these ingredients there's sure to be trouble—and there is! It culminates in a riot in a cafe, and the lady in the case gets slapped in the head with a black-jack intended for the officer of the law. She lives, however—and true love triumphs!

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers

ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy at home according to this piece. For Monte Blue, as the captain of a tug, life is a struggle between his duty to his wife and to his work. Because of her dread of his being lost at sea, Monte is obliged to tell his spouse (Evelyn Brent) little lies—loving lies—as to his whereabouts. The picture is not likely to add to the toil of that municipal department whose duty it is to see that overflow audiences do not stand in the aisles.

THE TRAIL OF THE LAW—Biltmore

WHEN you have seen this piece you will understand why altruistic persons advertise "Beware of Imitations." Part 1. A country girl is wooed and won by a city chap (Wilfred Lytell). Part 2. Because of some rather unquestionable characters in the vicinity the girl masquerades as a boy during the day. Part 3. For fifteen years Papa has been on the trail of a bad man. Part 4. He gets him. If this strikes you as interesting—the pleasure is yours.

THE NET—Fox

BARBARA CASTLETON picks a lemon in the garden of love and takes it to live in a mansion resembling the Congressional Library. Her husband proves to be a cad, a drunkard, a murderer. Barbara tries to shield him—for the sake of their child—but Fate finds a better solution, and, incidentally, a better husband. Improbable and conventional, but will interest people who enjoy Bertha M. Clay.

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick

UTILIZING eight thousand feet of perfectly good film to prove that a good wife is preferable to a bad one is like building a steam hammer to drive carpet tacks. Domestic squabbles are interesting only to the people they concern, and the group in this picture never gets you to the point of caring very much whether they patch things up or not.

THE BREATHLESS MOMENT— Universal

TWO crooks are taken in hand by a kindly detective, and sentenced to life in a small town (not Ossining) for a year. They take an interest, a legitimate one, in a run-down department store and, in the year's time, put it on a paying basis. Then—enter the aforementioned breathless moment. With the notes due and all sorts of suspicion resting everywhere. A commonplace story for the whole family.

WEEK END HUSBANDS— Film Booking Offices

NOT only the husbands are of the week end variety. The picture is weak at both ends, and it sags in the middle. It is the worst, by far, of the marriage and divorce pictures that seem to have taken possession of the screen. Alma Rubens plays the part of a young wife who is extravagant and indiscreet. Her foolishness brings her husband perilously near jail and causes her to attempt suicide.

THE DARING YEARS—Equity

SO many lovely things have been written in putting forward the "beautiful golden plea" of youth that not much original has remained for Daniel Carson Goodman. This residue of the great is handled in a way to make a good picture. The story is of a lad's infatuation for a chorus girl. It is interesting enough in celluloid though it wouldn't win much acclaim in limp leather.

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER— Vitagraph

PROBABLY one of the worst pictures that was ever put together—even though it does bring Pauline Frederick and Lou Tellegen back to the screen. Poor direction, over-acting and an inexcusably bad story. Marriages and divorces follow each other in rapid succession, and even double deaths do not disconcert the continuity writer. When this comes to your local theater spend the evening at home with the radio and the kiddies.

The Love Dodger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

upon her chariot wheel. Besides, the time had come when Leda O'Neil needed to seek love. Passion had served its day. It was wearing pitifully thin. Was sinking deeper in the mire. Love might possess no more immortality, but it was new, untarnished.

And she had a feeling that this was love, this new, sweet thing that Cleveland Brown brought her, and it refreshed and cleansed her. It washed away some of the disgust that had become too common in her heart.

No man for years—not since she was sixteen—had given her just this thing that she saw in Cleveland Brown's eyes. She knew that he could not eat, could not sleep, that his life stood still at her slightest command. It was incense of which she could stand a great deal, especially when it came from a man whose name echoed around the globe.

And Cleveland Brown gave it freely.

There was no question about the thing that had happened to Cleveland Brown. It was plain enough, even to himself.

He was madly, almost insanely in love with Leda O'Neil. She enslaved him, absorbed him, engulfed every thought and feeling he possessed.

His awakening to this force that had swayed thrones and loosed armies, came late. But when it came it was like a cyclone. There was more of the artist in Cleveland Brown than anyone had realized.

He wanted to be with her every minute. The picture of her, in a thousand different moods and poses, was always with him. He wanted to talk about her to anyone who would listen, to shout her name from the housetops.

But he did not. For he almost hated this love that had come to him. Even when he



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longed for her with every drop of blood in his body, he knew that she was not the woman he wished to love. To him had come that bitterest of all tragedies. The woman he loved was not the kind of a woman he loved. Everything about her except herself was odious to him.

He was afraid of her thoughts, her ideas, her desires, her past. It was not that he judged her. Only that he was sorry.

Could they ever be happy together? If she consented to marry him—oh yes, he had asked her to marry him, what else could he do?—what would be the result?

For the very thing that made Cleveland Brown a factor in the eyes of a nation that has stood for bravery in men and purity in woman, the unexplainable something that brought to a suffering world the healing flow of sweet, clean laughter, knew this passion for what it was.

He wanted to trust her. He must trust her. But a little nagging doubt of which he was ashamed kept clawing at him. Could he trust her? It was the bitter irony of man who cannot trust the woman who is his, because of the very fact that she has given herself to him. If his, why not another's?

Time and again he had to close his mind to the implication of that first night when she had lain too naturally, too accustomedly, in his arms. It was true that he never had again seen her drink too much. But why had she come to him like that, as though she came so to any man who was beside her?

Every ideal, almost every dream that he had dreamed, lay shattered at the white feet of Leda O'Neil, where he knelt so abjectly.

WHEN he was away from her, he would have given anything if this had not happened to him. Yet, like all lovers, he could not pray, could not bear even the thought, that it might end.

Then, when he was with her, his fears melted. His forebodings vanished. He was ashamed of his unworthy thoughts. Happiness and pride and possession and a fevered dream of the future flooded him.

She was so lovely. So sweet. Most of all, she seemed to love him so. He could not understand it, at first he could scarcely believe it. But she did. She gave him kiss for kiss, vow for vow, adoration for adoration. She enmeshed him in the cloying fragrance of her loveliness, until he was as helpless as a fly in a honeypot.

If they married—when they married—wouldn't she change all her wildness? Wouldn't she wish only to please him? After all, he did not wish to rob her of any right freedom, he did not wish to change or intrude upon her splendid individuality. He began at last to believe in this future happiness.

After the first sweep of the thing, when he could not think at all, after the succeeding horror of his own fears and intuitions, came a new joy, a new belief with which she filled him.

"I do love you, boy," she said to him, in one of those young, playful moods of which she was capable.

The sunshine filled the Spanish patio where she loved to lie in a big cushioned hammock. The water lilies on the little pond caught it in their pearl cups. The tiny fountain splashed merrily. And the climbing roses and the tall, pink amaryllis perfumed the warm, lazy air.

She wore one of the simple, almost girlish frocks in which she looked so young and unaffected.

"I really do love you," she said, "only I've never believed people like us should marry. I don't believe in marriage for artists. It shoots your work all to pieces. Why can't we just go on—as we are?"

"Because I can't," said Cleveland Brown, and his jaw had a stubborn line, though his eyes were pleading. "I can't, Leda. Don't you see? I love you. I wanted to get away from marriage if I could. I've never seen it bring much of anything but sorrow. But love is one of the things you can't help. I wish I could. I didn't want to love you or anybody."

That always made her laugh. She was one of the rare women who have a beautiful laugh. It filled the patio with music. If its tone was edged with a pleased vanity, Cleveland Brown was too enchanted to recognize it.

She leaned over and brought her lovely face close to his and made her great dark eyes bigger and bigger. "Did the naughty, old, bad vamp get him, poor little boy? Did the wicked vampire just grab him and eat him up? It's a shame, so it is."

He laughed at her, but he kept a stubborn control of himself. He had determined that she should give him an answer. And it was hard for him to hold to it, because he was so happy with her, like this. He wanted to frolic and laugh and romp, like a schoolboy.

"Yes, you did," he said.

Leda settled back in her hammock, pushing it gently to and fro with the toe of one white-shod foot. "But I don't want to get married," she waived.

"Neither do I," said Cleveland Brown heartily.

She shot him a swift, annoyed glance. But it softened at the sight of his face. There were drawn fine lines down his cheeks. And his mouth was set too steadily. It touched her.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, "but I can't quite see it. Tied together—for life. It's like a cage. A prison. It gives me a panicky feeling. And divorce is awfully bad for your box-office value right now. It'd hurt you worse than it would me. How many happy marriages are there in Hollywood among professional people?"

"Lots."

"Liar. Just two. How many divorces? Millions. Oh, there are plenty of couples sticking it out. But it's hell. I think that's worse than not getting married."

Her eyes grew thoughtful and she swung slowly, humming the melody of an Indian love song—a melody that would have power to twist Cleveland Brown's heart as long as it beat.

She was wondering, though of course he could not guess it, if there might be any advantage in marrying him.

Wondering about her ability to be fairly true to any man. The habit and the lure of the game were strong upon her. "The more you have seen of the others the less you will settle to one," she quoted slowly to herself. The world had always conceded that there were men who would chase a new petticoat until the coffin lid was nailed down very tightly. Leda had a vague suspicion that there were women of that kind, too.

She believed that Cleveland Brown was the finest man she had ever known and she actually didn't want to break him. He was so human and so full of fun and so kindly, with his decency. There was no self-righteousness about him to make her resent it.

The thing was that she knew, with a shrewdness only a few men who had done business with her would have believed possible, that her own day of stardom and popularity was doomed to be short.

SHE might hold on a year more—two at most. And then she would be through. The slightest dimming of her beauty, the moment that the public grew tired of her face, she must go. She had seen it happen already, even in the brief history of pictures.

It was the most horrible of all things to her. To be cast into the discard. To be forgotten. To slip into second-rate things and second-rate loves. To find yourself left out, the dazzling heyday of courted popularity over.

Her soul shuddered at the thought.

More than that, she saw leaner years ahead. Much leaner years. Her salary had never been enormous, and, though her extravagance had always been curbed, she had not saved a great deal. Not enough. She loved beautiful things, rich things. She wanted to buy, to own, to have everything that came to her fancy. She

oved servants and service. She wouldn't be able to afford that sort of thing and the thought of stunted, half satisfied years sickened her. This strange fear of the future had always possessed her. It was the explanation of many things that Hollywood did not understand. Oh, she had never sold herself. She couldn't. Her physical reactions were too intense. But that fear had driven her sometimes to intimacies with men who apparently had nothing to offer a woman like Leda O'Neil. Men in whom her friends could see nothing that could possibly interest her. They did not know that the power to get money, to help her make money, to show her how to acquire things that would some day make money for her, interested Leda very much. With a sort of cold, cynical wisdom that had always been hers, Leda O'Neil looked well into the future. When the lean years came, it might not be so bad to be Mrs. Cleveland Brown. His popularity, his ability to earn money were unlimited. Time would not affect them. Wrinkles, and sagging face muscles, and those unavoidable extra pounds about the waist, and that little line under the throat would not keep him from being as valuable to the box office as he had always been.

A GREAT comedian need never hear those fatal words, "too old," that sounded like a death knell in the ears of some beauty whose mental and emotional life were just blossoming. The age limit was more stringent with a screen beauty than with a ball player or a prize fighter. She was old at thirty—or before. And the public was the most fickle of lovers where mere beauty was concerned.

Cleveland Brown was rich. He would grow richer. She liked the sound of it. And she did love him. In her way, Leda O'Neil did love him.

Cleveland Brown watched her as she opened and closed her eyes sleepily.

She looked so sweet and gentle, in the little white frock with the pale blue ribbons at the girdle and a locket of pale blue enamel on a slender chain about her throat. Almost like a Madonna, with her heavy black hair combed back smoothly and heavily from her white forehead.

Suddenly, hope sang high in him.

Why not? This was the real Leda O'Neil. The woman of the heavy silken draperies and the scented grey and black room upstairs was only what her life had made her. He felt uplifted, purified of all evil fears by the sight of her as she lay there. They could be happy.

Even this thing that had haunted him for the past week could be brushed aside now. The inopportune divorce suit that had shocked him so, the last disillusionment shattering the one picture of married life that held beautiful memories for him.

He brooded over it now, for an instant. Harlan and Gertie Morrison after all these years. Too bad. It had a particular significance to Cleveland Brown because he had been at their wedding, ten years ago. Just after he came to Hollywood.

Harlan was the property man, then, at the old Filmograph and Gertie—little Gertie—was the telephone girl. Harlan was such a fine, clean, upstanding youngster. Though he had not dreamed Harlan was some day to be a great matinee idol, he had always remembered how he looked as he stood there in the little church, in his much-cleaned grey suit, with Gertie beside him.

The look on their faces as they turned to each other after the minister had pronounced his benediction was one of the things that had remained with Cleveland Brown. Sometimes, when it came to him, he had almost believed that there was such a thing as a real, faithful, eternal love between a man and woman.

He hadn't seen much of Harlan and Gertie in the last five years.

Too busy.



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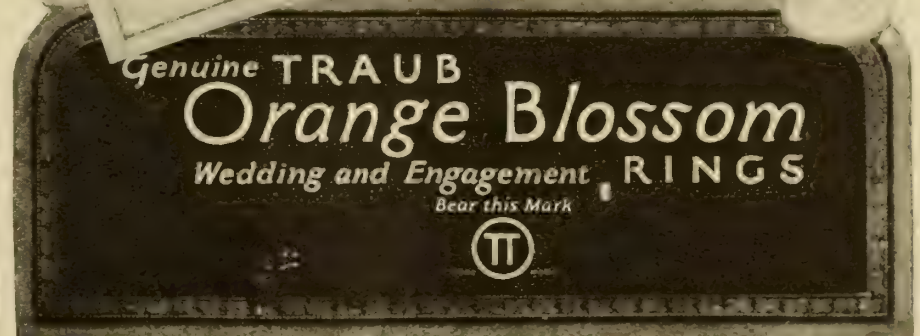
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And, besides, things had changed since the days when Harlan and Gertie had a little three room bungalow, in the rear. A bandbox of a bungalow where Gertie with her bright and shining hair pinned well on top of her head and her pretty, plump little figure enveloped in a large blue apron, used to cook wonderful Sunday morning breakfasts of waffles and sausages and scrambled eggs for a lot of hungry, homeless waifs.

Then, Cleveland Brown had almost envied Harlan.

But—it didn't last.

THE big, stately, over-decorated house in Beverly Hills wasn't at all the same and it had much less to offer. Cleveland had gone there to dinner a few times. He didn't like to go. Harlan had changed so. To be perfectly frank about it, Harlan had the swelled head so badly he was obnoxious.

And Cleveland Brown had felt an uncomfortable wave of pity for Gertie Morrison. Once or twice he would have liked very much to punch Harlan's fat head for him. Not that Gertie said anything. She petted and pampered Harlan, and laughed off the things he did and the things he said, and kept a gay front to the world. So gay that sometimes Cleveland thought he had imagined the haunted look in the big eyes and the tightly drawn lips.

All those servants and the limousines and the fine house, couldn't bring the happiness to Gertie's face that used to shine there when Harlan kissed her before them all and said: "Isn't she wonderful?"

She loved him. That was why she didn't wince, why she slaved to please and to attract him. And Cleveland wondered sometimes if love must always die, or only live to make you miserable.

When the news came that Gertie Morrison had been granted a divorce in Reno, Cleveland felt as though someone very near to him had died.

Harlan—going his way, making seventeen kinds of an idiot of himself, so that any decent man was ashamed of him. And Gertie—he wondered what she was doing with a life that had been wholly Harlan, that for ten years had held no thought, no work, no joy, except the reflection of his. A fine ending. Still, perhaps the good years had been worth it.

He broke into Leda's reverie with the little story.

"It hurt me awfully to see them split," he said. "They were my friends in the old days."

His nice brown eyes, as they met hers, were filled with a real sorrow. He had rumpled his hair, too, so that it stood on end and gave him a bewildered appearance, like a small boy who has lost his mother in the crowd.

Leda O'Neil, half Italian and half Irish, responded swiftly to that emotion. She could not bear that look. She hated to see things hurt or worried. Instantly, she put out her arms to him.

"Never mind, dear," she said, "we'll show them. We'll get married ourselves and show them how this thing should be done."

He looked deeply into her eyes. They were sparkling with sudden animation.

As a matter of fact, she was thinking that it might be rather fun to run away and be married. Leda O'Neil loved the sensational. The elopement of Cleveland Brown and Leda O'Neil would give the world something to talk about.

"Then, you'll marry me, really and truly?" "Really and truly."

Cleveland Brown was so happy that he whistled.

The days weren't long enough to hold his joy. They had told nobody of their plans as yet. It was something they wanted to hold secretly and sacredly a little while. If people and press were speculating a good deal about Cleveland Brown and his love tangles in these days, they would have to speculate a while longer. They'd know soon enough.

He was in that rapturous state when he could think of nothing and nobody for long.

Nothing existed in the world but Leda and himself.

Once or twice he thought of Ray Connable. Well, he had served his purpose there. Better to just let the thing drift into oblivion. She was a good little kid. He was glad he'd been able to help her.

If he thought of Janice at all, it was with a deep and grateful sense that she would be glad he was happy. He saw her at the studio, of course.

And once, when Leda had gone on a little trip to Catalina with another girl—to rest, she said—he took Janice to lunch and to a ball game. Janice liked baseball almost as well as he did. In the glow of his new happiness, his friendship for Janice expanded. He was awfully fond of Janice.

That uplifted state when everything in the world seemed perfect surrounded him. He loved everybody.

He was affectionate to his mother. He revelled in a thousand plans. A wonderful house. A honeymoon. Gifts of all kinds for everybody. For the first time in his life, he delighted in his money.

After all, giving, being able to give, was the very greatest joy in life. Nothing else could compare with it.

Cleveland Brown went about during those short glorious days with his head in the air.

He had started his new picture at last. It didn't interest him and he grudged every moment that it took him away from Leda. Twice she had gone away for little trips, when he could not leave his production, and the time seemed interminable. He protested, but she only laughed at him.

"I'm not going to be tied to your apron strings, darling angel," she said good-naturedly.

And then he had to go on location himself.

Only up to the snow above Big Bear. But it seemed to him the end of the world. The grind of the cameras was like the pace of a snail. Every hour stretched into eternity. The whole troop kidded him ruthlessly, except Janice, and he could only grin sheepishly.

Janice did her best for him, in her quiet boyish way. She tried to fill the time, to help keep him occupied, to give him companionship.

But it was no good. At last he could stand it no longer.

He broke off work in the middle of the afternoon. It was a good seven-hour drive, a tricky, nervous drive, and he had to be back by nine o'clock the next morning to start shooting. But he felt he couldn't live another hour without sight of her.

HE sent a wire, though he knew the connections were terrible, hoping it would catch her, to tell her of his coming. He could only pray she'd be there.

He had never been a speed maniac, but he and the chauffeur did things on the terrible mountain road from Big Bear that were too reckless for belief. And when they hit the paved boulevard from San Bernardino, it was lucky they met no cops or they must have spent the night behind bars.

He never even glanced at the surprised servant who opened the door of her house for him. He grasped the bare fact that she was there—she was there.

And he bounded up the stairs to the black and grey room where he nearly always found her with a song in his heart and a smile on his lips.

When he flung open the door, his eyes were already happy with the yearned-for vision he knew awaited him.

The vision of Leda, in white, half-curved up amid the cushions on the black velvet couch.

Long, long afterwards when the tale of his years was almost told, Cleveland Brown used to wake in the night with the cold sweat streaming from every pore at the mere dream-memory of what he saw.

Leda was there.

But she was not alone.

Too plainly, she had not received his telegram.

[END OF SECOND INSTALLMENT]

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Carolyn Van Wyck

AND then comes the question—"Which color is the most becoming to my type of beauty?" And—"Will I look my best in light tints, or should I go in for the darker, more intense shades?" And—"With dark eyes—or blue eyes—or grey eyes or green eyes—should I wear such and such a color?"

It is hard to tell, by mail, just which colors will be most becoming to the individual. I am always glad to give what information I can—but rules may only be general, and every rule has its exception. The average brunette can better wear the vivid shades, the warm, throbbing colors, than a blonde. And yet there are blondes who are charming in reds and oranges and flames. In the same way—a blonde usually looks her best in the pastel tints, or in black. And yet I have seen many a brunette who was dazzling in orchid, or flesh or pale yellow.

Some auburn-haired women can wear many colors. I have seen the right shade of red hair gleam beautifully against certain shades of pink and mauve and even a deep glowing crimson. But there are some red-haired women who cannot even wear blue. There are some women with auburn hair who must needs stay close to three decidedly safe colors for every woman with auburn hair—green, dark brown and black.

Then, too, though this may sound far fetched, weight should be taken into consideration. A woman or girl, who is inclined to be plump, should wear the darker colors. For dark colors have a tendency to make one seem slimmer. Just as striped fabrics make the lines of the body seem more slender.

And, on the other hand, when a girl is thin: Then it is that she should wear white, and the tints that color the frail flowers of spring. They will tend to fill out the hollows, to lighten the shadows.

It is a good plan, before buying the material for a frock, to take a sample of the material home. Hold this sample close to your face as you stand before your mirror. Notice by daylight, and by artificial light, too, whether the color brings out the best shades in your eyes, your hair—whether it lends a bloom to your skin. Then, if you are satisfied with the effect, buy the material. If you are not satisfied you will have saved yourself the cost of an unbecoming frock.

And, while speaking of color—never buy the material for an evening frock by daylight. Never try to match two colors for a party

dress unless you do it under the brilliance of electricity. For, if you do, you are apt to make a surprising error. And you are quite likely to be dissatisfied with the finished product.

Color is important. It is the most important item in any woman's clothes problem. But the woman must use a certain amount of her own judgment and good taste—and must not rely, entirely, upon set rules!

L. C. C., WESTFIELD, N. J.

I do not doubt that you need a tonic for oily hair. There are several splendid tonics for this purpose on the market. Perhaps an occasional dry shampoo, given, if possible, by an expert hairdresser, would help. Orris root is fine for such a shampoo, and so is corn meal.

Shyness—when you are past the days of young girlhood—is indeed trying and embarrassing. There are courses of study that may be taken to overcome this very thing—did you know that? It often helps to talk, or read, to yourself in front of a mirror. That lessens self-consciousness.

HONOR, MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

You are tall, and so you must not expect to be too light in weight. I should say that your correct weight should be between one hundred and forty-five and one hundred and fifty pounds.

With hazel eyes, a dark complexion and reddish brown hair, you will look charming in some colors—and not at all well in others. I should not like you in orange, yellow, olive, or reds and pinks. But in shades of green, brown, orchid, dark blue, heather mixtures, periwinkle, grey and black, you will be lovely. If you have little color wear a touch of rouge brunette.

A. C. G., ST. LOUIS, MO.

You can wear nearly every color, you fortunate little lady! The very light hair gives you the perquisites of a blonde, and your brown eyes make brunette shades becoming. How lucky you are! You will look your best in orchid, in dark brown and in black.

Yes, you should weigh about ten pounds more, at the very least. One hundred and two pounds is a very small weight for a girl who is five feet, three inches tall.

MARY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It is, of course, very hard to face a separation from the man that you love. Especially

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—The Editor

when the parting will be for two years. But if his business demands that he go abroad for that time, and if responsibilities at home make it impossible for you to go with him, there seems nothing to do but make the best of an unfortunate situation. If you are willing to spend your life with him, you can certainly trust him for two years. If the affection that you bear toward each other is real, if it is firm enough to build marriage upon, two years will strengthen it, rather than anything else. Of course it is not a pleasant matter to face—but look upon the bright side. Home affairs may work out, in some way, so that you will be able to join your fiancé in a year, or less than a year. And think of the joys of a honeymoon in a foreign land!

ANXIOUS DAUGHTER, CHICAGO, ILL.

And so you are worried because your mother is too young-looking—because she insists upon using powder and rouge and because she tints her slightly grey hair? My dear, you should be glad that your mother wants to seem young, and to look lovely! You should be glad that she takes such an interest in her appearance. I wish that all mothers did their utmost to seem well-dressed and attractive and youthful. Don't be a little prig, like the daughter in "Only 38." Accept your mother as a comrade rather than as a lavender-scented relic of a faded yesterday.

BABS, HOTEL TRAYMORE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

You should certainly reduce strenuously—you are pounds overweight. You are right in your methods of exercise, but how about diet? The amount of food isn't so important as the kind of food. If you will do without starches, fats and sugars—in all forms—you will notice a real difference very quickly.

If possible, wear your bobbed hair straight. If your forehead is fairly high you will look well with a bang. If your forehead is low, however, a bang will make your face seem more plump. You should wear straight line frocks, with slightly long waist-lines, and long skirts. Short skirts will make you seem stouter. With medium brown hair, brown eyes, and an olive skin you can wear all shades of brown and blue, and the least yellowish of the greens. You will look well in flesh, orange, rose and crimson, in grey (never taupe, however) and in black. Do not wear white—it will make your weight seem more. In fact, the darker colors will make you appear much more slender.

"BROWN EYES," SYRACUSE, N. Y.

So your eyes, though a pretty shade of brown, have neither sparkle nor expression? Well, my dear, you may be able to make them brighter by accentuating the lashes by the careful use of a cosmetic. And bathing them, twice daily, with boric acid, will also help. But expression must come from somewhere in back of the eyes—from the soul or the mind that is the important part of expression! Perhaps if you cultivate kindness and tolerance, if you broaden your mind by reading and a knowledge of current events, you may find that expression will creep into your eyes.

C., WATERLOO, IOWA.

You will look your best in the warmer shades. Browns, reds, rose color, old gold, tangerine, yellow and rust. You will also be able to wear any of the pastel tints and, if you have good color, the new greens will be becoming to you. Brown hair and brown eyes is such a charming combination—and it's so easy to plan an attractive color scheme, with brunette shades as a background. Your hair will look prettier, I am sure, if you will use a tonic for oily hair.

The troublesome skin will be prettier, far, if you will use upon it a complexion clay. Woodbury's facial soap is also splendid. Probably the trouble will clear up, as you grow older.

The large hips may be reduced by exercise, and by the wearing of a rubber hip confiner. With your skin in a bad condition be careful to use only the best powder and rouge. And never apply it without first using a vanishing cream.



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What Kind of Men Attract Women Most?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

divine with the most eloquent and soul-stirring voice it has ever been my privilege to hear.

But even those things form too small a percentage upon which to base a decision. But there is a way to get an answer that ought to be fairly correct.

The movie stars.

Eighty per cent of the attendance at motion pictures is feminine.

That eighty per cent is composed of women from every walk of life. Limousines filled with laughing young debutantes drive up and their passengers walk in side by side with shop girls of the same age. Elegant young matrons in sable and diamonds rub elbows with trimly clad stenographers and harassed housewives. All ages, all classes of women find their way into the movie palaces. New York's Broadway and Gopher Prairie's Main Street are illuminated with the same names and they draw the entire female population of both towns.

And this, it seems to me, gives us a most amazing amount of new evidence, irrefutable evidence, in the matter of what kind of men really appeal most to women.

For it is the women who make or break a male star, except in the case of the comedians. Consequently, it must follow that the men who have really fascinated and held the great mass of women picture fans represent their taste in masculine charm.

LET us consider for a moment the list of men signalled out by the women of today for real adoration. I present it in the order which a careful study of fan mail, popularity contests and box office reports lead me to believe is the correct estimate of their popularity, and I find it entirely impossible to be at all accurate and not place first an idol who is gone from among us.

The list reads: Wallace Reid, Rodolph Valentino, Richard Barthelmess, Bill Hart, Ramon Navarro, Conway Tearle, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Dix and Reginald Denny.

Three of these—Navarro, Dix and Denny—are comparative newcomers. The others have stood the test of time, trouble, absence from the screen, bad pictures, scandal, and even death itself.

Also it is necessary to remember the intensity and madness of the "Valentino craze," and the amazing steadfast and loyal quality of the love and affection given Wally Reid.

Beyond question, Reid and Valentino stand as the two great matinee idols of this generation. Probably they are the two greatest matinee idols the world has ever known, since no stage star has ever reached the multitudes of women who rush to see the screen stars.

First of all, good looks evidently aren't the essential. Certainly their most ardent admirers cannot call Bill Hart, Doug Fairbanks, and Tommy Meighan handsome. Even Valentino, with his small eyes, his flat nose and large mouth, fails to measure up to the standard of male beauty usually accepted in this country.

It seems to me that the thing registered most emphatically is that women like extremes. They crave excitement, and the man-woman excitement is the most satisfactory kind known. The commonplace, the ordinary, the everyday—those are the things they will not have. A man must be very strong, or incredibly weak. He must be very wicked, or divinely good.

But, above all, he must have passion. Love of women.

Now the most delightful experience in a woman's life is to be loved. The most blissful moments in her life are when she hears the declaration from the lips of some man that he loves her. It is the nth degree of flattery—and most men who are experienced in the matter of women will tell you that vanity is the keynote, the weak link, in every woman's character.

Most women, being good and virtuous and decent, by instinct or necessity, don't have enough of love. Their love life is confined to the period of girlhood—and only a small percentage of girls have enough suitors, or suitors who measure up to their ideals—and to the one love that is supposed to last forever, married love.

This doesn't begin to satisfy the inner, secret yearning for romance, the craving for the flattery of love. So a woman chooses idols of the screen or stage, or even the heroes in books, and these men become her lovers in the delightful land of her imagination. They are her partners not only in the screen romances, where she constantly visualizes herself as the heroine, but in all sorts of conscious or subconscious day dreams, which are part of every woman's life.

It is difficult for the average man, or for the woman who has had enough of romance and love in her life, to realize how many women have existed without having lived, how barren of romance, of passion, their lives have been. There is nothing evil in the tendency of woman to dream—and it is easier to dream romances with a real hero. So she picks the movie star.

The majority of women will swear that they prefer respect to love. If they do, why do they choose a Rudolph Valentino as their idol?

The first essential element of love being flattery, a woman's vanity is most vitally touched by a man's desire for her. The stronger the desire, the greater the flattery, unless she become surfeited. The wilder the passion, the more uncontrollable, the more glowing a tribute it becomes to her own personal charm.

Further than that, women have been bound for generations by the code of repression. They dared not show the streak of common clay that all men admit to. Men might be common, earthy creatures, swept by the fires of passion, mad infatuation, but women must be above all that. Abandon was the privilege only of the lowest form of feminine life.

AS it happens, woman is just as much a human being as a man. Deny it she will, submerge and repress it too often she must, but it's there. The poetry of the senses has its call for her, too, but even within the sacred bonds of matrimony she will refuse to hear it. When she sees a man whose love-making is afire and aflame with that touch of madness that is called passion, he attracts her more than any other man in the world. When he is able to portray it in graceful, clever ways, without offending her good taste or frightening her, that man becomes the hero of her secret thoughts.

The lure of Valentino is wholly, entirely, obviously the lure of the flesh. Sex appeal is the one quality that raises him above dozens of other men exactly as clever dramatically and much better looking. He is passion, exquisitely personified.

The men of America have resented Rudolph's popularity. I have tried to find out why, and have always received the same answer, from men of fair judgment and unbiased opinion. They resent it because they believe he appeals to the worst side of women, because they claim his is the same attraction for women that a vampire has for men.

And on the screen, Rudolph represents always and at all times the man inflamed by love of women.

Strangely enough, off the screen this is entirely lacking. He is an ordinary young man, with atrocious taste in clothes, whose attributes render him devoid of physical charm. Women who saw him on his recent tour of the country undoubtedly saw him through the glamour of his screen personality. But I find that all the girls who have worked with him, all the women who knew him well in a professional way and the women who knew him before he became famous, feel about him exactly as I do. They are amazed and a little amused by the power

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and pull of his sex attraction on the screen. They like him, find him a pleasant enough, though not overly-brilliant young person, but as far as I can discover, not one of them has ever fallen in love with him. Yet every one of them will admit he stirs them on the screen.

A GIRL who played opposite him in a big production told me that she got much more of a thrill out of seeing their love scenes on the screen than she did out of playing them.

Women love romance in men. Romance is the well-spring of every woman's heart. Poetry fills them with inexpressible rapture, especially the poetry of love. Thus they swing from the most earthbound of all sensations—passion—to the highest flight of the mortal soul, in the lyric quality of springtime romance.

Ramon Novarro is a most perfect example of this, but it is Richard Barthelmess' chief charm, too. Every woman loves to visualize herself as the heroine of a great romance, as *Judith*, as *Cleopatra*, as *Mary of Scotland*, as *Dorothy Vernon*. The man who can play opposite her, the man of delicacy and romance, is always successful with women. Antonio Moreno has all the appeal of the wooer beneath milady's balcony, strumming upon his guitar ardent sonnets to her eyebrows.

Then, women love experience in men. Women are the slaves of surroundings, of meetings, of suggestion, of atmosphere, of well-handled events, of perfumes and shaded lights, of distant music. A woman is educated in life by the man she loves. She feels her own inexperience. She has nothing but her instinct, her emotion. It gives her the greatest pleasure to find man an adept in the art of love. She doesn't care to trust herself in the hands of an amateur—she fears she will lose half the sensations. Innocence—with few exceptions—is the last thing in the world women desire to find in men.

All sorts of commonplace things can be made delightful if only one understands the art of concealing them, surrounding them with dangers and death and disaster. Women love danger. They like to walk upon the edge of the precipice. They like men with whom they never feel quite safe—men who will protect them from everything but themselves.

Every woman loves the cold man—if the ice hides fire. There is no gamble so great as trifling with a hidden volcano. A woman is fascinated by the silent, strong man who presents a surface of granite, but who is consumed within by fires of passion. There is no moment in a woman's life more delicious or more satisfying than when such a man suddenly loses his head and takes her in his arms, as he says: "God knows I never meant to tell you, but I'm only human, and I love you."

Bill Hart has had as much adoration from women as almost any man on the screen, and that is the answer. Also, when women do love a homely man, they positively worship him.

Women love strength and they love weakness. The strong man, the man of great physical beauty and superb physical strength, always has and always will attract women. Especially if he doesn't talk too much. Just as pretty women, beautiful women, will always attract men, just as men will always be willing to flirt with pretty women, so fine-looking men of a certain type will always make a woman's heart beat faster. Reginald Denny is the perfect type.

And we haven't gotten away from the fine, upstanding, typical American, with his courtesy and his chivalry for women, and his bravery and daring, and his adoration of womankind. He is the ideal lover to many women still. Thomas Meighan and Richard Dix uphold their honor still upon the screen.

Then women love men for their deeds. Men who can do things exceptionally well—whether it is kick a football or play the piano—are always thrilling to women. Athletic heroes will always have their place in the sun of woman's favor. Douglas Fairbanks is a favorite with women not so much because his personality is the type that stirs them, but because they

The Great Foe

of all teeth is that film

HERE is something all should know and that children should be taught.

Teeth are coated with a film—that viscous film you feel. It clings tenaciously, and no ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

That film is the teeth's great enemy, the cause of most tooth troubles. It soon becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. Then teeth become clouded and are constantly unclean.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of other serious troubles, local and internal.

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adore the things he does, his strength, his being better than other men, his daring, his achievement. They love the man who wins.

Wallace Reid combined every quality that I have mentioned, in the highest degree. He had sweetness, romance, passion, charm, a hint of wickedness at times, strength, knowledge. He could do anything and do it well. And he had the greatest measure of good looks ever accorded to any man who has appeared upon the screen.

But all the men who are successful with the motion picture women fans have certain essential qualities. Every one of them possesses the things in some degree which stand out in the others. And those qualities are passion, romance, either physical beauty or physical strength, and the element of danger, either icily controlled or running rampant.

Have You a Dressing Table?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

there because of the utilitarian purposes to which it is set, but because from it can come the inspiration that builds pleasure and charm into your toilette.

Beauty reflects beauty. Perhaps that is why so many screen celebrities pay particular attention to their dressing tables. Very often the dressing tables they use in their settings are but duplications of the tables they have in their own homes. They know only too well the charm and foil of this properly worked out unit of the decorative scheme.

It is not money, necessarily, that will create the beautiful thing you want. If you study your personality closely and carefully select the scheme of your dressing table, you can have one just as charming as those of Mlle. Negri, or Miss Murray, or Miss Swanson.

In the following paragraphs we are giving, as suggestions, a series of dressing tables that can be worked out easily in your own home. The materials, in fabric or design, may be varied to suit the needs of your present decorative scheme.

The first drawing shows the most elaborate and expensive dressing table in this article. If a plain pine table is used for the foundation, a curve must be cut in the middle, and it would be best to have a glass top made to fit the top, although a padded silk top would do. The material used for this table is taffeta, with two lines of cording half way between the top and bottom. A straight length of taffeta is required. Allow twice the amount of cloth for fullness. An effective combination is found here by using rose taffeta shot with silver, and decorating the cords with nosegays of orchid, silver and deep rose. The silver candlesticks should have corresponding rose taffeta shades, with an overlay of silver georgette trimmed with flower buds. The mirror frame is a silver finish, and hung with silver silk cords. Toilet articles should be crystal and silver.

WE find in the second sketch a clever arrangement to make an unused door part of your room, and turn an eyesore into a thing of usefulness and beauty. The door is fitted with a mirror, and treated like a window, with side draperies and a valance hung on the customary window rods. Two tables, with drawers, furnish a good deal of room for toilet articles, gloves, handkerchiefs, and accessories. Columbia cretonne, in the Crofton pattern, has been used for the side draperies and a valance is made of a straight length of corresponding blue rep, or monk's cloth. Squares of this cloth, finished on the edge with a narrow galloon, would make suitable covers for the two tables. Venetian glass in yellow and wine color are correct color notes in the accessories for this table.

In the third illustration the space between two windows is utilized for the placement of a modest dressing table. And treated with the same material as the window hangings, it be-

comes the dominant feature of the room. The light from the two windows is especially useful, and is reflected from the wide simple mirror, with its egg and dart border, into the room. Salem Chintz in the Velmar pattern has been used in this scheme most effectively. The tie backs on the curtains and the top and ruffle of the dressing table are made of blue cotton and silk rep, of the same shade as that running in the cretonne. The side lamp has for its base a soft yellow pottery, and the shade of gold silk is edged at the top and bottom with narrow blue silk ruffles. Tortoise shell, or amber, toilet fittings would be pleasing with this color scheme.

The last sketch is an attractive and economical way of solving your dressing table problem. Salem Chintz, in the Princess pattern, forms the simply pleated skirt and valance, and the slightly gathered side drapes hanging from the valance. The two small lamps should be of cream pottery, with shirred organdie shades of rose.

A colorful powder jar, ivory toilet articles, and quaint little silhouettes on each side, would make complete an odd and attractive setting.

The models described above are simple suggestions. Used as a base, they can be worked out in myriads of ways to suit your own tastes and necessities.

Realistic Was Right

By J. R. Hornaday

YEARS ago, when the "Nickel Show" was in its infancy and the producers were depending, not upon elaborate casts and first-magnitude stars, but rather upon such stirring scenes as the flight of an express train, or the hurried dash of a fire department, Howell Graham was operating a little picture house in Chattanooga, Tenn., where was produced one of the most "realistic" scenes presented either prior to or since that time—this in spite of the marvelous advances that have been made. It happened in this wise:

Graham, finding that the playhouse became quite warm on summer evenings, and being of an inventive turn of mind, devised a pioneer cooling system. It consisted of a series of pipes, led through a large box, said box being filled with ice. The air was forced through the pipes by means of an electric fan, the only trouble being that when the plant was idle the moisture would precipitate and collect in the pipes. In order to prevent this moisture being blown indiscriminately over the theater, it was the custom to place a crocus sack over the vent and operate the fan until the water was eliminated, before turning the stream of cool air upon the audience. Graham had a colored boy working about the place whose duty it was to attend to this primitive cooling plant, but he was not as diligent as he might have been, and one day he forgot to put up the sack before starting the fan.

The chief attraction being offered on this occasion was a marine view, featured by the wild dashing of huge waves against a rock-bound New England coast. When the show started and the fan was turned on, the absence of the sack permitted the water to be blown straight out upon the audience, which created considerable consternation, taken in connection with those lofty waves. One of the male patrons, who occupied a front seat and thus got the full benefit of the spray, dashed for the exit, where Graham was standing watching the box office.

"What's the matter?" cried Graham, as the excited patron dashed by.

"Nothing particular," replied the gentleman, speaking over his shoulder, "but I want to say that that ocean scene is the most realistic I ever saw. Why, sir, those damned waves splashed all over me!" with which he continued on his way, still brushing the spray from his coat.



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Each of these buildings helps to render adequate and economical telephone service in its own community. They stand at the extremes in size, equipment and personnel. Yet they both indicate the nation-wide need for adequate housing of the activities of the Bell System; and they illustrate the varied ways in which that need is being met. One of the largest single items of plant investment of the Bell System is real estate, comprising nearly 1700 buildings acquired, with their sites, at a cost of \$180,000,000.

It is continuously the aim of the Bell System to construct and so to situate each new building—whether executive office, central office, storehouse or garage—so that it shall serve its community with the utmost efficiency and economy, and remain a sound investment throughout its period of life.



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The Autobiography of Pola Negri

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

more criticism. I was thought haughty and snobbish.

But there is something my critics never knew—that I cried day after day and night after night behind closed doors. When I went out my head was high. It will always be high. I never bow to my enemies. They could never humble me. Although I am very sensitive, criticism cannot make me turn aside. I am not discouraged.

The avalanche of publicity that fell upon me when I was reported engaged to Charlie Chaplin caused some people to say that both Mr. Chaplin and I were seeking publicity. I can hardly blame anyone for this assumption; the importance of the affair was so magnified that the reports must have become as tedious to the public as to us. By this time, however, I had learned that everything connected with a celebrity is news in America, and I did not resent the publicity, although I tried to evade it.

I have tremendous ambition, first to accomplish all that is possible on the screen and then on the stage. My first enthusiasm is for the motion picture because it is a new art form in development. As a medium of expression it is limited only by the dearth of artists.

Shut off from the rest of the world during the war, I have not seen all the best pictures. Of those I have seen, "Quo Vadis" was the first to create a deep impression upon me. However, I think "The Birth of a Nation" the greatest. And I love "Way Down East" for its human treatment and sincere characterization. Lillian Gish I think the greatest actress on the screen in America. She is sincere in everything she does. Not versatile, but supreme in her genre. Of the actors, I admire most John Barrymore.

I already have said that I think Ernst Lubitsch the finest directorial genius in the world. With him I created my favorite rôle, that of Carmen in "Gypsy Blood," and Du Barry in "Passion," also under his direction, is second in my preference.

Two other directors whose work interests me very much are Eric Von Stroheim and D. W. Griffith.

The chief handicap of screen progress in

America as I see it is arbitrary restriction. Rules of censorship, policies of companies and of exhibitors, all combine to limit and standardize expression. Nevertheless, we shall have variety. An artist can express himself even with the most vigorous restrictions because he is capable of subtlety.

I am happy now because I have the opportunity of doing stories as great as those I did in Europe. I understand the motion picture situation more clearly, and I feel that I am better understood, both as an artist and a

woman. "Madame Sans Gêne" was secured at my request, and I feel that sincere effort is being made toward creating artistic work. I am the severest critic of my own pictures. In the past when I objected to certain things about them I was told that they were, nevertheless, big box office attractions. But the argument that a picture becomes a box office attraction through flaws in artistry is ridiculous. "Passion" was a work of art and also a commercial success. If I thought that I could not make pictures of as high an order in America as I did in Europe, I would return to Europe—instantly.

This year I plan to visit my mother in Bromberg in Poland. I will take her to the home I have purchased on the Riviera in France, where the climate is delightful. Then I shall return to America. Here is the place for work; here is the great opportunity for the artist of today. While I naturally love Europe, particularly France, I am fascinated by the spirit of energy in America. It is so alive in every nerve that it generates and inspires the creative mind.

Although I feel New York is the place for me, I have come to like many things about California. Next to music and books, flowers are my hobby. My home is always filled with them, and in California I have them all about me.

The dream of every European child is America. My dream has been realized. In spite of great unhappiness and many disillusionments, I have found satisfaction. If I can earn favor with my work and continually progress, I am close to as much happiness as there is in the world.

Lincoln and the Kids

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

The work on the picture was done directly under the supervision of the producers. It saved time and money. The Rocketts knew exactly what they wanted and they went right out on the set and got it.

The war scenes threw a curious light on the convolutions of the million-addled mind. It became rumored that Al and Ray Rockett were using many thousand extras.

"This Lincoln might not be such a bad idea after all. They're tying up some sort of a war with him," conceded the erstwhile skeptics.

"A picture is generally judged by the number of people you can afford to use," indiscreetly confided Al Rockett, when I saw him one day.

"Don't say that. It sounds as though we had some money, and we hadn't any," said brother Ray.

They were both a little gleeful and enthusiastic, for things were beginning to break right

for them. They had shown the film to several people in New York, men whose opinions they valued. And they were not yet tired of having their own opinions confirmed.

They described their dramatic preview of the picture. They decided to show "Lincoln" at a little theater in an obscure town and the uncut picture ran almost all night without a single soul leaving the theater.

"And we hadn't a single sob or laugh or applause moment that wasn't legitimate, not once a flag carried across the screen, or a hokum title. But we got applause repeatedly."

And "Abraham Lincoln" continues to get it. The Rocketts got an idea, and held it, and fought and worked for it, with this achievement, a rare fusion of artistic perfection and box-office appeal.

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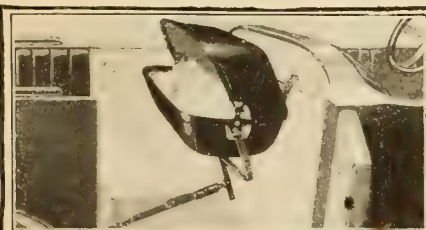
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The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

of the onward destiny of the motion picture. It is clear indeed that the destiny of the screen as an institution is, and has always been, greater than any or all of the men and minds engaged in the industry. The motion picture has swept on, successively outgrowing its apparent masters.

The Story of Zukor

So, because of the movement which was soon to find a considerable part of its expression through him, Zukor and his story are worth considering for a moment, as he sits there waiting on the threshold of the Motion Picture Patents Company.

Twelve years ago, unknown, an under sized, self-effacing wisp of a man with a voice just above a whisper, sitting on a waiting room bench hopeful of a chance to ask a favor! The human mind can look backward five thousand years, but it can not see five seconds ahead. Fancy stands feeble in the face of fact. The dice of destiny were loaded for a long roll that day in 1912. The man waiting outside was as insignificant as Thomas Edison the telegraph operator or a certain little corporal from Corsica.

Great endeavors and great industries have a way of putting a name at the top, a personified symbol of things. Morgan means money. Gary means steel, Lever means soap, Rockefeller means oil, Ford means motor cars and Zukor means motion pictures. Twelve years did that for the man on the bench.

Twenty-two years before Zukor, a lone immigrant boy from a tiny hamlet in Hungary, landed at Castle Garden and found a job up-town sweeping a fur shop. The year 1903 found him leaving a prospering little fur business of his own in Chicago to come back to New York in an effort to salvage a loan of \$3,000 a relative had sunk in a penny arcade of peep show pictures and slot machine phonographs. Out of this Zukor had evolved into a tidy success in the amusement business. He had established a line of contacts and connections with various showmen, William A. Brady, who operated Hale's Tours, Marcus Loew and his Automatic Vaudeville Company in 125th street, New York, and Lee Shubert in the Grandstreet theater. Zukor had arrived at last in the post of treasurer of the Marcus Loew Enterprises, which had absorbed most of his amusement interests.

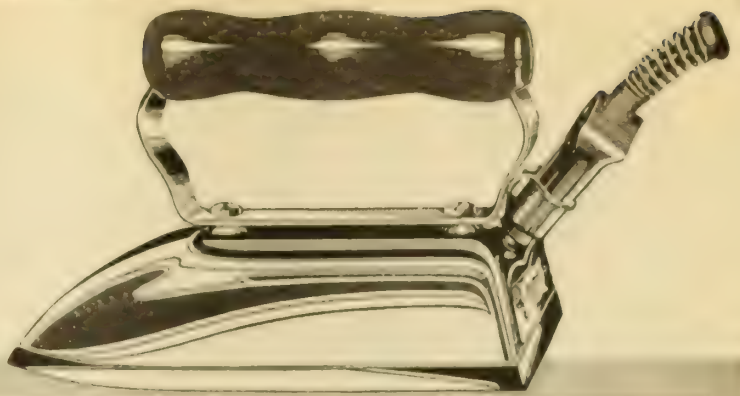
Zukor Gets a Big Idea

This might have been enough, if there had not been a certain inward drive behind Zukor. After all he was just a part of the Marcus Loew Enterprises, and what he really wanted was Adolph Zukor Enterprises. Zukor was in his thirty-ninth year. That is not a retiring age.

An idea and what might grow into an opportunity had come his way and he was ready to see how far he and the idea might travel together. The idea was rather hazy then. It is the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation today, risen from a thought to the most powerful institution of the motion picture industry.

Unravelling the tangled skein of events in that evolution we can trace back to what appears to have been the genesis of that idea, a series of commonplace facts and happenings—entirely commonplace save for the magic pattern that they made.

At just about the time when Adolph Zukor began to find himself in New York with less to do than was comfortable, the production of a certain motion picture began in Paris. The picture was in no way especially remarkable as seen from the view point of today. It was a four reel story entitled "Queen Elizabeth," with Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle, directed



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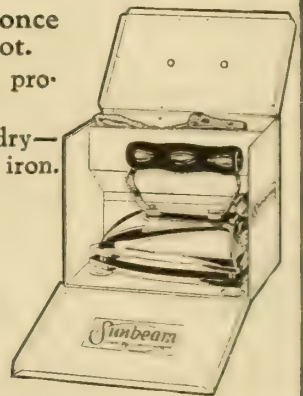
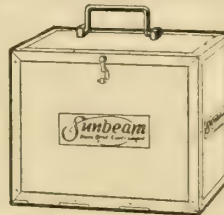
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and produced by Loui Mercanton. Lou Tellegen played the part of *Essex*. Sarah Bernhardt had appeared in pictures before and there had been a considerable number of longer pictures before.

But this particular picture when it reached London attracted the special attention of Frank Brockliss, who there represented several American producing concerns as sales agent for Great Britain and the Continent. Mr. Brockliss took occasion to dispatch an enthusiastic communication to his friend Joe Engel in New York. Engel was concerned with Edwin S. Porter and William Swanson in the Rex company, making pictures for the Universal's program. Brockliss, it seems, urged upon Engel the argument that this exceptional Bernhardt picture was a certain money maker for the American market. Engel consulted in turn Frank Meyer, manager of the Western Film Exchange in New York. Meyer talked to Al Kaufman, manager of the Comedy theater in Fourteenth street, and incidentally the brother-in-law of Adolph Zukor, the proprietor.

Foreign Films Attract Zukor

Now the oft-relayed enthusiasm of Brockliss fell on fertile soil. Zukor had been rather closely observant of the amusement field in general and the motion picture in particular for a number of years. He had started with the peep shows and the Hale's Tours tiny travelogues and gone on into the development of the motion picture theater, with its program of full one reel subjects. Among other pictures he noted the success of Pathe's three reel *Passion Play* when it was presented at the Comedy. Then in 1910 he had taken a bit of a sauntering trip about Europe and there observed that in the larger capitals the motion picture was playing to a better class of patrons at a higher admission price than in the United States. There also he noticed that the makers of pictures were not at all timid about reaching into literature and the classics for material. This was in distinct contrast to the nickelodeon product which dominated the American field.

Europe by 1912 had sent "The Fall of Troy," "Dante's Inferno," "Homer's Odyssey" and a few other pretentious spectacle pictures of from three to five reels to the American market, with as marked a series of success as the limitations of the war torn industry would permit.

So, Zukor was interested in Sarah Bernhardt's "Queen Elizabeth." A company was formed by Zukor, Engel and Porter, to purchase the American rights on this picture for \$18,000. They named it the Engadine Company. The Engadine is a high valley of health resorts and summer hotels in Switzerland. Perhaps the name of the new film company was also a memento of Zukor's European excursion. But the name is of no consequence, for it never saw the light of day in printer's ink.

Waiting outside the door of the Motion Picture Patents Company proved futile in the extreme for Mr. Zukor of the Engadine Company. He went along to see H. E. Aitken of the Mutual Film Corporation, then the newest and perhaps most promising of the independent organizations. The consultation arrived nowhere. The Mutual crowd had fish of its own to fry.

Meanwhile the gradually unfolding new idea was pushing itself along. Edwin S. Porter was about through with Rex. Universal was full of politics, war and confusion. Swanson was a part of the confusion. Porter sold his interest to Swanson and Engel took a place in the Universal organization.

Porter, it will be recalled, represented the longest experience and career of consistent performance among the makers of motion pictures. Many chapters have passed since this history told the story of his invasion of the West Indies in 1897 with a picture machine under the pseudonym of Thomas Edison, Jr. Back of Porter too was the tradition of his early day triumph in the production of "The Great Train Robbery," a progenitor of the "story picture."

Porter was a picture maker. It was a natural and direct consequence that in the new alignment with Zukor and the idea embodied in the Bernhardt picture there should result a project to produce.

The Birth of "Famous Players"

Hence it came that the Engadine had been hardly more than christened when a new company was formed and named "Famous Players Film Company." The Sarah Bernhardt picture had evolved into a policy of famous players in famous plays.

The idea as it grew began to surround itself with more men. Adolph Zukor's attorney was Elek J. Ludvig, who also handled legal affairs for the Marcus Loew Enterprises. Ludvig had connections with and access to the Frohmans. Daniel Frohman came into the Famous Players, bringing with him the authority of the greatest name in the world of the dramatic stage.

Charles Frohman could not have been less interested or more annoyed if his elder brother had announced that he was going to open a hot dog stand at Coney Island. From his august position in the drama Charles Frohman saw the motion picture as a trivial passing madness of the masses. But Daniel Frohman brought to the service of the screen in the next few years many a great play and great name which helped to build up the institution of the motion picture, and in time his brother Charles' enthusiasm was enlisted, too. It is a bit of irony, but a kindly irony, that the institution of Charles Frohman, Inc., which today continues the production of plays and keeps the Charles Frohman tradition alive on Broadway, has become the property of the once scorned Famous Players. The humble motion picture, humble no longer, has become the master.

"Daniel Frohman presents" was the big line over the announcement of Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" when the picture went on at the Lyceum Theatre for a promotional showing July 12, 1912.

"Queen Elizabeth" on Broadway

This showing was the beginning of a long line of promotional presentations, efforts to endow the motion picture with the coloration of triumph by rubbing it against the glamour of authoritative Broadway.

How to get "Queen Elizabeth" to the market was now the problem. It was decided to road show the picture, meaning that its owners would engage in retailing it to the public. It was a natural consequence of the experiences involved. Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman from their two branches of the amusement field thought of the business in the terms of an immediate audience of box office patrons. Edwin S. Porter's thought was in terms of production rather than sales. The one man in the group who was familiar with the evolution of the rapidly evolving motion picture market was Joe Engel. He conservatively chose to remain by the certainties of his post with Universal rather than to go to the new and speculative Famous Players. The road showing of "Queen Elizabeth" was not proving a success. If the new idea was to survive it had to be successfully delivered to the consumer. Here then was a situation which called for a man.

This brings in another of those individual stories which make the history of the motion picture a romance. The advertisements announcing "Queen Elizabeth" with the imposing name of Frohman at the top and bearing the magic words "famous players" fired the fancy of a certain ambitious young man engaged in the selling of those earlier pictures, "Dante's Inferno" and the others, the wares of the Monopole concern, owned by P. P. Craft and P. A. Powers. This young man was Al Lichtman.

Lichtman had covered a curious path to the motion picture. He began in the amusement field as a water boy, carrying the trays of

glasses up and down aisles of Tony Pastor's theater down Fourteenth Street way. Then for a time he became an actor. The year of 1910 found him in the uniform of the U. S. Infantry, the super soldierly and immaculately military young man who paced the sidewalk in front of the army recruiting station in Douglas Street, Omaha, Nebraska. The recruiting service is about as far as salesmanship can go in the army. Lichtman was entirely fed up with the army and its prospects. With a furlough, thirty dollars and a suit of "cits" clothes he headed for Chicago.

Al Lichtman Appears

On the wall of the lobby in the tumbledown old Revere House on North Clark Street the adventurer's eye sighted a blackboard of bulletins for the wandering Thespians. This blackboard announced that there was a job open for a bright young man in a motion picture service concern. Lichtman's capital was down to five dollars. He headed for the job. It seemed that a Chicago exchange manager had as a side line engaged in the supplying of ready made signs and lobby announcements and lobby frames for the nickelodeon theatres. The peanut vendors and banana hucksters who were operating the film theaters of the country were glad to get everything ready made and in a capsule ready to take. The service was prospering but vast difficulties were being encountered in the collection of the synopses, photographs, release dates and other editorial matter required. A man was to be sent to New York to collect it directly from the studios. All of which was most interesting—but the job had been filled.

Lichtman was considerably disappointed. He strolled out into Grant Park and visited an encampment of U. S. soldiers, and began to think about the easy security of the army. Now Grant Park is adjacent to the skyscraper cliffs of Michigan Avenue. One or both of two things always happen to the visitor there, he gets a cinder in his eye or his hat blows off. Lichtman was lucky. His hat blew off and into Lake Michigan. When last seen it was drifting before the gale toward Benton Harbor with a heavy list to larboard.

This was the last straw. Lichtman could not afford a new hat and he was depressed and angry. Now something had to be done. He went back after that job.

"Say, if that fellow you sent to New York doesn't make good, can I have the chance?"

For answer to his persistence Lichtman got a job selling the lobby service in Chicago at two dollars per contract. That afternoon he sold ten and collected twenty dollars for his work. Those were undoubtedly the largest dollars he ever made in the motion picture business.

Lichtman Calls on Zukor

Shortly Lichtman was sent to New York to take the place of the man who had not made good. Between collecting picture information and selling the service he came to know the film industry rather thoroughly. The next step was selling film for Powers' Picture Plays and then the Monopole's features.

When Lichtman read the Famous Players' announcement he pulled himself up to his desk and wrote an elaborately long letter addressed to Adolph Zukor, whom he did not know, setting forth his enthusiasms and qualifications. He wanted to sell those famous players in famous plays. Then he read the letter and tore it up, put on his hat and went down to the Famous Players' office in the Times building to call on Zukor.

The "Queen Elizabeth" road shows came in and Lichtman went out to sell the picture to the state's rights buyers. The picture sold for a total of approximately \$80,000, which made it handsomely profitable.

Meanwhile Famous Players began the production of pictures on its own account. Daniel Frohman lured James O'Neill from the stage into the production of "The Count of Monte



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Cristo." E. S. Porter directed the picture in the Crystal studios in New York. This production was hardly completed when the Selig studios in Chicago released a three-reel version of the same story through the General Film Company. This was a serious blow at the young Famous Players concern, with its slender assets largely tied up in its first production. The picture had to go on the shelf to await a later turn at the market when the Selig version should have been forgotten by the exhibitors. Famous Players turned to the production of "The Prisoner of Zenda" with James K. Hackett, which appears in the records of today as its first picture.

Beginning of Better Pictures

The better, bigger picture was ready now, awaiting on its development for the evolution and growth of a system of distribution. It will presently be seen how the product exerted a force which brought into existence a new machinery for putting the picture into the theatres. The state's rights buyers who started with "Queen Elizabeth" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" were almost automatically selected to become factors in a new confederation of interests, rising in power until it dominated the industry.

Some of the comment of the day concerning this idea of long pictures was an exposing illumination of some timid minds. Many of the wise ones were sure that eye strain from four or five reels, uninterrupted by song slides, would drive audiences from the theaters. Others were sure that it would be impossible to hold the interest of any considerable proportion of the motion picture public through a subject which occupied an hour of screen time.

From the established camps of the orthodox motion picture producers, licensed and unlicensed alike, arose condemnatory pronouncements against the big picture idea. For the next ensuing three years "the feature craze" was the stereotyped phrase in the mouths of the old-line film makers and distributors. They were unconditionally opposed to the idea. These long pictures promised to cost money. They cost something even more serious—creative thought.

Zukor's Innovations Cause Alarm

Here the film business was just beginning to get going well on the quantity production program idea and along comes this fellow Zukor, trying to knock things into a cocked hat with his stage stars and stage plays and high-sounding words and those everlastingly long pictures! Pictures were good enough. Why couldn't they have peace and settle down and just make money?

Of course, Adolph Zukor was not the first to hold the idea of the feature picture involving famous names and famous stories. The progress of the motion picture can not be marked off neatly in individual steps like that. There was no one inventor of the motion picture and no one originator of anything important about it. The honest historian can not place his finger neatly on the calendar and say that before this date there were no features and that at a given hour and place the idea was born.

The constructive idea embodied in the feature picture had been growing out on the advancing fringe of picture progress from the earliest attempts at screen narrative.

"The Fall of Troy," "Homer's Odyssey," and George Melie's three-reel "Fairylend," all made in Europe, were early attempts in the same direction. "The Life of Buffalo Bill," a five-reel effort of 1910 which resulted in three reels of screen salvage, was a pioneer reaching toward the bigger thing.

Closely contemporary with the beginnings of Zukor's project, a famous player in a famous play appeared in the independent field in the person of Nat Goodwin in "Oliver Twist." This picture was made at the Crystal studios



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in New York, going into production May 6 and going on the screen for a trade showing at Hammerstein's the week of May 25. It was a five-reel production, offered to state's rights buyers through the General Film Publicity & Sales Company. The name of this independent concern was obviously an effort to capitalize a certain phonetic similarity to the name of the great General Film Company. H. A. Spanuth was credited with being the prime mover of this enterprise.

"Rip Van Winkle" in 50 Feet

If one is to seek the first famous player in a famous play for the screen, turn back to 1897 and the American Mutoscope & Biograph's little fifty-foot presentations of Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." They were trivial indeed, but all embryos look trivial. They were the dinosaur eggs of screen evolution. And the ten-year patents war that followed was the glacial interruption.

In this history we have seen the motion picture begin with the little episodic fragments of action and grow lengthwise from subjects of forty feet to subjects of many thousands of feet. It took the motion picture sixteen years to make that growth.

The picture continued highly limited in length and scope for years because the men who made pictures had nothing to tell, and because the creative minds with something to tell were not aware that the motion picture offered an articulate language and medium. Mechanically the motion picture was capable of the equivalent of "The Birth of a Nation" or "The Covered Wagon" in 1897. But the machinery had to spend a decade and a half finding men and minds.

Step by step, the long motion picture drama with the scope of a play or novel approached down the years. Competition for profits, battles for a foothold in the new industry simultaneously forced and impeded progress in the screen art. Pictures became better only when they had to be better to get the money. The Motion Picture Patents Company and the established independents were already getting the money in 1912 and they held that the pictures were good enough. Adolph Zukor, among others, saw a prospect that better pictures might open a way into a share of the profits and possibly increase the said profits. Out of such situations every inch of motion picture progress has come.

An Early "Vanity Fair"

Closely contemporary with the formation of Famous Players, another pretentious feature venture blossomed forth in the Helen Gardner Pictures Corporation, destined to a short and uneventful life. Miss Gardner was a teacher of pantomime when she went to Vitagraph early in 1911. She played minor parts for a time and first came to real attention in the rôle of *Becky Sharp* in "Vanity Fair," one of Vitagraph's successes of the day. Inspired by the urge toward bigger pictures, Charles Gaskill, a scenario writer, and Miss Gardner formed their independent company and established a studio at Tappan-on-Hudson. Eugene Mullin, then a member of the Vitagraph scenario staff, went along as a member of the organization. Mullin was then well near a veteran in the young art of the scenario, with three whole years of experience behind him. He was a youngster of a ticket agent in an office on the Long Island railroad in 1909 when he became inspired of a notion that Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" should be done in motion pictures, and forthwith sent a scenario to Vitagraph. Vitagraph accepted the idea and sent for the aspiring Mr. Mullin. "The Lady of the Lake" was made with Edith Storey in the rôle of *Ellen*. It ran to the amazing length of four reels, released one at a time on the General program.

The Helen Gardner Corporation stepped boldly forth with a six-reel version of "Cleopatra." But, having stepped forth, nothing



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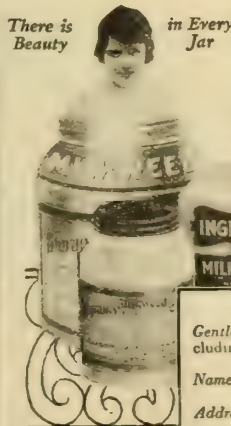
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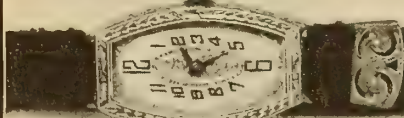
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important happened. Important developments in the business of exhibiting motion pictures and the conduct of theaters had to come before there could be a really prosperous market for pictures built on the bigger idea.

Many similar enterprises had to rise and fall before the new phase of the motion picture was really established. The process of growth required time for reactions and changes in the studios, the exchanges, the theaters and down through the whole public of the motion picture. But in the motion picture, as everywhere else, the public was ahead of the industry. Turn where you may, the market, which means the public, often seems to be a step in advance of the service. It was the public and not the manufacturers who put headlights and drift aprons and self-starters on automobiles. It was the public which took the telephone off the wall and put it on the desk. The great business majority always says let well enough alone. Progress comes from discontent and the outside.

Wallie Reid's Double Role

This transitional period also brought to the screen a number of the names that were to figure conspicuously in the new and dawning era just ahead. It was in 1911, just before the feature movement got under way, that Wallace Reid made his first screen appearance in one of Vitagraph's "Leather Stocking Tales," directed by Larry Trimble. When not otherwise engaged Wallie played the violin for studio atmosphere. Wallace Reid, who came into nation-wide fame in a few years, was the son of Hal Reid, a writer and producer of melodrama, then attached to the Vitagraph scenario staff. In 1912, James Young and his wife, Clara Kimball Young, came from a Salt Lake City stock company to appear in Vitagraph pictures. Clara Kimball Young's first part was in the rôle of *Anne Boleyn* in a Hal Reid story, entitled "Cardinal Wolsey." This was a one-reel picture, also directed by Larry Trimble.

In this same time Essanay in Chicago acquired Frank X. Bushman, erstwhile sculptor's model, actor and handsome man in general, the winner of a contest conducted in "The Ladies' World" with a screen career as a prize. Then Beverly Bayne, a Minneapolis girl on a visit to a Chicago friend, was seeing the sights of Chicago, including the Essanay studio in Argyle Street, when the roving eye of Harry McRae Webster, a director, picked her out of a crowd of spectators and started her on the road to starland.

In the career of Paul J. Rainey African hunt pictures, which went to the screen in 1912-'13, some of the primary steps of the new era of long pictures can be traced. The Roosevelt African hunt pictures of the prior period paved the way for the more pretentious Rainey project. Roosevelt's African expedition made Africa fashionable for the millionaire sportsmen, and Rainey's pictures opened the way for a long succession of African animal pictures, which continues today, with occasional outstanding successes.

The Paul Rainey "African Hunt"

The Paul Rainey pictures were distributed to the trade as an independent product by the Paul J. Rainey Expedition Company, with Carl Laemmle, Robert Cochrane and P. A. Powers among those interested. The production was nine reels long and had to be handled through a special organization, since it could not be passed through the commercial machinery of Universal's program organization, devoted to short pictures for the standard motion picture theaters of the time. The project was considered highly experimental in that the picture did not contain a dramatic story. It was not clearly realized that the public only wants to be interested. The Rainey pictures, because of their atmosphere of scientific importance, attracted the attention of many people who were above the reach of the



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keledeon pictures of the time, and, at the same time, because the subject was, after all, merely a wild circus on its native heath, it held an interest for the masses. The Rainey pictures made their most important successes and profits on special runs in legitimate theaters, but also worked down into the motion picture theaters and helped to widen the feature field.

The budding success of these bigger pictures produced interesting reactions among the old-time producers of program pictures. The word "feature" began to be applied with singular elasticity to any picture which was more than one reel in length. The advertisements of the General Film Company began to bloom with announcements of "big two-reel features," but these advertisements stuck to the old policy of never mentioning the name of any person connected with the productions. The general never heard of stars. The independent ones, more anxious to use all possible selling averages and to flaunt their raids on the licensed companies, began to be more liberal with names. The directors of Edison pictures broke out from under the lid and advertised themselves in bold black type in the Dramatic Mirror. Kalem, Vitagraph, Essanay and Selig began to advertise their players in connection with the picture, independently of the General Film Company which distributed them.

Griffith and "Mary" Emerge

Meanwhile, the name of D. W. Griffith had not yet appeared either on the screen, in the literature of the Biograph Company, the General Film Company, or anywhere in the rising tide of motion picture publicity. Griffith was none the less well known within the motion picture world, and players and directors from the training school of Biograph experience were using his technique and building upon it throughout the industry. It was inevitable that there would be a reaction to all this. Griffith was beginning to simmer.

Mary Pickford, who, in spite of the Biograph's anonymous manner of presentation, had become a factor of some importance in the success of its pictures, left the concern and Griffith's direction for the second time, now to go back to David Belasco's management to play in his stage presentation of "The Good Little Devil." Lillian Gish went along.

When the winter season of 1912-13 approached, Griffith left on his annual hegira to the sunny regions of Los Angeles, Biograph's winter quarters.

Lillian Russell in Color Pictures

Incidentally, the American Kinemacolor Company, which was making a considerable fuss of publicity in the trade and small progress in the theaters, was producing in Los Angeles. Frank E. Woods, the first of the critics to take the motion picture seriously, left the Dramatic Mirror in New York to go to the coast as Kinemacolor's scenario editor, and with him went Lee Dougherty, the first scenario editor of Biograph, also the first purchaser of Woods' scenarios. David Miles, of the Biograph stock company, and Linda Arvidson Griffith, wife of D. W. Griffith, were members of the Kinemacolor studio organization. Lillian Russell, who, in 1912, was still the reigning queen of stage beauty, went to Kinemacolor to appear in "La Tosca" this season.

In the early spring of 1913, the feature picture movement in the United States gained a vast new impetus by the unprecedented success of the Cines production of "Quo Vadis," imported from Italy by George Kleine. This picture in 8,000 feet went on the screen at the Astor theater, April 21, 1913, the world's greatest motion picture achievement up to that date. Mr. Kleine, as one of the most powerful members of the Motion Picture Patents Company's group of licensees, had all of the existing facilities for putting his products on the motion picture market, but "Quo Vadis" was too big a subject for the motion



Polishing the Silver Spoon

SOME people are all for beauty unadorned. They forget that even silver spoons you're born with need polishing. Styles in beauty have changed, you see. There's more emphasis on good grooming nowadays. And so, across the dressing table, questions arise. About the choice of powder, the use of rouge. About different lightings, different costumes.

All this has been covered delightfully in the little book *What Every Woman Does NOT Know*, written by one of America's sanest beauty authorities. This book is free to every purchaser of Bourjois MANON LESCAUT* Face Powder. You can't fail to find it a handy addition to your dressing table.

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picture theaters of the day. The picture played twenty-two weeks on Broadway at top admission price of one dollar. It opened May 23 at McVicker's in Chicago and, in due course, covered the leading centers of the country, playing legitimate houses with a success that disturbed the stage world and made the motion picture makers dizzy. The profits were tremendous. There have been many guesses at the gross figures. Probably none of them are correct. Mr. Kleine is an informative source of historical fact about the motion picture on every point save one—the profits on "Quo Vadis." He has made a specialty of saying nothing about that. He admits it made \$10,000 the first week in Cleveland, Ohio.

"Quo Vadis" became a very direct influence on production, both in the United States and abroad. Its ancient setting, its coloration of religious interest, and its spectacular phases were to be found reflected, imitated and approximated in many subsequent efforts of the picture makers.

The magnates of the stage began to look about for a way into this new bonanza, the motion picture. Rumors began to leak up and down Broadway that Klaw & Erlanger were planning something. The Shuberts were mentioned. Leibler & Company began to get chummy with Vitagraph.

Out in California, D. W. Griffith got the urge toward bigger pictures. Until the "Quo Vadis" invasion, Griffith had rather held the palm and all the laurel of the screen in the minds of the industry in the United States. It was time to be up and doing.

Griffith's First Big Feature

Griffith set forth his plan to make a big feature and suggested to the business management of the Biograph that it would cost about \$18,000. "Judith of Bethulia," with Blanche Sweet in the title rôle, went into production, and Griffith was started on a new phase of his career.

"Judith of Bethulia" was the Griffith response to the feature movement. It was a most pretentious effort and may be yet considered one of his most significant works. The theme and treatment decidedly keyed the Griffith idea. For a variety of reasons the picture was not destined to attain any conspicuous success, and probably to a majority of the followers of Griffith of today it is entirely unknown. In 1917 it was reissued on the state's right market under the abominable title of "Her Condoned Sin."

With this picture and his season's work on the coast completed, Griffith returned to New York and the Biograph studio in One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street. There he found a number of things not entirely to his liking.

Klaw & Erlanger Break into Pictures

The low murmuring rumors of a Klaw & Erlanger invasion of the motion pictures on a grand scale and with bold, pretentious plans were now verified by fact. The Protective Amusement Company had been formed and an arrangement had been made for the Biograph to photograph its pictures, to be produced from the selected successes of the K. & E. stage productions. These pictures were to be imposing five-reelers for presentation in summer showings at legitimate theaters and such of the motion picture theaters as might be induced to pay for this mighty and *de luxe* film service. Klaw & Erlanger had broken into the motion picture business, under the manufacturing wing of Biograph, ablest of the producers and, politically, the strongest concern of the industry. It was the slate that K. & E. were to make the great productions of the day and do it in Biograph's plant. This naturally did not appeal intensely to the ambitious Mr. Griffith.

The time approached for the renewal of Griffith's annual contract with Biograph. He called on J. J. Kennedy and suggested that he

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For introductory purposes we will send you free a generous supply of Lashbrow Liquid. And we will include a trial size of another Lashbrow product, Lashbrow Pomade, which quickly stimulates the growth of the brows and lashes. Clip this announcement and send it at once to Lashbrow Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 24, 417 Canal Street, New York City.



No Hair Offends Where Neet is Used

Science has finally solved the problem of removing hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a dainty cream, harmless and mild. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white! Old methods, the unwomanly razor and severe chemical preparations, have given way to this remarkable preparation which stimulates the growth of the well-groomed woman everywhere from New York to San Francisco. Used by physicians. Money back if it fails to please. 50c at Drug and Dept. stores. Trial tube 10c by mail. Hannibal Phar. Co., 659 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

TRY IT

Clear Your! Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. \$1000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes. E. S. GIVENS, 139 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

ould be given stock in the company. This et with no enthusiasm and the response that ograph had no stock available for issue uth then asked for an arrangement to pay n ten per cent of Biograph's profits. "The time has come," Kennedy answered, or the production of big fifty thousand dolla ures. You are the man to make them ut Biograph is not ready to go into that line production. If you stay with Biograph it ll be to make the same kind of short picture at you have in the past. You will not do at. You have got the hundred thousand ollar idea in the back of your head." While these negotiations were in progress, e gossip of Griffith's discontent got about. olph Zukor was enthusiastically interested i Griffith's work. Famous Players needed ore talent.

Griffith Offered \$50,000 Salary

There was amazement, horror and fear in he office of the Famous Players when Zukor nounced that he had offered Griffith a salary f fifty thousand dollars a year to direct for he company. Daniel Frohman was now certain that his sociate had lost his reason. The Famous layers concern did not have fifty thousand ollars in sight. The company was not worth hat much. To the re-amazement and relief of Zukor's sociates, this Griffith person had the colossal ervice to reject the offer, saying "I think I ould rather make my own productions." Presently Griffith and H. E. Aitken of Mutual met. Mutual needed two things very adly; first—pictures to sell to the theater, econd—something to advertise in support of ts promotion.

October 1, 1913, Griffith left Biograph, at he end of five of the most significant years of motion picture evolution.

On October 29, trade journal advertisements nounced that D. W. Griffith was "now with Mutual Movies."

Every motion picture patron of a decade go will remember the famous slogan "Mutual Movies Make Time Fly" and the winged clock rademark. As a trademark the idea had some erit and the great demerit of offering the motion picture as a mere time-killer. It was oo honest.

When Griffith left, David Miles was taken ack into Biograph fold as a director and Mrs. D. W. Griffith returned to Biograph pictures. Meanwhile, the Klaw & Erlanger produc- ons went ahead. Among the notables intro- uced to the motion picture by Pat Casey, the nanager of the Protective Amusement Com- any project, was Bert Williams, the negro omedian. In a remotely early chapter this istory told of the discovery of Bert Williams n California by Colonel Selig's minstrel show n the days before the motion picture. Wil- iams was now an international celebrity. He ade two comedies under the K. & E. Bio- graph auspices. One of these required a grave- ard location. Williams discovered a satis- actory graveyard on Staten Island, where a hrifty sexton locked the gates and held off a uneral while the scenes were photographed. Another Williams comedy, "Darktown Jubi- ee," started out to be a profound hit, when a rave of race antagonism arose and terminated is screen career. At a Brooklyn presentation f this picture a race riot resulted in the death f two men.

Stage Discovers Pictures Too Late

The ambitious Klaw & Erlanger film project as foredoomed. There were many reasons. A large number of the motion picture exhibitors ad never heard of the august concern of K. & E. Many of those who had were show- en with old grudges against the stage mag- nates of Broadway. Also there was a feeling n the office of Klaw & Erlanger that any heater ought to be willing to pay a minimum f fifty dollars a day for a K. & E. picture play.

Marvelous New Nestle Invention

Famous Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit Safely Transforms Straightest Hair Into Lovely Permanent Waves and Curls

Wives Astonish Husbands with New Charming Curliness
Over 7,000 Unsolicited Testimonials in One Year



"Your Home Outfit Is Wonderful"

writes pretty BETTY MERRILL, 1426 E. Fox St., South Bend, Ind. "My bob was straight as could be before. Now I have pretty curls and waves ALL THE TIME."

The Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit in Use. The picture below shows two friends waving each other's hair in their home.



Perfectly Straight Before

"I could do nothing with my straight, dry and fine hair, until I curled it with your wonderful outfit," writes Mrs. J. A. Ross, Salina, Kansas.



N 19 months, we, who have already distributed the famous Home Outfit invention of the eminent New York hair genius, Mr. C. Nestle, to over 180,000 homes, have received thousands of grateful testimonials similar to these lovely pictures and delighted letters.

Waves and Curls That You Can Wet

For *everywhere* it goes, the Outfit makes the straightest hair on adult or child naturally curly and wavy. No more nightly curling kids, irons or fluids. A single application of the dainty Home Outfit will give you charming, soft, natural, *healthy*, permanent waves, curls and ringlets—fresh and silky-bright, no matter how straight, stubborn or dry your hair is now. And water, perspiration, bathing, rain, fog or shampoos will only make *these* waves and curls *wavier and curlier!*

The same Outfit will wave mother too, and sisters and neighbors. Little girls of 4 as well as their grandmothers—and in perfect comfort and safety.

Gentle—Safe—Quick

Mr. Nestle is known the world over as inventor of the famous LANOIL process, which has made permanent waving as safe and comfortable as a shampoo. In his two magnificent New York Establishments, over 300 women of fashion are now waved each day. But, if you cannot visit him or a professional Nestle LANOIL Waver else- where, let the clever little Home Outfit give you the dream of your lifetime—naturally curly hair.

30 Days' Free Trial to Everyone

And the best of it is that it costs you nothing to try the Outfit. If you prefer, you may *first* send for our free explanatory booklet. But as this means delay, why not send *directly* for the Outfit on *30 days' free trial*? Wave your hair, following the simple directions. Then wait. Wash, brush, comb, test it in any way you see fit. If your lovely, soft curls and waves do not look and act exactly like naturally



Outfit Gave Theatrical Star These Natural Curls

MISS GRACE MOORMAN, 1256 8th Ave., San Francisco, Cal., writes us, "I just wet and curl my LANOIL-waved hair over my finger, the same as real naturally curly hair."

Our Fully Illustrated Explanatory Booklet Sent Free on Request

curly hair through every test, if they do not become prettier every day, no explanations—just return the Outfit, and every cent of its cost of \$15, deposited with us or with your postman, will be refunded *immediately*.

Do not delay your joy. Send the coupon, or a letter, or postal today, to have your Home Outfit sent you on 30 days' free trial *at once*.

NESTLE LANOIL CO., Dept. Y
Established 1905

12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. Y
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

- ☐ I enclose \$15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.
☐ I prefer to deposit the \$15 with my postman when the Outfit arrives.

OR, check HERE if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

Name

Street

City State

stains vanish



Sani-Flush cleans the toilet bowl without scrubbing, without putting a hand near the water. No hard work. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush.

Spots and stains vanish. The porcelain glistens. The hidden, unhealthful trap, too, is cleaned, purified and made sanitary. Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors.

Nothing else can do the work of Sani-Flush. Always keep it handy in the bathroom.

If not at your grocery, drug or hardware store, send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Sani-Flush

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Her Wrinkles Gone in a week!

Marvelous EGO Wrinkle Remover

Wrinkles proclaim your age --rob you of the joy of youth! Ego Wrinkle Remover removes wrinkles by removing the cause; feeds the underlying tissues, makes it impossible for new wrinkles to form. Get this famous Ego Beauty Chart FREE for the asking. Easy to use; experts declare it a great step toward beauty.

Just as the creases vanish when a handkerchief dries on a window pane.

Ego softens the tissues, removes the lines, leaving the skin firm, beautiful and wrinkle-free.

Paris VIVAUDOU New York

GRACE M. ANDERSON, Care of
V. VIVAUDOU, Inc., 469 5th Ave., (Dept. 104) New York
Please send me at once your interesting Wrinkle Chart FREE and full information about Ego Wrinkle Remover and the other remarkable Ego Treatments.

Name _____
Address _____

This was in a period when the better theaters were just beginning to dare to charge ten cents admission. Fifty dollar a day film rentals were few and scattered.

Eventually the five-reel K. & E. plays were cut from five reels to three and offered along with the little two and three reel "features" of the General Film Company, sold for what they might bring in the run of the trade. This was the first attempt of the stage to take dominion of the motion picture. Many others have followed down through the years, and each has faded off into an equally obscure conclusion. The stage discovered the motion picture too late. The shadow company in the little tin can had already begun to take the place of the road show and the stock company. Only a few years ahead, the show in the tin can was to claim a share in the lights of Broadway and overshadow the glories of the stage on its own Great White Way.

Griffith, with Mutual, plunged into a campaign of production with amazing speed and celerity. He was specifically in charge of the operations of the now amalgamated Reliance-Majestic studios. Griffith's contract called for a large salary, a stock participation, and the privilege of making two independent pictures of his own each year. He promptly discovered that if there was going to be any salary, he would have to make it quickly. "The Battle of the Sexes" went into production overnight and was ready for delivery in seven days. When the situation calls for pot boilers, Griffith is a fast cook.

The advertisements had announced that D. W. Griffith, the great Biograph director, was to supervise all Mutual productions. The type was large and clear.

Mack Sennett Declares His Independence

A few weeks elapsed and this campaign penetrated as far as Los Angeles. Then another advertisement appeared announcing that, despite that Mutual's Griffith proclamation, "he has nothing to do with Keystone comedies." The advertisement was Mack Sennett's signed declaration of independence.

Quite distinct and apart from the Mutual advertising of Griffith, a volley of page broadsides appeared in the trade journals, which were perhaps intended to lay the groundwork for the financing of those independent picture enterprises which had been stipulated in the Griffith contract. This campaign can be regarded at its effulgent and scenic best on page 36 of the Dramatic Mirror of December 31, 1913, which reads in part:

D. W. GRIFFITH

Producer of all great Biograph successes, revolutionizing motion picture drama and founding the modern technique of the art. Included in the innovations which he introduced and which are now generally followed by the most advanced producers are: The large or close-up figures, distant views as represented first in Ramona, the "switch-back," sustained suspense, the "fadeout," and restraint in expression, raising motion picture acting to the higher plane which has won for it recognition as a genuine art.

A list of productions which took in practically every picture Griffith had made from "The Adventures of Dolly" in 1908 to "Judith of Bethulia" followed. The advertisement was signed by "Albert H. T. Banzhaf, counselor at law and personal representative."

A Battery of Limelights for Griffith

Griffith was getting relief after some years of anonymous labors at Biograph. No longer would he hide his light under a bushel. There was certainly nothing stingy about the credits which Mr. Banzhaf showered upon his client.

Doubtless these claims were made by and for Mr. Griffith in the utmost sincerity. But it is no mere technical quibble to point out that the



Mildred Davis, Photoplay Beauty, recommends Maybelline

You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes With

Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to any eyes. Unlike other preparations, absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not spread and smear on the face. The instant beautifying effect will delight you. Used by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades: Brown for Blondes, Black for Brunettes: 75c at your dealer's or direct from us. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad now as a reminder.



Maybelline Co., 4750-52 Sheridan Road, Chicago

The Truth about Hair Coloring

Nothing equals genuine B. Paul's Henna

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair?

USE B. PAUL'S HENNA

Restores natural color to gray hair in ONE APPLICATION. Not affected by salt water bathing, perspiration, oils, hair tonics, shampoos or previous dyes. Will not stain scalp or rub off. Composed of Henna and Herbs. Harmless. Easily applied at home. 14 shades. P. P. \$1.60. Henna, Blond or Free Henna for Lightening hair grown dark, \$2.25 P. P. FREE advice and Booklet.

B. PAUL Dept. C. 21 W. 39th St. NEW YORK

Develops Busts Amazingly Quick and Easy!

Just what every woman has been waiting for at a price everyone can afford.

"BEAUTIBUST"

for real bust and neck development. No foolish or dangerous systems, but a real tried and very successful natural method that WILL be extremely pleasing and beneficial. You can't fail if you follow the simple instructions. Everything mailed (sealed) for only \$1.00. Do not miss this opportunity. It may not be repeated.

BEAUTIBUST CO., 1034-Y LEXINGTON BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD.

Sell TIRES

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

We want an auto owner in each locality to advertise Armour Cords. You can make big money and get your own sample Tires Free, by sending us orders from friends and neighbors. No capital or experience needed. We deliver and collect direct. Pay you daily.

Most Liberal Tire Guarantee Ever Written

Armour Cords guaranteed by Indemnity Bond against Blowout, Wear and Tear, Stone Bruise, Tread Separation, Blistering and Rim Cut for 12,500 miles. We are actual manufacturers. Write today for great Special Offer to Agents, and low Factory Prices.

ARMOUR TIRE & RUBBER CO., Dept. 354, Dayton, O.

BEAUTYPEEL "UNMASKS YOUR 'HIDDEN' BEAUTY"

CREATES BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION BY PEELING OFF tan, freckles, blemishes, pimples, blackheads, liver spots, wrinkles, acne, muddy, oily skin. NON-ACID. No lotion. Painless, harmless. Effects astounding.

TRIAL COSTS NOTHING Write today for Special Trial Offer and FREE Beautypeel Beauty Book.

BEAUTYPEEL Newlyn Chemical Co. Dept. 404, El Paso, Texas.

close up was born with the motion picture in the Edison peep show days and that it was a most garish close up that brought down the first demands for censorship of the picture in the '90s when the Vitaseope depicted the May Irwin John Rice Kiss; or that fadeouts, dissolves, double exposures and such devices were common in the early day magic pictures from the Paris studios of George Melies; or that both the close up and the cut back figured in "The Great Train Robbery" and "The Life of an American Fireman" produced by Porter of Edison in 1902-3.

Instances of the sort could be multiplied endlessly.

The greater claim that Griffith raised "motion picture acting to the higher plane which won for it recognition as a genuine art" is better substantiated. Mr. Griffith did not invent the language of the motion picture, but, rather, he became an early master of its syntax and rhetoric.

It is only fair, however, to point out that these published self-proclamations of Griffith's were made within the motion picture industry, rather than as public utterances. They were perhaps essential to the development of his career. The realm of the motion picture was and is dominated by that peculiar mind which usually mistakes modesty for cowardice and commonly confuses ordinary conservatism with weakness.

This has begotten a picture publicity policy of "claim everything, concede nothing—and take all you can get."

While these developments were in progress in the swift evolution of the motion picture to a new plane of dramatic form, a closely related movement was inevitably set in motion within the business organizations of the industry. The state of flux liberated a collection of old impulses, hates and rivalries, which expressed themselves in a violent succession of moves. Internal troubles spelled the beginning of the end in the General Film Company, even while its golden flood was at its height. Plots and counterplots, with ever-shifting realignments of factions and interests, wove a tangled web of affairs among the Independents at the same time.

Some of the more significant of these movements and their results will be the subject of the next chapter—along with the previously untold story of how Charles Chaplin came to the screen.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

What Men Have Told Me About Other Women

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30]

as good a right to be polyandrous as men have to be polygamus. Maybe your wife agrees with you.

Extremes seem to be one great complaint that men have. My wife hasn't any conversation. My wife talks all the time. My wife won't go out to a cabaret with me in the evening. My wife hasn't let me stay home one night in three months. There must be a middle ground, a happy medium, between those two extremes. If there are two things a man apparently objects to, it is a wife who can't intelligently discuss baseball or golf or whatever his hobby happens to be, and a wife who has Gibraltar opinions about everything from the Ruhr to the Japanese earthquakes.

A man does like to have his opinion at least respected and his stories laughed at. It's such a little thing, after all.

FIFTY-THREE per cent of California brides are between forty and forty-five years of age. Is it that California climate again? Or do the girls spend the first forty years trying to get into the movies?—N. Y. World.



DRAW YOUR WAY to FAME and FORTUNE

THE modern successful Commercial Artist dresses well, lives in a fine home, drives his own car and enjoys the luxuries of life. He is well paid for his drawings and is independent. Modern business firms spend millions of dollars annually for drawings and advertising illustrations. Present-day advertising literally could not exist without commercial art—it is a necessity.

Your Opportunity If you can draw, you have a talent which only a few possess. Then why compete with the crowd in ordinary occupations? Train your drawing ability for practical work, and take the surest road to success.

The Federal School Will Train You

by the most modern methods. This fascinating and easily understood home study course contains exclusive lessons and drawings prepared by many nationally known artists, Charles E. Chambers, Franklin Booth, Neysa McMein, Edw. V. Brewer, Charles Livingston Bull and many others among them. An individual criticism given on every lesson of the course.

We don't claim any trick methods. Any artist of standing will tell you there are none. We do, however, teach you correct principles and direct your training along lines that bring proficiency most quickly. The Federal School management is the same as that of the Bureau of Engraving, a large Commercial Art establishment which has for a quarter of a century successfully served modern advertisers. That's why the Federal School has become America's Foremost School of Commercial Art. Hundreds of our students and graduates are making good. Why don't you get into the game? Through the Federal Course you can prepare yourself in a fraction of the time it would otherwise take.

Send today for "Your Future"

This handsome book explains all about Commercial Art as a profession and how to secure a training in that line. It shows examples of our students' work,—after all the only real proof of the worth of any school's method. Send 6c in stamps for "Your Future" now,—while you have it in mind. Just write your name and address plainly in the coupon below, giving your age and occupation.

COUPON



Federal School of Commercial Designing

36 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me "Your Future" for which I enclose 6c in stamps.

Name

Age..... Occupation.....

(Write your address plainly in the margin)

America's Foremost School of Commercial Art



Is your beauty marred?

Every well equipped dressing table should include Del-a-tone, the antiseptic hair-remover. This old reliable preparation has been in use for fourteen years; many modish women consider it their chief aid to beauty.

Del-a-tone is perfectly harmless—safe, sure, quick. Apply in smooth paste, wash off in a few minutes, and behold the wonderful difference!

The Depilatory for Delicate Skin

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair

At drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper for one dollar. Generous sample in plain wrapper, ten cents, coin or stamps.

THE SHEFFIELD COMPANY
Dept. 84, 536 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago
71 Front St., East, Toronto, Canada

THROAT IRRITATIONS

Throat irritations quickly disappear when you take Brown's Bronchial Troches. A dependable remedy—not a candy. Used for more than 70 years by singers and public speakers. Promptly relieves hoarseness, loss of voice, coughing. At all druggists.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON, BOSTON, MASS.
General Sales Agents: HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Inc.
New York London Toronto

BROWN'S
Bronchial
TROCHES
COUGH AND VOICE LOZENGES
IN 3 SIZE PACKAGES

Mah Jong \$1

Be up-to-date, learn popular and fascinating Chinese Game. Complete Set and Book of Instructions in attractive box, sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.

Magic 25 Cent Score Card FREE

ART SPECIALTY CO.

27 West 45th Street New York City

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 67 styles of Bass, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blue Harmony, Oriental, Crime, Movie and Cafe Jazz, Trick Endings, Clever Breaks, Space Fillers, Sax Shouts, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Blue Obligato and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Training. 110 pages of REAL Jazz, 25,000 words. A Postal brings our FREE Special Offer.

Waterman Piano School 247 Superba Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

Close-Ups and Longshots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

was sound asleep by the time he arrived on the bottom step. But I was not really awed until I visited the Louvre and caught him snoring in front of Mona Lisa.

I'm so firmly convinced Ramon is a genius that I've revised my idea of genius. Genius is the infinite capacity for taking naps.

WHEN Metro decided to star Ramon Samaniegos, now known as Ramon Novarro, one of the officials shook his head dubiously, "That's an awful name, Samaniegos."

"Ya," replied another, "so is Apocalypse, but look what it made for us."

I'VE often secretly yearned to be a star solely to receive those letters from thousands of admirers the world over, but after observing Alice Terry in the anguish of reading her Yuletide mail I can testify that I'm completely cured. Most of the admirers wanted to know if she had any old fur coats or diamonds she was going to throw away; if so would she mind bundling them up and mailing them to the undersigned. One read, "Honored Madam, I am taking this liberty to ask you if you would help a poor widow with family to tide over this season of the year having seen much better times than am now seeing and may God's blessing rest on you and your husband and all your other undertakings."

After a week of secretarial assistance to Miss Terry I no longer have any desire for thousands of admirers the world over. And as for touching fan letters, I'd rather write than read 'em.

REX INGRAM, although a mere director, has his share of admiration. I found him terrified the other morning with the following letter trembling in his hand:

Mr. Rex Ingram.
Dear Sir:

I notice you have dramatised Napoleon Bonaparte in the french revolution. May I know if the Bonapartes have ben given compensation or ave given their permission for it. I do not believe a movie concern has a right to do that without consulting the descendants of Napoleon Bonaparte. And I believe legal action can be taken against producing Napoleon without Authorization. As my name is Napoleon Bonaparte I cant help being vitally interested. Kindly let me hear from you in regard to the above as soon as possible.

Napoleon Bonaparte
% Gen Delivery
Mamie, Kan.

THE above recalls a remark Lewis Stone once made concerning a pompous actor who was always thrusting himself grandiloquently into the foreground.

"He once played Napoleon," said Lew. "And once they've played Napoleon they never get over it."

INGRAM with typical Gallic enthusiasm declares he wants to live the rest of his life in Tunis. To this end he took Alice Terry to see an old Moorish house situated on a lonely eminence overlooking the sea. The rooms were bare and bleak with iron beds that looked as though they'd done service in the Palace hotel of Mamie, Kan.

"What do you think of the house and grounds?" exclaimed Rex rapturously.

"Grounds!" sniffed Alice, looking at the dead palm in the sand. "Grounds for divorce!"

Rex will be back in America in April.

REX: Did you go to the opera last night, Alice?

Alice: No.

Rex: How was it?

Alice: Fine!



As a
mouthwash,
gargle and
to prevent infection

That never-empty place in medicine cabinets belongs to Absorbine, Jr.

As a mouthwash it is germ destroying, cleansing and refreshing.

As a gargle it soothes and relieves an irritated or swollen sore throat.

With a dentifrice it gets at crevice-hidden germs; keeps brush clean.

With a shampoo it destroys dandruff germs and stimulates the scalp.

It is delightful after shaving and a first aid for cuts and scratches.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid,
Liberal trial bottle, 10c., postpaid.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
218 Lyman St.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK U.S. PAT. 1,111,111
For above uses dilute Absorbine, Jr. with water. Use full strength as a liniment.

SEND \$2 DOWN PAY \$6.70 PER MONTH

Seven brilliant, blue white, perfectly cut diamonds are set in platinum. Looks like 2 ct. solitaire worth \$600. Fully guaranteed to stand any test.

TWO BLUE SAPPHIRES
are set in the shanks of this 18 kt. solid white gold engraved and pierced ring to add beauty and style.

FREE TRIAL NO RED TAPE

Just send \$2.00 deposit to show your good faith (or pay postman \$2.00 on delivery) and we will send this handsome diamond ring. The balance you can pay in ten small monthly installments of \$6.70 each—total price, \$69.00. Former price, \$100.00. Give finger size.

ALL DEALINGS CONFIDENTIAL
No one knows you are buying on our dignified credit system unless you tell them yourself. A written guarantee accompanies each ring. You can return the ring within ten days if not satisfied. Send order today.

Write for Bargain Catalog
It brings our large jewelry store right into your home. It tells the exact weights and quality so you can buy like an expert. See valuable information on page 6.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
(Diamond Importers—\$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879)
63 PARK ROW, Dept. 1522 NEW YORK

Undecided?

Are you undecided about your future? Are you groping blindly wondering what you ought to do? Would you like to know for just what kind of work you are best fitted? Would you like to **EARN MORE MONEY Immediately?**

We can help you decide. We can show you how to get ahead quickly—how you can make most of your abilities and how you can be a big money maker. You will be under no obligation if you will drop a line for full information.

DIRECTOR PERSONAL ANALYSIS
Dept. PA471 Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"SECRETS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Rudolph Bessier and May Edginton. Adapted by Frances Marion. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Mary Carlton*, Norma Talmadge; *John Carlton*, Eugene O'Brien; *Susan*, Patterson Dial; *Mrs. Marlowe*, Emily Fitzroy; *Elizabeth Canning*, Claire McDowell; *Mrs. Mainwaring*, Gertrude Astor; *John Carlton, Jr.*, Francis Feeney; *George Cowl*, *Blanche Carlton*, Alice Day; *Bob*, Harvey Clark; *Dr. McGovern*, Charles Ogle; *William Marlowe*, George Nichols; *Robert Carlton*, Frank Elliott; *Winston Miller*, *Audrey Carlton*, May Giraci; *Clarissa Selwynne*; *Dr. Arbuthnot*, Winter Hall; *Lady Lessington*, Florence Wix.

"THE MARRIAGE CIRCLE"—WARNER BROS.—From the novel by Lothar Schmidt. Adapted by Paul Bern. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Charlotte Braun*, Florence Vidor; *Dr. Frans Braun*, Monte Blue; *Miss Stock*, Marie Prevost; *Dr. Gustave Mueller*, Creighton Hale; *Prof. Josef Stock*, Adolph Menjou; *The Detective*, Harry Myers.

"THE HUMMING BIRD"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Maude Fulton; Adapted by Forrest Fulton. The cast: *Toinette*, Gloria Swanson; *Randall Carey*, Edward Burns; *"Papa" Jacques*, William Ricciardi; *Charlot*, Cesare Gravina; *La Roche*, Mario Majeroni; *The Owl*, Mme. d'Ambricourt; *Henrietta Rutherford*, Helen Lindroth; *Bouchet*, Rafael Bongini; *Beatrice*, Regina Quinn; *Bosque*, Aurelio Coccia; *Zi-Zi*, Jacques d'Auray.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN"—METRO.—From the play by Karl Schoenherr. Adapted by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Fred Niblo. The cast: *Petro, the Fox*, William V. Mong; *Guerita, his wife*, Barbara La Marr; *Juan Ricardo*, Ramon Navarro; *Captain Rodrigo de Castelar*, Wallace MacDonald; *The Commandante*, Robert Edeson; *Juan's mother*, Claire MacDowell; *Dolores*, Edith Roberts.

"THREE WEEKS"—GOLDWYN.—From the story by Elinor Glyn. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Cedric Gibbons. The cast: *The Queen*, Aileen Pringle; *Paul Verjayne*, Conrad Nagel; *King Constantine*, John Sainpolis; *Sir Charles Verdayne*, H. Reeves-Smith; *Lady Henrietta*, Helen Dunbar; *Petrovich*, Stuart Holmes; *Vassili*, Mitchell Lewis; *Verchoff*, Robert Cain; *Tompson*, Charles Green; *Isabella*, Joan Standing; *Dmitry*, Nigel De Brulier; *Anna*, Dale Fuller; *Mitze*, Claire De Lorez; *Curale*, William Haines; *The Young King of Sardinia*, Alan Crosland, Jr.; *Captain of the Guards*, George Tustain; *Grand Duke Peter*, Dane Rudhyar.

"THE STRANGER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by John Galsworthy. Adapted by Edfrid Bingham. Directed by A. Joseph Henabery. The cast: *Peggy Bowlin*, Betty Compton; *Larry Darrant*, Richard Dix; *Keith Darrant*, Lewis Stone; *The Stranger*, Tully Marshall; *Walenn*, Robert Schable; *Maizie Darrant*, Mary Jane Irving; *Jackal*, Frank Nelson; *Landlady*, Marion Skinner.

"SPORTING YOUTH"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Harry A. Pollard. The cast: *Jimmy Wood*, Reginald Denny; *Betty Rockford*, Laura La Plante; *Walter Berg*, Hallam Cooley; *Mrs. Rockford*, Lucille Ward; *"Splinters"* Wood, Malcolm Denny; *"The Souze"*, Leo White; *John K. Walker*, Frederick Vroom; *William Rockford*, Henry Barrows; *Valet*, Rolfe Sedan; *The Cop*, L. J. O'Connor; *The Detective*, C. L. Sherwood; *The Detective*, William A. Carroll.

"THE HERITAGE OF THE DESERT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by Albert Shelby LeVine. Directed by Irvin Willat. The cast: *Mrs. Ann*, Belle Daniels; *August Nash*, Ernest Torrence; *Hollidiness*, Noah Beery; *Jack Hare*, Lloyd Hughes; *Mrs. Nash*, Anne Schaefer; *Snip Nash*, James Mason; *Dora*, Richard R. Hull; *Dave Nash*, Leonard Clapham.

"PIED PIPER MALONE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Booth Larkington. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Director, Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Jack Malone*, Thomas Meighan; *Patty Thomas*, Lois Wilson; *Mother Malone*, Emma Dunn; *Jas. P. Malone*, Charles Stevenson; *Captain Clarke*, George Fawcett; *Charles Crosby, Jr.*, Cyril Ring; *Charles Crosby, Sr.*, Claude Brook; *Mr. Thomas*, Joe Burke; *Betty Malone*, Peaches Jackson; *Louie*, the Barber, Charles Winninger; *Photographer*, High Cameron; *Housekeeper*, Dorothy Walters.

"WHEN A MAN'S A MAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Harold Bell Wright. Directed by Edward F. Cline. The cast: *Lawrence Knight "Patches"*, John Bowers; *Helen Wakefield*, Marguerite De La Motte; *Phil Acton*, Robert W. Frazer; *Kitty Reid*, June Marlowe; *The Dean*, Forrest Robinson; *Stella*, Elizabeth Rhodes; *Nick Camberl*, Fred Stanton; *Yavapai Joe*, George Hackathorne; *Stanley Manning*, Edward Hearne; *Little Billy*, Johnny Fox, Jr.; *Professor Parkhill*, Arthur Hoyt; *Curley Elson*, Ray Thompson; *Jim Reid*, Charles Mailes.

"JUST OFF BROADWAY"—FOX.—Scenario by Frederick and Fannie Hatton. Directed by Edmund Mortimer. The cast: *Stephen Moore*, John Gilbert; *Jean Lawrence*, Marian Nixon; *Nan Norton*, Trilby Clark; *Florida*, Pierre Gendron; *Comfort*, Ben Henderson, Jr.

"THE FOOL'S AWAKENING"—METRO.—From the story by William J. Locke. Adapted by Tom J. Hopkins. Directed by Harold Shaw. The cast: *John Briggs*, Harrison Ford; *Olivia Gale*, Enid Bennett; *Major Oliphant*, Alec Francis; *Myra*, Mary Alden; *Herbert Lorington*, Lionel Belmore; *Hargrave Mavenna*, Harry Northrup; *Miss Oliphant*, Evelyn Sherman; *Lieut. Wedderburn*, John Sainpolis; *Lady Ordwynne*, Pauline French; *Blanton*, Edward Connelly; *Bobby Walton*, D. R. O. Hatswell; *Wainwright*, Mark Fenton; *Lydia Mainwaring*, Arline Pretty; *Colonel Onslow*, Lorimer Johnston.

"PAINTED PEOPLE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Connell. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Ellie Byrne*, Colleen Moore; *Don Lane*, Ben Lyon; *Stephanie Parrish*, Charlotte Merriam; *Preston Dutton*, Joseph Striker; *Tom Byrne*, Charles Murray; *Fred Lane*, Russell Simpson; *Mrs. Byrne*, Mary Alden; *Mrs. Lane*, Mary Carr; *Henry Parrish*, Sam De Grasse; *Mrs. Dutton*, June Elvidge; *Leslie Carter*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Ed. Decker*, Bull Montana.

"THE BREATHLESS MOMENT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Raymond L. Schrock and Harvey Gates. Scenario by William E. Wing. Directed by Robert Hill. The cast: *Billy Carson*, William Desmond; *June Smart*, Charlotte Merriam; *David Smart*, Alfred Fisher; *Detective Quinn*, Robert E. Homans; *Mildred Day*, Lucille Hutton; *Banker Day*, John Stepping; *Evangeline Clementine Jones*, Margaret Cullington; *"Tricks"* Kennedy, Harry Van Meter.



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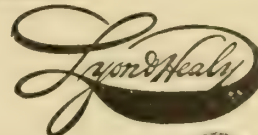
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"NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL"—GOLDWYN.—From the story by Owen Davis. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by Emmett Flynn. The cast: Nellie, Claire Windsor; Nellie (at five years old), Betty Ann Hisle; Jack Carroll, Edmund Lowe; Polly Joy, Mae Busch; Shorty Burchell, Raymond Griffith; Waller Peck, Lew Cody; Thomas Lipton, Robert Horton, Hobart Bosworth; Nita, Lilyan Tashman; Mrs. Horton, Dorothy Cummings; Blizzard Dugan, Will Walling; Miss Drake, Mayme Kelso; Mosely, William Orlamond; Gangster, Arthur Houseman; Gangster, David Kirby.

"FLAMING BARRIERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by George Melford. The cast: Jerry Malone, Jacqueline Logan; Sam Barton, Antonio Moreno; Henry Van Sickle, Walter Hiers; Patrick Malone, Charles Ogle; Joseph Pickens, Robert McKim; Bill O'Halloran, Luke Cosgrove; Mayor Steers, Warren Rogers.

"TWO WAGONS—BOTH COVERED"—PATHE.—Scenario by Will Rogers. Directed by Rob Wagner. The cast: Joe Jackson, Bill Bunion, Will Rogers; Molly Wingate, Marie Mosquini; Jesse Wingate, Charles Lloyd; Mrs. Wingate, Lillian Lawrence.

"ALIMONY"—FILM BOOKING OFFICES.—From the story by A. T. Locke; Adapted by Wyndham Gittens and E. M. Ingleton. Directed by James W. Horne. The cast: Marion Mason, Grace Darmond; Jimmy Mason, Warner Baxter; Gloria DuBois, Ruby Miller; Philip Coburn, Wm. A. Carroll; Betty Coburn, Jackie Saunders; Granville, Clyde Fillmore; Blake, Marshal Mayall; Grey, Alton Brown.

"THE MAN FROM WYOMING"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by William McLeod Raine. Adapted by Isadore Bernstein. Directed by Robert North Bradbury. The cast: Ned Bannister, Jack Hoxie; Helen Messiter, Lillian Rich; David Messiter, William Welsh; Jack Holloway, Claude Payton; Red, Ben Corbett; Jim McWilliams, Lon Poff; Sing Le Wah, George Kuwa; Governor of Wyoming, James Corrigan.

"JEALOUS HUSBANDS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Fred Kennedy Myton. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast: Ramon Martinez, Earle Williams; Alice Martinez, Jane Novak; Spud, Ben Alexander; Silver, Don Marion; "Red" Lynch, George Siegmann; Amaryllis, Emily Fitzroy; "Portland Kid," Bull Montana; "Sniffer Charlie," J. Gunnis Davis.

"LADIES TO BOARD"—FOX.—From the story by William Dudley Pelley. Scenario by Don W. Lee. Directed by Jack Blystone. The cast: Tom Faxon, Tom Mix; Edith Oliver, Gertrude Olmsted; Evan Carmichael, Phil McCullough; Bunk McGinnis, Pee Wee Holmes; Mrs. Carmichael, Gertrude Claire; The Model, Dolores Rousse.

"THE FAST EXPRESS"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Directed by William Duncan. The cast: Brent McAdams, William Duncan; Lucille Worth, Edith Johnson; Christopher Langley, Edward Cecil; Thebold Mason, Jim Walsh; Edward Winston, Albert J. Smith; Tom Boyd, Harry Woods; Black Tony, Joe Dominguez.

"LOVING LIES"—ALLIED PRODUCERS.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: Ellen Craig, Evelyn Brent; Captain Dan Slover, Monte Blue; Madge Barlow, Jean Lowell; Tom Hayden, Charles Gerrard; Jack Ellis, Ralph Faulkner; Penny Wise, Ethel Wales; Bill Keenan, Andrew Waldron; Captain Lindstrom, Tom Kennedy.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]

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The Camera Never Lies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

pencil in the Owl Drug Store, ate a hurried supper at the Busy Bee, arrived at the Alcazar an hour before the performance, and walked up and down nervously, looking at his watch. At seven o'clock, he entered and waited impatiently for "Help Wanted" to begin. When Jennie came on, Dan temporarily forgot why he was there, gazed in transfixed ecstasy, recalled himself with an effort, dropped his pencil under the seat, retrieved it, and copied down the address of his future bride.

THE show was over. Dan paused in the lobby and carefully re-wrote the address afresh on a clean bit of paper—422 East 68th street, New York.

"Hello, Dan," a voice greeted him. "What you doin' in Cypress this time o' night?"

"Hello," Dan replied. "I had a little business. I'm going away tomorrow."

"Goin' away? Where to?"

"New York City, Dan said loftily."

"No o!"

"Yeah," said Dan. "Got something must be attended to. Good night, Joe."

He rode out to the ranch dreamily, smiling to himself. "What a girl," he muttered. "Gosh, what a girl. Jennie! There's a name for you. Gosh, when she walked up those steps!" He sucked in his breath, with a clicking sound. He would need some socks and shirts, and certainly a necktie. These blue flannel shirts were all right in Oregon, but probably in New York—

On the noon local, out of Cypress, Mr. Daniel Claypool departed, as the town paper later announced, on a short business trip to New York City.

"This is Dan's first trip east," the paper added humorously. "Look out, Dan. Don't take any wooden money, and beware of those beautiful city gals."

Yes, you say cynically, but what kind of stricken boob would go looking for a girl, simply because he read her address on a film? Wouldn't he have brains enough to know that addressees in film stories are just faked up—any old number at all, as long as it is a number?

Patience, wise folk. Dan Claypool raised cattle for a living in the remote places, in a community of simple people. He knew less about the movies than the movies know about hoof-and-mouth disease. He had seen Jennie Malone enter her own home, and he had seen her write down the address. If he had been a sophisticated drug clerk in Hoboken, or a chauffeur in Pasadena, he might have doubted the authenticity of the act, but he had always lived among the Oregon hills, and he had never even seen a movie magazine.

Twenty-four hours later, he boarded the overland flyer, with a through ticket in his wallet, and New York began to climb over the horizon. In the city for which he was bound, there were several factors, some of which, in a way, bore upon his project. Of these, two were main factors. One of them was May Sosey, and the other was Fritz Beane, both under twenty-one, and friends from the days when they sported pig-tails in the play-yard of Public School No. One, Oil City, Pa.

May and Fritz had grown up in Oil City, and, like a great many partnerships, this one was uneven. They always had shared, but they shared unequally. Fritz Beane seemed, even as a child, to have the prettier clothes, and when they bought candy on the way to school, Fritz always got the most and the best. Her beaus, later, wore smarter clothes than May's and seemed to have more money for roller-coasters. May, whose people had got her her first job when she was sixteen, stuck to it hopelessly and saved her money.

Both girls dreamed and talked of New York, the wonder city of rare adventure, and May reached the goal first, having saved industriously, while Fritz lived amiably at home with



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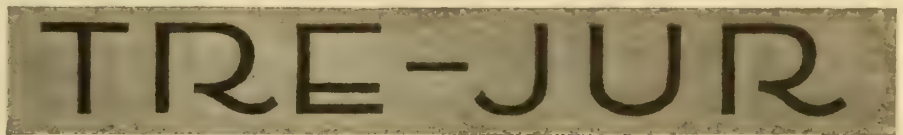
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For Boys and Girls Also

her parents. It was May who located in a furnished room in Harlem, answered advertisements, found a job with a picture-frame company on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and finally advanced to the joys of the toy department in a famous downtown shop.

When she was established as a full-fledged and busy New Yorker, May joyously sent back to Oil City for Fritz Beane, whose letters—"when can I come, May dear?"—poured in a steady stream. Fritz packed her things, overcame her parents, and May met her at the station, and together, they selected two rooms uptown.

With May Sosey to lean upon, Fritz began at once upon the thrilling job of making her fortune, and from her first day, she was a lucky girl. The job she found, within her first week, paid her fifteen dollars. Presently she moved up to twenty, a nice place with an expensive restaurant, where, being pretty, she was permitted to sell cigars and cigarettes from a mahogany tray. There Fritz learned a great many things she had never suspected in Oil City—things that had a strange sound to the ears of May Sosey, when Fritz gigglingly repeated them.

IN the restaurant, which was a red and gold monstrosity with an orchestra, Fritz widened her horizon, and men bought cigarettes, leaving plenty of change. She began to have invitations to dine and dance. One of the customers who thrust himself forward, was an assistant director in the motion picture trade—a plump little man, with eager eyes and a baby face. His name was Darling—George Darling.

"Kid," he said, "you're certainly the goods: I'm going to take you out of here."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Darling?" Fritz asked, knowing very well what he meant.

"I'm going to get you a real job. You've got the looks. You've got a nice figure, kid. Them eyes of yours—blue, ain't they?"

"Gray," Fritz laughed.

"Gray—fine. Them eyes are just about going to make some dough for you, sister. I'm in the movie business and I know. I'll make a star out of you, little bright eyes."

"You're joking," Fritz said, thrilled utterly.

"Not joking. Here."

He scrawled words upon a card and tossed it to her.

"Drop in, any time before noon. Ask for George Darling. Nobody else. We're going to crash you into the motion picture business—right."

Fritz took the card and glowed. Mr. Darling beamed upon his companions at the table, three of them, all seriously impressed by the incident. Prohibition had set in, so Mr. Darling was only mildly exhilarated, just jolly, as you might say, and magnanimous. He had been studying Fritz for two weeks.

"I'll make a star of that girl," he said, after she departed in silent joy, promising to call at the studio. He could not make a star of Fritz, any more than he could, himself, direct a picture. He was an under-assistant director, whose job it is to find out when a train leaves, or to run rapidly and bring three horses, or a chop-suey owl, or kittens in a basket.

Mr. Darling's guests agreed that Fritz had the makings of a star, and that Mr. Darling was the logical man to make a star of her. They said so emphatically, in a restaurant manner. Whereupon, Mr. Darling bought another round of drinks, this being after prohibition had set in. It was quite a successful evening. Fritz Beane hugged the card to her bosom and went home on air at midnight, rousing May Sosey to tell her the exciting news. May sat up, rubbed her sleep-filled eyes and only half comprehended.

"You mean—extra girl?" she asked. "They're a rough sort, aren't they?"

"Extra girl, rats," snapped Fritz. "I'm going to get a real job. I've got this fellow going."

She retired, a trifle annoyed. May Sosey lay wakeful for some time, thinking it over.



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As far as she knew anything about movie girls, in New York, and she knew little, they were given to drinking and late hours, and were forever getting into the new papers. The more May thought of it, the less he liked it, but in the morning she said nothing. Fritz dressed in her finest raiment and went off blithely to locate the Manhattan Film Studios and land her first job. This he successfully accomplished before noon. Mr. Darling, though not as radiant as he had been the night before, was present, pouchy under the eye, and had her admitted to the sacred confines. Several people stared at her, a director among them, and one man asked her how old she was. She was given a job at fifty dollars a week, and that night she ceased forever to carry a tray and sell cigars.

May Sosey lost her department store place a week later, due to a slacking in trade, and for several days she read the advertisements and trotted about New York until her feet were numb. May was a slight, dark-eyed girl, a serious girl, most people would have said. She shrank from a good many things, cried oftener than is good for the morale of a young woman, and was not a fighter. She lacked the skill or impudence to push herself forward, as Fritz did, yet it was May who blazed the trail into New York from Oil City.

She was pretty. Her features were small and there was an appealing wistfulness about her that made her seem even younger than she was. A movie director would have said her eyes were too big. Maybe they were. At any rate, she was never intended for a long, hard battle with the indefinite thing called New York. After she lost the department store job, Fritz spoke to her.

"You'll never get along, May," she declared, "not in New York. At least you won't get along unless you change your system, and change it darned soon."

"Why?" May asked. "I do whatever work they give me as well as I can. I'm always on time, and they don't find fault with what I do."

"Your work is all right, but you're all wrong. Look at your clothes. You look like a jay. This is New York, and don't forget it. People here size a girl up quick and pay her accordingly. You've been here longer than me, but you haven't got onto the ropes. And until you do get onto them, you're going to eat most of your meals in Child's."

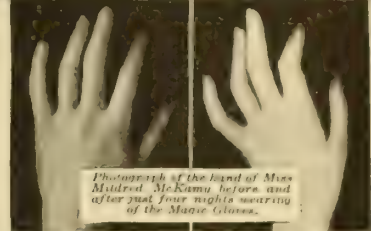
May stared at Fritz and admitted a number of changes. Fritz's manner, as well as her apparel, was different, and there was nothing Oil City about her now. She had begun to paint her lips and cheeks, and to daub her eyelashes. Her skirts were alarmingly short, May thought, and her pumps striking, eye-arresting, with red straps and rhinestones. Her hat was a gray affair with shiny buckles, what automobile men would call a snappy job.

"YOU don't see me looking for work, do you?" Fritz demanded in some impatience. "I'm getting my fifty a week, and no hard labor. You better follow my tip, May, and wake up."

May Sosey concluded that there might be something in it. She would have to brush up. Her health hadn't been any too good, lately, and what with the worry over job-seeking and hasty meals in one-arm lunch rooms, the roses had fled her cheeks entirely. She was paler now than she had ever been and thinner, too. Presently, she secured a place with an ice cream soda concern, checking shipments; not much of a berth—fourteen a week—but better than nothing.

Fritz lavished her fifty a week upon herself and found it insufficient for the needs of an advancing young woman. She borrowed occasional sums at the studio and the brilliance of her raiment grew. Her employer, in time, began to regard her as a dependable extra girl.

"She'll never be anything else," said Mr. Murrell, the director, in whose company she worked. "She can't act and never will act. She's just good enough to get by as an extra,



Photograph of the hand of Miss Mildred McManis before and after just four nights wearing of the Magic Gloves.

Like magic —these gloves whiten hands

Rough, reddened, work-worn hands made soft and white over-night!

Results Legally Guaranteed in Writing.

JUST think of it—putting on a pair of gloves for a night and finding your hands exquisitely white and soft! That is the magic of Dr. Egan's amazing medicated Gloves!

No matter how red or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how rough or coarse or workworn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

Just one night's wear of these marvelous gloves is enough to convince you. After four or five nights you have a new pair of hands. The medicated fabric does the work. The gloves are impregnated with a marvelous solution perfected by the famous Dr. S. J. Egan. The medicated fabric when activated by the natural warmth of the hands has a peculiarly potent whitening and softening effect upon the hands. The hands become white—a charming, natural white. They become soft and smooth as velvet. And all so quickly, it is actually dumbfounding.

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DR. S. J. EGAN, Dept. 122, 220 So. State St., Chicago
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Name.....

Address.....Glove Size.....



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Apply it with a comb

My restorer is very easily applied—**you**

Mary T. Goldman's
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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... auburn (dark red)... light brown... light auburn (light red)... blonde...

Name.....
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Dept. 434

and no more. She's dumb, but she's pleasantly dumb."

With her ascent, Fritzi's home life began to irritate her. She had her own friends, jolly people, who adored parties, and were always giving parties, or attending them. Fritzi reflected upon the desirability of giving parties, feeling that somehow she had to one's artistic stature. There formed in her mind the perfectly definite conclusion that she and May Sosey had come to the breaking point, because May was no longer her kind, and couldn't be. May was out of sympathy, didn't fit in, hadn't the clothes, the looks, the spirit or the manner.

Furthermore, the rooms in which they lived were shabby-genteel, and not worthy of a brisk extra girl drawing fifty per. She wanted a regular, swell flat somewhere—a place where her new associates could dance all night, if they felt like it, and nobody to bawl them out or summon the janitor.

George Darling said he knew of such a flat, southern exposure and all sunny rooms. Fritzi broke the news with her characteristic directness. May was cooking bacon and eggs over a gas jet, and Fritzi turned her key in the door and entered. She looked querulously at May for a moment and tossed her handbag upon a table.

"May," she said abruptly. "I've been thinking it all over and the best thing for us is to quit."

May slowly reversed a piece of bacon, and answered without looking up.

"I've been expecting it."

"You and I don't hit it off any longer," continued Fritzi. "Anyhow, I need more room. You don't like my friends and they—"

"They don't like me—I knew that."

"Darling's going to find me a flat uptown. You'll get along all right without me, May. I want to see you, now and then, of course. We won't lose track of each other and we're always going to be friends."

"Of course," said May.

Fritzi packed her things the same night and moved the following morning, after May had left. One of the things that slipped into her trunk by accident was May's lucky cat, a staring china feline of brilliant yellow with black spots for eyes. It was a silly looking object, but it had been with May since she was a little girl.

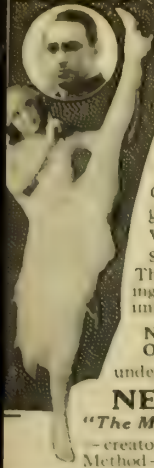
Intrinsically, the lucky cat had no value, but May had always been pleasantly superstitious over it. One ear was almost gone. The yellow glaze had been chipped off, and the end of the tail was missing. It usually adorned May's dresser, sitting up stiffly, its four legs sprawled and its empty eyes staring with an expression of mingled amazement and asininity. When she desired a day to be particularly fortunate, May kissed the china cat on its nose. That evening, she noticed her luck piece was gone.

"Fritzi must have taken it," she said. "I'll have to ask her for it."

It was another month before May ever found out where Fritzi had gone. No word came from the extra lady, because she was now wrapped up in her career and very busy. She moved several times within the next few months, hunting the ideal flat, and, presumably, May's lucky cat went with her. Meanwhile a streak of genuine business depression engulfed New York. You may recall it. The ice cream soda makers dismissed half their people and May Sosey went with the others. There ensued, not weeks of idleness, but months of it.

Fritzi's star mounted ever upwards, and May slipped back—back into cheaper lodgings and still cheaper. There sometimes comes a time in the battle against New York when the exhausted swimmer ceases to swim, and the sea rolls over him unheeded. May reached it. She gave up the struggle, mainly because her spirit had fled, beaten out of her by ill-nourishment and frail health. Once or twice, it occurred to her that she was having

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unusually hard luck and that the long absence—a year now—of her lucky cat had something sinister to do with it. She had lost all touch with Fritz, so she went down one evening and wrote to her, directing her letter to the Manhattan Film Studio. The note simply read:

"Dear Fritz: Will you please send back my lucky cat, which you took with you when you left. May."

She added her address, posted the letter and waited, but the lucky cat never came back. Her letter reached the rising young extra woman during a moment of irritation, when she was being scolded by Murrell for the way she had, as lady's maid, opened a door. Fritz read the request, sniffed and tossed the letter upon Mr. Darling's desk, and it lay for weeks among newspaper clippings, advertisements and journals of the movie trade, until the dust gathered.

One day a cutting room girl came into Darling's office in a great hurry.

"Mr. Murrell wants you to write an insert," she announced.

"Sure," said Darling, taking up a pen.

He was proud of his handwriting and was often called upon for inserts. He wrote a firm, round, school-boy hand, with heavy lines, which photographed clearly.

"What do you want?" he inquired.

"Just a street address," said the girl. "It's for that grocery episode—you know."

"Sure," said Mr. Darling. He dipped his pen into the ink, took a sheet of paper and wrote. At his elbow lay a letter, meaningless to him, fading and covered with dust. It was May's plea for the return of her cat. Darling wrote carefully and proudly, while the cutting-room girl waited. He glanced at the ancient letter, observed the address and wrote down:

422 East 68th Street

The girl thanked him and hurried off to have it photographed, and within twenty-four hours, it slipped into its proper place in the film, "Help Wanted," in which Miss Fritz Beane played the very minor role of Jennie Malone, a typical working girl of the great city.

ON a rainy Friday morning, May Sosey paced up and down before a drug store at the corner of Sixty-ninth street and Third Avenue, the water oozing from her shabby shoes. She had gone without food for five days, and her brain was dizzy. This lightness in her head interested her intensely. When she glanced at her thin face in the druggist's window, the blurred reflection wavered and refused to stand still. That morning, the landlady, who had carried her for five weeks, had served notice that it could go no further. She was a poor woman, she said, and she wanted May's room, although she was sorry to have to put May out.

The girl walked over to the drug store an hour later and bought a small packet of absorbent cotton, which can be used for many things, and is effective in stopping up key-holes and window-cracks. She returned to her room, thinking of nothing in particular, the lightness in her head more interesting than ever. She tried to write some letters during the day, but gave it up and sat staring into the rain.

At a modest hotel with green windows in Madison Square, there arrived, at eight o'clock Friday evening, Mr. Daniel Claypool, of Cypress, Oregon, come to New York upon the pleasant mission of finding and informing his bride, whose address he carried in his vest pocket upon a bit of ruled paper.

"Did you get that?" the brisk clerk inquired, with a grin, after Dan had registered and started for his room.

"From the sticks," agreed his assistant, "and probably with dough in every pocket."

This latter thought seemed to occur, at the same instant, to two idling young men, who were apparently absorbed in newspapers. They glanced at each other, behind the papers. When Dan Claypool came down to the lobby, the two looked his way appraisingly, one of them nodded faintly, and they both arose.



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"The second week I lost 8 lbs. more. The following week only six more. But in seven weeks I had reduced to 129—not bad for my 5 ft. 5 inches!"

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Here is what you ought to weigh, and can weigh:

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60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	145	153	159
70	145	147	156	163

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"How does a man get to this address?" Dan asked the clerk, handing him the paper.

"Let's see—422 East 68th Street. Well, you can go over a block and take the subway, or—"

"I want to walk," said Dan.

"Then go over four blocks East, and north until you strike Sixty-eighth street."

He added helpful details, Dan replaced his precious paper, thanked him and left. Without haste, and unobtrusively, the two lobby loungers strolled out, a moment later, just behind Dan.

Thirty minutes afterward, as the hour of ten approached, an honest New York coal dealer came upon Dan Claypool, flat on his back, in the dim area of a house, fifty feet off Third Avenue. The coal man assumed Dan was drunk, but upon friendly investigation, he discovered a trickle of blood on Dan's cheek and a bump on his skull, where, obviously, somebody's blackjack had come to a sudden stop.

At the same instant, Dan's consciousness partly returned. The good Samaritan dashed away for a taxicab, reappeared with it and, aided by the driver, dragged the limp form into the light.

"Run him to the hospital," advised the coal man.

"Look and see has he any money," said the driver.

They searched him rapidly, diving into his pockets, and it was the taxi man who discovered a few stray bills, overlooked by the blackjacks.

"He ain't so bad hurt," declared the driver. "Just a bump on the nut. I thought he was stewed, at first."

Dan lurched forward.

"No hospital," he muttered. "I'm all right. Here—"

He fumbled in his vest pocket, but his fingers refused, and his head fell upon his chest. The cab driver pulled out the slip of paper and read it.

"I'll take him home," he announced, sympathy in his voice. "He'll be all right."

He tugged Dan into the taxi, slammed the door, and with his eyes closed to the world, Mr. Claypool began the last lap of his romantic journey to 422 East 68th Street. The cab drew up within a few minutes and if Mrs. Henry Lafferty had been at home that rainy Friday night, no Oregon cattleman, with a lump on his head and blood on his chin, would have set foot within the door of her respectable rooming house.

A colored maid, instead, answered the taxi driver's ring, and stared suspiciously at the drunken-looking Dan, who leaned heavily against his jehu.

"Sure he lives here," the driver answered the maid. "Got his address on a piece of paper. See."

"He mus' be the gemman what rented dat fron' room dis mawnin'," said the colored woman. "Ef he come home stewed de fus' night, he's goin' to be a messy roomer."

TOGETHER, they bundled Dan Claypool into the "front room," which in Manhattan lodging houses of the old type, fronts upon the street, overlooking the arcaway. Dan sank into immediate slumber and awakened at midnight, with a most alarming pain in his skull and a total forgetfulness. He steadied himself, sat on the edge of the bed, looked about him dumbly, examined his features in a cracked mirror, turned on all the lights and took stock.

"Say," he muttered, gingerly feeling the bump. "This is a grand way to start."

He then discovered the loss of his watch and money, and the mystery was clearer.

"I'm a rube, all right," he said to his reflection. "Land in town for supper, and get robbed before midnight. Where am I, anyhow?"

His examination of the room led him from corner to corner. It was a large rectangle.

Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some cases both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Clas. Ray Productions, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Grendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 353 Madison Ave., New York City.
Richard Barthelmess Productions, Inspiration Pictures, 555 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 807 East 175th St., New York City.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset at Cower St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Mermaid Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

F. B. O. of AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Cower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City; (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif. King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Cahuenga Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. B. P. Schulberg Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Cassier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Baby Peggy Productions.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois. Rothacker-Atter Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 14th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles.

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with an alcove at the rear, a comfortable bed, a washstand and several rugs, with a worn carpet beneath. Had he known, it rented for seven dollars a week. Presently, he washed his face in cold water and felt better. His cap lay on the floor, and he bent over to pick it up. Then he smelled gas and at first thought nothing of it. He sniffed and walked slowly about the room, observing that the gas seemed to come from the back. A moment later, he dropped to his knees and gulped. A flood of gas-laden air swept under the double doors and struck him in the face.

"There might be somebody sleeping in there," he reflected suddenly. He pounded upon the locked doors, but there was no response, and he ran into the hall, turned to the rear and attacked the door of the gas-filled room. It resisted his hands, but not his shoulder, and, as he burst it open, the gas stopped him for an instant. May Sosey lay still upon her bed, and Dan whisked her into his arms and ran out.

"SAY," Dan was saying, an hour later—a busy hour, during which he had thought of and used all the first-aids he remembered—"what's the matter with you, anyhow?"

May lay upon the front room bed, her head propped up with Mrs. Lafferty's best pillows. She made no reply, but stared in wonderment at the big fellow facing her. He was evidently concerned about her, a pleasing thing in itself. Dan had gone back to the small room, shut off the gas and noticed the absorbent cotton.

"You got to watch these city gas jets. They're tricky. It's a good thing I busted in when I did. About ten minutes more, and you'd be talking things over with St. Peter."

"I was trying to die," May said slowly. "You didn't do me any favor."

"Trying to die! What for? That's no way to do—not a young girl like you."

He looked at the thin white face and felt sorry for the girl. He had seen the same look in the eyes of a whipped dog, out on his ranch.

"How do you feel?" he asked after a pause.

"Pretty bad," she said. "It's no fun, trying to die, and being stopped by strangers."

Dan had a face-cloth in his hand, soaked with cold water. He touched her forehead with it awkwardly.

"Me? I'm no stranger. I'm the best friend you've got. I saved you, didn't I? It isn't often I break into rooms and save people. What's your name?"

"May Sosey," she said.

"Mine's Dan Claypool, Wheeler County, Oregon. Just got into New York tonight. Came all the way from Oregon to save May Sosey. Got knocked on the head myself before I'd been here six hours. Can you feel that lump?"

He picked up her thin hand and lifted it to his skull.

"Knocked completely out," he said cheerfully. "Burglars, or something. I don't remember being brought here, and I don't know where I am, but I sure got somewhere just in time. How do you feel now? Want a drink?"

He brought her a glass of water and she sipped it, and Dan thought he detected a bit of color coming into the white cheeks.

"I'd like to sit up," May said, after a while, and Dan helped her to a chair, wrapping her about with a quilt. She walked unsteadily, with her head resting against his shoulder, and his arm about her. The gas sickness slowly wore off, but May sat up for a time and watched the room spin, while her husky rescuer studied her, thinking of several things. There were black shadows under her eyes and her cheeks were inconceivably thin.

"Say," he said at length, "how long since you had anything to eat?"

"What day is it?" May returned.

"Friday night."

"I ate something the early part of the week—Tuesday or Monday."

"I know it," Dan almost shouted. "This is sure a grand town, to let a girl starve."



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He would have gone on indignantly, but at this point, May Sosey fainted and toppled forward. He caught her as she fell, and spent ten minutes dabbing her ineffectually with water.

Friday night was Mrs. Lafferty's evening to visit her sister in Jersey City, and the colored woman in charge had a party of her own in the basement, so there was no one to interfere with Dan Claypool, or balk him in his efforts to restore a stricken lady. It was midnight when he led May into her own room to get her cloak, and looked about him at the scant interior. A closet, into which he glanced, revealed a hat and nothing more. He was beginning to feel an intense pity for the girl and a fierce rage against the people of New York.

"Food is what we need," he said to May. "I need some myself. We start easy on you, because I've heard if you go crowding starved people at the start, it's bad for them. Is this all the clothes you've got?"

"I sold my things," May said, "long ago."

He wrapped her in the cloak—a garment no Oregon girl would have worn, and they started out into the streets of New York, with May walking slowly and Dan's arm about her. A policeman saw them and grinned. Dan looked down into the pinched face and swore an earnest oath to see this thing through. In an envelope in his hip pocket were two twenty-dollar bills that had eluded the hold-up men and the taxi driver.

Ten minutes later, they were sitting in an all-night restaurant on Third Avenue, where the food was clean and wholesome, and Dan was ordering the dainties he thought a starved young woman ought to begin with. Soup was his first command. May sipped it slowly and felt better. Dan ordered a steak for himself, with plenty of fried onions, and a pot of coffee.

"Now," he said, "we let this soup sort of wear into you, and we take it easy while we get acquainted. I'm your friend, May, and if you can think of anything you want, say a few short words and it's yours. I've got forty dollars, which your New York friends overlooked, and when they open a bank in the morning, we'll get some more."

"Who are you?" May asked him.

"I raise these things," said Dan, tapping his beefsteak. "I haven't much education, and I probably look like a rube, but I mean well. This is a good deal like a movie, isn't it?"

"You got into New York tonight?" she continued.

"Last night," he corrected.

"What brought you?"

FOR the first time in many hours, with a shocked realization, Dan suddenly thought of Jennie Malone. Jennie had slipped out of his mind.

"Why," he said slowly, "I came to New York—I sort of came to New York to—to find a girl."

"Oh," said May

He apprehended clearly that this was no time to begin a story of causes having to do with a girl he had seen in a movie. He watched May Sosey as she slowly ate, and was overjoyed as the color came back to her face and a brighter glow to her eyes. She was a pretty girl, he meditated, and her voice was soft and pleasantly husky; and they let such girls starve to death in New York; a grand town. Dan muttered; a kind-hearted community.

She was asking more questions.

"Why—why are you being nice to me? I mean, what reason is there—?"

"Listen," he said seriously. "Sometimes I believe in God. Some kind of a mysterious power got me into that room so I'd be there in time to stop you and your foolish game with the gas. That's all there is to that. You look to me like somebody who's been getting a rotten deal for a long time."

"I have," May agreed. "I'm a failure."

"You got a raw deal, and it hurt you and

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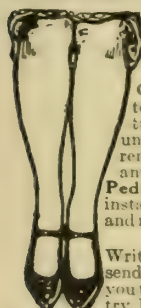
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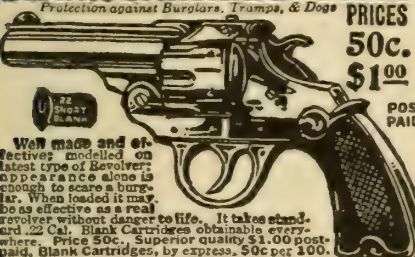
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darn near licked you, but now I'm on the job, and you're going to get a different deal."

"You mean food?" May asked withally.

"I mean everything," Say. "I never had a chance to spend my money on anything good. You're what I call a worthy cause. Beside that, I like you. When you get your strength back, I'm going to show you some things—and New York, too. I don't like this town."

"Neither do I," May agreed.

It was after three when Dan decided that the feeding process should temporarily end and be succeeded by the fresh air treatment.

"Get me an automobile," he said to the waiter, whom he had tipped into a state of enthusiastic subservency.

"No taxi. Get me a large, easy going touring car, where the air can blow on us."

THE waiter produced one, as New York waiters always can, if they wish, and Dan bundled his obedient patient into the rear seat, wrapped her in a robe and commanded the chauffeur to drive slowly and pick out good streets. May sank back into what seemed a dream. They rode through the starry night, and presently, it was no longer dark, and the metropolis rubbed its jaded eyes and got up for another day.

"Now," said Dan cheerfully, "for a regular breakfast."

May smiled happily. They were rolling along Riverside Drive in the faint pink of the dawn and Dan Claypool's interest in his patient had grown steadily during the night. His every plan had been knocked endwise by a white-faced girl with brown eyes, and he felt again, as he had often felt on the ranch, that if you seek Romance, you have got to get out and hustle.

"This next meal is going to be a real one," he said. "We're going to have this one at—at what's the finest restaurant in New York?"

May named it; and then sat up abruptly.

"Oh," she said, "I couldn't go there!"

"Why?" he asked, astonished. "Is there anybody there better than we are?"

"No—but my clothes."

"Your clothes are all right—for breakfast. And besides, we're going to fix that clothes business as soon as I can get into a bank."

May studied the brown-faced man beside her, looking into his smiling eyes.

"You're the queerest person I ever met," she said.

"Am I? Well, I'll tell you. I came to New York to meet the girl who's going to spend the next forty years taking care of me. And I've met her."

"You mean—"

"I mean that if you can bring yourself to marry Dan Claypool, we'll begin going into the details at once. I've thought about love and falling in love—in fact, I thought not so long ago that I had fallen in love, but I know now I was wrong. Since last night, about ten o'clock, I fell in love as hard as I'm ever going to, and you're the girl. There's something about you that gets clean under my skin, maybe it's your eyes and the look in them, and possibly it's your soul. Sometimes you can see a person's soul. Anyhow, I saved you, and that sort of gives me a claim. How does all this sound to you?"

May closed her eyes and sighed happily.

"Keep on talking," she answered. "Don't stop—don't stop at all."

She insisted, however, upon going back to her room, before they indulged in this superb breakfast, at the famous restaurant.

"And pack up whatever you're going to take, because this is the last you'll see of that room," said Dan, as the car turned into Sixty-eighth Street. When it stopped before the Lafferty domicile, Dan glanced up at the number and a sudden fright assailed him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Is this 422 East 68th Street?"

"Yes," May answered.

"This where we were last night?"

"Of course. My room is here."

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"Do you know a girl—is there a girl lives here by the name of Jennie Malone?" His voice trembled.

May shook her head.

"I never heard the name. Anyhow, I'm the only girl. The other roomers are men. Why do you ask?"

"I—well, I thought there might be. It's of no importance, anyhow. Hurry up and get your things."

When she disappeared into 422, Dan dipped into his vest pocket. The piece of paper, with the address, was gone.

They breakfasted in a sumptuous banquet room, where May encountered things on the table of which she had never dreamed. The ham she ate was unquestionably heavenly ham. They drove to Dan's hotel and he changed into a fresh shirt and a blue serge suit. They called at a bank—one of New York's large, stone banks—where Dan Claypool talked to a man wearing bank sideburns and presently came forth with a marvelous sum of money and a polite request to come back for more, if he required it.

"You take this," he said, handing May a green package, with the pink band still around it. "When I see you again, I want you to have clothes—gowns, hats, shoes and all the fripperies that four smart women could think of in two days. And don't have any money left. Spend it all, or I'll be mad."

"What," May quavered, "are you going to do?"

"I'm going to find a home suitable for a high-class bride and groom," he grinned. "We may not live in New York long, but we're going to live right while we are here."

The car swung away and May Sosey pinched herself, looking at the crowded streets, the anxious-faced shop-girls hurrying, hurrying along, the slaves of the city. She was one of them yesterday, the poorest, and now they paused to let her car pass magnificently. She laid her hand upon the leather of the seat and was reassured by the smooth touch.

"Drive me," she said to the chauffeur, "to Finklestein's."

It was a shop wherein beautiful ladies, rich ladies, bought their dainty garments, and in the past, May had envied them. The rest of the morning was a blurred ecstasy, with solicitous salespeople urging her and floor-walkers guiding her steps.

Dan took a suite of rooms at the biggest hotel on Broadway, the one from whose windows you may behold the street of unceasing tumult. It was a silk-and-velvet paradise, with cherry furniture and rugs like sponge. He met May at three o'clock in Madison Square, and looked at her admiringly. The hard-working fingers of Fifth Avenue had changed her into a vision, trimmed with fur.

"Is the money gone?" he demanded sternly.

"All," she smiled.

"Are you ready to marry me?"

"Dan," she said, "this is a dream, but while it lasts, there isn't anything in the world you wanted that I wouldn't do."

"All right," he said briskly. "I've got our new home. They're now moving in the flowers and a piano that plays itself. First, we get a license at the city hall. Then we find a fat judge and he marries us. Come along. Tomorrow, I'm going to buy you some clothes. I've got ideas."

"How about yourself?"

"Don't I look all right? Clothes can't do anything for an Oregonian, but if you say so, I'll buy what they've got."

He was standing beside the machine, in front of the hotel with the green windows. His bags were in the car and he opened the door.

"May," he said, "there's just about one thing we forgot. How do you feel?"

"Fine," she said gaily.

"Do you feel strong?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Do you feel strong enough to kiss me?"

She blushed. "Before all these people?"
 "Sure. What have they got to do with us, anyway?"

May leaned over, took Dan's face between her palms and kissed him. An hour later, they were married. Another hour, and they stood in the marvelous rooms, gazing down upon Broadway, which had begun to flourish for the evening.

"This isn't true," said May. "It just looks true."

THE honeymoon—two weeks of regular bliss. Day by day, Dan found new and unopened doors in May's gentle, shy personality and daily he swore that when the gods of luck turn to a man, they sometimes go the limit.

"This thing has been wonderful," he said repeatedly. "It's a kind of miracle."

"Don't you think I know it," his bride returned. "I'm still waiting to wake up."

"How about Oregon? Are you going to like it?"

"Anywhere you are, Dan. I'd live with you in—in—well, I'd go back to 422 with you."

He laughed and kissed her.

He bought the tickets—a drawing room, clear to Oregon. May Sosey that was, Mrs. Dan Claypool, blossomed into fresh beauty. He purchased flowers, diamonds, raiment, a wonderful necklace and whatever he could think of, until she protested in despair. Always he replied: "I never had a chance to spend money right before. Leave me go, because this is real fun."

Their last dinner was in a famous restaurant, in an even more famous hotel. Oregon waited for them, and the Western Express left at eight in the evening. At seven, Dan and May emerged from the dining room, arm in arm, and sauntered through the crowded lobby. May glanced at the handsome women and the men in evening clothes. Not one of them could compare with her Dan, she felt. He wore an ordinary blue suit, but he towered above the diminutive New Yorkers, who grow shorter and thinner with each generation. May, herself, was a striking figure in grey, and experts knew at a glance that the clothes she wore cost money—plenty of money.

Near the cloakroom, they paused, a young voice greeted them, and out of the throng suddenly came Fritz Beane, the extra lady. She had been dining with Mr. George Darling, and her eyes fell upon May in wide amazement.

"May Sosey!" she gasped. "Of all things, to meet you here. My God, what's happened to you?"

May cast a startled glance and then smiled. A pace behind her, Dan stared at the tinted cheeks and scarlet lips of Fritz—stared hard and saw before him, Jennie Malone—Jennie, who had brought him to New York.

Fritz patted May on the arm affectionately, surveying her costume, missing nothing.

"What in the world?" she began.

"This is my husband, Mr. Claypool," May said. "Miss Beane."

Dan came forward, rather humbly. He bowed.

"Fritz Beane," May added. "She's in the movies."

"Oh," said Dan, "that's where I saw you. Sure. So, you're in the movies?"

"I guess I am," said Fritz, loftily.

"Didn't you play in a thing called 'Help Wanted'?"

"I had a trifling part in it," replied Fritz. "Nothing to talk about. In fact, very unimportant."

"Not as unimportant as you think," smiled Dan. "I'm glad I met you. I certainly am. You're pretty good in the movies, Miss Beane. You keep right on, and you'll get there. Well, May, time's short. We'd better be moving along."

"Oh," said Fritz. "Leaving us? Where are you going?"

"Just out to Oregon," replied May gently, "where my husband has his ranch." She

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paused and reflected, and then continued. "You know that lucky cat of mine, Fritz? Well, you may keep it."
Fritzi stared. The swinging doors creaked and Dan Claypool and his bride melted into the crowd.
"Well," said Mr. Darling, who had come up, a bit annoyed.
Fritzi regarded him stonily.
"Gee," she muttered. "Some janes have all the luck."

Casts of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128]

"WINGS OF THE TURF"—FIDELITY.—Story by Alfred Ollivant. Directed by Guy Newell. The cast: "Old Mat" Woodburn, A. Bromley Davenport; *Monkey Brand*, John Alexander; *Richard Cornwall*, Guy Newall; "Boy" Woodburn, Ivy Duke; "Ma" Woodburn, Mary Rorke

"NO MORE WOMEN"—ALLIED PRODUCERS.—Scenario by Elmer Harris. Directed by Lloyd Ingraham. The cast: *Peter Maddox*, Matt Moore; *Peggy Van Dyke*, Madge Bellamy; *Daisy Crenshaw*, Kathleen Clifford; "Beef" Hogan, Clarence Burton; *Tex*, George Cooper; *Howard Van Dyke*, H. Reeves-Smith; *Randolph Parker*, Stanhope Wheatcroft.

"JACK O' CLUBS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gerald Beaumont. Adapted by Rex Taylor. Directed by Robert F. Hill. The cast: *John Francis Foley*, Herbert Rawlinson; *Tillie Miller*, Ruth Dwyer; *Spike Kennedy*, Eddie Gribbon; *Queenie Hatch*, Edith Ralston; *Capt. Dennis Malloy*, Joseph Girard; *Mrs. Miller*, Florence D. Lee; *Toto*, Johnny Fox, Jr.; *Otto*, Noel Stewart.

"TRAIL OF THE LAW"—BILTMORE.—Scenario by Marion Brooks. Directed by Oscar Apfel. The cast: *Fraser Burt*, Wilfred Lytell; *"Jerry" Varden*, Norma Shearer; *Alvin Varden*, John Morse; *Tom Frost alias Steve Merrill*, Richard Neill; *Caleb Willis*, Charles Beyer; *Bobby Willis*, Herbert Holcombe; *Matthew Varden's Servant*, George Stevens; *Jerry Varden at four years*, Baby Florence Rogan.

"CAUSE FOR DIVORCE"—SELZNICK.—Scenario by Thelma Lanier. Directed by Hugh Dierker. The cast: *Laura Weston*, Fritz Brunette; *Tom Parker*, David Butler; *Martin Sheldon*, Charles Clary; *Ruth Metcliffe*, Helene Lynch; *Howard Metcliffe*, Pat O'Malley; "Count" Lorenz, Peter Burke; *Skippy North*, Cleve Moore; *Professor Williams*, James O. Barrows; *George Angier*, Harmon MacGregor; *Tommie Parker*, Junior Coughlan.

"THE NET"—FOX.—Story by Maravene Thompson. Directed by J. Gordon Edwards. The cast: *Allayne Norman*, Barbara Castleton; *Bruce Norman*, Raymond Bloomer; *The Man*, Albert Roscoe; *Artist*, Arthur Gordon; *Mr. Royce*, William H. Tooker; *Nurse*, Helen Tracy; *The Boy*, Eliah Nadel; *Inspector*, Alexander Gaden; *Foster*, Guy Combs; *The Doctor*, Byron Douglas.

"LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER"—VITAGRAPH.—From the novel by Basil King. Directed by J. Stuart Blackton. The cast: *Petrina Faneuil*, Pauline Frederick; *Dick Lechmere*, Lou Tellegen; *Harry Vassall*, Leslie Austen; *Felicia de Proncy*, Helena D'Algy; *Lady Emmy de Bohun*, Pauline Nelli; *Polly de Bohun*, Violet de Barros; *Sir Humphrey de Bohun*, Maurice Costello; *Mrs. Vassall*, Martha Petelle; *Gentian Tyrell*, Gladys Frazin; *Major Bertie*, Clifton Webb; *Chaillo*, Homer Lynn.

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tello*, *Mrs. Daven*, *Sally Crute*, *Robert Stover*,
Charles Byers, *Mons. Le Rue*, *Paul Panzer*,
Mrs. Sarah Belden, *Margaret Dale*.

"THE DARING YEARS"—**FOURTY**—
From the story by Daniel Carson Goodman.
Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: *The
Mother*, *Mary Carr*, *The Boy*, *Charles Emmett
Mack*, *The Girl*, *Clara Bow*, *The Cabaret Girl*,
Mildred Harris, *Her Father*, *Ivonne Power*,
Her Lover, *Joe King*.

"MY MAN"—**VITAGRAPH**—Based on the
story by George Randolph Chester. Directed
by David Smith. The cast: *Sledge*, *Dustin
Farnum*, *Molly Marley*, *Patsy Ruth Miller*,
Dicky Reynolds, *Niles Welch*, *Fern Burbank*,
Margaret Landis, *Bert Gilder*, *George Webb*,
Henry Peters, *William Norris*, *Mrs. Peters*,
Edith Yorke, *Jessie Peters*, *Violet Palmer*.

"THE YANKEE CONSUL"—**ASSOCIATED
EXHIBITORS**—From the Musical Comedy by
Henry Blossom & Alfred G. Robyn. Scenario
by Raymond Cannon. Directed by James W.
Horne. The cast: *Dudley Ainsworth*, *Douglas
MacLean*, *Margarita*, *Patsy Ruth Miller*, *Jack
Morell*, *Arthur Stuart Hull*, *Leopoldo*, *Stanhope
Wheatcroft*, *Donna Teresa*, *Eulalie Jensen*,
Don Rafael Deschado, *George Periolat*, *John J.
Doyle*, *Fred Kelsey*, *Admiral Rutledge*, *U. S. N.*,
Eric Mayne, *Duncan*, *L. C. Shumway*, *Serv-
ant*, *Bert Hadley*.

"DADDIES"—**WARNER BROS.**—From the
play by John L. Hobble. Scenario by Julian
Josephson. Directed by William A. Seiter.
The cast: *Ruth Atkins*, *Mac Marsh*, *Robert
Audrey*, *Harry Myers*, *James Crockett*, *Claude
Gillingwater*, *William Rivers*, *Craufurd Kent*,
Robette Audrey, *Claire Adams*, *Henry Allen*,
Willard Louis, *Nicholson Walters*, *Boyce
Combe*, *Mrs. Audrey*, *Georgia Woodthorpe*,
Parker, *Otto Hoffman*, *Lorrie*, *Muriel Frances
Dana*, *"The Triplets"*, *DeBrianc Twins* and
King Evers, *Katie*, *Milly Davenport*.

"THE NEXT CORNER"—**PARAMOUNT**—
From the novel and play by Kate Jordan.
Scenario by Monte Katterjohn. Directed by
Sam Wood. The cast: *Robert Maury*, *Conway
Tearle*, *Juan Seraphin*, *Lon Chaney*, *Elsie
Maury*, *Dorothy Mackaill*, *Don Arturo*, *Ricardo
Cortez*, *Nina Race*, *Louise Dresser*, *Coun-
tess Longueval*, *Remea Radzina*, *Paula Vrain*,
Dorothy Cumming, *Julie*, *Mrs. Bertha
Feducha*, *The Stranger*, *Bernard Seigle*.

"NORTH OF HUDSON BAY"—**FOX**—
Story and scenario by Jules Furthman. Di-
rected by John Ford. The cast: *Michael Dane*,
Tom Mix, *Estelle McDonald*, *Kathleen Key*,
Cameron McDonald, *Frank Campeau*, *Peter
Dane*, *Eugene Pallette*, *Angus McKenzie*, *Will
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

whatever she gives of interest or affection may be treasured as the genuine article. It would be difficult to imagine Pearl White doing a deliberately mean thing. Her personality is exactly what one would expect who has seen her work, cool, fatalistic, although she is devout.

"Don't ask me about my having gone into a convent," she said. "It makes me furious. It took me six months to get in. I was sincere. What I wanted was to get away from questions, and I've had nothing but questions ever since." Pearl referred bitterly to her sensational "rest" in a convent not so long ago.

"I will tell you that this 'Terror' is the last picture in which I am going to work. I want to direct, but I was talked into playing it. I wrote the story. But I think this business of being the whole show is a bad idea. You lose your perspective. After this I'm going to direct stories other people have written. 'Terror' is a stunt picture. It's fast. The first picture to be made in the American style by an American company in Paris. I guess it's the first picture ever made right in the traffic there, and it is really the first time the famous sewers of Paris ever have been photographed. We took lights down there and got some great stuff."

Pearl went on about the sewers which are an underworld city in themselves, and about her contrast in using with them one of France's most beautiful Chateaux.

"American films are losing their ground over there," she said. "The French are making some pretty good ones. They're vastly different from ours, of course. More character studies. Some are desperately sad. Not the conventional happy ending—young love idyls they demand over here."

Artlessly Pearl told me (in confidence) that a certain athletic stunt comedian was the French favorite among our American stars. But she wasn't exactly truthful. The opinion of Vicente Blasco Ibanez I have heard confirmed by everyone who recently has come from the snails' Last Stand: That Pearl White is the continent's most popular movie star, and that she is truly "the darling of Paris."

In the films she has abandoned, Pearl White's achievements stand unmatched. Week after week this dauntless heroine packed the theaters, with impossible stories, crude photography, by the sheer thrill of her daring and fearlessness. Pearl White was the Girl of that Hour when the movies were really movies, before they made pretentious claims to Artiness and lofty essays at psychologizing, when a villain was a villain and he shot to kill.

"Oh, I'm not so very brave," said Pearl White, slyly. "You see, 'Terror' is positively my last film."

But she admits she was talked into making that. And her native and foreign fans can live in the hope that her friends will go right on talking. Pearl White belongs to the movies for life.

Gossip—East and West

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98]

"Human Wreckage," Mrs. Wallace Reid's anti-narcotic picture, and has been Constance Talmadge's scenario writer for some time. He did the continuity on her last picture, "The Goldfish."

THERE is something really inspirational about the atmosphere of Hollywood and its hills. In view of the many things that find their way into the news columns, everybody is apt to forget the beauty of Hollywood, the cradle of a great new art industry.

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Proof of its inspirational quality is found in a little book of poems, recently published, entitled "Pools of Glass" and written by Cyrus Johnson, an officer of the Los Angeles Police Department, who has been stationed in Hollywood for some years past.

Of these poems Irvin Cobb says in a letter to the author, "My dear Officer Johnson: Permit me to congratulate you upon the merits of your little book, 'Pools of Glass.' I have read the verses with a real thrill of pleasure and a strong feeling of admiration. It seems to me that all of your poems are good and some of them to my way of thinking are more than good, they are splendidly fine."

All the motion picture stars know "Cy" well, because of his fine work as a police officer, and they are all congratulating him upon his artistic effort.

MAX REINHARDT, the famous German producer and director, recently signed one contract and ended another at almost the same time. The one he signed was with Cosmopolitan Productions to direct Marion Davies in pictures for five years. The other was really ended, not by Reinhardt himself, but by his wife, who was Elsie Heims, one of the most noted actresses of the Berlin stage. The courts granted her a divorce from the producer, also giving her alimony and the custody of their children.

ETHEL SHANNON is about the first girl on record who ever took off a wedding veil to elope. No—there was another! How about the fair Ellen who slipped away from the altar to wed a certain gentleman named Lochinvar? Although we doubt if she troubled to remove the veil, after all.

However, Ethel is married. To a Los Angeles insurance man by the name of Robert J. Cary. It was just after she had finished the wedding sequence in "Maytime" that she decided to take a chance at matrimony in real life. So she went quietly into her dressing room, removed the bridal robes and quietly eloped to Santa Ana.

VIGOROUSLY, but—we fancy—with her fingers crossed, does little May McAvoy deny her rumored engagement to Glenn Hunter. "I'm not engaged to anybody," she avers. "And, anyway, I don't believe in long engagements. I'll never announce an engagement until I'm just about to be married. I'm very fond of Mr. Hunter, though!"

AND now Leatrice Joy is to be a star. Her name will flash out, in electric lights, above "Worldly Goods"—a story by Sophie Kerr, which was published serially in "The Ladies Home Journal." Miss Joy has done consistently good work for years—and she deserves stardom! Ever since her magnificent work in "Manslaughter" she has been a marked girl!

E. H. GRIFFITH—who has been directing pictures for Cosmopolitan—will be Betty Compson's next director. The combination should be good, for Griff is one of the best, and Betty—but everybody feels the same way about Betty! Mr. Griffith's last picture for Cosmopolitan was "Unseeing Eyes," starring Lionel Barrymore and Seena Owen.

THE general opinion of the few privileged ones who have seen Norma Talmadge's new picture "Secrets" is that it is the finest picture and by far the finest work of her career. I am not supposed to review pictures, but once in a while, when I am as thrilled by anything as I was by the preview of "Secrets," I'm allowed to say a word or two.

"Secrets" is an exquisite picture, a great drama, and the finest performance of Miss Talmadge's screen career, in my humble opinion. Those of us who adore her work and who haven't been very happy over "Ashes of Vengeance," are all terribly excited over "Secrets."



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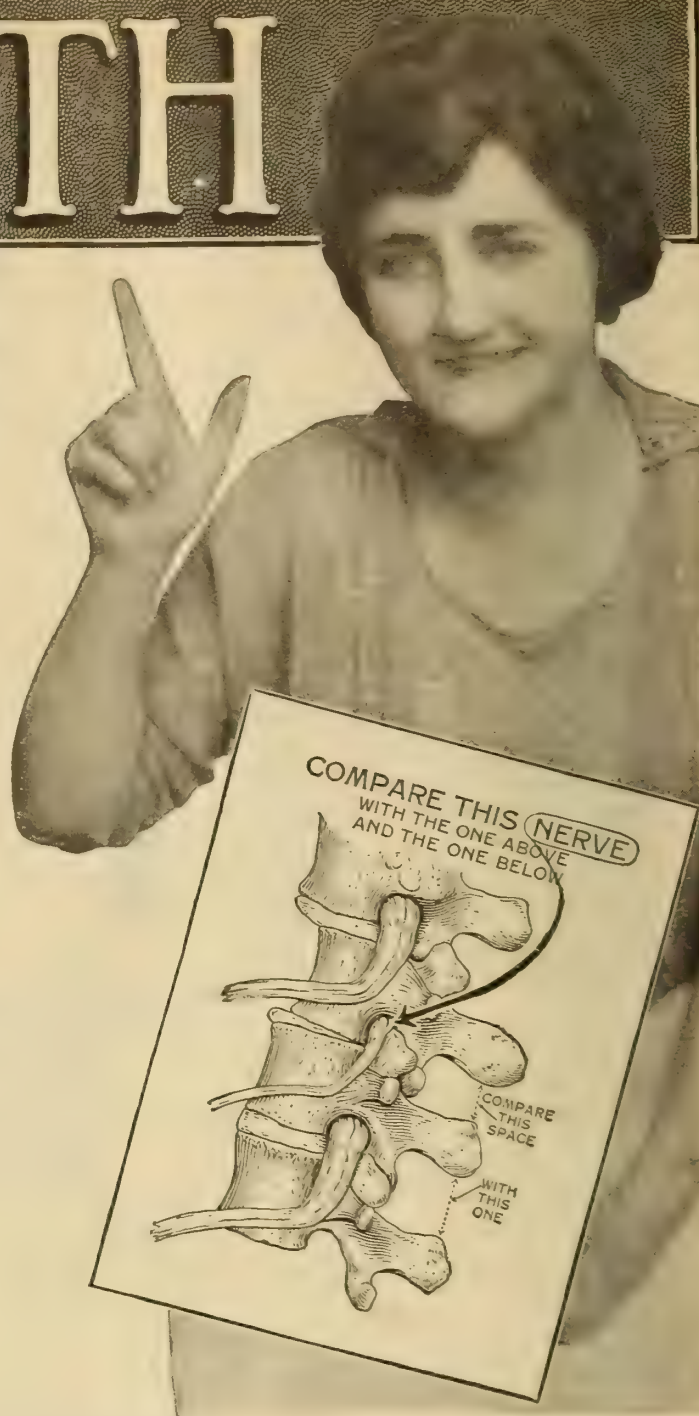
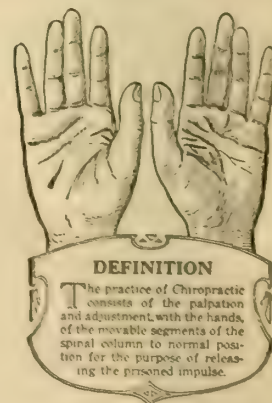
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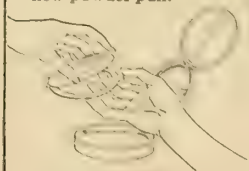


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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

PHOTOPLAY

May

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FRANK T. POPE
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS
WESTERN EDITOR

VOL. XXV

No. 6

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your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

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Would you sacrifice your husband for your son?

One woman confronted with the problem of choosing between the two persons she loved most in the world, unhesitatingly made her great decision. For the sake of her son's welfare she parted from her second husband. This woman is Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks, the first wife of Douglas and mother of the young hero of "Stephen Steps Out." When one finds the business of being a wife interferes with the other business of being a mother, the partnership must be dissolved, was Mrs. Fairbanks' decision. And so she left her second husband, James Evans—wealthy, young, goodlooking.

Adela Rogers St. Johns in an interview relates the causes and circumstances that led to this separation from her second husband. It is a frank and sincere story of a mother's love and of a mother's true devotion that should stay the smile of the cynically inclined. In the June issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Their Pet Aversions

Some people don't like soup and then again others have a strong distaste for some other well-nigh universal thing or custom. And the motion picture stars being, after all, just folks, have their strong antipathies, too, like the rest of us. These pet aversions—the psycho-analyst would call them "complexes"—cover a very wide range. One star has a perfect obsession when it comes to a certain color for clothes; another says "thumbs down" on personal appearances, while a third—a famous character player—is so ungallant as to taboo red-haired women. All of which—with much else of the same sort—is set forth with delicious good nature in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Be sure to get the June
PHOTOPLAY
Out May 15

They Said It Couldn't Be Done!

—BUT THESE SCREEN AUTHORS DID IT!



ETHEL STYLES MIDDLETON
Author

**"JUDGMENT
of the STORM"**



HAROLD M. SHUMATE
Author

**"THE WHITE
SIN"**

(formerly announced as
"Unguarded Gates.")



WILL LAMBERT
Author

**"HIS
FORGOTTEN
WIFE"**

(formerly announced
as "LOST")

THE three authors whose photographs appear in this announcement have demonstrated that "It Can Be Done."

Friends and relatives said, "You are foolish to dream of writing for the movies. Only professional writers with a pull can succeed. You aren't a professional writer and you have no pull. You will just be wasting your time."

But creative imagination, not mere writing ability, produces photodramas. These authors had creative imagination. What they needed was knowledge of photoplay construction.

Through the co-operation of Palmer Institute of Authorship, that knowledge was obtained.

The result was another defeat for the sceptics who say "It can't be done." Today the authors pictured above are accepted photodramatists. Their plays produced by Palmer Photoplay Corporation and distributed by Film Booking Offices of America, are being shown in thousands of theatres throughout the United States and Canada. They accomplished what sceptics said could not be done.

Many other men and women are today similarly successful because of Palmer training. Through Palmer co-operation they have learned how to harness imagination and to teach it to express itself in dramatic terms. And they have learned in spare time study in their own homes. Their work is in demand. They form a trained body upon which the motion picture industry, as a whole, is leaning more and more.

Screen Plays by Palmer Authors

Photoplays now on the screen, in preparation or purchased for production, written by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation include, besides those listed above, "Trusie Stoops to Conquer," "Love's Whirlpool," "Hollywood 1900," "Robes of Redemption," "Next, Please," "Crepe de Chine Gordon," "Light Fingers and Toes," "Tangled Lives," and "The Night Hawk."

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Announcing The Palmer Scholarship Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose fresh and virile stories might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only training in the new technique of authorship in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of \$500 cash and the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance.

Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

RUSSELL DOUBLEDAY
(Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

FREDERICK PALMER

(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)

Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Almost without exception every person ambitious to write is faced at the beginning with ridicule and discouragement. Many struggle long years unguided before eventually gaining the heights. But how much smoother the path would have been, how much more quickly the heights would have been scaled, if the writer could have had, at the beginning, the guidance and encouragement of someone who knew.

Such guidance and encouragement Palmer Institute of Authorship proffers. Palmer Course and Service teaches photoplay writing, short story writing, and dramatic criticism. Instruction is individual, confidential. The student studies at home. Each receives the personal guidance and supervision of a member of the Advisory Bureau, a brilliant staff selected for studio and magazine experience and teaching ability. When the student's creations become good enough for sale the services of the Sales Department are placed at his command for marketing both screen plays and short stories.

New Literature, New Methods

Palmer Institute of Authorship recognizes the arrival of a new day in American letters. The screen has created a public taste for dramatic action and strength of plot. This has reacted upon the magazines. There has come into being a new technique of writing. New times demand new methods and Palmer training is worlds away from out-worn methods of instruction.

tion. It is abreast of the current and growing demands of the screen and magazines for stories written in the modern dramatic technique.

Just as photodramatists find that Palmer co-operation helps them to recognition and success on the screen, so do fiction writers find that Palmer training aids them to success in the magazines. More than three hundred authors of recognized standing have been or now are enrolled. Letters from many attribute their first success in the magazine field to Palmer training. Their success carries conviction.

Imagination is king. World thinkers like Wells voice the growing realization that imagination and not will-power is the basic moving force of life. Palmer Institute of Authorship bases its training on that fact. It develops imagination just as certain forms of training develop the muscles of the athlete. It teaches the imaginative how to harness their imagination and put it to work—profitably.

It inculcates that facility of expression which one must possess before he may hope to play an important part in social or business life. It inspires the habit of thinking creatively—an ability that carries men and women to the most envied positions in the world's affairs. It energizes and revitalizes the mind and generates the power that leads to greater success in all lines of human activity.

For those who lack confidence in their own abilities and wish to ascertain whether they possess natural talent for writing, Palmer Institute offers the Palmer questionnaire, a test for determining the presence or absence of creative imagination. It will be sent free on request.

Free—"The New Road to Authorship"

But for those who believe in themselves and who want to know more of the revolutionary Palmer methods, a fascinating book has been prepared entitled "The New Road to Authorship." Success stories of many men and women who have won recognition on the screen and in the magazines through Palmer co-operation are contained in it. A bulletin, likewise, has been prepared containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers. Mailing of the coupon below will bring "The New Road to Authorship" and the Scholarship bulletin free.

Palmer Institute of Authorship,
Affiliated with Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Sec. 1205
Palmer Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me without cost your book "The New Road to Authorship" and your Bulletin containing details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation.

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All correspondence strictly confidential



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockett-Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (March.)

ACQUITTAI, THE—Universal.—One of the best mystery photoplays of the year. (January.)

AGE OF DESIRE—First National.—A woman, desiring riches, sacrifices better things. Interesting picture, well done. (March.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—First National.—A faithful adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, splendidly acted. A bit too strong for children. (January.)

ALIMONY—F. B. O.—Just an ordinary program picture, neither better nor worse. (April.)

APRIL SHOWERS—Preferred.—Colleen Moore and Kenneth Harlan in a picture filled with old material. (November.)

ARABIA'S LAST ALARM—Fox.—A joyous comedy, with a clever child, a bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (March.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture. (February.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Holbrook Blinn is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE—Commonwealth.—A touching and well done piece of work. Lots of good touches, and pathos well put over. (January.)

BIG BROTHER—Paramount.—A really big, human picture, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (February.)

BIG DAN—Fox.—A stereotyped story with a hero altogether too good to be true. (January.)

BILL—Paramount.—Not a story, but a wonderful study of a Paris pushcart peddler, done by Maurice Feraudy. Very much worth while. (November.)

BLACK OXEN—First National.—A good picturization of the popular novel on the rejuvenation of a woman, with Corinne Griffith doing fine acting. For adults. (March.)

BLINKY—Universal.—The best picture Hoot Gibson has had. Lots of fun. (November.)

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN—F. B. O.—A machine-made story which turns into a picture of the same type. (January.)

BOY OF MINE—First National.—A Tarkington classic of childhood, extremely well done and with some splendid work by little Ben Alexander. (March.)

BREATHLESS MOMENT, THE—Universal.—A commonplace story which the whole family may see. (April.)

BROADWAY BROKE—Selznick.—An interesting picture of New York theatrical life forty years ago. Mary Carr excellent. (March.)

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE—Paramount.—A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathe.—A dog star, Buck, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. (December.)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick.—A lot of troubles about which no one can possibly care. (April.)

CHAPTER, IN HER LIFE, A—Universal.—A child heroine is always abused and misunderstood, but sweetly forgiving. Rather saccharine. (Nov.)

CHEAT, THE—Paramount.—Pola Negri in a tragic story that starts slowly, but gains in interest. Just misses being a big picture. (November.)

CLEAN-UP, THE—Universal.—What Acton Davies, once a famous dramatic reviewer, used to call "another one of those things." (November.)

COMMON LAW, THE—Selznick.—The cast saves this one from utter mediocrity. (January.)

COUNTRY KID, THE—Warner Brothers.—An old-fashioned picture with Wesley Barry as the oldest of three orphans, being parents to the other two. (January.)

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Charles Ray's latest and most ambitious effort, which doesn't quite register. (March.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CROOKED ALLEY—Universal.—Another Boston Blackie story, but not particularly well done. (January.)

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dashes through flames, saving imperiled women. (February.)

DADDIES—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the clever stage play, with Mac Marsh and Harry Myers heading the cast. (April.)

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE—F. B. O.—One of William P. S. Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE—Johnnie Walker.—Eddie Polo's fall from an airplane through a roof is the feature. (February.)

DANGEROUS MAID, A—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (February.)

DARING YEARS, THE—Equity.—A good little boy falls in love with a chorus girl. You know the rest. (April.)

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE—Universal.—Baby Peggy the delightful center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost child. (January.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Associated Exhibitors.—A Swedish production and a good one of the Dickens story. (January.)

DAY OF FAITH, THE—Goldwyn.—Made of impossible situations; rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

DAYTIME WIVES—F. B. O.—An amusing picture that glorifies the good little stenographer. Somewhat preachy. (November.)

DEFYING DESTINY—Selznick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

DESIRE—Metro.—Emotional drama, stating that in love extremes may meet. Good cast quite thrown away. (November.)

DESTROYING ANGEL, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Leah Baird in a picture that is frankly "movie stuff." (November.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE—Independent.—Absurd and artificial melodrama of the Great Northwest. Unimportant. (December.)

DOES IT PAY?—Fox.—Hope Hampton as a vampire who grabs all the valuables in sight. It won't do for the children. (November.)

DON'T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount.—The screen version of "Rita Coventry," extremely well produced and acted. (March.)

DRIFTING—Universal.—Lots of excitement in this thriller, with Priscilla Dean playing a vivid demimondaine. (November.)

DRIVIN' FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Wally Van in one of the auto-driving pictures that Wally Reid made famous. (January.)

DULCY—First National.—A stupid picture from a most amusing play. Showing the futility of trying to make a picture from conversation. (November.)

EAGLE'S FEATHER, THE—Metro.—An interesting Western, somewhat marred by a straining for the "Happy ending." Worth seeing. (November.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a wait, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

ETERNAL CITY, THE—First National.—One of the most beautiful and entertaining pictures in months. (January.)

ETERNAL STRUGGLE, THE—Metro.—A Northwest picture with Renee Adoree featured and justly so. Excellent. (November.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshall Neilan's production. (December.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand heads the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (February.)

FAIR CHEAT, THE—F. B. O.—Rather hackneyed story, with chorus girl as heroine. So-so. (Nov.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS—F. B. O.—You know all about this one after the first five minutes. (Feb.)

FASHION ROW—Metro.—The best Mae Murray picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (Feb.)

FAST EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Old-fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other sure-fire stuff. (April.)

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]

Published monthly
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J. A. Lincoln, Editor

News of First National Pictures

An Advertisement from

Associated First National Pictures, Inc.

An organization of
theatre-owners
presenting the finest
in screen enter-
tainment.

Dick Barthelmess Again

CENTURIES old, the cottage nestled in an English countryside. A garden in front, latticed windows, and a cheery fireplace inside. The neighbors called it "honeymoon cottage." Ghosts of long gone lovers, in ruffles and lace, in beaver hat and hoop skirt, seemed to haunt it. And now these new honeymooners—what a contrast! He a depressed wreck of a man; she one of the vast army of "plain" women.

They had married for companionship—but the old enchanted cottage would give nothing less than love. And how love came to them and how in this place of beauty they found each other beautiful is the story of "The Enchanted Cottage," one of the sweetest romances ever filmed. Richard Barthelmess is the star and with him May McAvoy.

You will find the picture listed among the coming attractions of your theatre. "The Enchanted Cottage" means for you an enchanting evening. You will, we think, enjoy it more than "Tol'able David."

"The Enchanted Cottage"

Richard Barthelmess with May McAvoy appears in this tender story of a love so supreme that the shackles of gross reality fall away.



"My greatest acting picture," says Dick Barthelmess of "The Enchanted Cottage." It is a John S. Robertson production adapted from the play by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero.

"The Goldfish"

NOW comes our friend Connie Talmadge, more irrepressible and more charming than ever, in a delightful comedy bearing the cryptic title "The Goldfish." And, let us warn you, there is something mysterious about these goldfish. Handing your husband a bowl of them means—but it's all in the picture and Connie can tell it much better than I can. The leading man—he who kneels closest to Connie in the picture below—is Jack Mulhall, who will be remembered by those who saw Constance Talmadge in "Dulcy."



Above—Who else but Constance Talmadge with three men at her feet? In "The Goldfish" Connie offers another of the delightful comedies that have made her a universal favorite. Right—Percy Marmont and Leatrice Joy in a scene from "The Marriage Cheat," an Ince production. It's a South Sea Island story with drama and romance packed all the way through.

Picking the Winners

AND still they keep coming, these big pictures from First National producers. Drama and comedy and romantic comedy—worthy successors to "Black Oxen," "Her Temporary Husband," "Ponjola," "Flaming Youth," "The Song of Love" and "Anna Christie," the big hits of 1923.

"LILIES OF THE FIELD." Have you seen it? Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle appear in this heart-gripping society drama. It opened a few

weeks ago in a hundred big cities and the newspaper critics told you how good it was.

"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME." The echoes of laughter still rumble. This is a delightful satirical comedy of married life, with Lewis

Stone and Helene Chadwick as Mr. and Mrs. It's a John M. Stahl production.

"FLOWING GOLD." The oil boom of Texas brought to the screen without the loss of a thrill. This is a screen version of the Rex Beach novel.

"TORMENT." A Maurice Tourneur melodrama with an earthquake for a climax. One of the biggest thrills the screen has ever held. Bessie Love and Owen Moore are among the earth-quaked.

"GALLOPING FISH." The combined noise of the laughs in this comedy would make a Big Bertha sound like a cat's meow. Sidney Chaplin, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling and Chester Conklin are responsible. Thomas H. Ince made it.



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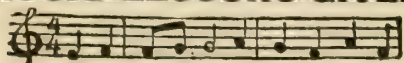
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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

FIGHTING STRAIN, THE—Steiner.—Badly written, acted and produced. (November.)

FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount.—An interesting comedy, with a tragic note in it. The forest fire is worth the admission. (April.)

FLAMING YOUTH—First National.—A sophisticated ultra-jazz picture, with Colleen Moore doing about the best acting of her career. (January.)

FOOL'S AWAKENING, A—Metro.—Proves that happiness can't be built on a lie. A picture of the better class. (April.)

FOOLISH PARENTS—Associated Exhibitors.—The moral of this is that marriage is a great institution and should be in every family. Formula stuff. (January.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selznick.—A "thriller" of the early Spanish days in California with the usual ingredients. (January.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and directed. (Dec.)

FRENCH DOLL, THE—Metro.—Mae Murray in a typical Mae Murray picture—legs, lingerie and lure. (November.)

GIRL FROM THE WEST, THE—Aywon.—Commonplace and inane imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (December.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies, with Douglas MacLean at his best. Laughs for the family. (December.)

GOLD DIGGERS, THE—Warner Brothers.—Sophisticated photodrama of New York. Chorus girls and their admirers not so black as usually painted. (November.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verbose and cloudy piece of work, with Guy Bates Post as star. (December.)

GOVERNOR'S LADY, THE—Fox.—A most appealing picture, at times touching greatness. Pathos well done. (March.)

GRAIL, THE—Fox.—A well made and well played picture, but somewhat lacking in plot. It's more or less of a Western. (November.)

GREAT WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour of New York, well acted and filled with interest. (March.)

GRIT—Hodkinson.—Glenn Hunter in a play of gangsters and the underworld. Not new, but fairly interesting. (March.)

GUN FIGHTER, THE—Fox.—A feud picture with William Farnum in the midst of it, enjoying himself thoroughly. (November.)

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeiters. Amateurish, but with some good Houdini stunts. (December.)

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro.—Interesting and well played story of waif adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (March.)

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro.—A formula picture, featuring a wrongfully-accused minister. (Jan.)

HER REPUTATION—First National.—A flood, a forest fire and a persecuted heroine, all good. Plenty of thrills. (March.)

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A riotous comedy, full of laughs, providing a joyous entertainment. (February.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, THE—Paramount.—A Zane Grey story, as good as all his Westerns are. Ernest Torrence best of the cast as usual. (April.)

HIGH LIFE—Educational.—A Mermaid comedy with Lige Conley starred. Lots of old tricks. (Nov.)

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount.—Another lesson about the fast-stepping younger generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS LAST RACE—Phil Goldstone.—Robert McKim as a most villainous villain in a Bertha M. Clay story. Full of "movie stuff." (November.)

HIS MYSTERY GIRL—Universal.—The old story of a serious man who gets a little lesson in romance. Herbert Rawlinson is good. (March.)

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox.—An oldstage favorite made into a most entertaining picture. Melodrama with ideas. (March.)

HOOK AND LADDER—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a fireman, with a pretty love story and lots of comedy. Family picture. (March.)

HUMMING BIRD, THE—Paramount.—The best thing Gloria Swanson ever has done. One of the best pictures of months. (April.)

HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, THE—Universal.—A magnificent screen spectacle, with Lon Chaney, in the title role. A picture of a class seldom equalled. (November.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

IF WINTER COMES—Fox.—A remarkably fine piece of work, but brimming with tears. It follows the Hutchinson novel closely, and Percy Marmont as Mark Sable does the best acting of his notable career. (November.)

INNOCENCE—Apollo.—An ineffective melodrama with Anna Q. Nilsson as a redeeming feature. (March.)

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a little rich girl wants to see life and becomes an Apache in Paris. (January.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction not good. (February.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe.—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have been made in type. (December.)

JACK O' CLUBS—Universal.—Lots of trouble for no reason, except to be photographed. (April.)

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National.—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of Jane Novak. (April.)

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. B. O.—The Palmer School's prize photoplay, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox.—A swiftly moving crook drama, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KNOCK AT THE DOOR, A—Johnnie Walker.—The film lasts one hour and ends just where it began. (November.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls a lot of his best stunts. (April.)

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal.—A charming story, excellently played by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph.—A poor adaptation of a famous old best-seller. A mystery story without mystery. (January.)

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture, excellently acted. (February.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Aywon.—A in the Texas Ranger is sent to get his man and gets him. (January.)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—Tom Mix and Tony, his horse, have a lot more adventures, defying a great deal of death. (November.)

LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro.—The King as Jackie Coogan and this is one of the best things he ever has done. (January.)

LOVE MASTER, THE—First National.—Strongheart is the star, and Mrs. Strongheart the leading woman. The others and the story are not so much. (March.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and dictaphones. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (Dec.)

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers.—Mediocre, in spite of Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brothers.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

LULLABY, THE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. Interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

MAN FROM BRODNEY'S, THE—Vitagraph.—Wildly improbable, but also wildly exciting and therefore, good entertainment. (February.)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Universal.—A roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (April.)

MAN LIFE PASSED BY, THE—Metro.—Another interesting interpretation by Percy Marmont of one of the lovable failures he does so well. (March.)

MARRIAGE CIRCLE, THE—Warner Brothers.—A masterpiece of direction by Lubitsch which results in a strikingly amusing comedy, admirably acted. (April.)

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount.—The story is based on "The Faun." Fantastic and quite interesting. (December.)

MASK OF LOPEZ, THE—Monogram.—Another Western of the usual type. (February.)

MAYTIME—Preferred.—The camera doesn't help this dainty musical play. It is heavy and dragging. (February.)

MEN IN THE RAW—Universal.—A formula picture. Heart-of-gold cowboy, "little prairie flower," cattle rustlers. Jack Hoxie rides well. (January.)

MIDNIGHT ALARM, THE—Vitagraph.—Plenty of action but not the slightest probability. Everything happens. (November.)

MILLION TO BURN, A—Universal.—An amusing picture without much probability. (January.)

MIRACLE MAKERS, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—The pure-heroine-and-Chinese-den formula. (Feb.)

MODERN MATRIMONY—Select.—A commonplace plot filled with homely sentiment. Just innocuous. (January.)

MONKEY'S PAW, THE—Selznick.—An intelligent piece of work by a producer who has a real idea and who sticks to it, thereby deserving praise. Worth seeing. (January.)

MONNA VANNA—Fox.—Would have been better if not so heavy. Crowd scenes are well done, and Lee Parry in title role is charming. Only fair. (December.)

MY MAN—Vitagraph.—Dustin Farnum as a cave man political boss. Just passable. (April.)

NAME THE MAN—Goldwyn.—A Hall Caine story with the long arm of coincidence stretched out of shape. (February.)

NEAR LADY, THE—Universal.—Poor comedy, with the titles the poorest. (February.)

NELLIE, THE BEAUTIFUL CLOAK MODEL—Goldwyn.—An old thriller, done with a sense of humor which makes it well worth while. (April.)

NET, THE—Fox.—If you like Bertha M. Clay novels, you might see this one. (April.)

NEXT CORNER, THE—Paramount.—Not so good. Direction is bad and picture drags. (April.)

NO MORE WOMEN—Allied Producers.—Formula picture. All right if you've nothing else to do. (April.)

NORTH OF HUDSON BAY—Fox.—An excellent story of the Far North, with Tom Mix as hero. Filled with thrills and well worth seeing. (April.)

OLD FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Starts with a good idea, but loses it in favor of conventional crook story. (March.)

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH—Vitagraph.—A fine cast miscast and wasted on a weak plot and poor direction. (January.)

OTHER MEN'S DAUGHTERS—Apollo.—A sporty father meets his daughter at a swift party, but all ends happily. (March.)

OUR HOSPITALITY—Metro.—Buster Keaton in what seems to be a travesty on the old feud story. Not very good or funny. (January.)

OUT OF LUCK—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a young cowpuncher transferred to the navy creates a lot of fun. (October.)

PAINTED PEOPLE—First National.—A story of a small town girl who becomes a real somebody. Colleen Moore's work excellent. (April.)

PHANTOM JUSTICE—F. B. O.—Rod La Rocque with a toothache in a weird and wild melodrama. (March.)

PIED PIPER MALONE—Paramount.—Tom Meighan's new one and as likable as Tom himself. Simple and charming. (April.)

PIONEER TRAILS—Vitagraph.—Imitation of "The Covered Wagon" without the virtues of that record-breaker. (February.)

PLEASURE MAD—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]

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The Line of Common Decency

New Britain, Conn.

I notice from time to time you bewail the fact of censorship. What produced it? Why do we have to have it? Simply because the producers of pictures overstepped the line of common decency.

Picture producers are not the only ones who err. The same applies to the theatrical producers. Only recently the police of New York had to step in to keep some clothes on the women in the "Revues." Next is the press. Some magazines I have read print stories that should not be allowed to go through the mails. They, theater and press, overstep the line and sooner or later they, too, will "enjoy" censorship.

STEPHEN M. WALSH.

Mae's Latest

New York City.

Evidently M. L. Jacobs, of Dartmouth, whose letter appeared in March PHOTOPLAY, did not see Mae Murray in her latest picture, because he says, "she can't act." I declare she can, and I have hopes that she will give us more portrayals similar to the immigrant sister in "Fashion Row."

F. A. W.

A Great Actress

New York City.

I was greatly surprised to read in the daily press about Edna Purviance's pictures being barred. I saw her in "A Woman of Paris," and I think she is a great actress. Now that her big chance has come, I think she deserves better treatment.

ANNA WAGNER.

A Suggestion

San Francisco, Calif.

Romeo and Juliet! Richard Dix and Mary Philbin! Can you find two personalities more suited to play the immortal lovers? Richard the lovable, Mary the shy, the budding flower, so sweet yet with a depth unsounded.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Another Griffith

Parkersburg, W. Va.

I would like to compliment Ray Griffith on his keen and excellent acting. As a crime deflector, or, in "Red Lights," he did well. I do believe his innocent eyes and playful ways would deceive any highwayman or criminal and, if possible, he would make good as a detective. But, tell Raymond not to try it. Also, he plays a good thief. I say he *plays* one.

HAROLD F. YOUNG

A Round of Congratulations

Visalia, Calif.

I want to congratulate PHOTOPLAY on having such fine writers—Herbert Howe and Adela Rogers St. Johns are the best contributors to any movie magazine to my notion. Herbert Howe's "Close-Ups and Long Shots" are always entertaining, while Miss St. Johns' interviews are excellent. The articles by Cal York and Bland Johanson are very good, too.

I think Lois Wilson has improved a great deal this last year—as has Richard Dix—and they make a very good screen pair. Here's hoping they will continue playing together!

I was fortunate enough to see "The Ten Commandments" at the Hollywood Egyptian Theater, and I can truthfully say that it is every bit as good as PHOTOPLAY said. The much-criticized modern part I enjoyed very much—and thought the acting of Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, and Rod la Rocque very fine.

In closing I would like to say that the fans

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

are glad Valentino is coming back and we are all awaiting his first pictures. B. M.

Likes "The Shadow Stage"

Washington, D. C.

I take off my hat to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and to the critics who write "The Shadow Stage." The particular occasion for this salute is the review of Booth Tarkington's "Boy of Mine" in the March number. I shall know hereafter where to look for discriminating judgments on photoplays.

Very few pictures have appealed to me as this one did. It struck me as being exceptionally true to life.

THOS. H. KEARNEY.

"Backward, Turn Backward, Oh, Time—"

Louisville, Ky.

I have never before expressed a complaint or compliment, as I was never interested, but I feel that it is my duty to express the opinion of myself and friends through the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Please, Mary, heed the appeal of loving admirers, and give us more "little girl" pictures. Don't grow up!

R. A. R.

Ibanez Was Right

Elvins, Mo.

I think that Ibanez was right when he said, "The plaudits of the world are as fickle as a woman's whim."

Why are the fans so inconstant? Why can't they be more sincere?

They praise and flatter an actor, write poetry and songs about him, and claim him King of the screen. Then another actor appears and they forget all about the first one. They forget

the wonderful hours of entertainment that he has given them. They do not seem to think that he has been striving to please them, to give them a few hours' pleasure, to play his rôles with a realism, so that they might see the beauty of life and love, and the tragedy of death.

The acting, without a doubt, in "Where the Pavement Ends," "Scaramouche," "The Law of the Lawless," and "The Cheat" was very fine, indeed.

Let us not forget *Julio, Don Gallardo, Lord Brocondale* and *Ahmed Ben Hassan*, for the acting in these rôles was perfect.

S. W.

Mary Queen Of All

Brooklyn, New York.

I wish to pour out my whole-hearted admiration of Mary Pickford, for all of her masterpieces. In "Rosita" she has proven to the world that she is the queen of them all. Her acting is flawless. I congratulate PHOTOPLAY for saying what it did about "Rosita" and Our Mary's unexcelled characterization.

CHARLES TRESSANTE.

Hearty Praise

Los Angeles, Calif.

May I sit here and heartily endorse every statement you have made in your February issue concerning Cecil DeMille's production, "The Ten Commandments."

I would even go you one farther and say it is *marvelous*. If there is any man, woman or child in this world who can sit through that picture and then say that we don't owe Jeanie Macpherson and Cecil DeMille a debt of gratitude, they positively need their heads read! I don't care whether they are censors, reformers or just plain atheists. I challenge them to prove that the movies can't do some good.

"A SINCERE MOVIE FAN."

Winter Revivals

N. Y. C.

Exhibitors have been reviving movies in the summer, but they never seem to do it during the winter. A great many people, such as myself, would greatly enjoy seeing these revivals, but because of absence from the large cities are unable to do so. Why can't the exhibitors revive such pictures as "The Right of Way" and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" just for a short time, or even a day, during the winter season?

(MISS) EVA DOUGLAS WISE.

Too Many Pictures

Brooklyn, New York.

The only fault that I find with PHOTOPLAY is that you do not have enough reading matter and have too many pictures. About one-half of the magazine is flooded with these photos and about an eighth is made up of advertisements; that leaves very little room for the most desired feature, written matter. Most likely there are many of your readers who would rather have more pictures than reading matter, but the way I figure it, I can see the pictures of any of the stars or players any day in the week by just going to a "movie."

"TARK MAIN."

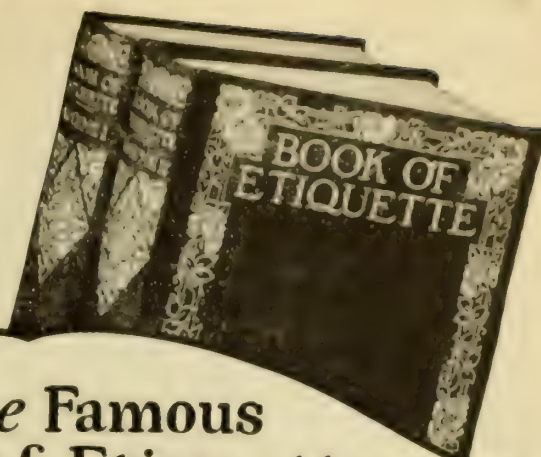
Rudy Forever

Hastings, Minn.

I cannot see how anyone with an ounce of common sense or good taste, can say that Rudolph Valentino is a "perfect mess." And as for being a "common actor," well, I would like to see any other, on stage or screen, with the acting ability of Rudy! There never was, and never again will be, another one-half so good.

M. J. SEGAL.

For the Last Time!



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The Book of Etiquette is being used daily by hundreds of thousands of men and women. It is a silent social secretary that tells the precise thing to do, say, write and wear on every possible occasion. It omits nothing. It forgets nothing. It eliminates all chance for blundering, protects from all embarrassment and humiliation in social contact, gives you a wonderful new ease and poise of manner.

Why wonder when you can *know*? Why hesitate when you can be *certain*? Why be embarrassed and uncomfortable when you can be thoroughly at *ease*? Let the Book of Etiquette be your silent advisor. Let it tell you when to entertain and how. Let it tell

you what to do, what to say, on every occasion of social uncertainty. Let it give you poise, ease, dignity, self-confidence.

And remember—this is positively your last chance to secure this famous edition for only \$1.98.

An Armor Against Embarrassment

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from little unexpected embarrassments. A spoon incorrectly used. Olives taken with the fork. An introduction wrongly acknowledged. A dance or party at which one feels "alone," out of place. A tea at which one is "tongue-tied"—unable to converse pleasantly, unable to do or say with ease the things that are correct.

These are the things that invariably cause us great embarrassment. And they can be avoided! You can know just what to do and say on every occasion. Etiquette will protect you from making impulsive blunders, will be an armor that guards you from embarrassments and humiliation. Etiquette will make you a better "mixer," a better conversationalist; it will make you *sure* of yourself, confident of your own social powers.

Why attempt to conceal embarrassment when you can have the lifelong comfort of ease? Why wait longer when you are being offered the last opportunity to secure through these pages the original \$3.50 edition of the Book of Etiquette for only \$1.98?

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But he ISN'T glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment he has just experienced. Every day people who are not accustomed to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is?



Again She Orders—
"A Chicken Salad, Please."

She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why HAD she ordered that again? He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She wasn't sure of herself. She didn't really KNOW.



What's Wrong in This Picture?

It is so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public. There is, for instance, the very obvious mistake that is being made in this picture. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out? Perhaps there are more mistakes than one—what do YOU think?

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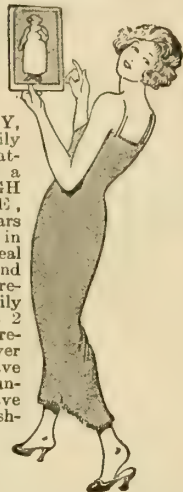
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No one can ever believe that once I weighed over 180 pounds. Those who knew me then and meet me say I look ten years younger—I never could get clothes to fit me; all my friends called me FATTY, and even my own family thought I was a most unattractive woman. I had a WEAK HEART, HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE, RHEUMATISM—for years I suffered, until one day in Paris I discovered the real cause of excess fat—I found out exactly what to do to reduce, and I safely and easily lost 50 pounds in about 2 months. I have never regained one pound and never felt or looked better. I have given out my secret to hundreds of people who have obtained the most astonishing results. If YOU have tried everything known to reduce and have not succeeded—if you feel so discouraged that you have decided to remain fat, NOW THERE IS HOPE FOR YOU—I know that never before were you told about this wonderful new way to reduce. Whatever your case may be, if it is 10 pounds too much fat or 100 pounds, I can help you. Simply send the coupon below today and I will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE full details on what to do to regain a beautiful, slim figure and at the same time greatly improve your health and appearance.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11]

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilms.—A well made picture, but morbid and sad. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter here. (December.)

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—First National.—As funny on the screen as on the stage. Barney Bernard and Alex Carr in their original roles. (Nov.)

POWER DIVINE, THE—Independent.—Another Kentucky feud, proving that where there's love there's hope. (November.)

PREPARED TO DIE—Johnnie Walker.—A good idea gone wrong, except for Eddie Polo. (March.)

PRINCE OF A KING, A—Selznick.—Little Dinky Dean is the star and all children and most grown-ups will like it. (March.)

PURE GRIT—Universal.—The Western formula, with Roy Stewart heading the cast. (March.)

PURITAN PASSIONS—Hodkinson.—A screen version of "The Scarecrow," delicate and fanciful. A charming production. (November.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

RED LIGHTS—Goldwyn.—A corking good mystery picture. Excitement and thrills. (November.)

RED WARNING, THE—Universal.—Even Jack Hoxie gets out of breath keeping up with the story in this thriller. (February.)

RENDEZVOUS, THE—Neilan-Goldwyn.—The love story of an American soldier and a Russian princess, delightfully produced by Marshall Neilan. (March.)

RENO—Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes' argument for a uniform divorce law. Interesting for adults. (March.)

RESTLESS WIVES—Commonwealth.—Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (March.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors.—Wallace Beery is a two-fisted, meat-eating King Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alabama hills with E. K. Lincoln in leading role. Good entertainment. A great fight between Lincoln and George Siegmann. (December.)

ROSITA—United Artists.—The picture is as dainty and charming as the star—Mary Pickford—herself. One of the best. (November.)

ROUGED LIPS—Metro.—Charming Viola Dana as a good little chorus girl is delightful. The picture starts slowly, but gathers speed. (November.)

ROULETTE—Selznick.—A good cast wasted in an improbable story. (March.)

RUGGLES OF RED GAP—Paramount.—A highly amusing comedy, the locales being a Western "cow town" and a Hollywood Paris. (November.)

RUNNING WILD—Educational.—A comedy film built around the game of polo. Hated rivals on opposing teams. (November.)

SALOMY JANE—Paramount.—Bret Harte's famous story made into an ordinary Western. Jacqueline Logan makes it worth while. (November.)

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lady crook fools the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

SCARAMOUCHE—Metro.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

SECOND-HAND LOVE—Fox.—A picture of small town life for the small town. Buck Jones in a Charles Ray role. (November.)

SECRETS—First National.—A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (April.)

SECRETS OF LIFE, THE—Principal Pictures.—The private lives of bees, ants and bugs laid bare by a new photographic process. Very interesting. (Nov.)

SHATTERED REPUTATIONS—Lee Bradford.—Mediocre picture, artificial, badly acted. (Nov.)

SHEPHERD KING, THE—Fox.—An interesting story of David the Psalmist, done by a capable Italian company. (February.)

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson.—Desert stuff, camels against the sky and such things. (December.)

SILENT COMMAND, THE—Fox.—A story of the navy. Propaganda type. A good narrative of the sea, well told. (November.)

SILENT PARTNER, THE—Paramount.—An interesting story, well done except that the suspense is not well sustained. (November.)

SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—A light and amusing comedy, well handled, with Ernest Truex doing excellent work. (February.)

SIX DAYS—Goldwyn.—Lovely Corinne Griffith in a unique and absorbing story. Lots of excitement and a remarkably good cast. (November.)

SIX-FIFTY, THE—Universal.—A train wreck near the old homestead sends wife to the city to see life. But she comes back. (November.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balzac's "The Magic Skin" in celluloid. Rather vague, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

SOCIAL CODE, THE—Metro.—A "find the woman" melodrama with Viola Dana as a society butterfly and not so good as usual. (November.)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—First National.—Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl and very much worth while seeing. (March.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox.—Shirley Mason is good in a mediocre and unconvincing story. (Feb.)

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount.—Pola Negri's best American-made picture. A proof that the faults in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were not hers. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno's. (December.)

SPORTING YOUTH—Universal.—An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good entertainment. (April.)

STEADFAST HEART, THE—Goldwyn.—Although the story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worth while. (March.)

STEPHEN STEPS OUT—Paramount.—The first and only picture of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., for Paramount. And pretty good at that. (February.)

STRANGER, THE—Paramount.—This picture starts slowly, but picks up and tells an absorbingly interesting story in direct and effective fashion. (April.)

STRANGERS OF THE NIGHT—Metro.—A fine picture in every way. Even better on the screen than as "Captain Applejack" on the stage. (November.)

SUPREME TEST, THE—Renown.—The country boy in the wicked city, the mortgage on the farm and the rest. (March.)

TAILOR, THE—Fox.—An Al St. John comedy with the usual slapstick stuff, but also with some of the clever mechanical effects he always has. (Dec.)

TEA WITH A KICK—Asso. Exhibitors.—The only feature is Stuart Holmes as a comedian and he's pretty awful. (November.)

TEMPLE OF VENUS, THE—Fox.—A mixture of a lot of box-office drawing cards. Jazz, scantily clad nymphs, and a weak love story. (January.)

TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount.—One of the greatest pictures ever made. A wonderful entertainment and a marvelous sermon. The color prologue wondrously fine. (February.)

THIS FREEDOM—Fox.—An English company, headed by Fay Compton, makes the Hutchinson story fairly entertaining. (February.)

THREE AGES—Metro.—Buster Keaton in the stone age, the Roman era and the present. It has its good spots. (November.)

THREE MILES OUT—Kenna.—Madge Kennedy and a lot of rum pirates provide plenty of laughs. Good entertainment. (March.)

THREE WEEKS—Goldwyn.—A lavish picturization of Elinor Glyn's novel, with some lovely settings. (April.)

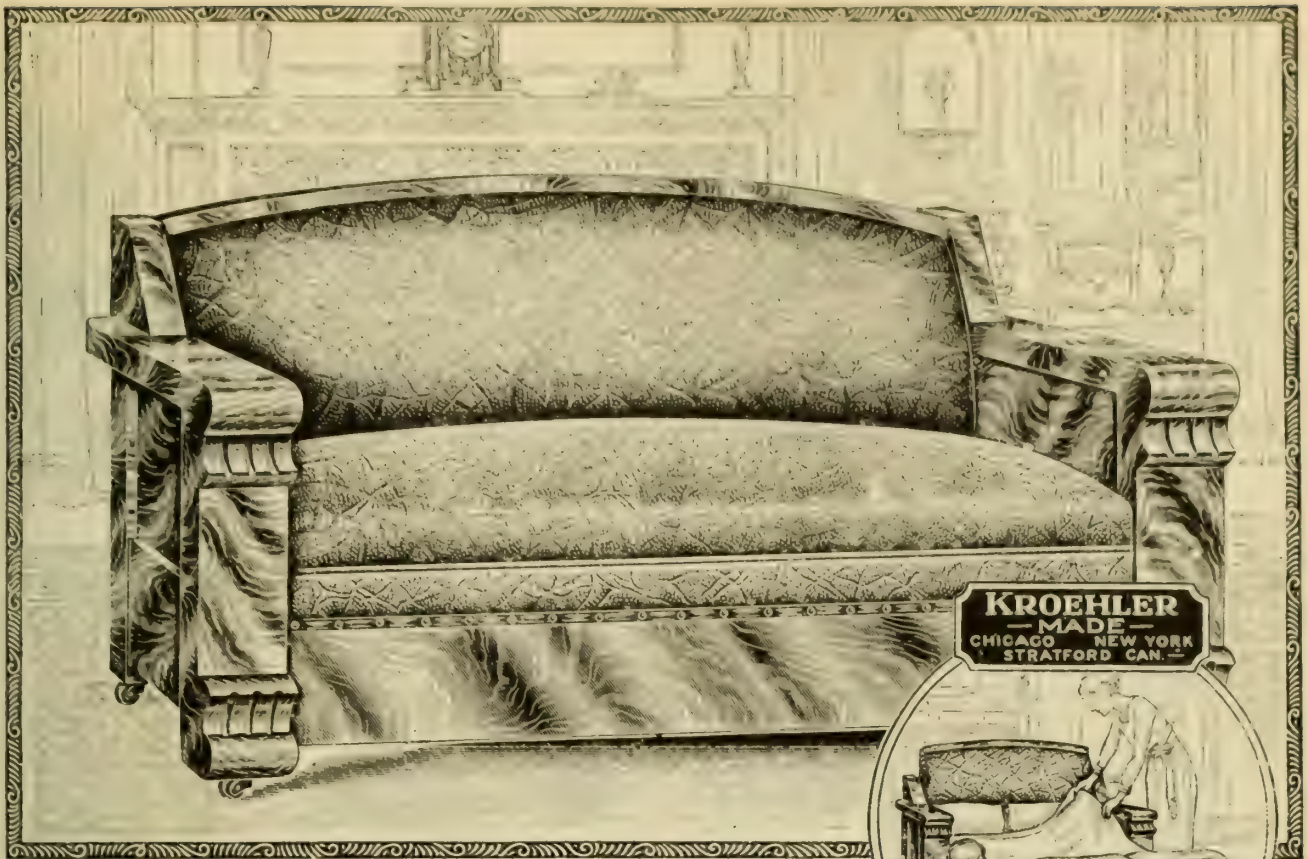
THRILL CHASER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson goes to Hollywood and thence to Arabia, becoming a sheik. (February.)

THROUGH THE DARK—Cosmopolitan.—A Boston Blackie crook story, dealing with the redemption of a man through a woman's faith. (March.)

THUNDERGATE—First National.—Conventional story with scenes in China. Owen Moore good. (March.)

THUNDERING DAWN—Universal.—A story of Java with some tremendous and unusual effects. A picture that should be seen, but hardly for the family. (December.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 16]



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Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
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Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
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Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

THY NAME IS WOMAN—Metro.—A tragedy, told simply and effectively, with some beautiful sets and photography. Barbara La Marr excellent. (April.)

TIGER ROSE—Warner Brothers.—Excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Lenore Ulric in her original role. (February.)

TIMES HAVE CHANGED—Fox.—Not much of a picture, with William Russell as star. Conventional and good for the family. (December.)

TIPPED OFF—Playgoers.—Mixed-up melodrama with Chinese crooks, missing necklace and the rest of it. (December.)

TO THE LADIES—Paramount.—A joyous entertainment and—incidentally—Director James Cruze's fourth successive hit. (February.)

TO THE LAST MAN—Paramount.—A real, red-blooded Western, filled with fights and other exciting episodes. (November.)

TRAIL OF THE LAW, THE—Biltmore.—Old formula of country girl and city chap, and not well done. (April.)

TWENTY-ONE—First National.—The 1924 model of Richard Barthelmess in an interesting, but not great, picture. (February.)

TWO WAGONS, BOTH COVERED—Pathe.—One of Will Rogers' burlesques and a clever one. Great, if you've seen "The Covered Wagon." (April.)

UNCENSORED MOVIES—Pathe.—Will Rogers impersonates a lot of other stars and isn't very funny. (February.)

UNDER THE RED ROBE—Cosmopolitan.—A costume picture of the Louis XIII period, beautifully mounted and costumed, but a bit draggy. (January.)

UNKNOWN PURPLE, THE—Truett.—Less thrilling than the stage version but nevertheless worth seeing if you like suspense. (February.)

UNSEEING EYES—Cosmopolitan.—A splendid picture—if you like snow. (January.)

UNTAMABLE, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a victim of a dual personality. Rather interesting, but inclined to be morbid. (November.)

VIRGINIAN, THE—Preferred.—Owen Wister's famous novel made into an exceptionally good Western. (January.)

WAY MEN LOVE, THE—Grand-Ashur.—This picture starts well, but gradually dwindles. The title is tricky. (January.)

WEEK END HUSBANDS—F. B. O.—The picture is weak at both ends and in the middle. (April.)

WEST OF THE WATER TOWER—Paramount.—An exceptionally good picture, in spite of the cutting and changing of the story, made necessary by censorship. (March.)

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN—First National.—A Harold Bell Wright story, well made. You will like it if you favor Westerns. (April.)

WHEN LAW CAME TO HADES—Capital.—A shadow of "The Covered Wagon." Trite story of old plainsman and abandoned baby. (December.)

WHEN ODDS ARE EVEN—Fox.—William Russell wins the mine and the pretty girl again. (Feb.)

WHERE IS THIS WEST?—Universal.—A picture for the small boys. They will love it. (Nov.)

WHERE THE NORTH BEGINS—Warner Brothers.—Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, does his stuff again. It's a pity some of the two-legged players can't be as consistent. (November.)

WHIPPING BOSS, THE—Monogram.—Based on the peonage system. Tells brutal truths but is unpleasant. (February.)

WHISPERED NAME, THE—Universal.—Interesting and full of action, with Ruth Clifford doing excellently. (March.)

WHITE SISTER, THE—Inspiration.—Another triumph for Lillian Gish, shared by Henry King, the director. As a whole, excellent. (November.)

WHITE TIGER—Universal.—A crook story with plenty of thrills and a conventional ending. (Feb.)

WHY ELEPHANTS LEAVE HOME—Pathe.—Interesting film of trapping of elephants. (February.)

WHY WORRY?—Pathe.—Another Harold Lloyd laugh-maker. This time, aided by a giant, Mr. Lloyd quells a Central American revolution. (November.)

WIFE'S ROMANCE, A—Metro.—Clara Kimball Young as a love-hungry wife in an improbable story. Not for the family. (December.)

WILD BILL HICKOK—Paramount.—W. S. Hart's return to the screen in a picture filled with gunplay and other stunts his admirers like. (Feb.)

WILD ORANGES—Goldwyn.—An interesting and gripping picture, based on Hergesheimer's weird story of fear. (March.)

WILD PARTY, THE—Universal.—Gladys Walton as a young newspaper woman who gets tangled in libel suits, jail sentences and a lot of things. (December.)

WINGS OF THE TURF—Fidelity.—A racing melodrama, brought from England, and as good as the usual home product. (April.)

WOMAN OF PARIS, A—United Artists.—Probably the most perfectly directed picture ever screened. Another proof of the genius of Charles Chaplin, who produced and directed it. Not for children. (Dec.)

WOMAN PROOF—Paramount.—Thomas Meighan in a George Ade story, cut to fit and therefore entertaining. (January.)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Selznick.—Betty Compson, always charming, in a picture that grown-ups will like. (February.)

YANKEE CONSUL, THE—Associated Exhibitors.—A remarkably fine comedy, with Douglas MacLean as star. One you should by no means miss. (April.)

YESTERDAY'S WIFE—Apollo.—Conventional triangle story with nothing new. (February.)

YOU ARE IN DANGER—Commonwealth.—Good little country boy in big city. Doesn't tell nor mean much. (January.)

ZAZA—Paramount.—A very interesting picture which gives Gloria Swanson a chance to prove that she is one of the leading screen actresses. (Dec.)

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Photoplay's New Pictures



FROM *Miriam*, the Israelite maiden in "The Ten Commandments," to the ill-fated *Mary, Queen of Scots*, in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," is quite a jump. But Estelle Taylor took it. There is something regal as well as wistful in this portrait of her



THEDA BARA might be called "the lady of the rumors," so often has her return to the screen been announced. The latest report tells that she will star soon in a society drama, called "Restless Wives." We hope that it's true for she has been away over long



Clarence S. Bull

THINK of being picked as leading woman for Rudolph Valentino! Some girls have all the luck. That's what happened to Helene Chadwick, who is the *Lady Mary Carlisle* in "Monsieur Beaucaire," which signalizes Rudie's return to the screen after his long absence



Edwin Bower Hesser

TO BE a leading woman at sixteen is something of which to be proud. Yet Lucille Ricksen who has attained that eminence, hasn't been heard to brag. She has a fascinating wink, has Lucille, and she also has the honor of being a Wampus "baby star" for this year



Russell Ball

AFTER a tremendous personal success in "The Lady of Quality," Virginia Valli appeared as the only woman character in "Wild Oranges." And, with her beauty and her wistfully appealing personality, gave one of the best performances of the screen year



Witzel

ONE of the loveliest women on the screen, Florence Vidor also has the distinction of being one of the most popular in Hollywood. And as a third claim to fame, her talent as an actress is strikingly demonstrated in "The Marriage Circle"



FIRST of all, Mary Astor won a beauty contest. And then, opposite Glenn Hunter, she appeared charmingly in the photoplays of The Film Guild. Now she's with Paramount, playing ingenue leads. Her big chance will be with John Barrymore in "Beau Brummel"



BLANKETS

How to wash them safely

The chief causes of matted, harsh or shrunken blankets are strong soap, excessive rubbing and extremely hot or cold water.

Keep blankets fluffy this way:

For 1 double or 2 single blankets, dissolve 1 teacupful of Ivory Flakes in hot water; pour into washtub $\frac{2}{3}$ full of lukewarm water, and beat up a thick suds. (If water is hard, use a little Sopade or powdered borax.)

Shake the dry blanket well to remove dust; plunge into suds, working up and down with the hands, squeezing suds through it. To remove spots, soap with Ivory Soap and rub *lightly* between hands.

Press water from the blanket and repeat operation in fresh suds of same temperature.

Put clean blanket through loose wringer and rinse in three clear lukewarm waters. In the last rinse dissolve enough Ivory Flakes to make water milky.

Wring loosely. Hang in open air—in sun if possible. When partly dry, shake well from corners. When dry, press binding and air in warm room.

Why the new mode requires new methods

WOMEN with soft, dainty hands who once would never have dreamed of washing even a handkerchief, except in an emergency, now launder their own precious stockings and blouses and underwear, their own treasured sweaters and scarves, in gentle Ivory Suds which is as harmless to hands as to the dainty garments themselves.

There are two good reasons for this change:

- 1.—Fine things of this sort cannot be trusted to unskilled hands, rough treatment, and harsh soap.
- 2.—Delicate silks must be washed *as soon as they become soiled*, else the acids of perspiration will rot the fabrics and fade the colors. To leave such garments for several days in a damp, dark clothes hamper or bag is to cut months from their life. (If there is no time for ironing immediately after washing, the garments should be laid away *clean*, for ironing day.)

For one's modern things, delicate enough to draw through a finger-ring, only a gentle squeezing in pure Ivory Suds will do. Ivory Suds—so mild, so gentle, yet so thoroughly cleansing—may be quickly made from Ivory Flakes or Ivory cake soap. Since millions of women use Ivory to protect their complexions, its safety for silks and woollens is obvious.

Probably, after seeing how beautifully Ivory Suds washes your dainty personal things, you will want your laundress to use Ivory even for your family wash, as is done in thousands of households every week.

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Simply ask yourself this question:

"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.

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PHOTOPLAY

May, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

FREQUENTLY I am asked from what viewpoint pictures are reviewed in "The Shadow Stage" department of PHOTOPLAY.

Last week alone over a hundred letters came from readers expressing their appreciation of the general accuracy of our judgment and the saving of time and money as a result of its guidance.

The aim of this magazine is to "report" pictures to our readers from the viewpoint of the average intelligent patron of motion picture theaters. The first thing the average man or woman wants to know about a picture is whether or not it is worth seeing. Is it a good entertainment? Is it a good story? Is it well told (well cast, produced and directed)? Is it clean? Is it a picture the children should not see?

That's what PHOTOPLAY tries to tell you.

NO effort is spared to insure the accuracy of these reports. It is not the easiest thing in the world for a writer who sees pictures day after day in dark and silent projection rooms to retain his enthusiasm about them. It is so easy to become satiated, to wax cynical, to become a chronic knocker. But no one can review pictures for this magazine who dislikes them, who has lost the average person's viewpoint. Personally I have never lost my fondness of them, and when I do I shall put another name on the editor's door.

WHEN some producers, through poor judgment or unfortunate circumstances, spend hundreds of thousands on a mediocre picture they try to bolster it by heavy exploitation, dress it up, call it a "Super-special" or some such spurious, barnumesque adjective, and try to charge double or more the usual prices. When that happens it is the duty of "THE SHADOW STAGE" to acquaint you with its actual worth, and where the attempt at deception is flagrant to denounce it.

ERNST LUBITSCH has been engaged to direct the lovely Negri. Three Polish cheers.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is going to pay Morris Gest, the picturesque producer of "The Miracle," and other beautiful and artistic stage spectacles, \$10,000 a week for assistance in exploiting "The Thief of Bagdad." Another indication that Doug is a good business man. Maybe Mr. Gest will now be able to buy a new hat. He's had the headpiece he is now wearing so long that the fuzz has turned into a beard.

UNIVERSAL paid Ethel Smith Dorrance \$25,000 for the rights to her book, "Damned," but Will Hays says it must not be produced.

The book was well named as far as its picture salvation is concerned.

I AM thoroughly familiar with scores of the unethical tricks that have besmirched the motion picture business, but it remained for a Boston church to permit itself to be used to show the industry what real deception and bad taste is. Last month, in this column I referred to a picture called "After Six Days," which is boldly advertised as "FEATURING MOSES and THE TEN COMMANDMENTS." The picture is a foreign made failure which has been unsuccessfully peddled around the film business for a long time. Nobody wanted it.

Was it a coincidence that the same day that DeMille's "Ten Commandments" opened at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, "After Six Days, etc.," opened at Tremont Temple, which is conducted as a church and controlled by a board of governors who permit some motion pictures to be exhibited there when the temple is not being used for religious purposes?

This is encouragement indeed for good pictures.

SOMEBODY on the set asked Estelle Taylor about a report, recently published in a coast newspaper, to the effect that she is engaged to Charles Spencer Chaplin.

"Listen," was her fervent reply. "I know I can't act as well as Pola Negri or Edna Purviance or some of the other girls, but you can bet I know something that some of them don't know. I know that Charlie Chaplin's idea of an engagement is an eight column headline on the front page. Not that I'm averse to publicity myself, but I've quit taking comedians seriously."

WHILE Director Edwin Carewe and his company were in Paris, returning from the Sahara, some one suggested going to a dramatic play.

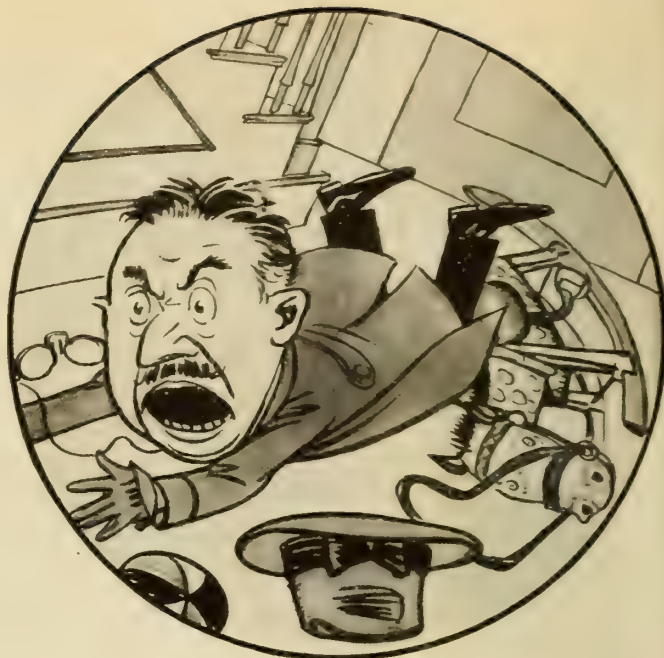
"Do they speak French?" asked Claire Windsor.

"Yes, you beautiful creature," replied her escort, "they've learned to speak French over here."

I don't blame Claire. It's just as surprising to find anyone in Paris who speaks French as it is to find anyone in California who was born there.



Forget about dressing. Wear bungalow aprons or kimonos all the time. Keep your hair on curlers, and make over your old clothes yourself



Teach the children to leave the toys about so that Daddy will be sure to fall over them when he comes home from a hard day at the office

How to Lose Your Husband

ALL these years I've been harboring a gold mine unawares. Here I've been content with merely being an actress when I might have commercialized my great special knowledge to the world.

For instance, every time a producer sends for me he says, "Mary, I want you to play the deserted wife in my next production. You know so well how to lose a husband."

And I do. I've been losing my husband to the other woman for about four screen years. I've been twenty different women in forty different settings, but the result is always the same.

My method seems practically failure proof. Right now I am again losing my husband to a woman who looks like a doll. With all due respect to the author, I don't consider that very original. Most wives do lose their husbands to a woman who looks like a doll.

But it never occurred to me until this moment how welcome a knowledge of this technique of mine would be to the mass of smart women in these United States. Without a doubt most of them are clamoring for this wisdom I possess.

Of course, a good many of them seem to have gone along with some home-made

By Mary Alden



Mary Alden in person. Would any sane husband desire to make her a deserted wife?

information of their own. Certain it is that one out of every six marriages in this country ends in divorce, and the man always says it's the little woman who wanted it. So, obviously, the girls are managing somehow. But for the benefit of my sisters-in-arms who don't know just how to step out and get their divorces, I will outline the necessary steps leading up to this event.

The chief thing to remember is that the first divorce is the hardest. It's like the first wave that hits you when bathing, or the first bobbing of your hair, or your first falter from orthodoxy. But you know how that is. The moment you get accustomed to it, you love it.

Remember, you mustn't leave your husband. Let him do the work. Your job is merely to lose him. This will help on the alimony and leave you with that noble feeling.

So, in order to lose him quickly and effectively memorize these eight steps:

First. Begin by making your home attractive to yourself. Put lots of fussy needle work on the tables. See that the chairs in the living room are period affairs, too decorative for words and too uncomfortable. Since you love green, he is certain to favor blue.



Remind him gently that smoking is an extravagant and silly habit and that he can just as well get over it if he only wants to do so



Invite your friends in and spend an educational evening with reading from the works of Elvira Hopkings, the local poetess

Do the house in green. This is sure to make your complexion look terrible.

Second. Start immediately to forget about dressing. Spend most of the day in a bungalow apron or a kimono. Decide to remake your old clothes yourself, and if you want to make the thing positive, wear your hair on curlers under what you call a boudoir cap.

Third. Get absolutely absorbed in the children. Teach them to cry at midnight and to leave their toys about so that daddy will always fall over them when he comes home from a long day in the office.

Fourth. Lose the cook. This will permit of your forgetting to order dinner and of serving cold ham and potato salad three nights in succession and of burning the coffee every morning.

Fifth. Start saving. Save on everything. If your husband is still archaic enough to want to take you to places, suggest that you and he just stay home and have a darling little game of dominoes and put the money you might have spent in the bank toward the children's education.

Don't buy new clothes but purchase him one of those things for re-sharpening razor blades. Again, remind him gently that you must save on the electric lights and that smoking is a very extravagant and silly habit that he can just as well get over if he wants to.

Sixth. Invite your mother to spend a month with you. Mother, having buried one husband, will get your husband ready for his grave in about a week. Along about this time he will suggest that he work nights at the office and you should en-

courage this thriftiness on his part. It is an encouraging sign.

Seventh. He will start having dinner dates with important clients almost every evening. He will soon begin to look quite exhausted under the strain of this extra work. So, any evening that he does stay home, instead of letting him sleep, as he will appear to desire, invite some company in to amuse him. Don't invite any of his rough friends who might like to play poker or something of that sort. Have your friends in and plan an educational evening with readings from the works of

Elvira Hopkings, the local poetess. Also be sure to make him wear his dress clothes.

Eighth. After two or three evenings like this, your husband will be so uplifted that he will get more work to do which will keep him downtown all the while.

Shortly after this you will meet him, accidentally, one afternoon. He will be coming out of a jeweler's shop and on his arm will be hanging a blonde young person. You will give them both a dirty look and pass on hurriedly.

Go to the nearest telephone booth and call up your lawyer. To your surprise you will find that your husband has already talked to him and that he is therefore prepared to discuss the terms of the alimony. You will laugh loudly at his first terms and, after some extensive maneuvering, come to an agreement whereby you have all but fifty cents of your husband's earnings for the remainder of his life.

You should then go home, breathe a sigh of accomplishment and cultivate a mournful expression. You have won your first spurs in this great American pastime.



Mary Alden in her oft-repeated rôle of the deserted wife, in "Snow Blindness"

L. M. Goodstadt, for seven years a casting director at the Lasky Studio and now business manager for Cecil B. De Mille



Says Mr. Goodstadt: "My advice to those who are about to approach a casting director for the first time is—**BE BUSINESS-LIKE**. Forget personalities. Remember that to the Casting Director you are just so much merchandise and be prepared to convince him in definite, specific terms that you are the particular merchandise he needs at the time."



Where beauty counts.

Beauty

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "To act in the movies, sir," she said.
 "What are your talents, my pretty maid?"
 "I once won a beauty prize, sir," she said.

AND that, in the opinion of thousands of girls who wish to become screen actresses, is all that is necessary. But they are all wrong—dead wrong. For seven years I was casting director for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and I want to tell all aspirants just this:

Beauty is the commonest and least valuable of all those things that a casting director is called upon to buy.

It is no easy position to hold, that of casting director. I have given "fat" contracts to people I personally disliked. I have broken the hearts of very near and dear friends. I have had many uncomfortable moments divorcing the personal element from the most impersonal profession in the world. And that's why I'm writing this article. I want to let people know that there can be no such thing as favoritism or preferment on social grounds when a casting director assumes the job of picking players for a motion picture.

Perhaps I can keep foolish thousands from trying to "impress" the casting director. And perhaps I can't. But, any way, here is the truth of the business.



ZaSu Pitts, who is always in demand, and deservedly so, as her work in "Greed" and other pictures proves



Dale Fuller, whose acting in "Foolish Wives" stamped her as one of the best of the character actresses



Ethel Wales is seldom if ever idle. She recently finished work in "Icebound" and started at once for Hollywood



Eight bits of "Atmosphere" in "Monsieur Beaucaire"

Is Cheap!

What Else Have You Got?

By L. M. Goodstadt

When I start to cast a production, say for a man like Cecil B. De Mille, I become a buyer of specific merchandise. I am given a story fabric, the warp and woof of which are certain strictly defined personalities. I am in the market for a certain poise of the head, a specific gesture, a special ability to portray a particular and definite emotion. And nothing "just as good" will do. I must have just what the story calls for. It is a link in a chain, a fragment of a mosaic. If it is not perfectly in accord with the specifications, it will cause the ruin of the whole framework.

I once made a very beautiful young lady very angry because I interrupted an interview with her to jump up and go out to my outer office to catch a man with the St. Vitus dance I had just seen pass the window. But you see I had a story which needed the man with St. Vitus—and the beautiful girl had nothing to offer but beauty.

If you're going to try to break into motion pictures, lay aside any plans of trying to "impress" the casting director. Think of yourself as just so much merchandise, so many pounds of potatoes or cases of eggs if you like. Analyze what you can't do and what you can do. Catalogue both your experience and your background. Be prepared to "sell" yourself purely on a basis of merchandise. If you have some decided eccentricity of face, figure or action, the way will be much easier for you, in all

probability, for the unusual is always a marketable commodity.

I've known of cases where I have suspected that the person I was interviewing—and I talked to over 250,000 would-be actors and actresses in seven years—had spent nearly the last available cent to put on a good "front."

Don't try to "dress up" when you come to see the casting director. People are never themselves when they "doll" beyond their usual habit. Wear things of which you are not conscious so that your real personality can show through. If your clothes are terribly shabby, come anyway, because a casting director has even more calls for people who look unkempt and disheveled than he does for the sort who, by training and temperament, are literal "clothes horses."

I am now a business manager for Cecil B. De Mille. As I write this article I am buying materials for his next picture, "Triumph." I am buying raw film, silks, satins, lumber, nails, chemicals, etc. I meet scores of salesmen daily. They are trained in their business. They tell me their story quickly and then leave. It doesn't matter either to me or them whether we like each other. They have something to sell and I am standing ready to buy. That's the only relation that counts.

I am doing precisely the same thing now as I did when I was a casting director—with an expenditure of just about one-fifth the nervous force and one-tenth [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



Flora Finch has been one of the best screen comedienne since the days of John Bunny—and she still is



Josephine Crowell is an admirable actress always. She appeared recently in Richard Tully's "Flowing Gold"



Louise Fazenda, who never thinks of her appearance when creating one of her inimitable comedy rôles

The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

The life story of a "plain, freckled, ornery American kid," as he calls himself, who has won immense wealth and world-wide fame, is one of the absorbing romances of the motion picture



At eighteen months, he posed for his father in the latter's photograph gallery in Humboldt, Nebraska

IT is impossible to cast any glamour over my youth. It was exciting enough, and filled with incidents and what, to me, was adventure, but there was nothing romantic about it. I spent most of my time looking for trouble and I usually found it.

I was just plain, freckled, ornery, American kid.

We moved so frequently in those days that my background is pretty well scrambled, and it's like making a picture puzzle to fit together the things that happened and the places where they happened. When the family discusses it, all disagree. Anyway, most of the towns in Nebraska and Colorado were pretty much alike, and the scenes of my life were laid somewhere in those two states until I was eighteen.

I made my entrance into this world in the little town of Burchard, Nebraska, on the twentieth of April, 1893.

My folks were just folks. We weren't any different from other folks in Nebraska, except I think we moved oftener. I think we moved oftener than any other family in the state. We lived in little towns, in small frame houses, and our existence followed the ordinary course of

families of our class in that location. It was a hard country, and we were never very prosperous, but we were never really poor.

My father had what is sometimes called an itching foot. He was always wanting to go somewhere and every time he changed towns, he changed business. At various stages, he owned a shoe store, a photograph gallery, a hardware store, a sewing machine agency and a restaurant. He liked to go to new towns and start a new business, but I think his real ambition was to see as much of the country as possible. Generally he was described as "one of our successful merchants."

My mother's name was Elizabeth Fraser and she came from Toulon, a little town seventy miles south of Chicago. You know what every fellow thinks of his mother. I don't remember that I thought much about her, when I was a kid. I was pretty busy. But she was an omnipresent fact, like the air I breathed. No boy ever had a better mother and father, and I surely led them an awful life when I was young. I wasn't vicious, but I sure was ornery.

I had one brother, Gaylord, five years older than I, and he was my idol. He says I was a terrible nuisance as a baby. Sometimes he had to wheel me around in my perambulator, which interfered greatly with his own schemes. Besides, he considered me anything but beautiful and thought that, for the honor of the family, I should be kept as much under cover as possible. Once he parked me at the railing in front of the general store and left me, and my career all but ended there under the dancing hoofs of a farmer's bay mare.

We left Burchard when I was six months old, so my recollections aren't



At nine years, he was a successful popcorn merchant in Beatrice, Nebraska



The great screen laugh manufacturer was born in this little house in Burchard, Nebraska. (A hitherto unpublished photograph)

THIS is the first instalment of the autobiography of Harold Lloyd, whose fame and whose popularity are world-wide. There probably is no country in which motion pictures are shown that has not seen him, none in which he is not admired. In his pictures he speaks a universal language—that of a laugh-creator. Whether in the Occident or the Orient, he has a following such as always accrues to a man who can make others happy.

Strangely enough, for a man whose counterfeit presentment is familiar to millions, little has been known about the man himself. He always has shrunk from personal publicity, believing that his life off the screen belonged to himself. But so many and so insistent have been the demands that something of his personality and his background be told, that PHOTOPLAY finally persuaded him to write this autobiography. Those who love his pictures and who read this will realize that in his writing he is expressing his personality as graphically and as truly as he does on the screen.

JAMES R. QUIRK



Harold Lloyd as he is today—with the shell-rimmed glassless goggles he wears in every picture

very authentic about it. We went first, I believe, to Humboldt, another small town, and still later to Pawnee City. Then we went to Denver for a little while, from there to Beatrice, stopping somewhere on the way and once spending a short time in Fort Collins, Colorado. From Beatrice we went to Omaha.

Nebraska is a cold state and, twenty or twenty-five years ago, life there wasn't any too easy, especially in the small towns and on the farms. My early recollections are of great space, immensity, ruggedness, barrenness. There was a thrill about it all, though, and it seems to me we had more fun than kids do nowadays, and we worked harder and it was good for us. The winters were hard but wonderful. There was snow everywhere, miles of it, great mountains of it, shutting in the little frame houses, with drifts up above the windows and folds down over the eaves. As far as you could see for months at a time, there was nothing but ice and snow. But it was a great time for sport for the kids.

When I was five, I got both my feet frozen and was nearly ruined for life. Only five or ten minutes stood between me and not having any feet. My brother Gaylord belonged to a gang of older boys



When he was a student in the East Denver High School at sixteen

and the ambition of my life was to follow them in their hazardous career. They were going up the river skating, on a bitterly cold afternoon, and I wanted to go. You know how kid brothers are, always tagging along. I was the town's prize tagger about then. I howled and yowled and clung to mother's skirts, pleading to go, and finally she said I might. She told Gaylord to build a fire for me on the bank, so I could keep warm and to watch me carefully.

Gee, I was popular with those big kids, and especially with Gaylord. But I trudged along, blissfully happy. The boys built a fire and I settled down, warm and comfortable. But after a while the fire went out. It grew colder and colder. I tried to build it up and couldn't. I cried and cried, but the boys had disappeared around the bend and couldn't hear me. I can still remember my terror, as dark came on. When the boys came back, I was nearly frozen. I remember I couldn't feel my feet as I walked home, nor anything under them. The sensation intrigued me, but I was pretty cold and scared.

When we got home, my mother nearly collapsed. My feet were frozen black. She didn't know which to do first, take



Harold's mother and father, from photographs never before published. His mother was Elizabeth Fraser, of Toulon, Illinois, the leading amateur actress of the town



He had his feet frozen when he was four years old, but he doesn't seem worried in this picture, taken about that time

care of me or deal with Gaylord. Finally, she and father split the difference and mother began applying snow and other remedies to my poor little feet, while Dad took Gaylord into the proverbial woodshed. After much agonizing prickling, during which I howled valiantly, my feet were saved. In fact, I think I could walk before Gaylord could sit down.

But he evened things up, because the next Summer he saved me from drowning. I was always crazy about swimming, and I wanted to do like the big boys, so I jumped off the bank into the deep part of the swimming pool. I'd come up the second time and was on my way to eternity with the third down, when he grabbed me by the hair and towed me to the bank.

I was always a marked man in any town where we lived because of my freckles. Naturally, I was proud of them, though, as I look back, they were probably the most terrifying freckles I have ever known. Wesley Barry might have served as a cold cream ad for a perfect skin beside me. I was not only freckled in an amazing, unbelievable profusion, but my freckles were the reddest, most glaring ones that ever were. I was always described as "the Lloyd boy with the freckles."

As I grew a little older, I was usually engaged in a death-struggle for supremacy in my gang. There aren't many things in my childhood to which I personally can point with much pride, so perhaps I may be allowed to state that I was pretty often leader of my gang. I could think up more things to do than anybody else. I used to get licked in fights a good deal, and I couldn't have maintained my generalship by force, but I usually won my place back by thinking up some new game which I alone knew how to engineer. I remember the fellows used to refer to me as a "slicker."

But my life wasn't all sunshine. I had an aunt who lived near us, and while she was and is a dear,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



Photo by Staggs

CORINNE GRIFFITH and Walter Morosco did the conventional thing by slipping across the Mexican border to Tia Juana to be married. Corinne's new husband is the son of Oliver Morosco, the theatrical producer. The bridegroom has done some work in motion pictures, and for months was supposed to have been engaged to Betty Compson

The Love Dodger

A story from behind the curtained windows of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Part Three

CLEVELAND BROWN was back on location and ready to shoot at nine o'clock the next morning. It was evident that he had not slept. Strain, that might have been the result of the long, hard drive in the dark, was written upon his face. But he was unusually bright and smiling and eager to work. Only Janice, after one swift look into his eyes, recognized that the smile was not what it should be.

She did not guess what had happened. There was nothing in her knowledge of life nor in her consciousness to give her the faintest clue to the actual occurrence. She only knew Cleveland had gone to Hollywood and after a few, short night hours, he had come back, wearing a smile that was only a mask.

No one else noticed anything different. To them, it seemed the same smile that Cleveland Brown always wore in the morning. Even Mrs. Reed, who always went on location with her daughter, said bitterly: "Well, he seems to have had a good time. The idiot."

Janice laughed. "You're a bit hard on us poor mortals, mother," she said.

"Janice," said Mrs. Reed, "I don't know where you get some of the stuff you talk lately, but the sooner you get over it the better off you'll be."

Without answering, Janice tucked her long skis under her arm and tramped across the snowy open place in front of her cabin to where Cleveland and Scoop Wilson and the director were standing.

In her trim, high-laced boots, below tight-fitting knickers, her clinging red sweater and little fur cap pulled well down over her curls, she looked like a boy woodsman. She had a delightful walk, anyway, as swift and graceful as an Indian's.

The cold had brought a deep color to her cheeks. Altogether, she made a lovely picture, against the gleaming snow banks and the tall, black-green pine trees. But the three men hardly glanced at her. She was just part of the troop, when work time struck.

They were doping out a gag and she slipped her arm through Cleveland's and stood listening. Her eyes, quite expressionless and calm, rested on him a moment without apparent intention. And with that glance, she knew for the first time in her life what real hatred meant.

Few violent emotions had come to her. She had always had a strange conviction that she was capable of them to the last degree. Now, she could have taken Leda O'Neil's long, white throat between her own brown hands and choked the life out of her. Leda O'Neil, who had put that look in Cleveland Brown's eyes!

"It's this way," Cleveland was saying intently and seriously. "I can see a lot of funny gags on the ice, when this fresh clerk from the city begins to show off in front of the rubes. He's been putting over some pretty grand stuff. No one's ever done any funny stuff on ice. Now I was doggone near born on skates. I can pull anything, just when I want to. Now, Janice'll go up that hill and come down on her skis. I'll be waiting on the ice for her, feeling pretty good, and anxious to show this backwoods jane what a real guy is like. I've just put

Illustrated by
Arthur William Brown



In her boots, knickers and clinging red sweater Janice looked like a boy woodsman

on my skates, see, and we can have a title in there that I've once been roller skating champion of western Texas and I think I'm good on skates. Well, when this girl, that has pretty near cut her teeth on icicles and learned to ski before she could walk, comes along—I begin pulling my city-masher stuff. First thing I do, I try to make her a grand bow, and I keep right on going over and over, and come up right in front of her and try to pretend I intended to do it just that way—you get it? You think it'll be funny?"

Janice shut her eyes. Somehow, she just couldn't bear it that he must go on being funny with that look in his eyes.

Oh, that was the way with this business. Heart-break. Death. Bankruptcy. Divorce. Shattered air-castles. Anything and everything, and still you carried on. Just as Cleveland was carrying on with gags to make the world laugh, while his heart ached with all the tears a man may not shed.

"Janice," he said, "can you ski down that hill? It'll look awfully pretty, coming right into the camera."

She nodded. "It may take me a couple of tries," she said. "If I don't make it the first time, I'll try again."

"You can have a dozen tries," said Cleveland, patting her shoulder. "You're not afraid, honey?"



She smiled at him and all that she longed to say was in that smile. "No, Cleve, I'm not afraid."

He patted her again, absently. And she knew he had neither seen nor heard.

She strapped on the skis and started off toward the lake. She couldn't help showing off a little about it. Three weeks ago she had never even seen a ski. And in the three weeks she had been up here practicing, she had learned to make a very fair showing.

"Watch me," she called gaily to Cleveland. "I'm good."

She started off across the small, frozen lake, skimming along like some bright-plumaged bird. Once, in sheer, young braggadocio, she leaned far over, her arms hanging like a racer, and fairly flew along.

"That's the gamest kid I ever saw in my life," said Scoop Wilson with reluctant violence. "Honestly, you've got to hand it to her that way. I've never seen her balk at anything yet, and no matter how many tumbles she gets, she never whimpers."

Cleveland Brown looked after the brave, swift, little figure. Of course. He'd always known that. It was one of the facts of the universe, like the rising of the sun. No one needed to call his attention to Janice's good qualities. He knew about Janice, at least.

They piled into the two big touring cars with the cameras and drove the quarter of a mile to the edge of the lake.

One of the prop boys strapped on his skates for him. He took a last look at the placing of the cameras and went out on the ice. In spite of himself, he felt a little thrill as the ice glided beneath his feet and he couldn't resist one or two fancy twirls.

But then the world began to drop beneath him. The sinking of his heart almost overcame him. Exactly as you felt in an airplane when you hit an airhole and dropped through space into endless nothingness.

There was nothing left in all the world. Nothing. Those moments of blazing wrath, of sharp anguish, the hours of mad, wild ride, the dominating habit of long years to work in spite of hell, had carried him along like a nightmare. Now he was awakening. Awakening to realize not only the thing that had happened, but what it meant. The wreck of his dreams. The blotting out of his future. He looked around and wondered if this could be the same world that he had looked upon the morning before.

Janice had reached the top of the hill. He must time her arrival. He didn't feel much like being funny. He hoped he would be.

The little figure in its boyish clothes started down the long slope. How well she did it! There wasn't anybody for hard work, like Janice. Bless her. She had grit.

Grit. That was what he needed. Janice would take a knock like this with her small chin up—up. Well, he could do it, too. He could even clown—he could clown.

He faced the hill. Janice had hit the ice, straightened up a vivid, dominant little figure flying a triumphant smile, and sailing with the grace and dip of a yacht.

And then, before anyone could move, there was a splintering and a crash. Cleveland had one glimpse of her face as it set and the bright picture was wiped out. There was only a dark, jagged hole in the ice, yawning and grinning up at them.

Nobody screamed. They were used to acting in emergencies. that crew of Cleveland Brown's.

Cleveland himself yelled as he started, "Quick, help me out of this stuff. Get some rails and branches. Ropes."

A prop boy was tearing off Cleveland's sweaters and another was kneeling at his feet. Everyone was moving, acting, silently and with incredible speed.

"She can swim like a fish, but those damn skis will weigh her down," Cleveland muttered, "and that water's cold. Oh, God, help me! Don't let anything happen to Janice. Good little Janice. I'll bet she's not afraid, even now."

The director came up, his arms full of rope and tools. "You oughtn't to go yourself, Cleveland," he gasped. "My God, if anything should happen to you—"

"Of course I'm going, you damn fool," yelled Cleveland Brown, "no one else can do it."

One of the prop boys stood there, stripped as well. "I'm coming too, Mr. Brown," he said, "I can swim fine."

It was all quicker than thought. Only a moment, it seemed, after the bright little figure had disappeared, Cleveland Brown in his bare feet and trousers, hit the ice of that dark, dank water.

The cameramen were tearing away the rotten ice and the hole yawned larger and larger.

It was so cold that he could hardly move. But he went down, with the instinct of a diver, his hands in front of him, feeling—feeling.

He remembered, in a queer flash, as a dying man remembers, the day he had taught Janice to dive. Her brown, strong young body, so full of life.

Where was she? Where was she?

He began to pray incoherently as he searched. God must help him to find Janice. There was so much that was horrible and rotten in the world and Janice was a bright and shining star. *She mustn't go out.*

He came up, despairing, for one breath. He begrudged this brief second for that one gulp of air. Down again, his hands touched something. It was only a clump of weeds.

No—something else.

He felt cloth. His hands closed on it like a vise and he began to pull upwards, with twice his ordinary strength. The water wasn't deep. He must get out. Someone was helping him. Together they dragged and pulled and fought, until—just as darkness was about to close forever and Cleveland Brown was sure that his lungs had burst open—his head came above water.

Janice didn't fight.

She must be out. Maybe—worse.

If only the ice along the edge of the hole held.

Ropes and heavy branches reached down to them. An automobile tire tube that one of the crew had stripped from the back of a car made a rest for the body they could no longer hold, because of their great weariness.

And at last they had her on the bank, where Scoop Wilson had managed to build a big fire. A limp little body, soggy and cold and lifeless.

Cleveland Brown bent over her. "I guess she's—gone," he said.

But the other men pushed him away and started to work on her.

There was everything in the car and someone knew something about first aid. In a motion picture crew, someone always knows something about everything. That is what motion picture crews are for.

Cleveland, wrapping himself in blankets, huddled close to the fire beside the prop boy, as they worked over her. They did it so lovingly, those men, that he felt no profanation as their rough hands tore at her clothes and banged her small body about. He could not think much. His soul and his mind and his spirit were as numb as his body.

Only one cell hammered at him. Leda was in another man's arms. And now his little pal was going to be taken away from him.

The first thing that Janice said when she opened her eyes tiredly was, "I'll do it again now," and at that Cleveland and the prop boy and all the men around the fire began to laugh and cry and to give a very excellent imitation of a dozen men in violent hysterics.

You see, Janice Reed was a sort of idol to the men who worked with her.

"That gag," said Cleveland Brown between his chattering teeth, "is out. We'll finish this picture on the Mojave desert."

Janice smiled at him weakly. She looked very sick, but she

could speak. "All right," she said, "but let's go somewhere now where they've got nice hot soup."

Cleveland Brown put an affectionate arm around the shoulders of the prop boy.

Maybe there *was* a God.

WHEN they were back in Hollywood, the old routine began again.

The publicity that Scoop had given to his rescue of Janice Reed soon died away. Janice herself was going about none the worse for those few hideous moments.

Everything reverted to normal. The soggy, dull, ugly lull after a storm.

Outwardly, Cleveland Brown seemed unchanged. The brief thrill and reaction of Janice's danger and rescue had vanished. He began a vain striving to take up his life as it had been before the coming of Leda O'Neil.

He returned to his habit of taking Ray Connable out to dance now and then. That was all right, because Leda had never liked to dance. It was too much trouble. He occasionally dined with Janice.

And he sunk himself as much as might be in hard work. Harder work than Cleveland Brown had ever done, even in the old hard days. He drove himself and his people, relentlessly and quietly, to exhaustion.

He was a little quieter, a little kinder, a little more considerate of others. But there was no bitterness, no whimpering, and no outward sign.

The funny part of it was that he didn't blame Leda. He decided there must be some unmanly weakness in his soul, something lacking, for he had felt no impulse to murder or destroy either Leda or the blond young fool in whose arms he had found her.

Why, because he had been a fool, because he had expected more than Leda could give, should he blame her? He had forced her into a position that did not fit her, did not belong to her. He had idealized her.

The aftermath was harder to bear, was filled with more vain regrets and more anguished thoughts, because he had gone into the thing without a second's warning.

There were people in Hollywood, of course, who could have prepared Cleveland Brown.

Two or three men who knew what it was to have Cleveland Brown's friendship, had walked the floor at night many times during those weeks, wondering what they ought to do about it, wondering if they should warn the boy, longing to avert a disaster that seemed inevitable and yet dreading the miserable business of telling a man the last thing in the world he wants to hear.

They wanted him to know, but they couldn't tell him. It loomed such a difficult task. Probably he wouldn't have believed them. Probably it wouldn't have done a bit of good. Certainly he would have hated them and could never forgive them, knowing that they knew his shame.

It was a terrible position for his friends. He came to see that. Scoop Wilson had actually tried. But he had come up against the wall of Cleveland Brown's loyalty and retreated.

Not even a whisper had reached him. The opinion of the world did not concern him. He had never encouraged nor mingled with gossips and wise-crackers. He was singularly inattentive to that stuff.

Of course, most men would have known, or at least suspected, a thousand times. But Cleveland Brown was neither wise nor suspicious. He was only very loving and very loyal and very honest himself. Deceit was an untraveled morass.

That Which Has Gone Before

CLEVELAND BROWN, the famous comedian, was the most eligible bachelor in Hollywood. But he was also shy, ill at ease, with women. The only girl that he knew intimately was Janice Reed, his leading lady. And Cleve thought of her in the light of a kid sister. His life was smooth, serene, until Ray Connable, an ex-Follies girl and a perfect stranger to him, announced their engagement. Indignantly he started to deny the announcement, and discovered that Ray had been seeking publicity—that she needed it, greatly, because she was jobless, discouraged and in search of a contract. So Cleve Brown played the game—being a modern knight-errant. He really liked Ray Connable, and the engagement might have become real, had not Leda O'Neil stepped into the picture. Leda was a vamp—in her private life as well as on the screen. She met Cleve in a most unconventional way; for, in an intoxicated condition, she commandeered his car and compelled him to take her home. Although Cleve knew her reputation, he told himself that real love would make everything come right. He was meeting passion for the first time, and it blinded him. Before long they were engaged, and the marriage date was set. If fate had not sent Cleve away, to location—and sent him back again, unexpectedly—Leda O'Neil would have become Mrs. Brown. It was his unexpected return, his unannounced entrance to Leda's home, that proved to him, in a blinding, sickening way, her unworthiness.

"I'm a little lonely," said Mrs. Morrison. "I—I think you know what it was to be lonely—once."



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN—

If their engagement had been announced, it might have been different. The need to tell would have been more imperative then. Probably they would not have let him take Leda O'Neil to be his wife without telling him some of the things she had done as his fiancée.

Afterwards, as he put the pieces of the puzzle together, slowly and painfully, he marvelled at himself and understood many things that had been done and said. What a fool he was! Why, a man that was such an idiot deserved all he got.

He said it to himself with a rueful smile. But then he would remember the day in the patio and Leda in her simple white frock, with the blue ribbons, and her eyes deep and dark as she promised to marry him, and the smile would vanish.

It was not that he could not forgive her. He did forgive her. Only, something was gone. He couldn't compass that forgiveness which the Christ had demonstrated, which wiped out forever the sin, and healed it. Perhaps he had a vision of such forgiveness, but it was beyond him now.

His love for Leda O'Neil was over. It had left behind it a new and heart-torturing grave, and Cleveland Brown mourned over that grave, though he knew the soul of the thing he loved had fled.

That and a longing, a terrific longing, was what was left of the love which Cleveland Brown had felt for Leda O'Neil. He missed her. Oh, God, how he missed her. There were times when his flesh cried out for her and he hid his brown head in the pillow to choke back the sobs he must not utter.

He wanted at least to be a man about it. He must be a man.

The thought of her had power to torture him. Power to call him. Sometimes when he remembered the dear, intimate moments and her sweetness in them, he could almost have cast honor and decent pride and ideals away and gone to her and said, "Never mind what you are, I want you so much I'll take you at any price and on any terms."

But he couldn't do that. Never.

In the long, quiet evenings when he sat at his window with his pipe and looked out over his garden that was beginning to die in the autumn frosts, he knew that his misery with her would be ten times the misery he knew now. That pleasure bought at such a price would be crucifixion to him. And that strange caution and fear that was part of him awoke again and controlled him.

He didn't judge her. But he had come to see Leda O'Neil with the remorseless eyes of a man who has loved greatly and been betrayed. She would always be the same. He could never trust her. That was Leda.

He could talk with no one, except sometimes, in a roundabout way, with his Dad. And he said to him, a little bitterly, "So I'm dodging love again, Dad, or it's dodging me."

For Leda did not make it easy for him. Now that she had lost him he seemed to her a million times more desirable. No man had ever left her before. It did not please her. All the arguments that she had used to herself, when she promised to marry him, returned augmented [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



Nita Naldi and her "sister." Miss Naldi denied she had a sister up to recently. Some folks say the younger girl's name is really Rinaldi and that Nita adopted the last part of it as her stage name

GLORIA SWANSON was hired and quit the same day when she took a job in a department store in New York recently. Here's how it happened.

Gloria is to play a shop girl in her next picture. She is a hard worker and does not spare herself any effort when she goes into a part. So she decided to work in a department store for a few days to observe the life and atmosphere. Arrangements were made with the head of Macy's store, and he was the only person in the entire establishment who knew about it. Even the head of the basement department, where she worked on the notions counter, does not know it, and probably will not until he reads this item, or hears of it.

Wearing a blonde wig, and without a vestige of powder or rouge she reported at eight o'clock for work, and was assigned to the notions counter. Sissors were her particular specialty. She kept to herself and devoted herself to selling her wares with the result that the other girls chided her for showing them up. She got off to a bad start.

In the dressing room during lunch period one of the girls turned to her and said: "You're just a fool to work so hard—it won't get you any place."

Another little blonde asked her to button up her waist, and the beautiful star of the screen, whose salary is \$7,000 a week, did it.

Towards the end of the day she overheard them discussing her.

"Something phoney 'bout that new dame," said one old timer who had been in the same department five years.

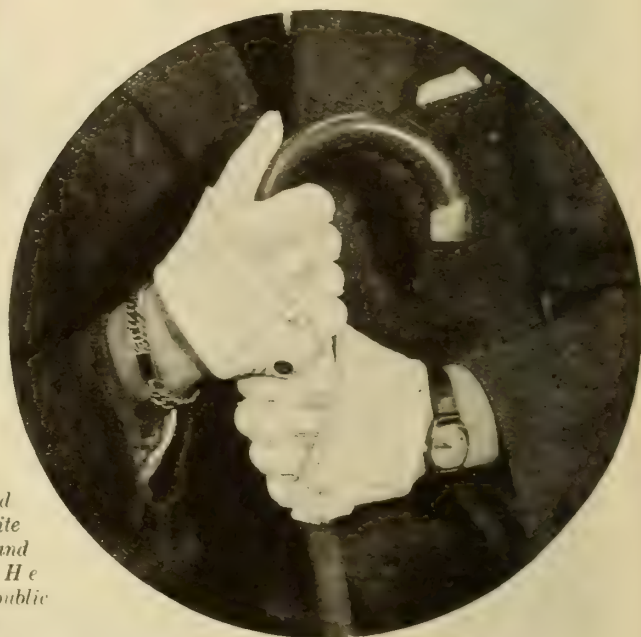
"Looks to me like she's wearing a wig," said another. "Let's kid her and see why she wears it."

"Yeh," said the old timer, "she tries to speak too nice. Putting it on, I think. Thinks she looks like Gloria Swanson, I guess. Makes me sick."

That was getting too close to be comfortable, so Gloria quit, having earned a grand total of \$2.50.

No, the title of the next picture will not be "Gloria, the Beautiful Shop Girl."

A close up of Von Stroheim, the clever director's gold and enamel bracelet, white gloves, wrist watch and walking stick. He wouldn't appear in public without them



WHERE do these weird rumors start? We have been receiving inquiries from all over the country asking if Gloria Swanson was really dead.

Aside from the fact that Gloria was sick in the hospital for a few weeks, a few months ago, there seems to be no possible foundation for it.

Another strange thing is that the inquiries came from all parts of the country, almost simultaneously. One reader wrote in to ask if it was true that Paramount had found a girl who looked just like Miss Swanson and that she had taken Miss Swanson's place.

ANOTHER "sister act" has been added to the Hollywood colony—Nita Naldi and her sister Mary. It is rather peculiar, however, that some months ago Nita denied that she had a sister. And one of the teachers in a school in New York, which was attended by both these young women, says that they met there for the first time, that Mary's name is really Rinaldi, and that when her friend adopted the stage and screen as a career, she took the last two syllables of Mary's name as her stage name. So that's that and you can take your choice in the matter.

NITA'S sister is dyeing. No, that is the proper spelling. The young lady is in the best of health, but Nita has decided that she doesn't like Mary's complexion. As a matter of fact, Mary wants to go into pictures, but she doesn't screen well. So Nita had a brilliant idea, which may work out all right, but which

has caused a lot of trouble in a Los Angeles hotel.

It seems that Nita figured one must be different to be successful on the screen, so she determined to accentuate the Italian darkness of Mary's skin. She discovered some preparation that made the skin a lasting brown, and she commanded Mary to bathe in it. Mary did so, with—it is said—remarkable results. The brown dye not only does not wear off of Mary, but it also refuses to wear off of the bathtub. The hotel employees tried everything to restore the tub to its pristine whiteness, but the dye resisted all efforts.

And now Nita is said to be pricing bathtubs of brown marble or something that won't show the stain.

DID you ever have a nightmare and think you were walking down the boulevard in broad daylight clad only in your pajamas?

If you did then you know just how Erich von Stroheim, the noted Goldwyn director, would feel if forced to appear in public without his gold and enamel bracelet, his white gloves, wrist watch and walking stick. He would as soon appear in public in his shirt-sleeves as without them.

Nor is it affectation with this picturesque figure of the Hollywood film colony. Before coming to this country in 1909 von Stroheim was an officer in the Austrian dragoons and the white gloves were a compulsory part of his uniform.

The bracelet, which is a gold bit-chain, held his identification tag.

and Gossip

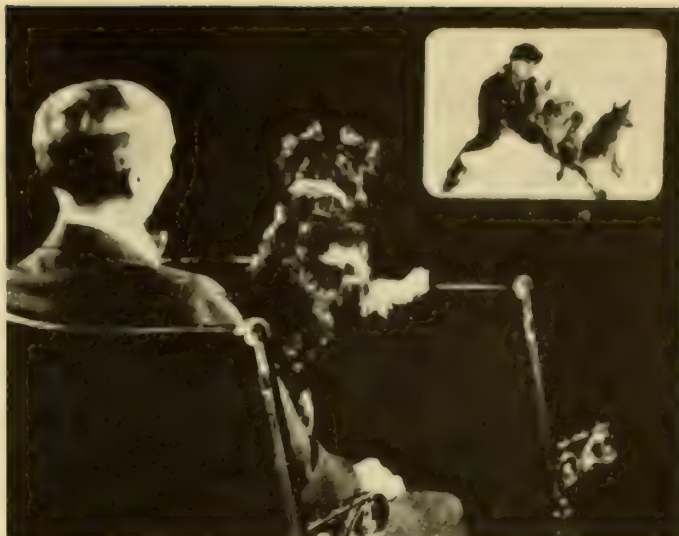
HERE'S one way that a husband who objects to bobbed hair can get back at a wife who bobs hers. J. P. McGowan, the director and actor whose wife is Helen Holmes, the serial queen, hearing that his wife intended to amputate her tresses, went and got his head shaved. Helen Holmes still wears her hair long.

WHEN Chaliapin, the famous Russian baritone, visited Los Angeles on a concert tour recently, he went out to Charlie Chaplin's studio. They say every famous person who comes to town shows up sooner or later at the Chaplin studio, and Charlie immediately stops work because he is so horribly self-conscious he can't work in front of them. In a week, if you work at Chaplin's, you are apt to meet Chaliapin, Hugh Walpole, Benny Leonard, William Jennings Bryan, and Professor Coue.

Anyway, Chaliapin had never seen some of the favorite old Chaplin pictures, like "Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Kid." So Charlie agreed to run them for him.

They sat together in the little dark projection room, and so pleased was the great Russian, that he burst into song, and sang with gusto and delight all the way through the many reels—sang anything and everything that came to his mind.

Rex, a little Spitz dog, was treated to a preview of "The Love Master," by J. R. Murray, a Chicago picture reviewer. In his enthusiasm over the star, Strongheart, Rex stood up and barked



When it was over, he thanked Mr. Chaplin for the entertainment.

"You haf been so kind for to show me this pictures," he said.

"And you've been very kind to give me such a wonderful concert," said Charlie, and they parted with mutual smiles of admiration.

ALTHOUGH both interested parties deny it—they always do in Hollywood—the en-

gagement of Agnes Ayres to Ricardo Cortez is being generally accepted as an established fact by the motion picture colony.

Agnes and young Cortez, who is one of the newest aspirants to sheik honors, have been seen constantly together for some months and, though they insist it's just platonic friendship, nobody believes them.

Cortez seems to have caused considerable stir among feminine hearts in Hollywood and



"Greetings of the Easter season to all readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE," says Jackie Coogan and his pet rabbit. "Oscar"

Agnes isn't the first star who has favored him with some attention. Even the fair and inaccessible Gloria is said to have smiled upon him before she deserted the west for New York. On the screen his sheikdom doesn't seem to progress so well, although Mr. Lasky is giving him every chance.

Agnes Ayres divorced Captain Frank Shucker in 1921. It was a "war marriage" that didn't take.

No wedding date has been mentioned, but friends of the young couple think the early fall will probably hear wedding bells in their honor.

BEBE DANIELS had a narrow escape from death recently. She was saved from a serious situation by the presence of mind of her director, Sidney Olcott.

It happened at the Famous Players studio, where they were filming "Monsieur Beaucaire." There is a mob scene in a long narrow hallway, in which many of the supers carry lighted torches. One of the extras slipped and fell, his torch sliding under the filmy, voluminous court dress of Miss Daniels. In a second it would have burst into flames, and Bebe might have met the same fate that was the portion of beautiful Martha Mansfield—who died of burns received in much the same manner. Olcott, however, saw the danger and made the old fashioned flying tackle that has been barred from the football field of recent years. He brought the star down with a crash and, incidentally, put out the flames.

THERE are Valentino fans in the motion picture business as well as outside of it. A prophet is sometimes recognized in his own country! This is proved by the fact that Helene Chadwick, who plays the part of *Lady Mary Carlisle* in "Monsieur Beaucaire," gave up stardom in order to appear opposite Valentino.

"I feel," she said, "that he is the greatest of the younger dramatic actors—and that play-



No, they aren't twins. This is little Mary Kornman, the youngest leading lady in pictures, and her doll, which Mildred Davis (Mrs. Harold Lloyd) gave her for her birthday, after searching all of the shops in Los Angeles to find one which looked like Mary. She plays the "leading lady" in the "Our Gang" Comedies

ing opposite him, in his best picture, will be the big chance of my screen career. Of course I wanted to be a star—but the chance for that will come again. And this chance was unique!"

TOMMY MEIGHAN has a sweetheart. The most faithful husband of the movies—the man whose married happiness is almost a

legend—has fallen for a blonde. It's getting to be a scandal, out Hollywood way, for Tommy has insisted, of late, that the young lady appear in most of his pictures. And when you carry a romance into your business, there's trouble in the offing.

The young lady, when questioned by reviewers, denied nothing. In fact, she was almost brazen in her frankness. "Tom is my big beau," she said, with a radiant smile. "I love him!"

The lady, by the way, goes by the name of "Peaches" Jackson. She has big eyes, and pink cheeks and dimples. And, on her last birthday, she was nine years old!

ANNETTE KELLERMAN, who has been wintering in Los Angeles and writing a lot of beauty articles, is a great favorite with the movie stars. She introduced a new form of entertainment recently—a tennis tea. Everybody came at two o'clock ready for a session on the courts and played until exhausted, when tea was served on the charming lawns of the Los Angeles Tennis Club.

Among the guests and players were Florence Vidor, Priscilla Dean, Enid Bennett, May Sutton Bundy and Mary Browne.

By the way, Miss Kellerman doesn't approve of these trick diets, such as lamb chops and pineapple, and baked potatoes and milk that are going the rounds just now. There isn't any greater authority on body care and building than the famous swimmer. And she says:

"These diets are not only wrong but dangerous. Reduction should be by a combination of properly directed exercise and a reasonable and sensible diet. All reducing must be accompanied by exercise. Women who go in for that sort of thing are undermining their constitutions."

MARY NEWCOMB, stage actress, has just obtained a divorce from Robert Edeson. Miss Newcomb says that "Bob"—whose



Flora Finch, who used to be John Bunny's principal aid in his comedies years ago, is now playing the Duchesse de Montmorency in "Monsieur Beaucaire." And her daughter, Veronica, who is following in her mother's footsteps, although she is confining her efforts to the stage rather than the screen



Corinne Griffith and her husband, Walter Morosco, on the beach at Honolulu during their honeymoon. Recent reports have it that Miss Griffith will work in but three more pictures and then make her screen valedictory. But there doesn't seem to be any official basis for this story.



A Spanish galleon, with painted sails, rowed by forty oars with four men to an oar. Besides the galley slaves, she carried a fighting crew of 100. It was rebuilt from an old sailing ship and is 172 feet long



The prow of a Moorish galleass, the fighting ship of the Moors in the early Sixteenth Century, reproduced by Frank Lloyd for "The Sea Hawk." An old ferryboat is its foundation, and it is 175 feet long



Milton Sills, as Sir Oliver Tressilian, the leading rôle

latest success is as the grafting inspector in the "Ten Commandments"—spent too much money on "somebody else" and not enough on her.

A good many people may remember the sensation it caused some years ago when Robert Edeson, star of such great stage successes as "Classmates" and "Strongheart," was divorced by his first wife, to whom he had been married for many years, and immediately married a pretty little school teacher in her teens, Mary Newcomb. Today, Miss Newcomb is hailed as one of the coming Broadway stage stars, is under contract to A. H. Woods, who is trying to find a proper play in which to present her to New York, and much of her success is undoubtedly due to the training she received when she and Mr. Edeson played together.

Now—they're divorced.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has stopped work entirely during the visit of Madame Eleanor Duse to Los Angeles. In fact, Charlie has not only stopped work, he has practically gone into retreat, to enjoy Madame Duse's great art. He has attended all of the four performances given by the Italian actress, and considers it, he says, the greatest artistic experience of his career. According to Chaplin, who has been hailed everywhere as one of the greatest artists who ever lived, Madame Duse is not only the greatest actress in the world, she is the greatest artist of any kind.

The whole film colony has turned out to do honor to Duse, and her opening night was attended by a glittering crowd of film celebrities who hailed her work with really touching enthusiasm.

IF YOU never tried changing directors in the middle of a picture you ain't done nothing yet.

Douglas MacLean, who is rapidly being nominated by the motion picture fans as the third member of a comedian triumvirate—the

other two of course being Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin—has just gone through that interesting experience.

Douglas hired a well known comedy director to wield the megaphone over his newest comedy, Willie Collier's stage success "Never Say Die." Douglas is a comedian who likes lots of room to work in, and who believes that spontaneity is the spice of the picture, as it were. Said director believed in quieter and more stereotyped methods.

"He actually had me," said Douglas, "where I couldn't get my feet off the ground, I'd stood still so long."

Fortunately Douglas practically directs himself, and after a few days of shooting he decided to call in another director to make over what was necessary and to finish the rest of the work.

WALLACE MACDONALD and Doris May are quite hurt because they were left out of the happy married couples PHOTOPLAY ran last month.

"Because we're the happiest married couple in Hollywood or anywhere else," they both declare.

So we apologize and add them forthwith to those amazing people who know how to be happy though married in Hollywood.

NORMA TALMADGE, accompanied by her husband, Joe Schenck, arrived home safely from New York. There were tears of joy on Norma's cheeks when she got off the train in Los Angeles and she says she never wants to leave Hollywood and California again. She will begin work at once on her new home in Beverly Hills, where she owns several acres on the hillside.

The first thing she did was to visit her new nephew, the second son of her sister, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, and Buster Keaton.

The first thing Mr. Schenck did was to cancel all plans for the Constance Talmadge picture, which was to start the following day,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]



The secret sorrow in Louise Fazenda's life is that, in all her pictures, she never has kissed the leading man. So she corralled Huntley Gordon and determined to break her record

The Greatest Box Office Attractions



Stars and Directors Whose

The Vote on Stars

Thomas Meighan
Norma Talmadge
Harold Lloyd
Tom Mix

Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks
Gloria Swanson
Pola Negri

By James R. Quirk

THE verdicts presented on these pages are the result of a ballot of five thousand exhibitors, owners of all classes of motion picture houses, from the great, full-orchestraed picture palaces of New York, to the ten-cent houses of the back streets of large cities and the smallest hamlets.

Each was asked to name "the six most consistent box-office attractions" among stars and among directors, those whose names when presented to their patrons in connection with productions meant good business and good profit.

It was not, in any sense, a popularity contest, but a straightforward question to business men who can actually determine the value to themselves of the names of stars and directors.

At first glance there are many surprises. Where, for instance, is Valentino? Where is Chaplin? Why should Tom Mix come ahead of Pickford and Fairbanks? Why is C. B. De Mille chosen ahead of D. W. Griffith? Why is James Cruze, who has made four outstanding box office successes in one year placed behind Allan Dwan, Marshall Neilan, and William C. de Mille? Why should a comparatively new star from abroad, Pola Negri, come ahead of the juvenile wonder of the screen, Jackie Coogan, who was ninth? Why should Richard Dix and Ramon Novarro and Reginald Denny, featured strongly only within the past year, precede Barthelmess? Where are the Gishes? What of Charlie Ray and Bill Hart? What of Corinne Griffith and Barbara La Marr, two stars whose names today mean "standing room only"? What's happened to Constance Talmadge?

I have tried to prepare a list of the basic elements of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 109]



By Vote of Moving Picture Exhibitors



Names Bring in the Public

The Vote on Directors

Cecil B. De Mille
David Wark Griffith
Rex Ingram
Allan Dwan

Marshall Neilan
William C. de Mille
James Cruze
George Fitzmaurice



\$25.00 For the Best Letter

A PRIZE of \$25.00 will be given for the best letter of 300 words or less explaining the reasons for the choices of the exhibitors in this interesting ballot. Prizes of \$10.00 and \$5.00 will be given for the second and third best, and all the letters will be published. No letter of over three hundred words will be considered, and no attempt will be made to read any letters written in illegible handwriting.





*"What you need," she said,
"is a little less Beethoven
and a little more sunshine"*

The Reformation of Mamma's Boy

His aunties called him
a model youth, but a
regular girl rebuilt him
on up-to-the-minute lines

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

IT all happened very quickly. There was Francis Timmons, standing on the pier with a group of prim, elderly ladies, watching the steamer come in, when, of a sudden, he toppled off and disappeared with a splash. Wails from the prim, elderly ladies, and a scream from his austere aunt. Below in the harbor a wet blond head bobbed up—and sank again.

By Gene Markey

"Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Minerva Timmons. "Save him!"

And out of the ensuing furore a cool voice came:

"What's the matter—can't he swim?"

She was a radiantly lovely girl, in a lavender linen frock; a fair-haired girl, with violet eyes and very red lips; and she was holding by the collar a large police dog. But the anguished aunt saw neither violet eyes nor police dog: she only heard a voice, asking if Francis could swim.

"No, no!" she shrieked frantically. Whereupon the fair-haired girl murmured something that sounded startlingly like, "My Gawd!" and calmly stepped to the edge of the pier, released the police dog's collar—and dived. With a howl the dog followed her, and they came up together in the water. For a moment there was a great splashing about, then the breathless watchers saw her seize Francis Timmons' wet hair, and, the dog swimming in circles about them, tow him ashore.

It was the first thrill Nantucket had experienced since the schooner *Jeremiah McCarthy* went to pieces off that coast, and from every direction people came running. Off the pier rushed Miss Minerva, the Greek chorus of prim, elderly ladies trotting in her wake; and when she beheld the girl (lavender frock clinging to her superb figure) deposit Francis safely upon the sand, she proceeded, did Miss Timmons, to faint most effectively.

* * * * *

ALMOST anyone, upon being pressed, would admit that Francis Timmons, at twenty-six, was a trifle *precieux*. Indeed, somebody had once said of him that he seemed descended from a long line of maiden aunts. More charitable commentators, however, held the opinion that, in all fairness, one could scarce expect a young gentleman who had led such a sheltered existence, reared for the sole purpose of becoming a concert pianist, to possess the manners of, say, a pugilist. It was perhaps unfortunate that Francis' fate should have been placed in the hands of his aunt, for back in Levelston (which is Chicago's most smug suburb) she had brought him up like a delicate daughter. He had, for instance, never been allowed to play with other boys; he had never learned to swim; his aunt had always insisted on his taking warm baths. She it was, as well, who decreed that he was to pursue a musical career. And all because at the age of eight he had preferred piano lessons to baseball.

On the morning after his spectacular rescue by the girl in the lavender frock, Francis was sitting on the veranda of the Sea Spray Hotel, gazing moodily out over the harbor and Nantucket Sound. Beside him, in a rocking-chair that creaked, sat Miss Minerva Timmons, crocheting. A sharp-nosed, keen-eyed spinster, Miss Minerva—fond of peppermint candies and the works of Trollope. As to clothes she had never completely departed from the fashions of the late '90s, and her iron gray hair was worn in the manner of the late Empress Eugenie.

"You seem," observed Miss Minerva, "rather—depressed this morning, Francis."

"Mm," replied her nephew absently.

"It's nearly time"—she was consulting a little gold watch, pinned upon her bosom—"for your lesson. Five minutes."

The languid Francis made no move, but only stared out over the sun-glinted water.

"You're sure you feel no ill effects from yesterday?"

"Oh, no." His voice was gentle, perhaps a tone *too* gentle. "But I—" he stirred uneasily, "—I've been wondering about that girl. . . ."

Well-bred people, of course, do not snort; but the sound that Miss Minerva uttered was appallingly similar.

"She is *not*," pronounced Miss Minerva, "anyone we would care to know."

"Hm. . . ."

"Come—it's ten o'clock. Smeed will be waiting for you upstairs."

Smeed was the music teacher who travelled in the Timmons' entourage. They had brought him to Nantucket for the summer, just as they had brought Francis' grand piano.

"But I don't—feel like practising this morning." The young gentleman rose and yawned.

"Now, now!" His aunt frowned. Seldom was Francis recalcitrant. "Go up, like a good boy. I want to hear that Chopin *prelude* after you've worked on it."

His mind, however, dwelt not on the Chopin *prelude*. In his blue eyes was a far-away look.

"You say she disappeared—after she dragged me out of the water?"

"What? Who?" asked Miss Minerva.

"Why—that girl."

"I don't quite see," she remarked impatiently, "your idea in bringing up *that* subject again. I've told you no one *knew* the girl, she is *not* staying here at the hotel—and she disappeared immediately."

"I should think she might," mused Francis. "She must have been atrociously wet."

"It's time for your lesson."

"All the same," he observed, as he sauntered away, "I should like to see her again." He had no intention whatever of going up to his music lesson. He felt in no mood for it, and entering the hotel by one door, he quitted it at once by another. Life was too short to argue with Aunt Minerva. Out he walked into the Nantucket sunshine, and for the nonce a certain Chopin *prelude* was forgotten.

Under a shady tree by the roadside stood the Timmons' long, green Pierce-Arrow, with Vincent the chauffeur peacefully asleep behind the wheel. Quietly Francis woke him, and climbed in.

"We are starting," said he, "on a short tour of the island. I am looking for something, Vincent, and we'll drive first toward Wauwinet."

"O. K.," assented the agreeable, if informal, Vincent. And with an expensive purr the shiny, green car moved off.

It was a perfect July morning, and as they followed the Polpis Road, winding narrowly among moors that were strewn with Scotch broom and wild-rose bushes and blackberry vines, Francis breathed deeply of the cool salt air, and smiled to himself.

"The quest of the girl with violet eyes—and a police dog," he murmured.

"Whajja say, sir?"

"Nothing," said Francis, still smiling.

* * * * *

"BY Jove! Stop the car, Vincent."

They had reached the Wauwinet end of the island, and ahead of them in the road a fair-haired girl in white sports clothes was striding along, halting at intervals to hurl a stick for a handsome police dog.

"That's she—I'm sure of it!" Francis scrambled excitedly from the car, caught up with her and whisked off his straw sailor.

"I—I beg your pardon—"

The girl turned, and her lovely eyes regarded him coolly.

"I—I'm Mr. Timmons," he murmured, fearfully abashed, "and I—I wanted to thank you for—uh—saving my life yesterday."

"Oh." A shadow of a smile played across the corners of her



*To Francis, this
would always stand
out as the night of his life*

mouth. "So you're the bird I hauled outa the briny deep!"

There was a slightly hoarse quality to her voice that fascinated him. And no one had ever called him a "bird" before.

"I—" he was blushing now. "—if you won't think it impertinent of me, I should like to—uh—I mean, I'm ever so grateful to you."

She was looking at him curiously. "Forget it," she advised.

"But I—"

The police dog had come up and was sniffing at his shoes. To cover his confusion, Francis stooped swiftly and patted its head.

"Baron!" She spoke warningly. But the dog made no hostile move, indeed, seemed rather to enjoy the caress. "That's funny," said she, "Baron's never let a stranger touch him before."

"Good old Baron," chuckled Francis, vastly pleased. Then he straightened up and faced her shyly. "Would you—uh—would you mind telling me your name?"

"Why—I wouldn't *mind*," she answered gravely, "but I don't see any particular point in it."

"Oh." This rather hurt him. Still, he had never seen anyone so beautiful. "Well, then," he persevered, "won't you—uh—let me drive you home?"

"Thanks, but my cottage is just beyond that clump of scrub oaks."

"Oh." He was stooping again, and stroking the dog's fur. "You're kind of a mamma's boy, aren't you?" she remarked abruptly; and watched the scarlet blush that crept around his neck.

He uttered a strange sound, and without raising his head, answered, "I—my mother died when I was six."

"Honest to Gawd," said she quickly, "I'm sorry!"

"It's all right." He looked up with a hurt little smile. "I—

I guess I'll be going along, now. . . ." He lingered wistfully.

"Wait." She laid a hand on his sleeve, and the expression in her violet eyes was gentle. "I guess you can't be such a bad canary if Baron likes you. He's pretty particular."

Francis wriggled with embarrassment. But she was not, apparently, making fun of him.

"If you'd like to, we can walk over to the cottage and sit on the porch a while. . . ."

"I'd love it!" he exclaimed, and turned joyously to his chauffeur. "Pull over in the shade, Vincent—and wait for me, please." The obliging Vincent grinned appreciatively.

"Guess I might as well tell you my name," she was saying as they turned down a charming little lane. "It's Queenie Fairfield."

"Queenie—Fairfield," he murmured. (Queenie. What an amazing name!) "Mine is Francis Timmons."

"Frances? Why, that's a girl's name."

Again he blushed. "Well—uh—that's F-r-a-n-c-e-s. Mine is *i-s*, you see."

"Another thing," objected the girl. (And Francis frowned. She seemed determined not to like him.) "Another thing—you oughta be ashamed—not knowing how to swim."

"Well, I—" he coughed uncomfortably. "—I've never learned, that's all."

The police dog was trotting along contentedly by his side. It was evident that *he*, at least, had accepted the young man who could not swim.

"Funny," she mused, "how Baron's taken such a fancy to you."

They had emerged from the lane now, and before them stood a tiny, green-shingle cottage, with yellow rambler roses trellised over the door, and a hammock and rustic chairs on the shady porch.

"This," announced Miss Queenie Fairfield, gesturing gracefully, "is my castle in Spain. Only, the roof doesn't leak."

Francis smiled, and glanced about him. Below stretched a sandy beach, from which a rickety dock ran out into the blue, sunlit waters of the harbor. There were no other cottages in sight.

"What a delightful place! You live here with—"

"My maid. Only she's gone up to New York for a week, so Baron and I are keeping house. Aren't we, old kid?" The dog looked up at her adoringly. "Whereabouts are *you* staying?"

"At the Sea Spray."

"Oh, the sanitarium!"

"Sanitarium?"

"Yeah—with all the incurables. I never saw such a sad-looking flock of cartoons!"

"Well," laughed Francis, "it's not exactly a gay hotel." Her conception of the Sea Spray's guests as cartoons amused him. Then, when they were settled in porch chairs:

"Where, may I ask, is your home?"

"Home," she repeated. "Don't make me laugh. This is the only home I've got—and I just *rent* it for a little while every summer to get away from things. I live in a hotel in Hollywood."

"W-where!" demanded Francis.

"Hollywood. I'm in pictures, you know. Didn't you ever see me on the screen—Queenie Fairfield?"

"Why, I—"

"It's all right. If you haven't, don't apologize. Incidentally, what *d'you* do for a living?"

"Well," he answered, "nothing—really."

"Pretty tough," pronounced the fair film star. "Idle rich, eh?"

"No, indeed. I mean, I'm *going* to do something. I—I'm studying piano. Preparing for concert work, you know."

"No kidding—you *are*?" She leaned toward him, a sudden light of interest in her eyes. "I'd give a lot to play on the piano. Professionally, I mean; I do pound out the jazz. The movies are all right, of course. I've got some fun out of 'em and a lot of fame—But to be a pianist—I!"

He rose. "I say," he exclaimed, all aglow with her wistful enthusiasm, "I wonder if you'd grant me a favor? Have you a piano here?"

"What's left of one."

"Would you—would you play for me? You'll probably laugh, but I—I've never been allowed to hear any jazz music."

"Allowed to hear any? You mean you've never heard any jazz?"

"My aunt," he explained, "is quite violently opposed to it."

"Well, I'll be—say, you can't laugh *that* off!" She got up swiftly. "Come on in. I'll knock out a tune for you. If—" she paused, smiling, her hand on

the screen door—"if you'll play some highbrow stuff for me."

"It's a bargain!"

They went inside. The cottage was furnished like an Adirondacks camp; rattled, rough-walled, with a wide stone fireplace at one end of the living room, and a battered upright piano at the other. Queenie Fairfield seated herself at the piano.

"Here we go!" she announced. "This is a classic entitled 'The Gypsy Blues.'"

As her swift fingers flashed over the keyboard, a flood of syncopated melody tinkled and jangled crazily from the old piano, and Francis Timmons stood looking on in amazement. He had never heard anything like it. It quite fascinated him.

"I *say*," he murmured, as she pounded out the last crashing harmonies, and turned around, smiling, "I *say*—it's amazingly modernistic, isn't it? So that is jazz. . . ." He appeared captivated, indeed.

"Now," said she, rising, "it's your turn."

"But I—I'd rather hear more—jazz!" Francis insisted.

"You promised—"

"Oh, very well."

He seated himself quietly at the piano. Somehow he sensed that the sacerdotal airs and flourishes of a concert pianist would appear ridiculous in her eyes. (And they were such remarkably lovely eyes. . .)

"I'll play for you," he said, "Liszt's 'Second Hungarian Rhapsody.'"

And play it for her he did. Brilliantly. She had never heard such melody from a piano, and when he had finished, and swung around smiling to face her, there was an odd wistfulness in her expression.

"Gee, it's—wonderful," she whispered softly, "wonderful! What I'd give if I could play like that. . ."

"But I," he laughed, pleased, "would rather hear you play more jazz!"

That was the beginning of it.

* * * * *

SOMETHING before noon next day, as Queenie Fairfield, in a scant little blue swimming-suit, stepped out of her cottage, she beheld Francis approaching from the lane. At sight of her his eyebrows lifted, and he dropped his hat. He had not viewed such a startling bathing-suit since 1912—at Ostend. (Where his aunt had been

[CONTINUED ON
PAGE 124]



"I," answered Francis, with a proud but swollen grin, "have been fighting"



Queen Lois

HER Majesty, the Queen of France, gorgeous in her brocades, gold embroideries and jewels. And Lois Wilson has both the beauty and the dignity to sustain the role which she is playing in "Monsieur Beaucaire" with Rudolph Valentino. Her costumes were copied from the originals and many of them were made in Paris. The jewels also are skillfully wrought replicas of the crown gems of Louis XV.

مكتوب

"Maktoob"

A Prediction

By Herbert Howe



Handsome, boyish and romantic, no wonder Ramon Novarro is a favorite with all motion picture patrons



Ramon Novarro makes a strikingly effective Sheik in Rex Ingram's "The Arab"

WHEN the Carnegie medals are being passed around let some one remember Novarro. For sheer nerve and daring he's the greatest swashbuckler since D'Artagnan.

The specific act of heroism for which I would cite him occurred six years ago when he was an usher of eighteen, humble, hungry and hopeful, at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles.

Mary Garden had arrived with the Chicago Opera Company, and on the opening night sat in a box to witness the performance of "Othello." As she quit the box at the conclusion of the performance Young Hopeful burst upon her with the violence of a wind machine. "Miss Garden!" he panted, "I want to sing and play and act and dance for you."

Miss Garden reeled and clutched a curtain. "My! My!" she gasped. "What an accomplished young man!"

The annoying part is, he really is. His presumption is no more staggering than his talents.

Nor is Miss Garden the only celebrity Ramon tried to entertain during the starvation period of his career. He gave them all a chance. He sang for Farrar, danced for Pavlova, acted for Mrs. Fiske and touched Edison for a loan of ten thousand.

Now that he's famous there's no one left for him to meet. He met them all when an extra.

His impertinence is irresistible. With one flip of a monocle in "The Prisoner of Zenda" he won the American public.

There's nothing we love like audacity. Doug Fairbanks hurdled to popularity with his brash bravado; now Novarro springs forward with his debonair wit of rapier subtleties.

I SPENT last Christmas eve with the Rex Ingrams and Ramon in a cheerless hotel of the African deserts where we were filming "The Arab." We tried to be appropriately sad with thoughts of the dear ones at home. But it was no use. With Ramon at the table we had all the Broadway attractions except the Spearmint sign. He impersonated every favorite



PHOTOPLAY's representatives in Africa—Artist Ingram and Close-Up Howe. From left to right: Rex Ingram, Herbert Howe, Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro. Also an Arab jazz baby. This picture was taken at the oasis of Gabes, in North Africa, where five Bedouin tribes gathered to make "The Arab"

from Mrs. Fiske to Patricola and did Ed Wynn better than Ed does.

Later he sat down at a piano which he must have salvaged from the ruins of Carthage and sang "Serenata Chusca," a humorous little Mexican ballad. Then "Tes Yeux," "Chants d'Espagne," "Princesita," and some compositions by Tiredelli and Debussy. At the height of the festivities he abruptly departed for midnight mass in the face of our pagan protests. Returning, he sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" and "Crucifix," by Faure.

That's typically Novarro.

He's an aesthete and ascetic.

As a boy in Mexico he yearned for the priesthood. Three of his sisters whom he adored became nuns. For a time he imposed upon himself the most rigorous of spiritual discipline, going about with eyes cast piously down until his friends took to chanting the "Ave Maria" every time they saw him coming.

"I wanted to die a martyr and be canonized," he says modestly.

But the aesthetic triumphed over the ascetic, and the movies cheated the monastery.

Yet not utterly.

Novarro sings every Sunday in the choir of the church of Our Lady of Guadalupe in Los Angeles. He sang there for a year before anyone knew it. That also is characteristic.

OF all the young cinema celebrities Ramon Novarro is the least known—and the most worth knowing.

I say this after traveling with him for three months over three continents. As a tramping companion Ramon is better than Ringlings. He can even play a calliope.

I met him in Hollywood some time ago but I didn't know him. No one does out there. He keeps as aloof as Pola Negri.

And, like her, he would rather endure the plague than a party. Yet the few *fiestas* he has attended certainly have given him fuel for caricature.

His chief dissipations are the theater, his music and sleeping. The last is not least. I've never known anyone with such a *flair* for slumber. Like Thomas Edison he is an advocate of relaxation. The only difference between the two geniuses is that Thomas can relax for five minute periods during the day, whereas Ramon can relax for hours without stopping. (This may or may not prove him the greater genius.)

His persistence is heroic. Neither ridicule nor blasphemy could discourage him in a purpose. Every day at a certain hour whether in America or Africa he must have music. An irascible gent who occupied a room next his at the Majestic hotel in Tunis had no appreciation for opera and registered a wail over Ramon's vocal exercises. The next evening all was silence in the Novarro quarter. Suspicious at such meek compliance I went to his room and found him at the piano as usual. He had merely tied a handkerchief over his mouth and was silently singing away.

On board boat he used to hammer a set of chimes. If the boat had sunk I know I would have found Ramon drifting around in his life-preserver pounding those darned chimes.

He says that upon the termination of his film contract he intends to go in for a career of music, either concert or opera. If he decides to do it nothing will stop him. Of that I'm positive.

In his very first screen rôle, that of *Rupert* in "The Prisoner of Zenda," he scored indelibly; three more pictures and he was exciting more interest than any hero since *Rudolph*. In "Scaramouche" he proves himself our finest romantic actor.

Think of any great rôle and you'll think of Novarro: *Romeo*, *Ben Hur*, *Dorian Grey*, *Galahad*. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

Glyn & Glynne

How Madame Elinor's
candidate for Paul in
"Three Weeks" got only
a bleached head, while
Conrad Nagel got the role

By Ivan St. Johns



Derek Glynne, who, at Elinor Glyn's behest, became a blond to play in her story and then was discarded for Conrad Nagel. At left, Madame Elinor Glyn herself



THIS, dearly beloved, is the small tale of the comic-tragedy, or the tragic-comedy, of Derek Glynne and Elinor Glyn.

It is one of those little folk-stories of Hollywood, one that has been told over countless stellar dinner parties and repeated along the Boulevard with gusto by such wits and wise-crackers as Will Rogers, Lew Cody, Rupert Hughes, Adolph Menjou and even Charlie Chaplin himself.

Thus, though the public does not yet know Derek Glynne, the story is worth telling because it is so typically Hollywoodian, and because the public knows Elinor Glyn so well.

One year ago, Derek Glynne was a featured attraction on the English musical comedy stage. We are not taking his word for it. In fact, all during this business, young Derek Glynne has maintained the silence of Madame Glyn's own pearl and gold Sphinx.

Anyway, he gave the British theatrical circles something new to talk about when he calmly disappeared. When they looked for him for his next performance in "Sally"—he was not.

When he arrived in Hollywood, unheralded and unsung, nobody noticed him. Hollywood is a very busy place and you have to splash around considerably if you expect any attention. Derek didn't splash, so he continued to play extras when he could get them.

But Elinor Glyn did the splashing for him. Quite unbeknownst to the young actor, the fanfare of trumpets which greeted the great authoress's return to Hollywood was Fate blowing his cue.

On the merry morning when Madame Glyn arrived, more stately and perfectly groomed and altogether charming than ever, Goldwyn officialdom met her at the station *in toto*. One high-hatted executive, more courageous than his brethren, announced to Madame Glyn that Conrad Nagel was to play *Paul* in her immortal novel, "Three Weeks."

What followed belongs to the ages.

That afternoon a seventy-mile-an-hour gale drove ships into harbors along the California coast, and rumor has it that the gale started on the Goldwyn lot. Madame Glyn wept at the sight of Conrad Nagel. Nobody else ever had, but then nobody else had ever written *Paul* in "Three Weeks" and seen Conrad as its screen interpreter.

Here exactly is where Derek Glynne enters the story again. Rumor hath it that Madame Glyn saw the young man walking in the foothills with his dog and instantly commandeered him. Anyway, they met—she took him by the hand, had him bleach his dark curls to the necessary blondness, and then had him photographed by Goldwyn for *Paul*.

The young actor bowed, smiled, shook hands, ran down long lanes with his dog, made a little love—all for the Goldwyn test cameras.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 129]



BEAU BRUMMEL—Warner Brothers

AN absorbingly interesting picture, from the famous play by Clyde Fitch in which Richard Mansfield made such a success. The title rôle is in the hands of John Barrymore and permits him to give one of the finest performances of his screen career. *Brummel*, disappointed in love, determines to advance himself by sheer insolence, and does so until he loses the friendship of his patron, the *Prince of Wales*. He is exiled from England and dies in a French hospital. Mr. Barrymore's performance is masterful always. His expressions, his mannerisms, depict all shades from impertinence to the most studied insolence. The direction is excellent, and some of the photography is wonderful. Second only to the star are the performances given by Willard Louis as the *Prince of Wales*, and Mary Astor as *Lady Margery*.



A SOCIETY SCANDAL—Paramount

GLORIA SWANSON never ceases surprising us these days. She showed a phase entirely new in "Zaza," then she did a remarkable piece of work in "The Humming Bird" as a tough, little Apache, and now she comes back as a maligned society woman who works out her own scheme of vengeance in the screen version of Sutro's "The Laughing Lady." She is growing in stature as an actress by leaps and bounds. She has developed a power of facial expression and a breadth of gesture that are strikingly effective. This story, although somewhat altered from the original, offers a wealth of opportunity to an actress who really can act, and Miss Swanson never fails. Rod La Rocque and Ricardo Cortez are especially noteworthy in the supporting cast, and Allan Dwan's direction is excellent.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



THE THIEF OF BAGDAD—United Artists

HERE is magic. Here is beauty. Here is the answer to the cynics who give the motion picture no place in the family of the arts. Here is all the color and fantasy of the greatest work of imaginative literature, *Arabian Nights*, done so beautifully, so perfectly, that it is an everlasting credit to its producer and an everlasting joy to those who see it. Into the words of this great classic, Douglas Fairbanks has blown the breath of life. He has achieved the much discussed possibilities of the camera. It is a work of rare genius, and the entire industry, as well as the public, owes him a debt of gratitude. If you miss this picture it is your loss.

The production itself is almost flawless. It would be small business, indeed, to use a microscope. Mr. Fairbanks spent almost a year in preparation. At his studio he assembled artists from all parts of the world, as is told in the Rotogravure section of this magazine. He spent over a million dollars. It is futile to say that it is worth every cent of its cost because the great imaginative quality and beauty of the picture is something that cannot be measured in dollars and cents.

Through the delightful fantastic tale of the Orient runs the theme, "Happiness must be earned," and it is a remarkable tribute to the story that it is so entrancing that you find yourself taking all the marvelous effects for granted.

Go see this picture at the earliest opportunity. Your ticket will be a magic carpet which will carry you with the hero of the Oriental tale to palaces in the clouds, to the abode of the winged horse, and to the citadel of the moon on wondrous adventures, and you will learn that "If you love a princess, you must make yourself a prince."

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD	AMERICA
A SOCIETY SCANDAL	ICEBOUND
BEAU BRUMMEL	FLOWING GOLD

The Six Best Performances of the Month

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS in "The Thief of Bagdad"
JOHN BARRYMORE in "Beau Brummel"
GLORIA SWANSON in "A Society Scandal"
ALICE CHAPIN in "Icebound"
JOSEPHINE CROWELL in "Flowing Gold"
PATSY RUTH MILLER in "Daughters of To-day"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 120



AMERICA—D. W. Griffith

MR. GRIFFITH has done it again. Has almost made another "Birth of a Nation"—but not quite. Nevertheless, "America" is an epic film and one of the greatest thrill pictures ever made. If you miss this picture, you miss something worth while—something that will not only give you a greater appreciation of motion pictures, but something that will make you pause and gaze with added reverence the next time you see an American flag.

No period in our history is so rich in romance as the struggle for independence and this is the period chosen by Mr. Griffith, with a story by Robert W. Chambers.

He has caught the spirit of our forefathers as we conceived it, and transferred it to the screen in such a way that you glory in being an American.

The first part of the picture treats of the causes of the Revolution and the events leading up to the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill. Nothing has ever been thrown on the screen that surpasses the ride of Paul Revere to arouse the Middlesex villagers and farmers.

In the second part of the picture, Mr. Griffith, realizing that it was impossible to tell the story of the Revolution in any one or any dozen pictures, has selected phases of it that vividly depict the sacrifices of the patriots in the struggle.

Notable figures of the American Revolution are presented, including Washington, Patrick Henry, John Hancock, Samuel Evans and King George III, and into it all he has interwoven a charming love story of the daughter of a Virginian Tory (Carol Dempster) and a young patriotic leader (Neil Hamilton).

Mr. Hamilton is pushed into stardom and Miss Dempster does the best work of her screen career.



ICEBOUND—Paramount

RESTRAINT is the keynote of this picture. The theme might have seemed monotonous had it been handled by a lesser director than William de Mille. He makes life glance through the chill of the story, and gives something vivid to the drab settings.

The rich mother of four children—three grasping and vulture-like, the fourth a ne'er-do-well—leaves her money to the poor relation of the family. She has recognized this poor relation's love for the waster, and her dying hope is that the love will triumph over shiftlessness. It does, in a unique way, but only after heartbreak and discouragement.

The cast—made up almost entirely of splendidly chosen types, is more than good. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson do fine work as hero and heroine. An ungarnished slice of life.



FLOWING GOLD—First National

THRILLING from the very start, this Richard Walton Tully version of the Rex Beach *opus*! The casting, first of all, is fine, and the series of events that go into the building of a girl's character are told with truth and a pleasant feeling of realism.

The *Briskows*—mother, father, son and daughter—discover oil on their squalid Texas farm. It lifts them from grinding poverty to opulence. But they are only saved from foundering in the sea of sudden wealth by the apt appearance of *Calvin Grey*, gentleman adventurer, who has come to the oil country to settle a score and make a fortune.

The picture works up to a spectacular moment that costars a cloudburst and a burning oil well, and brings the action to a close with a tremendous climax.



YOLANDA—Cosmopolitan

A SMALL boy trying to navigate in a great suit of armor. A Princess of Burgandy masquerading as a burgher's daughter. A gorgeous spectacle unsuccessfully attempting to be a successor to "When Knighthood was in Flower." The settings are beautiful and praiseworthy, but the story is weak. Marion Davies and Ralph Graves head a noteworthy cast. Not worth high admission charge.



FOOLS' HIGHWAY—Universal

THE outstanding features of this interesting picture are the careful drawing of the types and the creation of the Bowery atmosphere. The picture is based on Owen Kildare's "My Mamie Rose." The characters and scenes of the East Side of New York thirty years ago are capitally done. Pat O'Malley, Mary Philbin, Lincoln Plummer and Edwin J. Brady are especially good.



LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National

THIS story drags slightly—taken as it is from a play that depended upon clever lines for applause. But Corinne Griffith is charming and, at times, her acting is superb. A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with a group of obvious and assorted morals. Phyllis Haver does a fine bit as "a girl whose only sense is a sense of humor." For adults only.



THE WHITE SIN—Film Booking Offices

THIS second Palmer Photoplay story lives up to the high standard set by "Judgment of the Storm." It tells the story of a young girl who breaks away from a restricted home environment to see a bit of life. She marries, and is told that her marriage is not legal. Heartbroken and disillusioned, she hears of her rascally husband's death, and seeks refuge with his parents. And then—the *dénouement*.



SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount

THIS latest picture of Pola Negri's presents her in one of the types which she does so well—an Apache girl, the queen of a notorious cafe in Paris at the time of the World War. The rôle is a congenial one for Miss Negri, and, as a result, the picture is much more satisfactory than some of her earlier ones. She is excellent, both as the Apache and as the wife of the Prefect of Police. Well worth seeing.



LOVE'S WHIRLPOOL—Hodkinson

A CROOK story of the better sort, starring Lila Lee and James Kirkwood in their first after-marriage venture. It tells of the redemption of one James Reagan who, after the death of his young brother, swears vengeance upon the man—a banker—whom he holds responsible. It is his plan to strike at said banker through an innocent young daughter, but the plans, luckily, miscarry. Good entertainment.



DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick

ANOTHER sermonette against the flapper tendencies of this year of our Lord—with a sly dig at a certain variety of parent who is prone to do a bit of flapping also. The story ends happily, with a lovely moral and all, even though it takes a murder and a persistent detective to make certain people see the light. Fool-proof sentiment of the home and mother variety.



THE LAW FORBIDS—Universal

IN which Baby Peggy holds sway. The film Lilliputs are coming into their own and this little star is given every opportunity to show her talents. The story has been subordinated for the star, but it deals with the divorce problem in which a little child once more leads her faulty parents to the straight and narrow. Baby Peggy scores, and it is not a bad picture by any manner of means.



THE UNINVITED GUEST—Metro

THIS is rather a far-fetched story built about the aquatic wonders so cleverly perpetrated by J. E. Williamson. There is some splendid under-water stuff, and some really marvelous colored photographic views of multicolored fish life. It is an unusual and a worth while picture, laid in the South Seas and, apart from the story, which really does not matter, most enjoyable.



THE PHANTOM RIDER—Universal

THE story of a white-robed highwayman, a two-fisted sheriff, a mortgaged ranch—with a lovely girl owner, of course—and a loan shark. All placed against the background of some of Universal's best western scenery. Jack Hoxie plays the part of the sheriff and makes him lovable, though not too bright. He does some spectacular riding, however, which makes up for his lack of mental agility.



HAPPINESS—Metro

LAURETTE TAYLOR is always charming, whether on stage or screen, and it is mainly her personality that makes this picture entertaining. The story is extremely thin, but Miss Taylor, as Jenny, the little dressmaker who finally attains her ambition to have a shop of her own, is delightful. Her smile is worth the price of a seat. Pat O'Malley and Hedda Hopper are the best of the supporting cast.



THE TELEPHONE GIRL—Film Booking Offices

ASLANGY Witwer serial about a little Miss Fix-it who holds forth as a telephone girl in a city hotel. Each chapter tells the tale of a separate adventure. Alberta Vaughn, who plays the title rôle, does very clever comedy work—she is reminiscent of Louise Fazenda, without in any way being a copyist. This is a novelty, and a relief from the now tiresome prize-fighting serials. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Drawing by Ralph Barton

TUNIS, AFRICA—

Travel where you may, you can't elude the movies. Hollywood dirt flies o'er the Sahara, and Jackie Coogan has extended his conquests further than Alexander. In the Souk of Tunis (the shopping district) I saw a composite sign of Arabic, French and English announcing "*Charlot avec Jakie Koogan dans The Kid.*"

Ramón Novarro and I visited Sion Guez, the perfumer there, in quest of attar of rose and the essence of violet, amber and jasmine. Squatted beneath colored lamps within a golden grille, the unctuous Arab measured out the precious perfumes drop by drop, blowing on a thin glass tube. He informed us he was perfumer to the Sultan and Jesse Lasky. Two years ago the great Bey of Hollywood purchased twenty-eight hundred francs of perfume there, and his name is now breathed with Allah's. Ramón and I bought two bits' worth.

"Maybe he'll mention us with the sultans next year," said Ramón. "It's cheap publicity."

WHEN Elinor Glyn returned to London she made several observations concerning the social usages of Hollywood. "Where else in the world," she asked, "will you find a colored cook bursting into the drawing room to say: 'You folks better hustle to dinner if you don't want all the stuff to get cold.'?"

But Hollywood grows sweller every year. One of our newest and most beautiful of siren stars discovered that her servants were getting just as familiar with her guests as she does. Naturally she resented the competition. One evening she heard a maid address a guest as "Bill." Straightway she called her servants together and said: "Look here, from now on you call my guests by their second names only."

This may seem harsh and undemocratic, but it's the only way to cultivate style. God forbid that I should ever become ritzy, being humbly born, but it's certainly distracting to have the hired girl chuck you under the chin when you're doing your best to soft pedal the soup.

REX INGRAM has extended his discoveries to Africa. One of the most fancy of his finds to appear in "*The Arab*" is Rheba, a Bedouin girl, whom he found by the roadside with her nomad mama. He gave her a film test and found she took direction admirably. She'd do anything but smoke a cigarette, and I predict she'll do that once she gets to Hollywood. Alexandresco, a Roumanian actress of the company, toted Rheba up to the hotel the other afternoon to do her Arab shimmy. The Bedouin baby arrived, duly chaperoned by her I. W. W. mama—thus adding another movie mama to the fearful battery—and danced from her toes up in front of a mirror. She certainly threw her whole soul into her

work. It was the first time she had ever seen herself in motion and she was frankly entranced. As I write this she is still dancing, and I figure she has won the world's marathon twice. She's as willing as a Hollywood girl to do anything to make good. She's even taken a Turkish bath.

IT behooves Rex to make some new discoveries, for upon the completion of "*The Arab*" Alice Terry will probably sign a star contract, and Novarro must begin his Metro productions.

Directors make stars, but stars in their turn make directors. Griffith without the Gishes is for me a rather cold dish, and what is Cecil De Mille without Gloria in the bathroom?

NO one earns money as easily as a movie actor. Yet there is nothing so scarce as a good leading man. I can think of few unstarred youths of the least hope. Few stars, for that matter, exert any appreciable lure. I can palaver with the rest of the pundits about the Great Artists of the screen but when I'm compelled to see them, I usually get profane. At the present moment I can think of just six I'd ever ditch a bootlegger to see. The six magnificos are: Pola Negri, Lillian Gish, Charley Chaplin, Ramón Novarro, Mabel Normand, and Tony Moreno. And I'd rather see Krazy Kat than any of them, which proves Krazy Kat the greatest artist so far as I'm concerned.

HOW far Novarro will go when he quits Ingram is, of course, problematical. That he has creative force and a sense of humor, I'm convinced after seeing him work before the cameras in "*The Arab*." As the rascally dragoman who falls in love with a missionary's daughter, the boy is giving a great characterization. As he entered the missionary's house for his Bible lesson in a scene the other day he saw a man give a coin to a beggar. Immediately he took the coin from the beggar's hand and pocketed it.

"That won't do," bawled Ingram. "An Arab would never do that."

"Yes, but I'm turning Christian," retorted Ramón, striding on to the mission.

"Fine!" roared Rex.

I REFUSE to say whether or not an actor is great until I've seen him work before the camera. I know a celebrated character man who goes through his scenes without knowing in the least what it's all about. No matter what the situation may be he just looks bewildered.

And the reviewers never fail to commend his sterling performance.

ELEANORA DUSE has said that the only hope for the stage lies in having all the actors die of the plague. The same may be said of the screen. Actors become less like human be-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



"Where else in the world, except in Hollywood," asks Elinor Glyn, "will you find a colored cook bursting into the drawing room to say: 'You folks better hustle to dinner if you don't want all the stuff to get cold'?"

Mary
Pickford
in
"Dorothy
Vernon
of
Haddon
Hall"



Charles Rosher



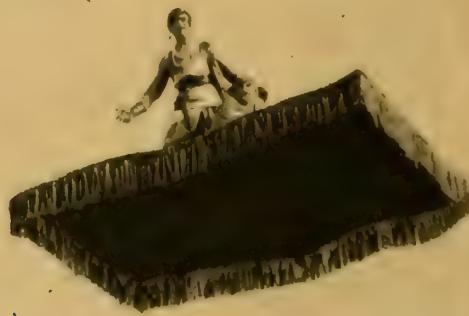
Charles Rosher

IT is a far cry from Rosita to Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall, from the crowded streets of the old Spanish city to the stately groves and no less stately habits of England in the Tudor days, but Mary Pickford has made the leap. And in her flowing gowns and pearl headdresses, she is as charming as always. She is a positive delight as the lovable heroine in Charles Major's absorbing romance.

HOW DOUG MADE



The Thief of Bagdad—Doug himself—for a time filling the post of director



THE Thief and the Princess on the Magic Carpet, flying through the air at 1000 miles an hour. By specially built mechanism, this carpet, suspended by piano wire, was whisked over the set at 25 miles an hour. The camera and the projector create the illusion of infinitely greater speed

TO SHOW the "city hanging from the clouds," the floor of the set was kept polished like a mirror, so that the reflections of the buildings on the floor made them seem to have no foundations. But it was a job to keep up the high polish



"The THIEF of BAGDAD"



The Princess (Julanne Johnston)
gazing into the Magic Crystal

DOUG frequently assumed the director's platform and himself took charge of what was undoubtedly the most cosmopolitan company ever assembled. He gathered dancers from Java, China, Japan and other parts of the Orient; chemists from Europe and bookworms from universities for his research work; character actors from all over the world for his "types"; Nubian slaves, Persian magic workers; artists of many countries. And for a year and two months he worked with them, suggesting, instructing, supervising, directing, and playing the star role himself. And he shows the *Arabian Nights* magic as it never before has been shown on stage or screen



The Thief of Bagdad find the treasure chest
which makes him rich enough to woo the
Princess



ON the end of a ninety-foot boom, operated by a derrick and hoist, was built a director's platform which could be swung over any part of the set. The large letters indicate the different companies of the 4000 extras

Age Nor Youth Matters



ACCORDING to Herb Howe, Ernest Torrence has "set a new style in sheiks." From musical comedy to "The Covered Wagon"



Keyes

LEWIS STONE is a regular trooper, and a Rex Ingram standby. Legitimate stage, stock, the army—and a leading part in "Scaramouche"



Seven-year-old Mickey Bennett is a new kid in pictures, but his work in Allan Dwan's "Big Brother" marks him as one of the best of the younger generation. Not a pretty boy by any means, but heart throbbingly—and heart breakingly—real!



Keyes

LOVABLE, humorous, kindly and a great actor is Robert Edeson. Always portraying his part to perfection—behind footlights or on the screen



National

AS the king in "Rosita" and the bandit in "The Bad Man," Holbrook Blinn has held royal court and stolen hearts. He has charm, finesse—

If the Spark Is There



Witzel

You can always rely on a fine performance from Creighton Hale. His last and best was in Ernst Lubitsch's "The Marriage Circle."



Murray

Edmund Lowe has lost none of his charm as a matinee idol in his leap from the speaking stage to the motion picture screen.



Murray

You need no name for this one. Jacky Coogan himself. A thorough little artist in whatever type of role he is cast. And—listen—in "A Boy of Flanders" he wears girl's clothes.



Hesser

Leading man for Norma Talmadge in "The Song of Love," Joseph Schildkraut is repeating for the screen his admirable stage work.

Photoplay Readers
Choose
The Eight Most
Beautiful Stars
of
The Screen



Norma
Talmadge

Lucas-Kanarian



Corinne
Griffith

Monroe



Madge
Bellamy

Witsel



THE readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have spoken. They have told without hesitation which stars are, to them, the most beautiful. And their letters have been so fair, so honest, and, above all, so understandable, that we cannot help applauding the choice that they have made.

First of all, in the contest, came Mary Pickford. By an overwhelming number of votes she was declared the favorite beauty of PHOTOPLAY readers. Second in the list was Pola Negri. Proving, by the number of her admirers, that the public taste swings in two widely different directions. For Mary—with her Dresden china loveliness, with her blue eyes and golden hair, is the princess of the fairy tale. While Pola, all fire and passion and mystery, speaks of the perfumed Orient—of smoldering desires and hidden storms.

The third in the line of favorites was Norma Talmadge. She is popular alike with men and women. All sweetness and repose—an ideal of girlhood that has come into wonderful maturity.

Corinne Griffith—beautiful as a hot-house flower. An orchid, robed in cloth of silver and glimmering chiffon. She was fourth. Close after her came the great-eyed Madge Bellamy—a wonderful child-woman whose appeal is not that of sex. Who speaks, with every gesture, of the lyric poetry of springtime.

The sixth in line was Gloria Swanson. The finished, sophisticated, Gloria. Suave, subtle, exquisitely gowned! And the seventh place was held by the slim fingers of Marion Davies. Since her thrilling success in "When Knighthood was in Flower" Marion has steadily come to the fore. Last of the leading eight came Alice Terry—blonde, charming, calm-browed.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE takes pleasure in announcing these winners, and wishes that it were possible to give every star—who stood well in the public favor—a vote of its own. But there were too many thousands of letter-writers to make this possible.



Keyes

Gloria Swanson



Alfred Cheney Johnson

Marion Davies



Hesser

Alice Terry



Richce

Pola Negri, exactly the opposite type to Miss Pickford, whose beauty had almost as many admirers

The Valentinos' Chateau on the Riviera



All Photos by Robert

MR. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino in front of the Chateau Juan-les-Pins, which is on the French Riviera, half an hour's ride from Nice. This chateau was purchased before the war by Mrs. Valentino's mother, was used during the war by the French Government, and has since been renovated by Mrs. Valentino. There are about twenty rooms, with spacious grounds, servants' quarters and formal gardens. At right, the bedroom of the famous star



The Face of a Hero and the Soul of a Comedian



This is Richard Dix's normal expression. Below, at left, as the honest carpenter in "The Ten Commandments," and, at right, as the district attorney in "The Woman With Four Faces."



That Saving Sense of Humor



By Bland Johaneson

IF Richard Dix had not declared that he had just come from the tailor's, nobody could have suspected it. New clothes are supposed to have a stimulating effect on women. But oh, what they do to a movie actor! And the magnificent Mr. Dix was in his most winning and exuberant mood the late afternoon he breezed into my office to be interviewed. The place was deserted, and he was young and very handsome, but he pulled up a chair with splendid confidence and announced with that exquisite emphasis engendered by persistent histrionism: "I've discovered a solution to the problems of the world!"

He paused for me to register "much impressed."

"It's a hundred thousand foot movie test for all stock-company actors! Look what it did to me!"

I studied him carefully, and then walked around and looked at him from the rear. He is very tall, with brown hair and eyes, as the Answer Man says, and he has the most gorgeous sense of humor. In his playfulness he is deeply sincere. In his seriousness one detects a subtle burlesque on gravity. The gods gave him the face and figure of a hero, and the soul of a comedian.

"A movie test could disillusion even a stock company actor," he resumed, as I concluded my inspection. "It has the 'can this be me?' kick in it. You know what I did when I first saw myself on the screen? I wrote me a letter about it. I called me the ——— actor in the world." (Mr. Dix took the name of a parasite in vain.) "But don't put that in the interview. The fans must keep their illusions. That's what makes the fans of

Life—illusions. I haven't any about me And I'm letting you in on this. I'm not a wonderful actor."

"Would you be so unkind as to

destroy a critic's illusions?"

"Oh, Lord!" said Mr. Dix, delightfully.

"Anyway, you know you're lying. You *are* a wonderful actor. And if you aren't careful I'll write you a mash-letter about it. Do you read mash-letters?"

"Read them? I *write* them! I wrote one to Norma Talmadge once and signed it 'an admirer.' All the secrets of my past are at PHOTOPLAY's disposal."

"You have a past?"

"I used to think I could reform women."

"Reform me."

"Do you think I haven't learned anything from life or Hollywood?"

"What did life teach you?"

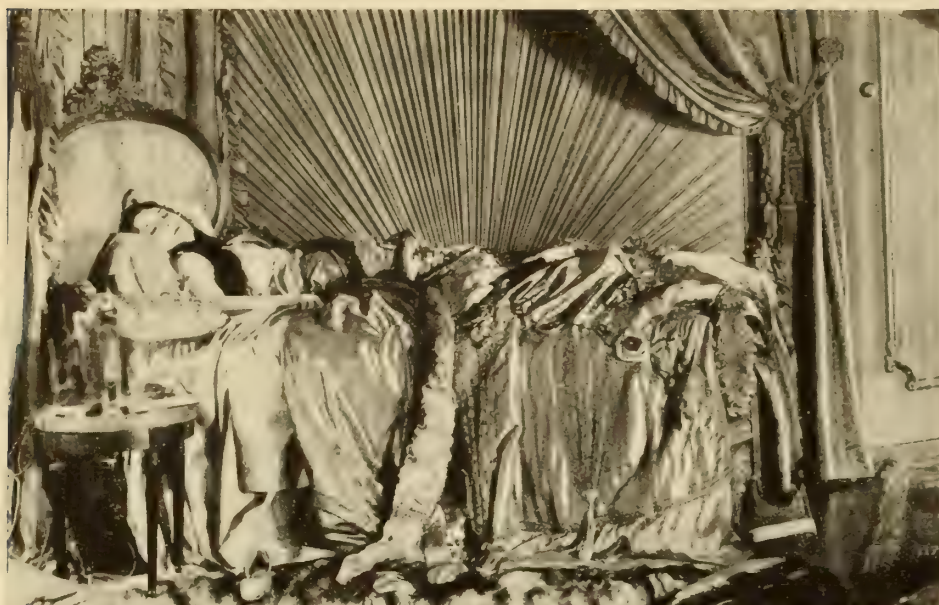
"What every woman knows: that you can't reform a woman."

"What did Hollywood teach you?"

It's petted child laughed slyly.

"Say," he said impatiently, "I don't know whether I'd rather play 'Hamlet' or be an interviewer. When I was in New York and, to put it tastefully, quite low financially, I used to walk down to Eighth Avenue to look at a saloon where a famous *Hamlet* had done his drinking. I looked at the place carefully both inside and out. But [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

Beautiful Beds—In the Pictures and



The wonderfully beautiful bed of Leatrice Joy, in "The Ten Commandments." Its silken sumptuousness would cure the worst insomnia

Below — What strange sound keeps Gloria Swanson from her dainty French couch in "A Society Scandal"?



Above—And here, when she ought to be asleep, sits, tailor-wise, pretty Clara Bow, reading "Black Oxen" in the film of the same name



Soft painted tones distinguish the furniture of this guest chamber. The dressing of the bed is in keeping with the painted scheme, and color clashes are thus avoided

in Your Own Home

Easy Ways to Make the Bedroom Charming

True comfort in beds—so prized by those whose sleep must be “tired nature’s sweet restorer”—is nearly always the result of beautiful, decorated covers, as well as utilitarian springs and comforters.

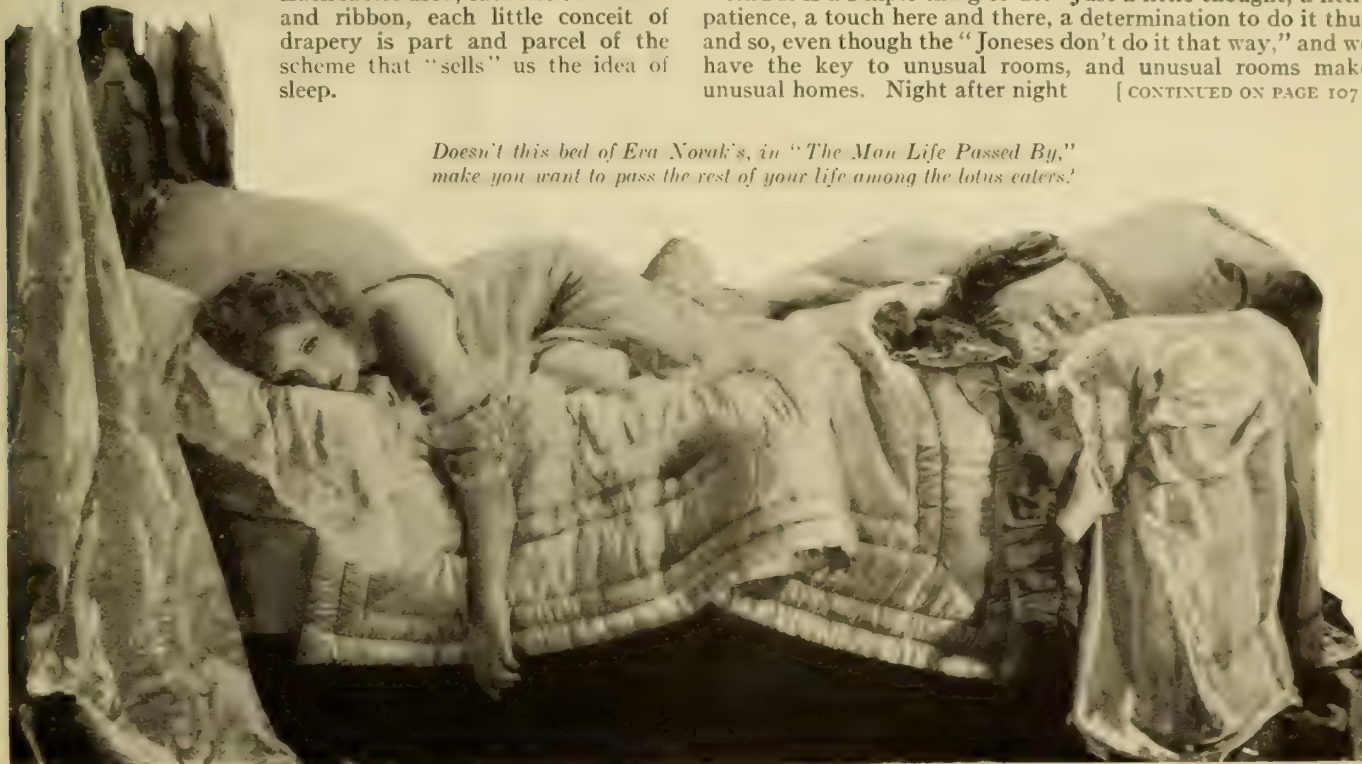
By William J. Moll

OUR mode of life has a startlingly direct effect upon our mode of living. Our pleasures, our pastimes, our occupations, our interests, all affect the comfort and livability of our homes. If the family is given to “gadding,” then the home suffers because there is no real use for a home, except as a place to sleep.

Most of us are creatures of social instincts. Because “the Joneses have been nice to us,” we feel that we must “have them in next week.” And so our living rooms have come in for a greater part of our decorative effort. And next, perhaps, the dining room. These two rooms are the centers around which the guest takes a cue to our status of living. So out-of-habit has the occasional over-night guest become that we feel “any old thing” in the way of furnishings for the bedroom will do.

Yet we should give pause and be a little more selfish in our own interests. Proverbially, one-third of our time is spent in sleep. And when the long, hard day is over—for the business and professional man, the office worker, the housewife, the student—we should go for our sleep to an attractive bedroom, and to a bed every appointment of which is conducive of sleep, and every decorative effect of which inspires rest.

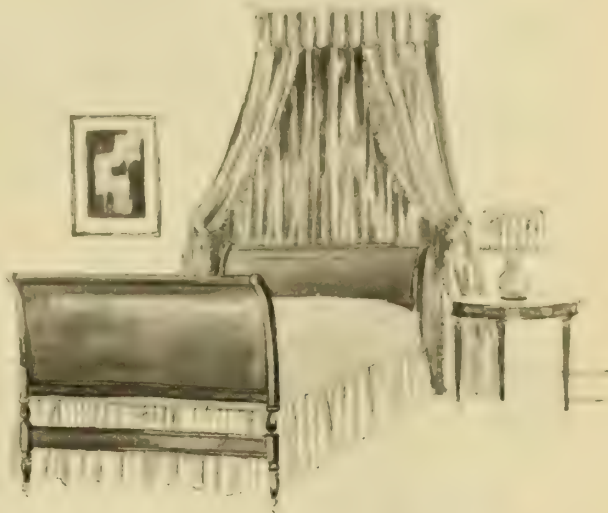
In most of the film bedrooms we have seen there is perhaps an element of sumptuousness that leads to unrest. Lots of times there is a touch of the gaudy. In a great many the bedrooms are fine—just the kind we would like in our own homes. But there is an outstanding feature to all of them that gives us the key to a good lesson. Seldom do you see a bed that does not carry with it a sense of restfulness, an effect of complete relaxation. Each fabric used, each little furbelow and ribbon, each little conceit of drapery is part and parcel of the scheme that “sells” us the idea of sleep.



Doesn't this bed of Eva Novak's, in "The Man Life Passed By," make you want to pass the rest of your life among the lotus eaters?

This is the sixth of a series
of Articles on

Home Furnishing & Decoration for Photoplay readers



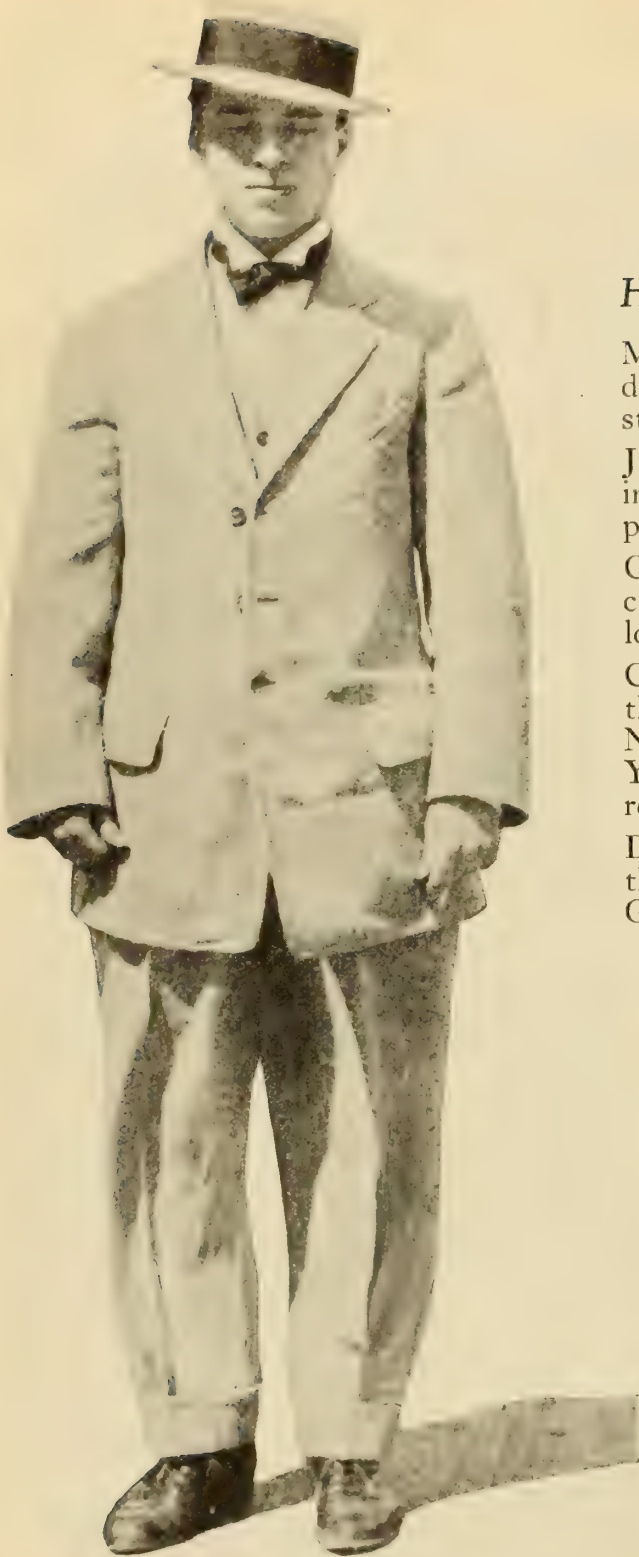
A bed that can be the decorative unit of your guest room—modern French in type—of either walnut or mahogany. The canopy and valance add a charm of other ages, and are perfectly sanitary and easily constructed

It's a good cue for us to follow—these little things that dress up our homes, and this use of proper fabric and color to make our beds the providers of “a good night's rest.”

And it is a simple thing to do. Just a little thought, a little patience, a touch here and there, a determination to do it thus and so, even though the “Joneses don't do it that way,” and we have the key to unusual rooms, and unusual rooms make unusual homes. Night after night [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]

The Romantic

By Terry Ramsaye



There is little in this figure to indicate the suave and sophisticated director of "A Woman of Paris" or to suggest the comedian who was to take the world by storm. Yet such was Charlie Chaplin eleven years ago, salary \$25 a week

This was the billing for the last stage appearance of Chaplin in a traveling company appearing in Los Angeles in 1913. The motion picture and international fame were waiting at the stage door

Here you will discover that—

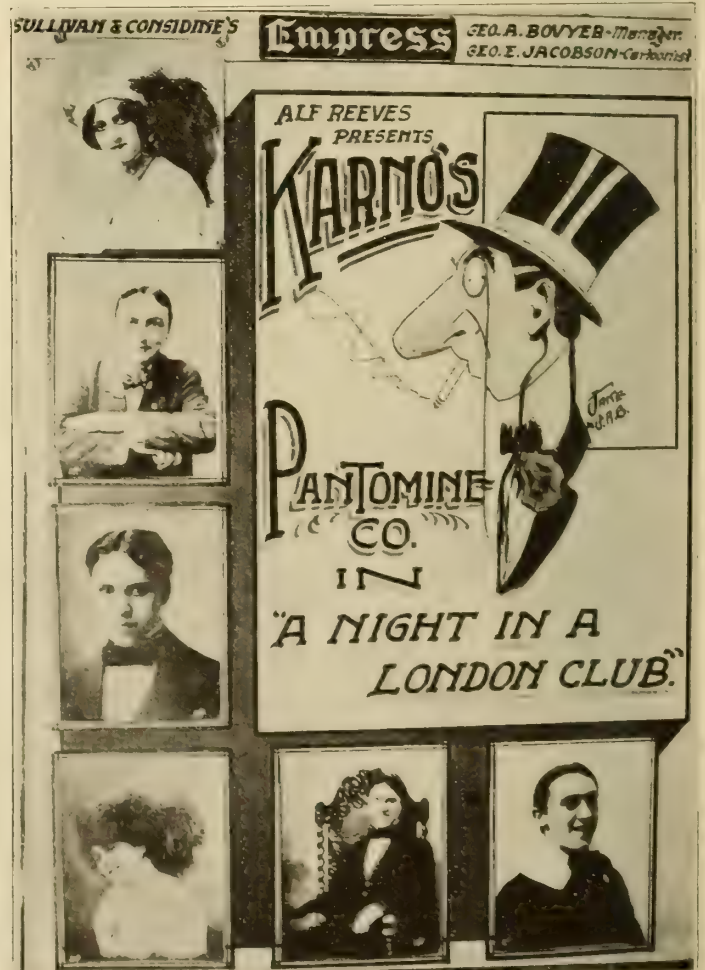
MARY PICKFORD was chosen for "second class" productions by Famous Players in 1913, because the stage was still greater than the screen.

JESSE LASKY is the man who started the cabaret idea in America and paid a fortune for the privilege of pioneering.

CECIL DE MILLE got into trouble by having too many cameras on his first picture and for a moment disaster looked the Lasky Feature Play Company in the face.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was lucky enough to be on stage the afternoon that Adam Kessel peeked in at "A Night in a London Club" at Hammerstein's in New York, and drew the laugh that gave him world renown.

DAVID BELASCO made his first screen appearance in the prologue of Famous Players' production of "A Good Little Devil," with Miss Pickford.



History of the Motion Picture



Samuel Goldwyn, then a traveling glove salesman, was persuaded to go into the business of production for the screen



Jesse Lasky lent his name to the project—the Lasky Feature Play Co. But that was all. He was afraid of pictures



Arthur Friend, a lawyer, furnished the idea and the arguments that brought in Lasky and Goldwyn

Chapter XXVI

WE are at the dawn of the modern feature picture era in the days of 1912.

But yet for a while the story of the motion picture is not a chronicle of progress simple and direct. It is still a tale of war, a new war.

Consider for a moment a new personality, Gustavus A. Rogers, not a stranger to the world of the motion picture, but now pushing forward as its boldest belligerent.

Belligerent is just the word—a person of medium but blocky square-set stature, dark and nervously rapid, with keen black eyes that are always searching, the sort of a man who is always at his best in the thick of turmoil.

This aggressive Gustavus A. Rogers, of Rogers & Rogers, counsel for William Fox, so desperately prosecuted the wars of his client that the Motion Picture Patents Company and its allied interests were too busy to suppress the independent movement which was typified by Adolph Zukor and his Famous Players organization.

Rogers was routed and defeated twice in this war, but ignored the facts and started anew, emerging at last with a victory.

The Fox fight was not the only one. It was just the most spectacular and ornate among them. In the continuing litigation with Carl Laemmle and the famous "Imp" cases, the Motion Picture Patents Company was aggressively engaged in trying to enforce its presumed patent rights. In the multiple litigations which arose in the name of William Fox, the Patents Company was concerned with a defense of its acts under the presumed authority of those patents.

There was a distinct difference in these two conflicts.

AN extraordinary revelation of the complicated background of the motion picture as we know it today is presented in its beginnings in this chapter. Here for the first time we have something of an understanding of what the motion picture industry thought of itself just as it was beginning, after well near twenty years of struggle, to enter upon its career of true greatness. Here the beginning of the disintegration of the great and powerful patents combine as the ruling influence of the industry and art of the picture is seen. And here we see, too, how it was the large power of that group which destroyed it. It is a lesson of service that the motion picture industry of today can read with profit. Corporations like men may profit temporarily by ruthless selfishness, but when their books are balanced at the end Fate has a way of rewarding them in the measure of their real service. The largest value of the past is its application to the future.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor.*

Laemmle survived and fought for a right to make pictures in competition with the Patents Company's chosen licensees, while Fox, as the sole survivor among the licensed exchanges, fought for the right to buy licensed film and continue in business in competition with the General Film Company, which the Patents Company had organized to monopolize the business of the middlemen or exchanges.

Neither the Fox nor the Laemmle fights would have been so prolonged, nor perhaps so ultimately successful, however, if there had been an entire internal harmony in the Motion Picture Patents Company group. In 1908, when they were poor and law-ridden in the cross fire between Edison and Biograph, the film makers were glad to get in under the cover of the Patents Company and its licenses. Now, by 1912, having prospered exceedingly by that arrangement, they had become arrogant and purse proud. The licensed makers of film in the General Film Company were chafing at the discipline of the Patents Company which had made them rich, and there were smoldering rebellions against the iron-handed rule of the Kennedy-Marvin dictatorship by which they had grown great. The Patents Company no longer presented a united front.

At various times it was suggested that, as a protective move, it would be well to take into the licensed fold some of the more progressive and capable independents. Among those mentioned in this connection were Thanhouser, Laemmle and Zukor.

The story of a tedious three-hour wait in which Adolph Zukor sat on a bench waiting to interview someone in the Patents Company was told in an earlier chapter. A further pursuit of the facts seems to indicate that he did see some one.

There had been murmurings
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]



Russell Ball

Now we know why Alice Joyce is and always has been our favorite screen wife and mother. Practice makes perfect, they say, and when a charming mother has such a subject on which to practice as little Peggy Regan, no wonder she's perfect

Alice

where have you

Been?

*"I've been getting married,"
says Miss Joyce,
"and, recently, looking for a
good part to play.
Now I'm back to the screen to stay,
and both my husband and I
are delighted"*

By E. V. Durling

AFTER a too-prolonged absence from the screen, Alice Joyce has delighted the picture patrons. Not only did she appear with George Arliss in "The Green Goddess," but she has signed a contract to make several pictures. Now she is in Europe, making the "Passionate Adventurer" for Myron Selznick. Few actresses had or have the personal following of Alice Joyce. When she married and retired from pictures, there were weeping and wailing.

"She'll never come back," said her admirers. "They never do. Her husband will object. You can't mix a career and a home."

And now that she's back she's just as charming just as talented as ever. She is back to stay, she says, and she scoffs at the idea that husbands and careers can't get along together—that is, if the husband and the career are of the right kind.

For many reasons, both the picture producers and the patrons should be glad. There are not many actresses like Alice Joyce. Not only has she remarkable talent, but she is an exceptionally charming woman and she possesses to a high degree what Broadway tersely but expressively terms "class."

Alice Joyce is Fifth Avenue personified. She is what visitors from the provinces expect to see when they have luncheon at the Ritz or tea at the Plaza. One of New York's royalty in fact, possessing that indefinable something which makes hardened headwaiters lose their air of superiority, saleswomen cast aside their cloak of belligerency and haughty, hard-boiled taxi drivers assume an air of servility. Money can't buy nor finishing schools bring the ease and grace of the Joycean type. You're either born that way or you are not.

She is very "regular." Sincere, without affectation, modest, with a good sense of humor, and never voluntarily talks about herself.

Women who read this probably will ask, "What did she have on?" As to what the lady wore the first day I talked to her, I am not positive, except that the prevailing color was black, properly and unobtrusively decorated, or, should I say? trimmed with some material of the type Joseph probably used in his coat of many colors.

At the first night of "The Green Goddess," in which picture she returned to the screen, she wore a brown evening



Russell Ball

Alice Joyce has been selected by artists as an ideal of feminine beauty, but she is more than beautiful. She is a charming and accomplished actress—and a charming and very real woman

gown, I think, and when I saw her not long ago at luncheon her general scheme of attire was also brown.

In this connection, Miss Joyce said that hereafter she is going to dress in a more "striking" fashion. All her life, she says, she has leaned towards simplicity in attire, but in the future she is going to try to hit the spectators right between the eyes, as it were.

Not so long ago Miss Joyce married James B. Regan, Jr., son of the owner of the late and very much lamented Knickerbocker Hotel. As Mrs. Regan, she enjoys—in addition to what Nature has so generously given her—social position, wealth and an altogether wonderful home life. She has two children, both girls. In the winter the Regans live on Park Avenue, New York. Their summer home is at Allenhurst, N. J., and they also have a mountain camp in the Adirondacks. They make an annual trip to Europe, and also the regular social pilgrimages to Palm Beach and Hot Springs. So it can be readily seen Alice Joyce has achieved the maximum of what every woman wants.

"First," she said appealingly, "please correct the impression that I retired from the screen. I never did, and, what's more, I never expect to. My ambition is some time to be the grand old lady of the movies and write a book of reminiscences of the days when the industry was in its infancy."

"But," I interrupted, "if you haven't retired, where have you been? Everybody's been asking for you."

"I've been getting married,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]

A Man of Pittsburg



*A delightful
personality
sketch of the
worldly wise
bachelor of
"A Woman
of Paris."*

By Mary Winship

I AM so grateful to Adolph Menjou. I am really. Because he has saved me from endless and most unsatisfactory explanations.

For years and years I have been trying to describe to the girls what kind of a man I consider really attractive. You know how it is, when a bunch of girls get together, one of the first things they discuss is the kind of men that make them wish they were irresistibly beautiful.

In the face of square-jawed, square-shouldered and—would it be fair to say square-headed—athletic heroes; in the face of sleek and polished sheiks—I have striven in vain with my limited vocabulary to present an adequate explanation of the kind of man that can send chills up and down my spine.

It was hopeless. They just looked at me and shook their heads pityingly.

Now I merely make a comprehensive gesture and say, "See Adolph Menjou in 'A Woman of Paris' and 'Broadway After Dark.'"

It makes everything so simple and friendly, if you know what I mean.

Naturally having seen him as the suave, amused and delightful young bachelor of Paris, the typical gentleman home-wrecker of the Continent, it was an awful shock to me to find that he adores his wife with a most unreasonable adoration, stews and frets like a young lover if she's fifteen minutes late, raises Sealingham terriers, and would rather spend an afternoon playing handball with his twelve-year-old stepson than to attend all the wild parties ever supposed to be held in Hollywood.

But life is like that.

His chief enthusiasm is Charlie Chaplin, who directed him in the performance in "A Woman of Paris," which put Mr. Menjou on the map, pictorially speaking. By the way, Peggy Joyce suggested Menjou to Chaplin for that rôle. Peggy and Chaplin were dining in a Hollywood cafe one night when Mr. and Mrs. Menjou came in. Instantly, Peggy pointed him out to Chaplin, and they spent the rest of the evening studying him, to Menjou's intense embarrassment. You may remember that Peggy Joyce was reported engaged at one time to M. Letellier, the famous and wealthy [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]



Adolph Menjou frets like a young lover if Mrs. Menjou is fifteen minutes late, and would rather play handball with his twelve year old stepson than attend all the wild parties ever supposed to be held in Hollywood



It gives the nails a lovely rose brilliance

This new Liquid Polish won't peel off

The most famous manicure house in the world has perfected the ideal liquid polish—as good for a lasting brilliance as Cutex is for soft smooth cuticle.

One that won't peel off!

One that was especially formulated to spread smoothly and quickly and leave no ugly ridges or brush marks.

Try this perfect new liquid polish at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the lovely rose brilliance it gives your nails.

A brilliance that lasts and lasts, even a week's housework or dishwashing will not make it crack or peel or cause little dull places in the smooth glowing surface.

The dainty brush that comes with each bottle holds just enough polish to make one nail evenly shining. The liquid dries almost instantly. It is tinted just the rose shade everyone wants for her nails nowadays.

No separate polish remover needed

And another special convenience of Cutex Liquid Polish is that it needs no separate polish remover. When you are ready for a fresh manicure just put a drop of the polish itself on each nail and wipe it off before it dries. This makes the nail smooth and clean, ready for the new application of its week-long lustre.

You can get Cutex Liquid Polish and all the other Cutex preparations for 35c. And it comes in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

*Send 12c for
Introductory Set*

The polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon below with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. Q5, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

CUTEX Liquid Polish

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

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114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

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(or P. O. Box)

City _____ State _____

The Man

with

Three Faces



*Said Rod La Rocque to Monte Blue,
 "Folks tell me that I look like you."
 "I'll say you do, Rod. That's no joke,"
 Said Monte Blue to Rod La Rocque.*

IS there any one man who strongly resembles both Rudie Valentino and Monte Blue? Could there be? It doesn't seem possible, but there is proof. And the man is Rod La Rocque.

On the street, Rod is often mistaken for Monte and vice versa. They might well be brothers. But on the screen—that's something else again. The camera can do more stunts with the human physiognomy than Mephisto, Rembrandt or Dr. Daguerre. And it is the camera which gives Rod La Rocque his striking resemblance to Valentino.

Just as Valentino, because of differences of opinion regarding a contract, is in enforced retirement from the screen, along comes La Rocque. Rod plays *Dan McTavish* in "The Ten Commandments." And all through the picture there are poses and facial angles which give him a most remarkable resemblance to the dusky-haired, lean-faced, romantic Rudie.

Incidentally, that isn't all that the picture does for Rod. It gives him opportunities—of which he takes full advantage—to give a most striking performance, the best of his screen career.

But this is not written to praise his acting, fine though it is. It is written to point out the fact that in this picture, in addition to the striking facial likeness, Rod has the supple grace, the subtle sharpness, the easy gestures so long identified with Rudie.

Perhaps Rod's Latin ancestry may have something to do with it. Oh, yes, Rod is a Latin, too. Partly. As Dr. Jekyll Blue, he may look like a Yankee, but as Mr. Hyde Valentino, the Latin dominates. His father was French, his mother's people were English. That's the secret. And the camera, with uncanny skill, picks out the ancestral traits that best befit the rôle Rod happens to be playing. This may seem to make Mr. La Rocque somewhat like a chameleon, but, at least, he's not limited to one type of rôle.

The Way to Skin Loveliness according to MRS. HOYT

"The active woman today is expected to appear always fresh, always youthful, always exquisitely groomed. And the same loveliness of clear, smooth skin may be acquired by any woman through the daily use of Pond's Two Creams."

Julia Hoyt



MURAY

JULIA HOYT

Not content with her brilliant social success, Mrs. Hoyt has turned to the theatre, where her loveliness and artistic gifts are rapidly winning new laurels

THE door was opened by an impeccable butler, but another voice—a rather thrilling voice—said, "Come up to the studio, won't you, it's much easier to talk," and there was Mrs. Hoyt—unbelievably lovely.

The studio is a perfect setting for Mrs. Hoyt's startling beauty. Her small head—with its contrasts of dark eyes and hair and creamy magnolia petal skin—fairly shone against the subdued but brilliant color of the exotic room.

I asked her what she thought the most important factor in a woman's beauty.

"Her complexion, by all means," she declared emphatically. "It is the first thing you see. No matter how exquisite a woman's features, they count for nothing if her skin is not radiantly clear and smooth."

"And what," I asked her, "what produces a lovely skin?"

"Cleanliness," was the immediate answer, "is the first essential. Select first a soft pure cream that melts on the face and goes into the pores to clear away all impurities. Then, of equal importance is the proper finish—a preparation that provides a soft, fine surface on which the powder will go evenly and stay."

When Mrs. Hoyt says that rejuvenating cleanliness and an exquisite finish are the foundations of skin love-

liness, she is speaking for thousands of distinguished and charming women who depend upon two creams that were developed for just these purposes.

EVERY night, and after any exposure, use Pond's Cold Cream. With the tips of your fingers, or a piece of moistened cotton, apply it generously on the face and neck. It sinks deep into the pores to remove



POND'S TWO CREAMS—USED BY WOMEN WHO MUST BE EXQUISITE AT ALL TIMES



Mrs. Hoyt's studio with its exotic blue greens and vermilions is an almost perfect setting for her dark beauty

all the impurities. Wipe the cream off after a minute with a soft cloth—with it will come the dust and excess oil, the rouge and powder you have used during the day. Do this twice. Your skin looks fresh and is satin smooth and supple again.

After every cleansing, before you powder and always before you go out, use Pond's Vanishing Cream for an enchanting finish. Smooth it in very evenly, just enough for your skin to absorb. Notice how smooth and velvety your face feels. And how incredibly young you're looking! The powder, moreover, will cling for hours.

When you get up in the morning, after a dash of cold water, rub in this cream. It will keep your skin fresh and untired for hours.

Learn from the distinguished women who have—and keep—lovely skins. Begin today to give your skin this exquisite cleansing and protection. The Pond's Extract Company.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
133 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each for two weeks' ordinary toilet use.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



Snooky loves to get herself into her negligee and then sit and admire her reflection in her dressing table mirror

The Lady Star Who Smokes a Pipe

SHE smokes a pipe—scorning the more modern cigarette, wears overalls in most of her pictures, is partially bald and affects a blonde wig. She uses a knife where a fork would serve just as well and be far safer, and still is most popular with the men and a star in her own right.

But she may change as she grows older, for this actress is but nine years old. She is *Snooky*, comedy star and adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Rounan.

Since *Joe Martin*, Universal's orang-outang, became unmanageable—too mean to work in the pictures and was sold to a circus—*Snooky* now has this field all to herself.

Although *Snooky* has been in the pictures for more than six years it is only recently, in this day of the character actor, that she has come into her own.

To say she loves her work is putting it mildly, for Rounan, her director, trainer and pal, has a hard time dragging her away from the camera when a scene is completed. Also she has her full share of woman's vanity and adores sitting before her dressing room mirror, dressed in a lacy negligee.

She is always very accommodating, helping her director, John Rounan, with a light for his cigarette from her favorite pipe





Have you ever tried it this way?

YOU know, of course, that Listerine has dozens of uses as a safe antiseptic. But do you know of its unusual properties as a safe, non-irritating deodorant? Whenever you don't have time for a tub or shower, or when these are not accessible, simply try dousing on Listerine. See how cool, refreshed and clean it leaves you feeling.

And best of all, Listerine used this way as a deodorant cannot irritate or injure the most delicate skin. Rather, it is soothing, healing, evaporates quickly, and cannot

stain garments. It is the ideal deodorant. Try Listerine this way some afternoon when you feel hot and sticky after a game of tennis; or some day when you have just finished a hot afternoon's shopping; or when you are on a motor trip and it's miles between tubs; or when you are traveling and you miss the old shower 'way back home.

You will be delighted with the refreshing, exhilarating effect and you will pass this suggestion along to your friends.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS



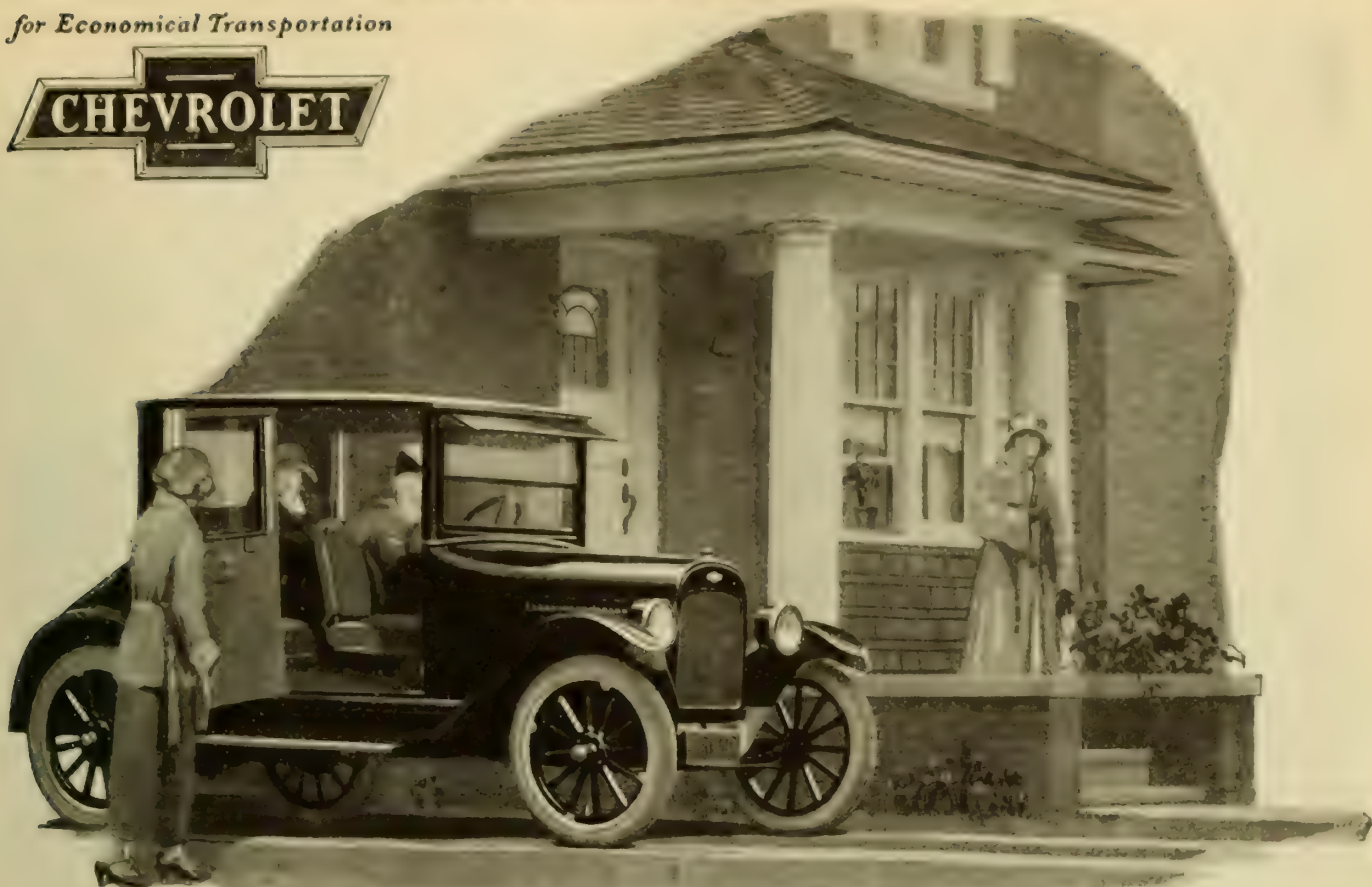
use
LISTERINE

With and Without Studio Trimmings



What the "still" camera man saw shooting from behind the entire studio staff and lights during the filming of a wedding scene in a new Harold Lloyd production, temporarily called "The Girl Expert." In the glare of the spot-lights, where the "action" is in progress, are Lloyd (with hands upraised), Carlton Griffith (only villains wear such clothes), and Jobyna Ralston. Ten to one the last scene is a close-up clinch with Harold and Jobyna as the climebers

The same scene as you will see it on the screen. That is, if they don't lose it in the final cutting, or if the censors don't order it out in one state or another

for Economical Transportation

The Woman's Own Car

All Chevrolet models are popular with women on account of their beauty of line and finish and ease of handling.

The new 4-passenger coupe was designed especially for women. Its stylish, distinguished appearance makes immediate appeal, and closer examination promotes enthusiasm. Best of all—the price is surprisingly low for so high-grade a production, equipped as it is with a Fisher Body, two extra-wide doors that make feasible graceful entrance to and exit from the car. Single, comfortable driver's seat, ample room for two in the rear seat, and a fourth folding seat for an extra passenger.

Comfortably, tastefully upholstered and artistically trimmed with good-grade hardware.

Plate-glass windows on all four sides. Cord tires on easily demountable rims, with extra rim.

Although designed with special consideration for our women friends, we find this model is also favored by many men for business and family use. Merchandise samples can be carried inside the car instead of in the rear compartment. Evenings and week ends the same car admirably meets the requirements of the small family.

SUPERIOR 4-Passenger Coupé

\$725

F. O. B. Flint, Mich.

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

Superior Roadster	\$490
Superior Touring	495
Superior Utility Coupe	640
Superior 4-Pass. Coupe	725
Superior Sedan	795
Superior Commercial Chassis	395
Superior Light Delivery	495
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Fisher Bodies on all closed models

Dealers and Service Stations everywhere. Applications will be considered from high-grade men only, for territory not adequately covered.

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Mothers' Girls



Beautiful Agnes Ayres is saying: "Mother, please make some of the pies you used to make." And Mother looks as if she could do it admirably



Gloria Swanson has figured in many close-ups and ardent embraces, but we venture that this is one of the most satisfactory



"Cheer up, Mother," says Mary Astor. "I'm leading woman in 'Beau Brummel.'" But Mother doesn't seem so overjoyed



On the floor is shown Rug No. 379. In the 6 x 9 foot size it costs only \$9.00.

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SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

REMOVE SEAL WITH
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The Gold Seal shown above (printed in dark green on a gold background) is pasted on the face of every genuine guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug and on every few yards of guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum By-the-Yard. It is your protection against substitutes and gives you the assurance of our liberal money back guarantee. Don't fail to look for it when you buy!

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**"I must have a Congoleum Rug
for my room, too!"**

And when she does get her Congoleum Rug she will fully appreciate the many unusual qualities that have made these rugs so popular with up-to-date women everywhere. Then she will understand why *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are rapidly replacing woven carpets in thousands of homes.

Congoleum Rugs are as easy to clean and as durable as they are attractive. Their seamless, smooth surface is unharmed by dirt. Just a few strokes with a damp mop and spots vanish without leaving a trace. Moreover, they lie flat without any fastening.

6	x	9	feet	\$ 9.00	The rug illustrated is	1½	x	3	feet	\$.60
7½	x	9	feet	11.25	made in the five large	3	x	3	feet	1.40
9	x	9	feet	13.50	sizes only. The smaller	3	x	4½	feet	1.95
9	x	10½	feet	15.75	rugs are made in patterns	3	x	6	feet	2.50
9	x	12	feet	18.00	to harmonize with it.					

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



Missing! — the "middle aged woman"

Now, women grow young—not old

Certainly, the middle aged woman is disappearing, in this golden age of youth.

To be fading at 30, middle aged at 35, old at 40—no longer does this dreary prospect confront womankind.

The reason?—simply that women have learned that age is judged by appearance, not by years. If you want to be at your best in maturity, just keep that schoolgirl complexion.

How this is done

Most surely by protecting the beauty nature gave you.

Girlhood's skin is fresh and smooth. Learn how to keep this smooth freshness.

Simple cleansing is the secret—cleansing which is thorough without harshness. The problem is—which cleanser? Solve this by using Palmolive.

The emollient soap

Palmolive is blended from palm and olive oils, the lotion-like, cosmetic oils discovered in ancient Egypt.

They impart their soothing, healing qualities to the mild, creamy Palmolive lather. Its action is as gentle, and as mild, as the royal oils themselves.

Use Palmolive freely, and with confidence. It makes washing your face a real beauty treatment. It penetrates the minute skin pores, removing all accumulations of dirt, excess oil and perspiration. But never does it irritate or dry the skin.

If your skin is very dry, apply cold cream after washing. This supplies the lack of natural oil.

Then—your favorite powder, and perhaps a touch of rouge. Modern cosmetics are perfectly harmless when applied to a clean skin.

Cleopatra washed her face this way

Cleansing with palm and olive oils in crude combination was the great queen's beauty secret. Certainly she kept her youth for a lifetime. She was at the height of her fame and power when other women were considered old.

But—palm and olive oils kept her skin fresh and smooth throughout maturity. And so will they keep yours. To attain the beauty, the radiance of girlhood days, through the years of womanhood, you need the help of Palmolive.

Since Palmolive is only 10c a cake, you can afford to use it for every toilet purpose. Remember that complexion beauty extends to arms and shoulders, and increase yours by bathing with palmolive.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for

10c





QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

PIERSY, NEW YORK, N. Y.—You recall the circumstances of the individual kissing the cow and the loud resultant outcry. "There's no accounting for tastes." That applies in the case you cite. The actor you mention is manly and an artist. There is no reason why he should not be popular with the ladies. Are you sure? How many women do you know? An hundred? How many millions do you suppose see his pictures?

PAT, FRESNO, CAL.—If you insist. But I like your full name more. "Once there was a princess," but never mind. Ramon Novarro's forthcoming picture is "The Arab." His age is twenty-five. He professes to be too busy to consider marriage. No man knows whether another is engaged unless he admits it. Ramon doesn't.

MRS. C. Z. S., EVANSVILLE, IND.—I am glad to furnish the information you wish about your favorite, Corinne Griffith. Her eyes are deeply blue, as your western sky, her hair the shade of your prairies in autumn. Her height is five feet three inches, her weight one hundred and twenty pounds.

HELEN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Indeed, yes, Helen. A letter so daintily written and prettily phrased will receive an answer. Your favorite, Barbara La Marr, would heed your request for her photograph, I am sure, if you write her in care of the Associated First National Pictures. Write Richard Dix at the Paramount Studio.

PAUL JONES, NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—I think Virginia Valli would be gracious and harken to the pleading of a deep water sailor for one of her best pictures to brighten his cabin on a long cruise. Write her, Paul Jones, and tell her as you told me, that she is "the prettiest screen actress you have ever seen." Her address is Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y. Her latest picture is "The Confidence Man" with Thomas Meighan. She is married. The name is one she uses for professional purposes.

BETSY, BAYSIDE, N. Y.—Yes, Betsy, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Rudolph

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

Valentino's first picture will be "Monsieur Beaucaire," which was played in the stage version by Richard Mansfield. When Lillian Gish has finished "Romola," which is filmed in Italy, she will begin work on "Romeo and Juliet." Ramon Novarro's picture, made in Africa, is "The Arab."

MRS. H. B. J., SALISBURY, N. C.—"My Life Story" by Rudolph Valentino was in three issues of the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the February, March and April numbers. The February and March issues are out of print. For back copies of the April issue write Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Send twenty-five cents for each copy.

BARTON H., NEW YORK, N. Y.—An actor who has seen "The White Sister" five times! Remember that, all ye who impugn the morals or immorals of actors. The man who played the villain in "Lights Out" was Ben Deeley.

G. C., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—You think that I am "about thirty-eight and no sheik." Thanks, G. C. Or did you not intend that to be a compliment? Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland, an accomplished actress. His age is forty-three years. You would like a photograph of Hoot Gibson's family; write him so, girl of Iowa.

TILLY, WEST UNITY, OHIO.—I trust that you and your future are like your stationery, gilt edged. Played safe in addressing me as "Miss, Mrs. or Mr. Answer Person." Come close and I will tell you a secret intended only for you. One of 'em is right. Cullen Landis will continue to appear upon the screen. He has completed "Magnolia." Some of his recent pictures were: "The Man Life Passed By," "Pioneer Trails" and "The Fog." He is in his twenty-ninth year. He has two children.

A NEW YORKER IN VIRGINIA.—Charles de Roche was born in Vendres, France, thirty-six years ago. He was on the stage for four years. His American debut on the screen was made as leading man for Dorothy Dalton in "The Law of the Lawless." He is six feet tall and weighs two hundred pounds. He is unmarried. Write him care of the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Kenneth Harlan began his career on the stage. He is a Bostonian by birth but grew up in Brooklyn. He is twenty-nine, has been divorced twice, and gossip now engages him to Marie Prevost. He is a husky lad, six feet in height and one hundred and eighty-five pounds.

KYLE L., ALBANY, ALA.—Always glad to oblige, Kyle. In proof of which here is the cast of "The Courtship of Myles Standish": John Alden, Charles Ray; Priscilla Mullens, Enid Bennett; Myles Standish, Allyn Warren; Elder Brewster, Joseph Dowling; John Carver, Sam De Grasse; William Bradford, Norval McGregor; Edward Winslow, Thomas Holding; Dr. Fuller, James McElhern; John Howland, William Sullivan; Richard More, Raymond Haller; Stephen Hopkins, Max Asher; Edward Lister, Hector Dion; Isaac Allerton, Frank Farrington.

R. B. B., ANNAPOLIS, MD.—Aha! A cadet of the American navy would increase his knowledge of Marion Davies. She is twenty-five years old. She has bobbed hair and no husband. Why not write her? That is the only way to learn whether she will answer your letter. Her address is the Cosmopolitan Studios, 127th St. and Second Ave., New York City, N. Y. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

She wants to be the Wickedest Woman on the Screen

*"If nature made me
of the vampire type,
why not be the best
vampire," says
Dagmar Godowsky*



Dagmar Godowsky, proving that she can look wicked, and, at right, in her latest picture, "Virtuous Liars"



By Dagmar Godowsky

I WANT to be a vampire. I glory in being heartless and wicked. I want people to whisper, when they see me, "the worst woman of all." I want to steal husbands and see the deserted wives weep and clutch their children to their breaking hearts.

I want to lure millionaires and "drag them down and down until the soul within them dies." (You can sing that one.)

I want the lured millionaires to lose home, fortune, position and friends.

I want their wives to be obliged to take in sewing and washing. I want their children to cry for food and be cold.

I want to see these millionaires reduced to the bread lines through my doings and mine alone.

I want to see people shudder when they look at me.

Because, if I can do all these things successfully, I shall usually be sure of a job in some picture as the "screen's greatest vampire."

Normally and personally, I am a kind-hearted, average woman who, with other average women, would squirm at the things that I—professionally—desire to do. But if Nature made me of the vampire type and I want to do in pictures that for which I am best fitted by Nature, why shouldn't I want to be the best of the type?

As a child I used to admire screen and stage celebrities, especially the ones who played wicked types. And then some-

one always took the joy out of life by telling me that the terrible adventuress I had seen at the matinee the day before was kind to her aged mother and was educating the children of her poor sister and always sent her first-night flowers to the sick kiddies and was happily married and had two or three children of her own. And if I met anyone who knew this actress, I was always told that she abhorred such rôles and yearned to play heroines.

Usually, the other side was true also. The blue-eyed, golden-haired heroines always wanted to be adventuresses and smoke cigarettes and drink cocktails and lure good men to ruin. And this kind of talk still goes on. Many actresses think it good publicity to decry the type of rôle they play best and to demand that they be given "wider opportunities for the display of their versatility."

All right. Let 'em have the opportunities. I don't want 'em. Everyone tells me I look like a "vamp," so I'm contented to be one. More than that, I like to play such rôles. It gives me an inward feeling of wickedness that I enjoy—and so does every other woman—and that I never get in my real life.

So I'm perfectly satisfied to be wicked—for the camera. But I don't want the public to think that the Dagmar Godowsky on the screen is the real one, no matter how much I love my vampire rôles. Because, honestly, if I met a woman half as wicked as some I have portrayed, I—well, I wouldn't even invite her to tea.



He found her at last!

She was sitting in the garden—just where she belonged.

She quickly raised her little mask up to her eyes as he approached.

"Oh, never mind, Fair Stranger—I know who you are. You are a rose disguised as a Beautiful Lady."

Do you know how to use powder effectively?

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select just the correct shade of powder for your particular skin—and then you should know how to make your powder adhere properly.

Many women seem to completely disregard the fact that there is no such thing as an actually white skin. Therefore, if you are seeking for a natural effect a pure white powder should never be used in the daytime.

After determining the shade of powder that best blends with your skin, it is wise to give your powder a proper foundation. Pompeian Day Cream is a vanishing cream of rare delicacy. It is particularly designed to act as a powder-base for normally oily skins. If you have a dry skin, use Pompeian Night Cream instead of the Day Cream.

The only correct way to powder is to use plenty of it. After you have completely covered the surface, take a clean puff or a bit of soft cotton

and dust it off lightly and evenly.

After applying your cream-and-powder foundation, you blend over it your Pompeian Bloom, selecting the shade that best harmonizes with your skin—in the rose tones are Light, Medium, and Dark shades, while the warm red-gold of the Orange tint is exactly what is required by the ivory and the olive types.

Pompeian Lip Stick gives such a natural color to the lips that it cannot be detected. It also has a slight pomade quality that softens and heals lips that may be dry or rough, and prevents chapping.



"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

DAY CREAM (*vanishing*) 60c per jar
BEAUTY POWDER 60c per box

(Also in the new thin-model compact for purse or handbag. Price \$1.00.)

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LIP STICK 25c each

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NIGHT CREAM (*cold cream*) 60c per jar

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for Ten Cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in. For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom (rouge), and Night Cream.

Tear off the coupon now

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Also Made in Canada

Pompeian
Beauty Powder



IS YOUR SKIN DRY OR OILY?

These are two generally accepted classifications of skin character—the dry skin and the oily skin.

A Dry Skin

The very fine-grained skins are the ones most liable to excessive dryness. The wind, the sun, or applications of drying lotions exaggerate the dry condition.

A dry skin needs quantities of cream to replace and supply the lacking natural oil.

Pompeian Night Cream is the ideal cream for a dry skin. It is excellent as a cleanser, skin-softener and as a powder base.

If the skin seems unusually dry, "pat" small quantities of Pompeian Night Cream into the skin till most of it is absorbed.

Pompeian Night Cream is also an ideal cream as a powder base for the "dry" skin before applying your powder.

An Oily Skin

An oily skin needs two creams. An oily cream for cleansing—a vanishing cream for a powder base.

The natural oil in abnormally oily skins sometimes becomes hardened in the pores and clogs them. The counteracting oil found in Pompeian Night Cream prevents this, and so prevents the real cause of blackheads. Use it generously, rubbing it vigorously about the chin and nostrils where greasiness seems to be acute. Then rub off thoroughly, and finish with a dash of cold water or a quick ice rub.

Pompeian Day Cream should be used on this type of skin before powdering. It is a vanishing cream that disappears as you apply it, leaving the skin smooth and clean, and removing shine. It is the ideal base for powder if your skin is oily, and forms a protection against sun and wind.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

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Address _____

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What shade of face powder wanted? _____

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A hint that may save your child's hair

WHEN your little girl is in her tender teens, her hair needs even more attention than it will at twenty-five. Her lovely soft hair must be washed with only the purest materials if it is to stay lovely.



Harsh, ill-smelling soaps ruin the fresh lustre and sweetness of the hair, make it brittle, and irritate the delicate, tender scalp.

Wildroot Cocoanut Oil Shampoo makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather that is so pure it cannot injure even a baby's soft, silky hair—so soothing that it leaves the scalp fresh and white—so delicately perfumed that it leaves behind only the fragrance of cleanliness.

For only 50 cents your druggist will give you a large six-ounce bottle so that you may see for yourself how easy it is to keep your child's hair lovely. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

cancel contracts and call the whole works off. He had read the story and decided it wouldn't do.

THERE is no question that something drastic must be done about Connie. It is a tragedy to see the one real hope of our screen comedienne suffering under such duds as "Dulcy" and "The Dangerous Maid." And the sad thing is this. Off the screen, Constance Talmadge has one of the most thoroughly delightful, amusing and charming personalities I have ever seen. She fairly bubbles with spontaneous wit, with vivacity, with humor and loveliness. For some reason or other, they are not getting one tenth of Constance's beauty and appeal and funniness—if there is such a word—onto the screen. At a party, with a group of friends, Connie is irresistible. She keeps everybody in roars of laughter all the time. But—on the screen, they miss it.

Personally, I suggest one remedy. Ernst Lubitsch. No matter what it cost—and cost is never an object with Mr. Schenck where better pictures are concerned—I should get Mr. Lubitsch to direct Constance for a picture or two. No one else could so completely bring out her natural personality as could this great director. Things like "The Marriage Circle"—things in that tone and tempo—should be Constance's forte, and if Mr. Lubitsch could be secured he would show them how to do it.

ALICE LAKE is to wed. The charming little actress who began her screen career as Fatty Arbuckle's leading woman and later became a Metro star, admits that she is engaged to marry Robert Williams, New York stage actor, and that the wedding bells will ring out very soon. "We will have our home in Hollywood," says Miss Lake, "and I will continue my screen career, even though Mr. Williams' stage work may call him to New York a part of the time." Mr. Williams' most recent New York appearance was in "Erstwhile Susan."

A SMALL, quiet man paid his admission fee and entered the Alhambra theater of Los Angeles where "A Woman of Paris" was

being shown to a crowded house. After he had stayed through three performances an usher made his way to the quiet man's side and suggested that he had stayed long enough in one spot. Then, and only then, was the identity of the persistent watcher discovered. It was none other than Charlie Chaplin himself—who had come to study the effects of his picture upon an average audience.

HERBERT BRENON took a small gathering of Tommy Tuckers to dinner, the other night, at the Biltmore. If you know the Mother Goose rhyme, you'll remember that "Tommy Tucker sang for his supper." Well, that's how Mr. Brenon treated his guests. After dining Mary Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller, Nita Naldi, Matt Moore and Mrs. Brenon, he hurried them into the old pink make-up and rushed them to the Mason Opera House where they immediately began to film scenes for "The Breaking Point."

LILLIAN RICH says if she had known as much about Hollywood when she first arrived in its midst, as she knows now, she would have changed her name.

The trouble is there's too much, or rather, too many of it.

"When you say 'Rich' in the picture colony," she said mournfully the other day, "it's like saying Smith anywhere else. There are more Richs than anything else—and that's not meant to be a bum pun, either. When I play the lead in a picture, they give the credit to Irene Rich. They put Vivian Rich's name under my pictures and it just breaks my heart. Goodness knows, I think Irene Rich is wonderful and I adore her work, but I'd like to stand or fall on my own merits. I went up to Canada and worked for six months in miles of snow and below zero weather and skated and skied and all sorts of outlandish things, in the new Strongheart picture, 'The Love Master,' and so far half the criticisms have mentioned me as Irene Rich. It's sort of trying."

Right now Lillian, who is a comer if we know anything about it, is playing opposite Doug MacLean in "Never Say Die."



Blitz von Maternhof and his owner, Neal Burns. Blitz won the Photoplay Magazine silver cup, offered at the recent show of the Shepherd Dog Club of the West, at Hollywood. The cup was offered for the best police dog owned and handled by anyone in the motion picture industry, and Blitz walked away with it.

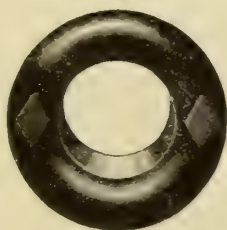


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A Whitman Bennet Production

*Diamond Brand (Visible)
Fast Color Eyelets have genuine
celluloid tops that never
lose their color.*

*They promote easy lacing,
retain their original finish
indefinitely, and actually
outwear the shoe.*



Henry Hull

matinée idol and star of the silver sheet has won an enviable following among cinema enthusiasts by his lovable characterizations of the buoyant, impulsive and care-free American youth. Mr. Hull is as popular in real life as he is on the screen and enjoys the distinction of being one of the most fastidiously dressed young leading men in the film colony.



Visible Eyelets

are one of the small but important details which Mr. Hull insists are essential for the good quality and correct appearance of his footwear. Every well-groomed man who knows that the secret of good dress is simply the perfection of small items selects shoes that are finished with visible eyelets—their guarantee of good quality and true style!

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

\$15.00
an
ounce



\$8.00
a half
ounce

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RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. For years the favorite of women of taste in society and on the stage.

The regular price is \$15.00 an ounce, but for 20c you can obtain a miniature bottle of this perfume, the most precious in the world. When the sample comes you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from a single drop will last a week.

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Send 20c (stamps or silver) with the coupon below and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, the most alluring and most costly perfume ever made.

Your choice of odors, Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet, Romanza, Lilac or Crabapple. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

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Bottle of Flower Drops with long glass stopper, containing 80 drops, a supply for 80 weeks;
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Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes, \$1.00
If any perfume does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return and money will be refunded cheerfully.

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☐ Souvenir Box—\$1.00 enclosed.

☐\$..... enclosed.

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.



Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood—in private life—But James Kirkwood and Lila Lee—professionally

ONE producer recently tried to secure Lila Lee's consent to appear in a picture with her husband in which he wanted to feature Mr. and Mrs. James Kirkwood. But Miss Lee, having made her name known as a star in pictures, has no intention of losing her identity and being bracketed under her husband's name, even if she does expect to be a mother in a few months. She is a modified Lucy Stone Leaguer, willing to be Mrs. Kirkwood socially. The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle were successful, does not influence her one bit. As Lila Lee she has been known in pictures, and as Lila Lee she intends to continue. So, you can dine with Mrs. Kirkwood in her beautiful home in Hollywood, but, if you go to the studio to see her, ask for Miss Lee.

IT sounds a bit incongruous to say "Poor Pauline" when referring to the always brilliant and shining Pauline Frederick. Just the same, it's in order. Several years ago Polly built a really exquisite home in Beverly Hills, bought a lot of horses and dogs to which she became deeply attached, and established herself for life. She intended to stay there and ride and live outdoors and have her friends and—oh, you know. It's every actress's dream, they say.

But instead, she's been repeatedly sent across the continent and the ocean to do this or that, and now again, just as she's once more settled in her home, they want her to go to London to do a big stage production and also to appear in English films.

She hasn't made up her mind yet.

AFTER an absence of a year, Ethel Clayton is coming back to the screen again. Grand-Asher has just signed a contract with her to make four all-star cast productions.

The screen has sadly missed Ethel Clayton. When she was with Paramount, she was one of the most charming, finished and lovable stars in motion pictures. Her portrayal of certain roles—particularly young wives and mothers—had a breadth and warmth that no other actress has approached, and her sweet womanliness made her stand out among the universal flappers.

Her venture with Robertson-Cole was most unfortunate, both as to stories and productions, and hurt her standing and her popularity badly. Whether or not Grand-Asher will give her the opportunity to redeem herself, I don't know. But everybody hopes so.

COURTLAND S. DINES, leading figure in the Normand-Greer-Dines case, will probably be able to be in court shortly to testify against Horace Greer, Mabel Normand's chauffeur, accused of an assault with a deadly weapon upon Dines during a New Year's Eve party at the latter's home. According to his physician, Dines' condition is fairly satisfactory, but it will still require several weeks before he can appear in court.

HELEN FERGUSON had a party for her new nose the other day. Yes, new noses are quite the fashion in Hollywood, and though we all thought Helen's was quite attractive enough, she decided to have its slight irregularity removed. While she was in the hospital undergoing this operation, her friends all manifested the greatest interest in how she was going to look when she came out, so Helen had the party to show them.

"I thought it would be easier to present them all to my new nose at once and get it over," said Helen, "than to have everyone I met for weeks stare at my nose and ask a thousand questions."

Five Thousand Dollars in Cash for You!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will publish the most thrilling and gripping story of the year in its July, August and September issues. It was written by one of America's greatest authors and is one of the greatest narratives he has ever penned. The hero of this exciting and absorbing story is a radio enthusiast.

Arrangements have been made by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to show this masterpiece on the screen, giving it the winning title.

To get a title worthy of this enthralling story and picture PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give \$5,000 in cash to the person who submits the best title in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest, full announcement of which will appear in a later issue of PHOTOPLAY.

In addition to \$5,000 in cash, three radio sets, the finest made, will be given away. With one of these marvelous sets you easily can hear from coast to coast. You not only have an opportunity to win \$5,000 in cash but also one of these radio sets.

PHOTOPLAY will supply the story and prizes
Famous Players-Lasky will supply the picture
YOU SUPPLY THE TITLE!

*Watch Photoplay for further announcements of this
great \$5,000 cash opportunity*



FREE One Pearl

To prove to you the matchless beauty of Deltah Pearls, our Board of Directors has set aside a sum of money for investment in good will. We will send you a genuine Deltah, if you will mail us the coupon below. We believe this investment is the quickest, most convincing way to prove to you the superiority of Deltah Pearls. We invite you to make your own comparisons. We know you'll prefer Deltahs once you become acquainted with their superiority.

The Final Touch of Charm The Secret—Pearls

WHAT delight pearls bring to every woman! Their touch of distinction completes the newest frock. The knowledge of their aid to beauty . . . no other gem is so completely woman's, no other can bring such assurance.

And among smartly gowned women Deltah Pearls are much in vogue . . . you see them everywhere. Their exceptional fidelity, in reproducing each tiny curve and dimple of the Oriental, has created a sensation.

Leading jewelers are now offering these celebrated gems, imported direct from our Paris and Geneva laboratories. The very latest designs in varying lengths from chokers to three-strand ropes are ready for your selection—clasped in gold, platinum or diamonds. Prices range from the modest, inexpensive strings to elaborate, costly strings.

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A noted style authority and fashion editor has just prepared an interesting little book, "The Charm of Pearls."

This tells of the latest modes in the wearing of pearls . . . the lengths appropriate for various occasions . . . individual and artistic methods of adorning the neck, wrists and coiffure . . . noting especially those used by prominent women of society and the stage.

We shall be glad to mail you this useful little booklet free of charge. Fill out and mail the coupon below.

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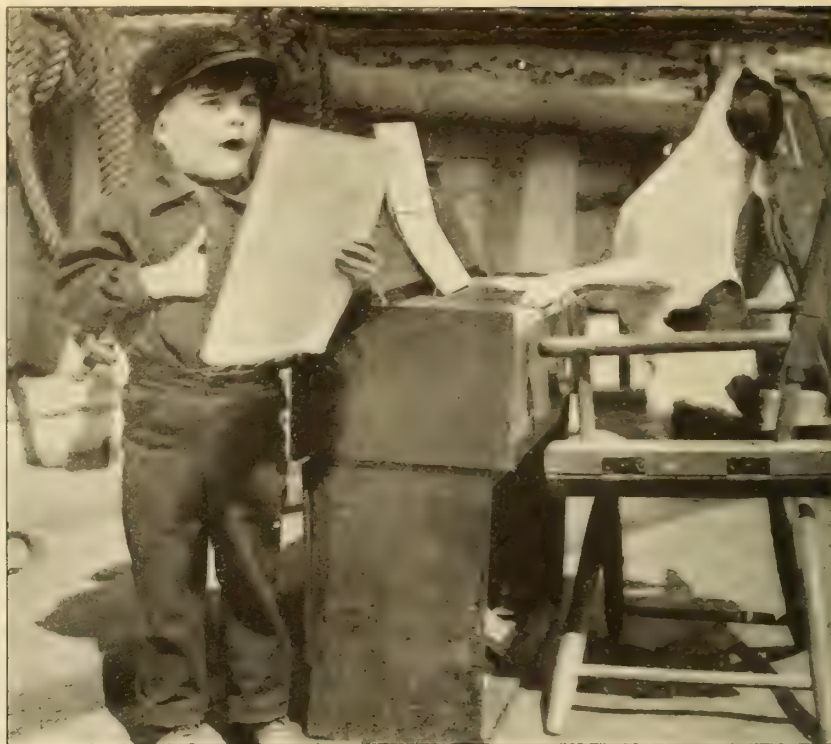
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Harmony of soul if not of sound. Frankie Darro, who appears in "Half-a-Dollar Bill," giving a recital, assisted by Cameo, his pal

Among the celebrities who attended the function were Colleen Moore, Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Patsy Ruth Miller, Virginia Valli, Lillian Rich, Carmel Myers and Carmelita Geraghty.

BRADLEY KING, who should be world-famous for her splendid continuity on "Anna Christie" and who is one of the most promising young scenario writers in the game, gave a birthday party the other evening for her pup, whose name is most appropriately Escrow, and whose age at that time was two months. Having just bought a delightful new house, Bradley combined the house warming and Escrow's birthday, with the greatest success.

Miss King herself wore a red velvet dinner frock, with a quaint Egyptian pattern in rhinestones ornamenting it. And I must describe Ann May's frock, because every girl will get a real thrill from it. From a little tight fitting bodice of cloth of silver, and a straight skirt of the same material, was suspended an exquisite train of fine chiffon net, in all the pastel shades. The net was made into a thousand little ruffles, wired, and stood out from her figure like the tail of a peacock. Altogether it was pronounced the most attractive debutante gown seen in Hollywood this winter.

JOHN BOWERS, who has quite a reputation as a story teller, did this one at a dinner party the other evening, so if you've heard it, don't read it. Anyway, it amused a hard-boiled picture audience to hysterics.

A small colored boy owned a dog. The dog was a combination of numerous breeds, ranging from Pekinese to St. Bernard, and the cross seemed to have brought out the worst traits of every type. Anyway, Mose thought he was the finest dog in the whole world, and when he saw a dog show advertised he decided instantaneously to show his dog. Certainly wouldn't be much of a dog show without his dog—thought Mose. He fixed up a cracker box with much ornamentation, and managed to sneak the dog into the show.

It happened that the judge, a great dog fancier of course, was showing some friends around the benches, pointing out to them the

really exceptional dog, when he stumbled upon Mose's entry in the cracker box, with Mose alongside. He peeped at the dog, gave a second amazed look, and then inquired in amused horror, how the dog got there.

"I brung him," said Mose, beginning to be a little suspicious. "What you mean, how he get in here? I brung him, that's how he get in here."

"Well, but my boy, you must take him out. He isn't a show dog, you see."

"What's 'at? Look here, mister." Mose was openly indignant now, "why ain't he a show dog? What's a matter him, 'at's what I wants to know?"

"Well," said the judge, "he's a very fine dog, of course, for you, but—well, he's all wrong from a show standpoint."

"All wrong? What's all wrong about him, I'd like to know? Seems to me him's finest dog in this show. You just tell me one thing—one pacific thing 'at's the matter wif that dog."

"For one thing," said the judge, trying to be kind, "his legs are too short."

"Legs are too short. How come they too short? They touch the ground, don't they?" said Mose.

There are so few stories told at dinner parties nowadays that you can print that we felt Mr. Bowers should have the credit for this one.

PATSY RUTH MILLER, one of the most promising and beautiful of our new leading ladies, whispered this little story on herself and somehow it got around to me. Patsy is working at Lasky's—probably permanently—and at the Lasky Studio the bootblack stand is near the door. It has been operated for years by a grinning black person named Oscar, but Oscar was up at Mr. Grauman's Hollywood Egyptian Theater, appearing as one of Pharaoh's slaves in the prologue to "The Ten Commandments."

One afternoon Patsy dashed up to the stand, and seeing a young Italian standing leisurely in front of it, held out to him a pair of diminutive shoes and gasped, "Oh, please, can you shine these for me right away?"

The young man gave her a glance that should have struck her dead and walked away, and it was only after agitated inquiry that

Patsy discovered she had thus addressed one of the latest and most prominent of the Lasky sheik discoveries, now being groomed to take Valentino's place.

It is hard to tell, sometimes.

IN honor of John McCormack, the Irish singer, who visited Los Angeles recently for a series of concerts, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Moreno entertained with a stunning dinner party at which many film celebrities were present. The magnificent new Moreno home on Silver Lake was a beautiful setting for one of the most brilliant affairs the film colony has ever seen.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Will Rogers, Constance Talmadge, Florence Vidor, who looked unusually lovely in a dinner frock of white chiffon delicately embroidered over a pale yellow slip, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Enid Bennett), Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Neilan (Blanche Sweet)—and Blanche was quite breathlessly stunning in straight-line black velvet, its only ornament a conventional knot of old rose ribbon at the throat with straight streamers reaching the hem, which showed off her wealth of gleaming blonde curls to perfection—Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler Oakman (Priscilla Dean), who wore scarlet and white very effectively, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mr. and Mrs. John Gilbert—Mrs. Gilbert is Leatrice Joy, of course, and she wore a black crepe de chine dinner gown, with unusual touches of green about it, and a band of green chiffon in her black hair, and Miss Winifred Kingston. Mrs. Moreno herself wore a gown of cream lace over satin.

After dinner, Mr. McCormack sang for an entranced audience. Among the lovely things he sang was one written for him by Marshall Neilan.

THE stork is having a very busy time in Hollywood just now. Following the announcement that the Harold Lloyds are expecting an heir quite soon, the news has leaked out that James Kirkwood and Lila Lee are arranging for a similar interesting event in the late summer, and pretty Doris May and her husband, Wallace McDonald, are to become fond parents about the same time.

CONSTERNATION was rampant in the Internal Revenue Bureau of Los Angeles when an income return filed by Charlie Chaplin came to light, for the return reported an average workingman's income, considerably under the \$5,000 mark, for the year 1923, and exemptions were claimed which would enable Chaplin to escape tax free.

The chief office deputy seized the return and dashed into Collector Goodcell's office, waving the return wildly as he strove for fitting words to express his feelings.

"Look at this new comedy stunt Chaplin is trying to put over," he spluttered. Goodcell, somewhat alarmed himself, examined the return. If Charlie Chaplin wasn't going to pay any income tax, then who, in the name of Hollywood, was going to?

"This guy Chaplin makes a million dollars a year, and—and—and—" foamed the chief office clerk.

Then Collector Goodcell got busy and looked up the records. Investigation showed the return was filed from Hollywood but that the Chaplin with the cane and the funny shoes had had not yet "come across" to Uncle Sam.

The return had been filed by Charlie C. Chaplin, a Hollywood laundry driver.

THE film colony is united in sending condolences to May Allison upon the death of her mother, who passed away at her home in Hollywood after an illness of several years' duration. By a strange coincidence, Robert Ellis, who is married to Miss Allison, lost his mother only a few weeks before. The young couple are now in New York, where it is expected Miss Allison will make a short tour in vaudeville.



Do You Know the Legend of the Ring Finger?

WEDDING rings have come down to us from remotest times. The march of centuries has only served to impress more firmly upon every race the sentiment of the treasured little circlet.

The Grecians believed in the existence of a direct communication between the heart and the ring finger—that a certain vein of blood passed directly from this finger to the heart.

This and many other quaint and charming stories of the wedding ring are delightfully told in the little brochure "Wedding Ring Sentiment", which can be yours for the asking.

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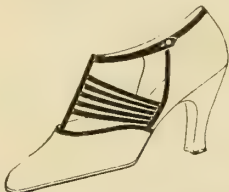
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FRANCINE—black satin, fawn suede with tan calf trim, patent leather—\$12. Pearl grey kid with battleship kid trim, field mouse kid with darker brown kid trim—\$15.



MAURETA—black suede with patent leather trim, squirrel-grey suede with grey lizard trim, fawn suede with tan calf trim—\$14.



ARIOTTA—fawn suede with tan calf trim—\$10.85. White French kid—\$11.50.



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Doesn't Will Rogers cut quite a dashing figure in this polo outfit? Note the touch of individuality in the boots. The other gentleman is Hal Roach, on whose polo grounds near Culver City this picture was taken

WILLIAM A. BRADY, who used to be director-general of the World Films, is to produce pictures again. He plans to use the old Paramount studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey, about which cling many traditions. Many present-day favorites started there. Neil Hamilton, who was an "extra" there, is playing the lead in D. W. Griffith's "America." Another Paragon "extra" was May McAvoy who first appeared in support of June Elvidge. Gaston Glass, now a high-priced juvenile, used to "supe" at Fort Lee for Goldwyn, and Hope Hampton—now Mrs. Jules Brulatour—did "bits" for Maurice Tourneur at the old Solax Studio on the Jersey shore.

Fort Lee has been rather deserted of late, although May McAvoy returned to the scenes of her extrahood when she played over there in "The Enchanted Cottage" with Richard Barthelmess.

RICHARD DIX, Paramount's handsome leading man, is getting all ready for a wedding. No, it isn't his own. Quite the contrary, for it's his kid sister who is to be married.

While Richard was hard at work in New York with William de Mille, his mother and sister decided to take a vacation of their own, and, leaving their beautiful Hollywood home, went to Chicago. On their way back to the coast, they stopped off at their former home, Des Moines, for a short visit and it was there that Richard's sister met her boyhood sweetheart whom she had not seen in years.

Now she is wearing a huge solitaire and the wedding is said to be only a matter of a few weeks.

Dix is remaining in New York for one more picture, "Sinners in Heaven," which Alan Crosland will direct and a part of which will be made in Cuba. Then he will rush west and welcome his new brother.

BLANCHE SWEET has just completed a dual rôle and never was she so glad to finish a part as one of these. During the daytime she spent her time at the Ince studios doing the lead in "Those Who Dance" and her nights as nurse to her husband, Mickey Neilan.

Mickey caught a cold and it took a serious turn. "Bed for you," said the M. D., "and production plans for 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,'" while Mickey fought a slight attack of pneumonia with Blanche at his bedside when she wasn't on the set.

VIOLA DANA and Lefty Flynn, who has just been signed by Famous Players, have been good friends for a long time, but lately their friendship has cooled appreciably—said cooling process being largely due, according to gossip in the Hollywood colony, to the lady's interest in a good-looking young pugilist who does most of his fighting at the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood, where much of the motion picture world assembles each week.

On a recent Friday night, Miss Dana, sitting close to the ringside, was almost in tears when her young protege, during the first round of what was to have been a four-round bout, was knocked for a row of stadiums by his opponent.

Nor were her spirits raised any when close beside her she heard a deep—but palpably artificial—groan, and, turning, beheld through tear-dimmed eyes, the broad shoulders and broader grin of Lefty Flynn.

AND now the shaded past of another motion picture actor has been dug up and hurled into the glare of the public spotlight.

That past is Pat O'Malley's.

Pat, it seems, once toured the British Isles, France, Germany and all points east, with a circus. In those days Pat was hailed as the world's worst wire walker.

After setting up the "big stick" in Sydney, Australia, the circus management discovered a boxing craze among the populace. Therefore, said management duly informed Pat that in addition to his wire walking stunt he would challenge all and sundry in squared ring debates.

The city of Sydney, it seems, boasted of nothing but heavyweights—and they were all at the circus to accept the challenge. The most anemic of the challengers—a delicate little 200-pound coal-heaver, about as docile as a stampeding shorthorn, was selected as Pat's opponent.

Pat landed the first blow—he hit the challenger on the glove with the tip of his jaw.

Fade out on Pat's ring career.

A "GHOST CITY" of the west is destined to come to life again—at least for a few short hours. And again its name will be flashed over the wires of the nation.

It is Frisco, Utah, once a flourishing mining town, teeming with life and flowing with gold, but now a tiny settlement of false-fronted streets and echoing buildings, where only the feet of chance wanderers have trod since the

gold mine which gave it birth "pinned out" and its builders followed the rush to newer fields.

Frisco, in the gaudy days of the gold rush, was the birthplace of Betty Compson. Her father was a miner and the family moved on when the strike gave out. The house still stands as it was abandoned.

When Jimmy Cruze led his caravan into Utah for the filming of "The Covered Wagon," they passed through this town and he stopped to inspect it. Later, after Miss Compson and Cruze became engaged, he learned it was her birthplace.

And now rumor has it that the star and the director plan to be married in the main street of the deserted town of Frisco and the ceremony will be performed by a justice of the peace, a picturesque "old-timer" who knew Betty's father well.

ANOTHER scandal, which may rock the film colony, has just leaked out, despite "dogged" attempts at suppression.

A well groomed aristocrat from London tried to get gay with Lady Jule, known on the screen as the Fawn, and her husky husband, Strongheart, raised an awful riot all over Madison Square Garden. The occasion was the forty-eighth annual dog show of the Westminster Kennel Club and many of the bloods of the country looked on in horror—or perhaps glee. Strongheart and his consort, Lady Jule, canine screen stars, were shipped from Hollywood by Laurence Trimble, to appear at the show and make personal appearances in connection with their latest picture, "The Love Master." They were the biggest hit of the exhibition.

The pair was being posed for photographs when "Lord Algernon," a dapper English terrier, all dolled up in a woolly overcoat made by a Piccadilly tailor, came snooping around Lady Jule. His manners and familiarity were most unbecoming a well bred Britisher approaching a strange lady.

And Strongheart handled the situation in approved wild west style. He knew his rough stuff and he pulled it. Grabbing "Lord Algernon" by his well groomed neck, he shook the intruder to a frazzle, sending him back to his kennel a sadder but wiser dog.

THE day after W. B. Brush, a producer who has transferred the scene of his activities from Miami to Hollywood, announced that he intended to produce Kingsley's "Water Babies." Lew Cody telephoned him to say that he knew where a complete cast was obtainable. "Where?" asked Brush. "At Mack Sennett's," said Cody. "He has the best water babies in the business."

LEW CODY has leased a furnished house in Hollywood across the street from Noah Beery's and will shortly open his social season with a series of his justly celebrated corned beef and cabbage dinners. He has a Filipino cook to whom he communicates in the sign language, the cook knowing little English and Cody being a bit shy on Spanish. But Lew claims that his cook is the champion corned beef and cabbage expert of the civilized world.

TOM McNAMARA, the cartoonist who created Skinny Shaner, Eaglebeak and their pals and who is now directing comedies in Hollywood, has a brand-new explanation of the fact that some of the streets in Hollywood are in bad shape. "The tire manufacturers won't let the city pave 'em," he says.

DON'T let 'em kid you that there ain't no more sights in Hollywood just because Jack Dempsey has gone and sold his big show place.

For now Bull Montana has gone and got hisself a Hollywood menage—and believe me, boys, it's some swell dump.

It's got brown stucco smeared all over the outside and the inside makes Buckingham palace look like a "Tess of the Storm Country"



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A new study of Charles Spencer Chaplin—no longer Charlie but Mr. Chaplin, by virtue of the graying hair, the thoughtful expression, the recently revealed directorial genius. These, with his dapper dress, make him distinctly distinguished in appearance

fishing shack. Contrary to our expectations, the rooms are not paved with wrestling mats. Instead, he has genuine Persian rugs and there isn't a Turkish towel or Police Gazette in the joint.

His bedroom is adorned with silk curtains of a passionate pink hue and a swell portrait of Bull himself, about five by seven, brightens the parlor wall. Now what could be nicer than that, we want to know?

And what's more "Bool" is temporarily deserting the picture colony and leaving his swell new joint flat to headline in a musical revue with Annette Kellermann and it's a toss-up whose "figger" will cause the greatest riot.

Bull's career now reads something like this—pick and shovel artist, wrestler, Bowery cafe bouncer, screen villain, star in feature comedies, musical comedy headliner.

FIRST it was handball.

Then it was big game fishing—battles with giant sword fish and tuna off Catalina Island.

Next, yachting had its inning.

Now it's polo.

Such is the athletic and recreational record of Hal Roach, the producer whose name is synonymous with screen laughter. And in polo Roach has a willing and able confederate in his star comedian, Will Rogers.

Until the arrival of Will Rogers on the Roach lot, the producer was all wrapped up

in his yachts. He spent every spare hour cruising on the Pacific. And then came the new fad—polo.

Today Rogers is probably the best practical polo player in the picture colony. He doesn't look as natty as many of his screen rivals in the "regulation helmet and white panties" (quoting Rogers) of the polo elite—you can't get him to wear 'em. But with his cowboy boots, slouch hat and old sweater, he was a runner up for the crack Midwich Polo Club team, probably the best team in the west. He is improving steadily and close friends aver Rogers would rather make that team than be personally responsible for the greatest motion picture of all times.

A CLIMBERS CLUB was recently organized by young film actresses of Hollywood at the home of Kathryn McGuire. Thus far the membership list reads: Kathryn McGuire, President, Lucille Rickson, Derelys Perdue, Alberta Vaughn, Charlotte Stevens, Marian Harlan and Shannon Day. The question now is, "What are they going to climb?"

HARRISON FORD is forced to wear the stripes of a convict in his latest picture, "The Bright Lights of Broadway." Between scenes—they were being made in a town in the suburbs of New York—Mr. Ford sauntered out to get the air, without troubling to change his costume for regular street clothes. He

was spied by a small girl, who reported the sight to her father. And Harrison was able to escape from a mob of pursuers just in time to get back to the studio and finish the sequence upon which he was working.

"I gave 'em the slip," he says, "in a regular Keystone Comedy chase. They're hunting for the dangerous escaped convict yet!"

IT looks as if Charles Spencer Chaplin is going to have to divide family honors with his talented brother, Sidney. Since Sid's success (say it fast!) in a series of feature comedies, the offers of stardom have been coming thick and fast. The consensus of opinion is that Sidney will settle the matter by appearing in his own productions, which will be released—as are Charlie's—through United Artists. But the offers are flattering and have even included big opportunities from the two most influential producing companies of Europe.

MR. and Mrs. Strongheart attended the recent dog show at Madison Square Garden, New York, and mingled freely with canine society. They did not compete for honors—being professionals, in a way. But they sat on the sidelines, and beamed upon the admiring hundreds who pressed forward to make their acquaintance, and sold autographed photographs for the benefit of the humane society. They did the autographing by pressing blackened paws down upon the margin of each photograph. Many a good dog has been punished for so autographing Oriental rugs and snowy bed spreads.

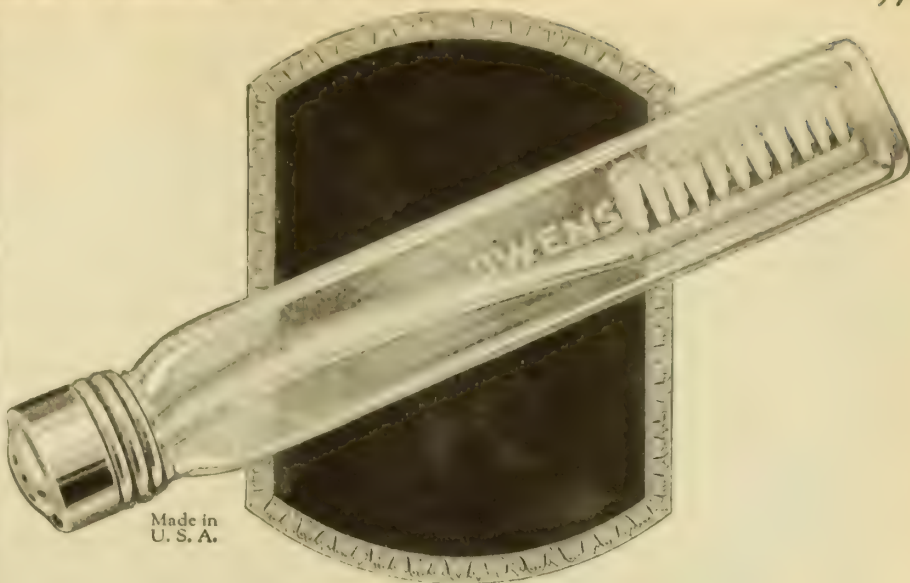
The Stronghearts traveled all the way from the coast in state. They were attended by a watchful bodyguard, and were heavily insured.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 99]



Photo courtesy of Los Angeles Herald.

Barbara La Marr shed real tears on the witness stand while giving testimony in a Los Angeles court in a blackmail case. She broke down under the strain of long cross-examination



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HASN'T it made you almost "shiver" sometimes to see thoughtless fingers rubbing over the bristles in a tooth brush? And then to think that you may put a brush into your mouth that unclean hands have thumbled!

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Eva Novak

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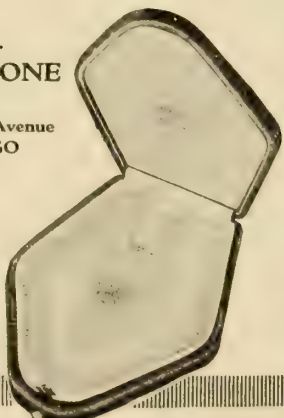
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Meet the Adolescent Industry

Being an Answer to Some Popular Fallacies

By B. P. Schulberg

IF Messrs. George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, the two bad boys of American criticism, ever take up the movies in a serious way—which, heaven knows, is the only way that a hard-working producer like myself can take it—I want to suggest to them thirteen more items for their famous "American Credo." Like most of the other things in the Credo these movie beliefs are only two per cent true.

Here, then, are the thirteen movie axioms, ninety-eight per cent bunk, but believed by most of the "Lootoisie," including Nathan and Mencken:

I. The moving pictures are only in their infancy.

II. The movies are a business only, not an art.

III. All motion picture producers

(a) are recruited from the fur industry.

(b) speak a broken English.

(c) wear derby hats tilted over one ear.

IV. Every woman star is immoral.

V. No male star ever saw evening clothes until the director put him into a scene of night life in New York.

VI. No male star, after his first appearance in them, ever goes *anywhere* without evening clothes.

VII. No movie marriage can be successful.

VIII. People in Hollywood work from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m., drink from 6 to 12, sniff a little dope from 12 to 4, have breakfast from 4 to 6, act immoral till 8, take a shower, and report at the studio at 9 sharp.

IX. Every male star uses "Stacomb" for his hair.

X. Rudolph Valentino wears corsets.

XI. Any big author who takes the time to go out to the studio to help them with his ideas on a story he has sold them is prostituting his art.

XII. No author is ever satisfied with the way the movies butcher his story.

XIII. A producer will put on any play for two weeks because he knows he can get \$5,000,000,000.32¼ for the movie rights to it.

* * * * *

LET us now take up these theories in their order.

I. I deny that moving pictures are only in their infancy. They may not be in their old age, but they have donned the long pants of adolescence. To a large extent, motion pictures even today are ahead of their public. The public, however, is not so far behind as most producers and practically all exhibitors imagine. As the public catches up—and the public, influenced to an amazing degree by the fairly high average of intelligence that the motion picture critic of the dailies and the magazines put into their reviews, will soon catch up—the motion picture will go higher and higher, so that pictures like "Shadows," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and others of the highest type, will be the rule, and not the exception.

II. If the movies were only a business, and not an art; if there weren't glory and fame and honest craftsmanship in it, Adolph Zukor would never have made "The Blue Bird," which I still regard as the most beautiful show I have ever seen, surpassing in color even the lovely stage production of Maeterlinck's play given at the New Theater; if the movies played only safe bets, Charlie Chaplin would never have made "The Kid" and Jackie Coogan would be just a cute little youngster that no one had ever heard of; if the movies cared only for money, Griffith would today be one of the

wealthiest men in the country, instead of wondering after each picture how he is going to get the money to make the next; if the movies were as commercial as the Rotary clubs of the country pretend, Von Stroheim would never be making "McTeague," Frank Norris' gripping story.

If I were interested only in money, if I didn't get the thrill of doing something worth while, I would never have bought Wilbur Daniel Steele's story, "Ching, Ching, Chinaman." I knew I was taking a terrific chance when I decided to make it. My one concession to the box-office was that I finally decided, in view of the exhibitor's attitude, to call the film version "Shadows."

If the movies were all shekels, Harrison Ford would never have come to me, as he did, and have said, "Mr. Schulberg, I realize the gamble you're taking in this production, and I'd like to do my bit. I'll play the part of the minister for nothing as my contribution to the glory of the screen." I didn't accept Mr. Ford's generous offer, but it's one of the things I shall never forget.

And I want to say a word in behalf of Lon Chaney, who took the rôle of the Chinese. It took three hours for him to make up every day. That meant that whereas everybody else started work at 9, Lon was at the studio at 6, with never a word.

I have just paid \$100,000—and you can see the contract—for the movie rights for "The First Year," Frank Craven's play. Now I paid that, of course, because I thought it would all come back to me at the box-office. I like to think I'm artistic, but I'm no fanatic on the subject. At the same time, "The First Year" will have to be as fine, as airy, as great as a picture as it was as a play if I'm to make any money on it. I could have bought twenty "safe" stories for \$100,000. But I'd rather make a lovely thing out of "The First Year"—and, if incidentally, I break box-office records with it, why, I say dispassionately, more power to me.

III. (a) I have never been connected with the fur industry, except that, indirectly, through Mrs. Schulberg's love of furs, I maintain perhaps half-a-dozen furriers and their families in a style to which they have not always been accustomed.

(b) I wrote this article myself, but I speak correctly.

(c) On the few occasions I have been seen in public with a derby, it has not been tilted.

IV. Up to the moment of going to press, this was not true at the Preferred Studios.

V. It is my impression, and I am asking the medical profession to verify this for me, that Gaston Glass was born in evening clothes.

VI. Kenneth Harlan has to be bound, gagged and chloroformed before he puts on even a tuxedo.

VII. Mrs. Schulberg, Mrs. Joseph Schenck and Mrs. Mary P. Fairbanks tell me otherwise.

VIII. Is that so?

IX. I know at least one who uses only a wig.

X. This is not so. They're suspenders.

XI. Prostituting his *what*?

XII. I made "Shadows" from a story by Wilbur Daniel Steele; "Are You A Failure?" from a story by Larry Evans; and "The Broken Wing" from the play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. They all wrote me that they were tickled to death with what I had done to their stories.

XIII. A producer who will do so is sixty-four kinds of a fool, including the most profane one.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 97]

WHILE Pauline Starke retires to a milk farm to rest and gain weight, the rest of Hollywood is reducing by a new and strenuous method. The film stars have taken up roller skating as a form of fighting the surplus pounds, and the sidewalks have become, in consequence, as dangerous as the vehicle thronged streets. The pedestrian of Hollywood is asked to choose his exit quickly.

D. W. GRIFFITH had to wait nearly all winter for a chance to film the snow scene that he needed for the Valley Forge sequence of his latest feature, "America." This being almost the mildest winter in the history of New York state he had to wait until nearly the release date of the picture before he could get the desired effects. While the first half of "America" was running on opening night D. W. was perspiring behind the screen cutting in the new parts of the picture, and worked on every reel until the minute it went into the projection machine for its first showing.

HELEN FERGUSON says that she is tired of playing types and that she wants a chance at stardom. And so she has undergone an operation, a la Fanny Brice, to have her nose changed from the Roman to the Greek variety. The operation is reported as being most successful and we're waiting anxiously to see the rejuvenated Helen.

"HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE," the third Palmer Photoplay picture, is now under way. It follows "Judgment of the Storm" and "The White Sin." The cast is headed by Warner Baxter and Madge Bellamy and includes a thirteen baby star, Hazel Keener.

IN HIS next picture Johnny Walker plays the part of a Salvation Army worker in the front line trenches. To play the part correctly he was forced to learn the gentle art of doughnut making—which was one of the biggest parts of Salvation Army war work. Johnny says that he's glad of the chance to learn a useful trade—for the film business is uncertain, at best, and it's a good thing to have another line of work as an ace in the hole.

LOIS WILSON and May McAvoy had it hot and heavy the other day in an argument. Subject—men and matrimony. May said, with a haughty lift of her proud little head, that she'd never try to hold a husband, if he seemed to grow tired of the holy bonds. That she wouldn't try to fight a possible "other woman." That she'd never exert herself to make a man care for her. Lois, on the other hand, told May that she didn't know anything at all about life.

"If you love a man," said Lois, wisely, "you'll go to any lengths to hold him. You'll play your cards very cleverly. You'll not let an outsider walk away with your property—not without a struggle, anyway!"

RALPH LEWIS, the husky star of the honest working man, has a bloody screen record—for all his sweetness of nature and his so human portrayals. In 114 screen dramas he has died 22 natural deaths, been killed 30 times and has committed 27 murders.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO will not have Adolph Menjou in his new picture "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Menjou, who has made a phenomenal hit in "A Woman of Paris" and "The Marriage Circle," was suggested for the heavy Duke in the Valentino return picture. Paramount was delighted and wired Rudie, who has to O. K. the cast, but the Valentinos didn't want him.

The next day Jesse Lasky signed Adolph Menjou to a long term contract, first to be featured and then to be starred in such vehicles as Leo Ditrichstein's success "The King."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



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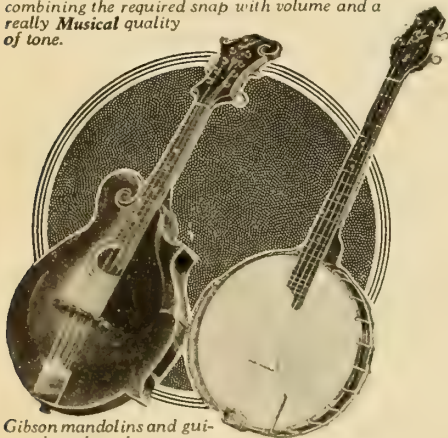


Coon-Sanders' Nighthawk radio orchestra, Kansas City, features Gibson stringed instruments

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The Chaplin-Harris Divorce

A Hitherto Untold Tale of the Negotiations Preceding the Divorce

By Permission of Brentano's

IN Frank Harris' "Contemporary Portraits," copyrighted by Brentano's, there is an amusing and interesting new light thrown on the perennially fresh Charles Chaplin-Mildred Harris divorce episode. Some of the tearful and conflicting statements issued by Miss Harris to the newspapers are recounted, and there is also given Mr. Chaplin's account of his telephone talks with her about the case.

Under the caption of "The Mildred Chaplin Comedy," Mr. Harris writes:

Every morning in the paper a fresh appeal appeared from Mildred Chaplin: the injured lady wept, protested, cajoled, threatened all in a breath. One morning a change: she published the following:

"My final statement: Mr. Chaplin is not a Socialist. He is a great artist, a very serious personality, and a real intellectual." Yes, those are her very words; and she continues: "The world will be amazed at the intensity of his mind." What can have happened? I ask myself. Has Charlie weakened and paid without counting?

I read on: "I have no desire to obtain half of his fortune. (No?) I will not hinder the sale of his latest moving picture." (Whew, the wind sets in that quarter, does it?)

And then: "I am entitled to a settlement. (Eh?) I am too ill, physically and mentally, to work at present, and this notoriety and exposition of my personal affairs is very disagreeable to me." (Really? You needn't indulge in it, madame, unless you want to.)

Finally: "He is a great artist, a brilliant man, plays the violin, 'cello, piano, and so forth . . . I have already filed papers against him." Well, well, and again well.

Here is Charlie's story of talks with his wife on the 'phone about their divorce.

"Is that you, Charlie? It's me, Mildred. I'm ill and have no money. Won't you give me \$50,000, and settle all this disagreeable law business? You will. You're a dear; I knew a great artist like you couldn't be mean. If you knew how I hate to quarrel and dispute. Let us meet at my lawyer's in an hour, eh? Good-bye till then."

Quarter of an hour later:

"Is that you, Charlie? Oh, I'm so sorry, but my lawyer won't let me take fifty thousand; he

says it's ridiculous. Won't you give me a hundred thousand, and I can satisfy him? Please; I'm so nervous and ill. You will? Oh, you—! Well, you're just you—the one man in the world. I can't say more. Now for that dreadful lawyer, and then we'll meet and just sign. How are you? Well! Oh, I'm so glad. In half an hour, dear."

Quarter of an hour later:

"Charlie! What can I say? I'm just heart-broken, and I've such a headache. That lawyer says I mustn't settle for a hundred thousand. His fee is goodness knows how much. I must have at least a hundred and fifty thousand. What am I to do? Mamma says—You will? Oh, my! I'm so glad. I don't know how to thank you. It's the last word, you say? All right, Charlie, I'm satisfied. In half an hour, then."

Ten minutes later:

"It's no good, Charlie. I can't settle for that; it's really too little. You see, Charlie! Charlie! Did you ring off? Or is it the filthy exchange? Oh, dear! Damn! D—n!"

Charlie Chaplin is a master of comedy in life, as he is on the stage; an artist in refined humor, he can laugh even at himself and his own emotions. On the point of leaving Pasadena for a trip to New York, he rang his wife up.

"Mildred, it's me, Charlie. Will you take half a million dollars, and settle this ridiculous claim? You will? No, I'm not a darling; but meet me at my lawyer's in an hour, and we can sign.

Quarter of an hour later:

"Mildred, dear, I'm so sorry, but my lawyer won't let me give half a million; he says a year's earnings for a week's marriage is too much. He says a hundred thousand is more than generous. Will I listen to you? Of course I will. Talk away . . ."

A woman's voice, high pitched: "You're no man! Again you've let me down and made a fool of me. You've no character. I'll teach you . . ." (Left talking.)

Charlie Chaplin strolls away from the 'phone with a smile on his lips and a little sub-acid contempt for human, and especially for feminine, nature.

Teaching the Sheiks How to Sheik

According to Herbert Howe, who has been in Africa with Rex Ingram making "The Arab," the Bedouins of the desert are not such great love-makers as Valentino and other sheiks of the screen would have us believe. Ramon Novarro and Alice Terry showed them a few things about making love, he declares in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY. As a matter of fact, Mr. Howe is somewhat disillusioned as to the sheik. He is just a tired business man, says PHOTOPLAY'S correspondent, who doesn't like banquets and is inclined to be tight in money matters. These and other sidelights make one of the most absorbing articles

in the June Issue of PHOTOPLAY

Billie Burke



BILLIE BURKE ZIEGELD
Portrait by CHARLES G. SHELDON

AN EXCLUSIVE SPECIAL SERVICE

We have arranged with A. Simonson, a noted hair dress authority, to give wearers of Gainsborough Hair Nets free advice and suggestions for obtaining the most charming coiffure effects. In writing to A. Simonson, 54 West 57th Street, New York, for information, send two Gainsborough Hair Net envelopes and enclose personal stamped return envelope for reply.

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IT'S OFF
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Madame Berthe is the only manufacturer of a superfluous hair remedy who has specialized solely in superfluous hair treatments for eighteen years. The merits of ZIP were thoroughly proven long before ZIP was sold to the public in package form. ZIP is not a depilatory — it is an EPILATOR

"ZIP is delightful, actually destroying the growth with the roots, simply and absolutely without irritation. I recommend ZIP."

IRENE BORDONI

Superfluous Hair GONE!

THE impression you make, whether it be in the business world or in society, at home or with friends, depends principally on your appearance. If you are well built, of good pose, and beautifully attractive, your popularity is assured. Charm, after all, is paramount, and nothing mars feminine charm so much as even a few unsightly, unwanted masculine hairs on your lips, arms, body and limbs.

Twentieth Century Wonder

You will be thankful to science after you have become familiar with the merits of ZIP, for this inimitable preparation is rapidly freeing women of superfluous hair. Indeed it has aptly been called one of the seven wonders of this century.

Lasting Results

You realize that mere surface hair removers give only temporary relief and any method which burns away or rubs away surface hair is very apt to irritate the skin. Such methods have the same action as singeing or shaving, throwing the strength back into the roots. With ZIP, however, you devitalize the roots and in this way you **check the growth** gently, painlessly and harmlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth, really **adorable**. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to ordinary depilatories.

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Please send me FREE samples of your Massage Cream and Face Powder, and your Free Book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," in which leading actresses tell how to be beautiful by using ZIP. (PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME.)

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RUTH ROLAND

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HOPE HAMPTON



"I am delighted with ZIP. It is far superior to depilatories, shaving or electrolysis."

MARION DAVIES



CREATIONS

JORDEAU

NEW YORK

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

THE spirited horse who does his bit in "America" as *Paul Revere's* motive power, is telling all reviewers most complacently that he is a direct descendant of the mare that the original *Paul* rode. The mare's name was Molly, and Mr. Griffith's horse goes by the unromantic name of Jack. Of course, in this day of press agents one can't believe everything! But Jack refuses to be contradicted.

IN Rome they have the smallest taxi cars in captivity. They make Fords look majestic. Mrs. Marcus Loew was so fascinated by these Lilliputians she wanted to take one home. But she was afraid she might have engine trouble on Broadway. "And if I ever had to get out to fix it," she said, "some policeman would be sure to come up and say, 'You can't play with that here, little girl.'"

"SUNSHINE" SAMMY, blackface star of the "Our Gang" comedies, has fallen in love. And with none other than pretty, petite Marie Mosquini—leading lady for Will Rogers. Sammy haunted the studio for days, bearing in his small grubby hands a large box of home made candy. When at last the lady of his heart appeared he was overcome with shyness and, thrusting the box—slightly the worse for wear—into her hands he vanished like a little puff of smoke.

WHILE she admits that "Icebound" is one of the best pictures that she ever worked in, Lois Wilson says that it was one of the most depressing. "The set one dreary room—never changed," she said mournfully, "and I could never wear a pretty frock or arrange my hair in a human way. It was just drab and grey, all the way through. I'd feel as happy as a lark at the beginning of a session—and just limp at closing time. I was never so glad in my life at the finish of any picture!"

NOT content with being a star and a director—respectively—Lew Cody and Marshall Neilan have gone in heavily for song writing. Lew has two successful numbers to his credit, "Lady of the Orchids" and "Dangerous Dan McGrew." The latter was written in honor of the part that he will play in the picturization of Robert Service's "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." And Marshall Neilan is the author of a popular song which goes by the title of "Don't Forget" and which Nora Bayes will use on a forthcoming vaudeville tour.

It's a long jump from the silver sheet to Tin Pan Alley. But these hard working motion picture people must have their lighter moments.



Kate Lester is always cast as a queen or a grand duchess or the very first member of the four hundred. Perhaps it's because she has that "to the manner born" look—the air distingue



Fashion demands beautiful nails

Science discovers new way to get them

When you see beautiful nails that gleam with that fashionable shell-pink lustre you know another particular woman has discovered Glazo, the newest and most pleasant manicuring method.

Fashionable women everywhere are adopting Glazo as their personal nail polish. This scientific new polish is applied to the nails of both hands in two minutes. Results are immediate! The nails take on the correct shell-pink finish at once. And the lustre lasts much longer than that of any other polish. Glazo does not crack or peel and it cannot be dimmed by soap or water.

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Glazo requires no strenuous buffing. It offers a perfect protection to the natural enamel of your nails. It is absolutely harmless. It preserves and emphasizes natural nail beauty.

REMOVER FREE WITH EVERY PACKAGE!

Glazo is the complete liquid manicure. It comes now in new Twin Bottles—one of Polish and one of the Polish Remover, so essential to a perfect manicure. Get Glazo today at your favorite store. Follow the simple directions and at once you can have beautiful, fashionable nails, the envy of all your friends. 50c—all counters.

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I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me one trial size Glazo Manicuring Outfit.

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 and finer than any powder you ever
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Send 25c for the Week-end Package and
 try for yourself eight of the Armand aids.
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A wonderful Pocket Color Chart that shows how
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 The chart is of great value in the matter of Dress-
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LORELEI FINE ARTS CO.

Department M

Bay City, Michigan

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

THE WOLF MAN—Fox

JOHN GILBERT at his best in a Jekyll and
 Hyde sort of rôle—one of those young men
 who are very, very good when they are good,
 but are apt to turn murderers with the aid of
 the cup that cheers. Because of the influence
 that liquor has on *Gerald Stanley*, arousing all
 the worst that is in him, he is called "The Wolf
 Man." The action is divided between England
 and the great open spaces.

WOMEN WHO GIVE—Metro

A STORY of the sea, and of those brave men
 who go out with the fishing fleet to dare
 every danger that the world may be able to
 celebrate Friday. The cast is well chosen and
 if, perchance, Frank Keenan goes a little too
 far in his characterization of a stern father—if
 Barbara Bedford a trifle overacts her haughty
 part—nobody cares. There is a good storm,
 and an exciting tussle with a swordfish. And,
 all the young lovers manage to get together for
 a final close up.

THE BLIZZARD—Fox

THIS is a foreign importation which can live
 it down. Sweden need not be ashamed of it.
 Einer Hansson is an excellent leading man and
 will get his modicum of fan mail. Dr. Selma
 Lagerhof, the Nobel prize winner, wrote the
 story, which has a punch in an exciting stamp-
 pede of reindeer in a snowstorm. A good
 audience picture.

ON TIME—Truett

RICHARD TALMADGE is at his tricks
 again, jumping about and sliding down in-
 clines, and having a perfectly wonderful time,
 but how on earth can he submit to the indignity
 of appearing in such a poor story? Even with
 the best efforts of the star it is absolutely
 nothing to get excited about.

ROULETTE—Selznick

EVEN with a cast of old favorites it was
 difficult to speed up the action of this
 exposition of the perils of the gaming table. If
 you have seen one of this type of drama you
 have seen them all, which leaves little to be
 said except that Maurice Costello and Norman
 Trevor walk away with the picture and that
 with a cast including Mary Carr, Flora Finch,
 Effie Shannon and no end of favorites of all
 times.

NORTH OF NEVADA—F. B. O.

A STORY as old as the hills where it is laid
 with good old Western stuff—the fight on
 the edge of the cliff, the tenderfoot, the loyal
 foreman, and all the popular ingredients for
 the wide-open space drama. The most intelligent
 performance is by Silverfoot, a horse.

DAMAGED HEARTS—F. B. O.

WITH the pointing of a moral and the
 adorning of a tale of the great outdoors we
 learn that happiness does not dwell in hardened
 hearts. This is a story of a society girl who
 falls in love with a wild man of the woods and
 in good film fashion an unwanted husband is
 destroyed. With Mary Carr, Tyrone Power
 and Edmund Breese, the picture can be for-
 given some of its coincidences.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING —C. C. Burr

CONSTANCE BINNEY appears in a rôle of
 a jazz mad girl who needs a terrible lot of
 suffering to bring her back to normal. The
 story is unconvincing, with melodramatic in-
 cidents offered as genuine drama. It gives Miss
 Binney an opportunity to dance effectively.

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal

IF you like sensible stories you might as well
 stay at home, but if Hoot Gibson is your idol,
 get in line at the box office. This is one of

those tales purporting to take place in the
 pioneer days in the West, in which there are so
 many incongruities that it wouldn't surprise
 you to hear the telephone bell jingle.

LEAVE IT TO JERRY—Ben Wilson

MILD juvenile comedy. Billie Rhodes as a
 tomboy with a "Peg O' My Heart" angle.
 She plays a young hoyden who is sent from her
 mother's home to be educated by a rich aunt.
 She outwits the villain who is defrauding her
 mother of valuable property, and is attempting
 to achieve matrimony with the aunt and her
 fortune. The boarding school scenes are amus-
 ing. "Buster" Collier is pleasing.

POISONED PARADISE—Preferred

A NOTHER celluloid attempt to break the
 bank at Monte Carlo, with the attendant
 melodrama. Does any young actress get as
 many jobs as Clara Bow? After the manner of
 all screen heroines she wins her happiness and
 the boy of her heart after many reels of plot
 and counterplot, but it is safe to say with
 Shakespeare, "All's well that ends well."

DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS—Apollo

A STORY of the man who makes money and
 begins to find his helpmeet old-fashioned
 and unsatisfactory, hence finding an excuse to
 carry on a flirtation. There is a daughter who
 manages to get mixed up in the affair, which
 only goes to show that, with the emancipation
 of the modern girl, the middle-aged father is
 likewise taking to getting his innings.

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox

OLD Kentucky with all the trimmings. The
 young bride, and the hero who goes off to
 the goldfields to repair the family fortunes,
 and, coming back after two years, believes his
 wife has been faithless. Their home is burned,
 and the two set off on the pioneer trail. The
 "Covered Wagon" once more, the privations
 of the journey, and the husband's faith in his
 wife finally restored. Dustin Farnum as the
 hero.

LOVE LETTERS—Fox

THIS shows the perils of confiding your pal-
 pitations to paper. Two sisters, having
 poured out their hearts in tender missives, are
 forced to suffer four reels of torture. A shot
 puts the villain out of the way. But the moroc-
 co box contains their guilty secrets! When,
 with a few twists of the scenario
 writer's pen, the container is found to be
 empty.

BAG AND BAGGAGE—Selznick

THE time-worn story of the country girl who
 gets her millionaire, and she does not have
 to pay and pay, either. There is little to recom-
 mend the feature except that you have your
 choice between rural life and high society—
 Gloria Grey and Carmelita Geraghty.

THE LONE WAGON—Sanford

STILL another "Covered Wagon" story.
 This particular band of pioneers makes
 tedious progress through the first few reels, but
 the picture speeds up after a while, and there is
 plenty of excitement. A good specimen of its
 kind, with some fine bits of photography, but
 the acting lacks distinction.

NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER—Fox

THE title is somewhat misleading. Having
 no mother does not mean that the heroine,
 in the person of Genevieve Tobin, feels the
 want of a guardian angel. She is such a perfect
 little specimen of humanity that she sets an
 example to all the spoiled young folk in the
 town who have homes and mothers. This will
 stretch your imagination, but those who like
 melodrama will be pleased.

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Truart

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN looking her prettiest. Noah Beery as a convincing villain, and Jack Mulhall as an amiable enough hero get all mixed up in a great jewel robbery—taking emeralds or something like that is what causes all the excitement. It is all so much balderdash, as H. L. Mencken would say.

**MRS. DANE'S CONFESSION—
Film Booking Offices**

THIS is an old picture, dressed up with new titles and sent the rounds because it features Count Salm, heartbreaker de luxe. The count plays, curiously enough, the part of a fortune hunter which, considering that the picture was made several years ago, seems prophetic. Don't bother to see this unless you are curious to view the methods of the Count. The cast is entirely foreign.

WATERFRONT WOLVES—Renown

DON'T be misled into believing that this is a wild animal picture. Here we have once more the girl whose innocence triumphs over her surroundings and the crooks who try to down her. Bad acting and characterization.

STOLEN SECRETS—Universal

THE escapades of a mysterious burglar, known as *The Eel*, have set a small city by the ears. The mayor and the district attorney are being blamed for a crime wave, brought about by the dishonesty of a political power behind the throne, and *The Eel* is the last straw. Then the mayor's blonde daughter decides to take a hand, and, with the mysterious *Eel's* help, makes a real clean-up.

DO IT NOW—Renown

THIS will never set the world on fire, but it is diverting in a measure. It is all about the trouble young love has with father. A wealthy oil man's daughter is in love. Father has to be "shown." Our hero means well enough, but as a business man he is below par, but he gets the girl. Madge Bellamy and William Fairbanks carry off the honors mildly.

THE VAGABOND TRAIL—Fox

THIS is a trail scarcely worth the time it takes to follow it. The conquest of brawn over wickedness is registered every few feet. Full of coincidences and mock heroics which even Charles Jones fails to make convincing.

Jackie Coogan's Complex

IT'S queer how complexes of various kinds get mixed up with the artistic temperament. Now it's Jackie Coogan who is afflicted. Jackie has acquired a Wild West complex. Recently, he received two presents. One was a bee-you-tiful blue velvet suit from mother, and the other was an old and rusty "six-gun" and a dirty old holster. The trigger and other essential parts were missing but it was much more to Jackie than the velvet suit.

Enter the complex. Jackie promptly announced himself as "The Six-Gun Kid" and demanded sheepskin chaps instead of blue velvet. Mother reached a compromise. The gun could be used at suitable times, if the suit was worn, also at suitable times.

A few days later, garbed in the velvet, Jackie and mother went to call at a house where there is a nice little girl. She was all dressed up also and, after many maternal cautions about dirt, the two youngsters disappeared. A little later the unwonted quiet alarmed the mothers, who started a search. They found Jackie the coat of his blue velvet rolled up to his armpits—Mexican jacket style—displaying a wide expanse of underwear, and revealing also the cherished "six-gun" tucked down in the waistband of his trousers. The little girl was speechless with admiration, and Mrs. Coogan was in almost the same state when she saw what the rusty gun had done to the blue velvet.



Why Let Film-Coats

hide the beauty of your teeth?

Millions now avoid that

THAT cloud on teeth is film. It is easily combated. Millions combat it daily in this way.

You see the results wherever you look. Countless teeth now glisten, and people smile to show them. Those whiter teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth as well.

This offers you a ten-day test to show you how to get them.

Film is the teeth's great enemy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings tenaciously. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it.

Food, etc., discolor the film, then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth lose their luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people escape those troubles unless they fight the film.

How to combat it

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. One disintegrates the film at all stages of formation. One removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods by many careful tests. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent.

Leading dentists everywhere advise it. Now careful people of some 50 nations use it every day.

Creates alkalinity

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, another foe of teeth.

Thus every use of Pepsodent gives multiplied power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents. The combined effects have brought to millions a new dental era.

Watch it act

Send the coupon for a ten-day tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth become whiter as the film-coats disappear.

You will always be glad that you made this test. Cut out coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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10-DAY TUBE FREE

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"



— all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

Close-Ups & Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

ings the longer they act. The finest artists the screen has presented are, Strongheart, Little Farina, the Dippy Do Dads, and Jackie Coogan in his prime.

JUST as actors grow actory, so directors usually grow more artificial the longer they direct, losing their perspective on life by focusing on what-gets-over. Nazimova once told me that the movies absorb people like quicksand, and she's proved it.

FAMILIARITY is a dreadful thing, which all of us famous people have to combat. Jimmy Quirk, the editor of this magazine, sometimes forgets himself to the extent of calling me Herb. He called me Herb in an advertisement not long ago and a lady of Sonora Valley, Cal., wrote immediately to ask if I were her long lost brother. She said Herb was the only name her brother ever had in school, so I must be he. There were still further grounds for the theory; her brother, she said, was the very soul of honor and a brilliant scholar. After reading this there was little doubt in my mind but that I was her brother. She hoped I would visit her. "Just sister Nelly and myself are left," she wrote. "All the rest are laid away. I am nicely situated just outside the city, quite an independent life. Ranch with prunes and pears. Our Sonora Valley beats the world. Two thousand white pullets. Electric power does the work."

The white pullets and electric power certainly appealed to me. If I hadn't been in the middle of the Sahara I'd have legged it straight for Sonora.

I WISH to retract a statement which I made in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY. I said that Ramon Novarro spoke French fluently. I merely had his word for it. While entertaining Alice Terry and me at tea in a French hotel in Tunis he ordered almonds and got straws, a French pastry and got a cake of Palmolive soap. Altogether it was a lovely tea.

REX was boasting on the set that the Irish were the only people who owe nothing to nobody. They have no ancestors, he avers. Like Topsy, they just grew.

"How about Adam and Eve?" asked Novarro.

"They were Irish," said Rex.

"They must have been," retorted Ramon.

"They caused enough trouble."

ONE of Rex Ingram's latest discoveries is a prisoner in a Paris jail. Rex became very indignant toward the French government and raved about its injustice for imprisoning such a fine movie type. In Tunis he engaged an old Arab woman to play housekeeper to the missionary's daughter in "The Arab." Two days later the sweet old soul was sloughed in the hoosgow for stealing. Rex thought she was a genius, and she certainly was in her line; she'd even stolen underwear off a Russian Grand Duke.

I CAN understand Rex's leniency toward evil-doers. When he visited the ruins of Carthage he came away with the knee of a marble horse under his coat. The next day he went back for the horse but they'd picketed it down and put six guards to watch it—a shabby trick.

ALICE TERRY, who has a passion for pets, became fond of a camel used in the picture. She wondered if the customs officials would charge her duty if she brought it to the United States. Some one told her they'd never notice it if she rode it in. I hereby urge you to be on hand at the great moment Alice descends the gang plank.



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HIGHEST
IN MERIT
LOWEST
IN PRICE

Easy Ways to Make the Bedroom Charming

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

we sit in the motion picture theater and see unfolded before us a panorama of the country's best decorative talent in the settings of the film we are enjoying. Here is a curtain fixed in a cunning way, and we nudge Mary to call her attention to it. Mother notes that there is a rug before the fireplace—overtop of the splendid carpet—and wonders why they would put such a beautiful rug in such a place. And then, perhaps, you suggest that the rug is durable as well as beautiful, and wonder, "Why don't we do the same thing?" That cunning bed! How well you would like to have one like it!



A simple wooden or metal bed for the alcove, dressed in a natural colored cotton spread, with appliqued flowers cut from the design of the cretonne which forms the curtains of the alcove

And the funny part of it all is that you can. Use your powers of observation. Perish the thought that only to the very rich are given this beauty! Forget the costly fabrics, and the gorgeousness, and think only of the essential factors that make the setting you want in your own home. Most of the time you will find that a less costly fabric will do, and that it will look just as well if you loop it back as it is in the picture. And the looping is a simple matter. You've done it loads of times—on other things. You had never thought of doing it with curtains, or bedspreads!

There are so many lovely things in the films that we can translate to our own use economically. On pages 68 and 69 you see settings from various films—and beds that actually make us sleepy as we look at them. So we are taking inspiration this month from them and suggesting just a few ways in which you can make simple changes in your own homes that will build comparable loveliness of decorative effect for you.

Bedspreads have a lot to do with the appearance of a room. The day of the plain white bedspread is gone. Its white blankness marred the color scheme of what might otherwise have been a lovely room. And in its place have come numerous colorful ideas that give keynote to charm in otherwise quite mediocre rooms.

No house is really complete today unless it has at least one guest chamber, and effectiveness is the charm of this room. One can let fancy run free, for there are no family likes and dislikes to be considered. Your choicest furniture and linens, decorations and accessories may be reserved for this room. They will be saved the wear and tear of family service, and may always be a pleasing finished part of your house.



Can you pick up pins with gloves on? It's just as hard to dig tartar out of crevices between your teeth with the wrong kind of brush. Look at this photograph. It is a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush at work. The same tooth pointed bristle tufts dig in after tartar germs like a dog digging for a rabbit. Tartar hasn't a chance against a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush rightly used.

Teeth are beautiful when they are clean

YOUR own teeth grow to suit your appearance. They need not be small, or even uniform, to be beautiful. Your teeth are beautiful when you keep them clean and gleaming white.

To keep your teeth clean and beautiful, you must brush them well. Dentifrices help to keep destructive tartar off your teeth, but the essential is to brush with the right kind of brush.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is correctly designed to keep your teeth clean. You can see in the photograph above how the Pro-phy-lac-tic cleans the outer surfaces of all teeth. The photographs below show how it cleans the inner surfaces, and the big back teeth.

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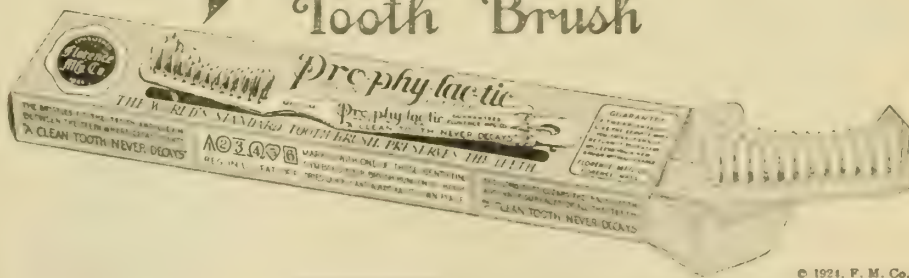
The large end tuft cleans the inner sides of teeth.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic reaches depressions at the gum line, and the backs of back teeth, where many brushes never touch.

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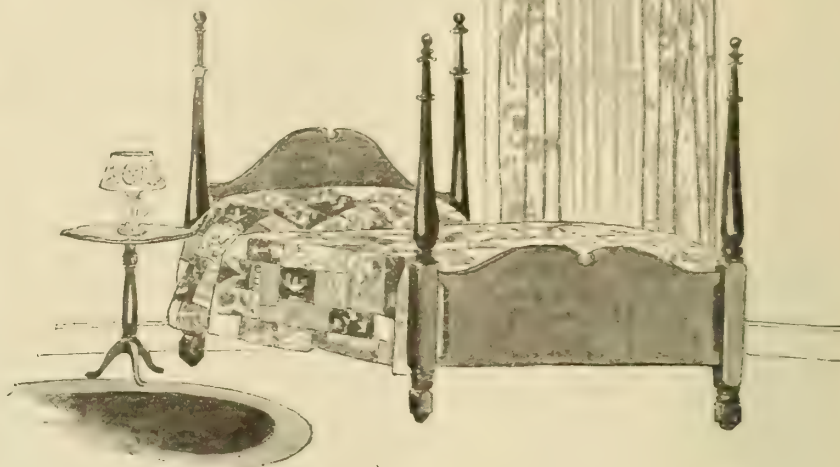
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Tall, slender bed posts lend dignity to a large sleeping chamber. A most effective coverlet can be made by sewing together suitably arranged odds and ends of cretonne



In the sketch on page 60, we have a bed of modern French type, in walnut or mahogany, with small head-canopy, valance and drapes. It can be the decorative unit or center of your guest room. The canopy and valance add a charm of other ages, and made as they are today, are perfectly sanitary and easily constructed. For a guest room of exquisite daintiness this canopy and valance may be made of iridescent taffeta in powder blue shot with silver. The bedspread should be made plain, with a pleated ruffle around the bottom to match the valance, and both ruffle and valance should be headed with an inch-wide silver galloon as a finish.

If you wish your guest chamber done in a more simple fashion, glazed chintz with riotous color will make an effective treatment. The canopy and top of the bedspread can be made from fine French sateen, with a valance, drapes and ruffle of the glazed chintz. A narrow cotton braid should finish this.

If you have chosen one of the soft tones in painted furniture for your bedroom, the dressing of the bed must be in keeping with the painted scheme, if unpleasant clashes are to be avoided.

In the sketch shown on page 68, the bed has been painted a sage green, its decorative lines and motifs being in darker green, pale rose, and old yellow. Here an indestructible voile in silver gray has been made in a simple two-tiered spread, the top tier of which is ornamented with hand-made petals of voile in alternating shades of rose, green, and old yellow. The cover for the pillow is a tube of the voile, left open at the back enough to allow the pillow to slip in easily, drawn in at each end and ornamented with bands of the colored voile. Such a spread is cool, harmonious, and has no fear of a tub.

The longevity of the four-post bed recommends it to the furnishing of our homes of today. It is graceful, light, easily dressed and adapts itself to a combination of furniture. A chest of drawers, a home-made dressing table,

several wicker chairs, and a four-post bed make a complete and charming bedroom for our small modern houses.

The tall post beds—as illustrated on page 108, are better suited to the large rooms, for the tall, slender posts, with pineapple and acanthus carving, lend an atmosphere of dignity. A most effective coverlet can be made for this type of bed by utilizing your odds and ends of cretonne. Squares, rectangles, and triangles are sewed together with an artistic abandon of design—only color being considered. A light square should have a darker rectangular neighbor, and the two triangles, when sewed together to form a square, should be complementary in color. The finished effect is the same "as the crazy quilts of our grandmothers," without the laborious stitches and years of piecing together. A spread of this sort can be quite easily put together on the machine, lined with unbleached muslin, and bound around the edges with any preferred solid color. Candlewick and homespun spreads are other suitable selections for the post bed.

An alcove in a bedroom can be alluringly mystifying by day and develop into a comfortable "pullman" when the curtains are drawn apart at night. Treated in such a fashion the remainder of the room may be furnished as a sitting or dressing room.

In the illustration on page 107, we have taken a simple wooden or metal bed, either single or double, according to the size of your alcove, and dressed it in a natural colored cotton spread, with appliqued flowers cut from the design of the cretonne which forms the curtains of the alcove. These curtains and valance should be fashioned from a large patterned design, preferably a light background with brilliant flowers. The curtains should be lined with a contrasting solid color of soft sateen and slightly weighted at the bottom to allow them to hang gracefully. They should be closed and opened by draw-cords on the side. The valance is lined also, and simply gathered with a heading.

Rod La Rocque's Fast Work

ROD LA ROCQUE believes that, with a little more training, he will be able to work in one picture in Hollywood and another in the Paramount studio in New York at the same time. When he completed his work in "The Ten Commandments," he started for New York to appear with Gloria Swanson in "A Society Scandal." He was just half an hour getting from the Grand Central station to the

studio, and walked on the set, ready for work, in five minutes more. The sequences in which he appeared were shot in rapid succession and, in less than a week, he started back for Hollywood. There he has met at the station by one of Cecil De Mille's emissaries, who rushed him to the studio.

Within an hour after his arrival, he was again on the set, working in "Triumph."

The Greatest Box Office Attractions

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

popularity of stars with the public and with the theater owner, in the hope that it may offer the explanation for their vote.

Popularity with public based on:

- Personality and looks in men.
- Personality and beauty in women.
- Acting ability.
- Consistency and dependability of the stories and productions in which they appear.
- Frequency of pictures.
- Character and personal life.
- Long established standing.
- Exploitation.
- Intelligence and business judgment reflected in consistent productions.

Popularity with exhibitors based on:

- Popularity with public.
- Ability to make money on their pictures.
- Consistency of production that insures certainty of profit.
- Exploitation of star and productions by producer, added insurance of profit.
- General character of pictures assisting exhibitor to maintain the standards of his house.

It is elemental, of course, that a star is of no value to an exhibitor when the price charged for the pictures is so high that he cannot make money, although the exhibitor is often forced to play a picture to maintain the position of his theater with the public and to keep the picture away from a rival theater. This is possibly the explanation of the relative positions of Fairbanks and Pickford and perhaps of D. W. Griffith among the directors. Then, too, their recent pictures have been shown first at regular show houses at increased prices, and naturally that does not please the regular exhibitor. C. B. De Mille's pictures are consistent money-makers for the exhibitor. Valentino, a sensational box-office attraction, is not in the list perhaps because the exhibitor has had no new pictures of him lately, and his next picture will probably be "road-showed," that is, shown in regular theaters first, and this may also explain Chaplin's position. Cruze is comparatively new as a big money earner and his pictures have not gotten their work in yet. Ray's pictures have been infrequent and lacking in drawing power, and infrequency of pictures may explain the failure of Barthelmess and the Gishes and Bill Hart to register strongly. Corinne Griffith and Barbara La Marr are comparatively new as box office attractions. Constance Talmadge's recent pictures have not been good.

These are merely conjectures.

Were a vote taken six months from now the vote might be entirely different. Generally speaking a star is as good as his last few pictures.

End of Mr. Gallagher's Romance

THE syncopated romance of Mr. Gallagher (of Gallagher and Shean fame) and Ann Luther, film star, has come to a sudden close. After two months of married life they have parted.

The Gallaghers met last summer in a motion picture studio where both were working—but in different pictures. When Mr. Gallagher was taken ill the fair Ann became his nurse. And, with complete recovery, came marriage—a marriage that was celebrated by bursts of song, in the Gallagher and Shean style, from all good newspaper men. But now the bubble—to grow poetic—has burst. And the songs are no more. And Mr. Gallagher has gone on the road with the "Greenwich Village Follies" while Mrs. Gallagher languishes in a beautiful suite in the Hotel Vanderbilt.

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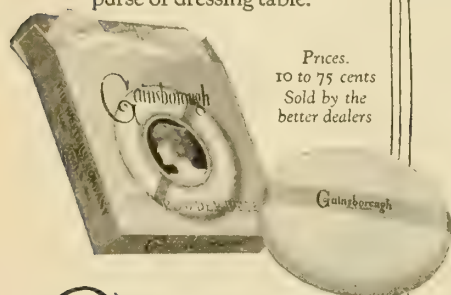
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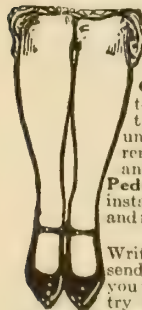
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for further particulars
turn to page 91

The Love Dodger

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

an hundred fold. Once or twice she telephoned. If he had refused to talk to her, she would have felt more hopeful. But he didn't. He was just friendly and pleasant and much too busy to come to see her. She felt a force there of which she knew nothing and it frightened her.

Cleveland dreaded those telephone calls with an almost unbearable dread. But he knew that he must answer them. The sound of her voice was a pain he did not care to stand if he could help it. So, when the butler came to him, where he sat in the open window, and said that a lady wished to speak with him on the phone and that she would not give her name, he smiled rather wearily. It wasn't quite sporting of Leda to hurt him now needlessly.

"Hello," he said. "Who is it?" and waited for the shock of those honeyed, haunting tones.

"It's Gertie Morrison," said a rather breathless, sweet voice, "I—I was almost afraid you wouldn't remember me."

It took him an instant to adjust himself.

"Gertie Morrison?" he said, and instantly smiled into the phone. "Why, Gertie, how dare you ask me if I remember you? You sweet old thing, how are you?"

The voice bubbled gratefully. "I'm so glad you're just the same, Brownie. So—many people have changed."

"I haven't," said the screen's greatest comedian, "but nobody's called me Brownie in a thousand years. How's everything?"

"Well," a new note of hesitation crept in, "not so very good. I wondered if you would come to see me. There's something I wanted to talk over with you very much indeed. It'll probably seem funny to you that I'd come to you, after all these years, but—the old friends seem best now. You were awfully good to me in the old days, Brownie. Can you come?"

"I can come any time you say," said Cleveland Brown, for he felt the real need in the voice. "Where do you live? Do you remember the little house where you used to cook waffles and sausages for us, Gertie?"

She laughed outright at that. "Of course I do. Oh, Brownie, come to breakfast next Sunday morning, and I'll fix you one of those old time feeds. I'd love to."

"I'll be there," promised Cleveland Brown, with a chuckle.

SUNDAY morning, it rained. A drizzling, gray rain, that misted and clung to your face, blurring the outline of the trees and the houses everywhere. A most depressing and unhappy rain, that did queer things to the landscape. The clouds were banked high and black behind the hills and the streets gleamed wet and dismal. It was the sort of a morning that made you long to be comfortably indoors.

Cleveland Brown found the house without any trouble. And he stood on the sidewalk for a moment, looking at it, wondering why it had a vaguely familiar air. He was sure he had never seen it before.

Then it came to him. Why, it was exactly like the bungalow he had always planned for himself, before riches flooded in and he could afford the fifteen room palace in the Wilshire district.

Yes, that was it. The low, sloping brown shingle roof. The big, red-stone verandahs. The red brick chimney. Even the close-clinging ivy and the masses of honeysuckle over the porch were as he had planned them, and the little clumps of heliotrope and pink roses under the big, latticed windows. There was a pleasant gleam in those windows, curtained in white-ruffled daintiness, from a light within.

It was a goodly sight, that house, for a man standing in the rain. Cleveland Brown grinned a little as he caught a whiff of something that smelled miraculously good to eat. How nice it would be, if you were a hungry young working man, or a struggling young picture actor, to come home to such a house through the rain, and find a good dinner and an open fire and a

true wife who loved you just for yourself, waiting for you. After all, did life hold very much more than that?

The door was opened for him instantly by a small boy in a red jersey sweater and a pair of corduroy pants.

"Hello," he said briefly.

"Hello," said Cleveland Brown, "is this where Mrs. Morrison lives?"

"Sure," said the boy. "Are you Cleveland Brown? Come on in. Mama's in the kitchen."

CLEVELAND BROWN gasped. He had forgotten that Harlan and Gertie had a baby. Why, he had sent it a silver cup—how many years ago was it? And he had actually forgotten.

"You better take your coat off here in the hall," said the boy, in a matter of fact voice that yet seemed to conceal a breathless excitement, "and then come in to the fire. I built it. It's a dandy, too. I learned to build fires at the Woodcrafters. Were you ever a Woodcrafter?"

Cleveland Brown, divested of his coat and cap, inspected the fire.

"No, I never was," he said. "But if that's the kind of a fire they teach you to build, I wish I had been. It's the finest fire I ever saw."

"Honest? No bunk? Gosh, I'll tell the fellows you said that."

It was a very nice fire. The kind that blazed and crackled, until, after the dim, clinging rain, Cleveland actually wanted to laugh at the mere sight of its cheerful warmth. A friendly, welcoming sort of a fire.

"Look here," he said, "we ought to be very old friends, but I've forgotten your name."

"My name is Harlan Morrison, junior. But mama calls me Buddy. You see, it used to be sort of hard when—father was at home, to tell which one of us she meant, so she called me Buddy. But now that wouldn't matter. Do you think I'm too darn big to be called Buddy? Sounds a little sissy to me."

Cleveland Brown studied the matter seriously. "Well, I believe maybe you are. How old are you?"

"Nine next July."

"I thought you were ten at least," said Cleveland. "I'll tell you. I think I'd let my mother call me Buddy, because mothers are like that. But I guess I'll call you Harlan."

The boy grinned sheepishly. "That sounds kind of funny," he said, "but it's better. I say—Mr. Brown—may I ask you something?"

"You bet."

"Well, the kids at the Woodcrafters are all crazy about you, because it isn't as though you were just a comedian, because you are an athlete, too, and they go to see all your pictures, and we want to know how you did that submarine stuff in your last picture and if you really were down in the water all that time. I—I never thought I'd get a chance to ask you, even if I have got a cup with your name on it—from you to me—I took it to show to the fellows once—but if I could tell 'em about that at our next meeting, why, it'd be a knockout."

Cleveland Brown hesitated. It was one of his own special secrets, the way in which he had shot the submarine stuff. A good many people had tried to find out, one way and another, without success.

He stared at the intense, eager little face.

Not exactly a handsome child. He had a thin, dark little face, with big dark eyes and a mop of coarse, unruly brown hair, with just a suggestion of a curl in it. And his little body was slender and strong under his jersey, though he seemed small for his age. His chin was too square, and his ears stood out in friendly, but most unornamental fashion.

Cleveland Brown hesitated only an instant. Then he got down on the floor before the fire.

"Now look here," he said, "and I'll show you. I was down in the water a lot, all right, but you see it was partly the mechanics of how the camera was used. You pretend this is the

dock, this rug here. The cameras were right on the edge. And all this blue carpet is the ocean. And," he crawled a few feet, "I'm the submarine. Now watch."

Just then, Gertie Morrison came in from the kitchen.

Neither of them heard her. Which was not strange, for the boy's entire being was wrapt in concentration, and the great comedian had his face in the carpet and was wiggling along in excellent imitation of an angle worm.

"Buddy Morrison," said his mother, "what are you doing? Oh, Brownie, you dear old angel. I'm so glad to see you. Get up this minute and let me give you a big hug."

She had changed.

It made Cleveland Brown a little sick to think of what life had done to her. Her pretty, soft brown eyes, almost fawn eyes, had a look that should not be in any woman's eyes. Nearly all her prettiness had fled. There were lines about the eyes and mouth that would never go away. Her lips, which used to open over her white teeth in such an entrancing way, were shut steadily, as though to keep them from quivering. And all her bright color was dimmed.

But her smile was as sweet and as warm as ever. Her figure was pleasing and matronly, under the crisp, blue apron. How long it had been since he had seen a woman in an apron. And he liked her skin, clear and pale, and guiltless of paint or powder.

She put her arms about him and gave him a quick little squeeze.

It embarrassed him, but he liked it.

"Why, Brownie, you're exactly the same. Oh, you've grown up and developed and all that, but your eyes haven't changed. I'm glad. I was afraid you might be—might have—"

"Might have the swell head," said Cleveland Brown, for her. "Me? Why?"

"Oh, you've done such wonderful things. Sometimes I could hardly realize when Buddy talked so much about you, and I saw your name everywhere, that you were little Brownie I used to know so well." Her voice dropped to a note of such sincerity that Cleveland Brown's eyes grew soft in answer. "I'm so glad to see you here in my home."

It was a marvellous breakfast. When the iced, golden-hearted melons and the eggs, scrambled with little sausages in them, had disappeared, Cleveland and Buddy ran a race to see who could eat the most waffles.

Cleveland won. He hadn't been so tickled in a long time, because Buddy was quite a waffle-eater himself. Every time Gertie, growing more and more rosy over the stove, came in with a fresh one, Buddy gave a young Indian war whoop, and after a while, Cleveland learned to imitate it. So they made a great deal of noise between them and Gertie laughed in delight.

WHEN they had both eaten all the waffle anybody could eat, they went into the big, cozy, living room, and a trim maid came to clear off the table.

"You see I don't have to cook," said Gertie, with a pleased laugh. "I like to, though, for hungry boys like you and Buddy."

Buddy stood watching them, but at a little glance from his mother he said: "Will you excuse me now, Mr. Brown? I guess I'll go up to my room. I'm working on a radio."

"Certainly," said Cleveland gravely, "only I think you'd better call me Uncle Cleve, seeing how long I've known you. And if you like I'll come up before I go and have a look at the radio. I know a bit about that sort of thing. I've got some books and magazines you might like."

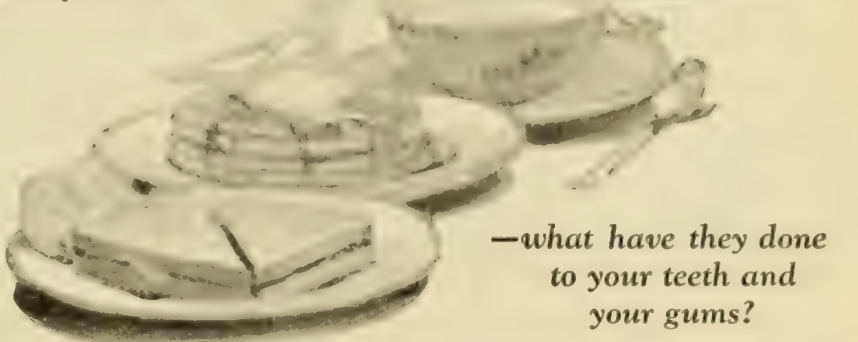
When the lithe little figure in its red jersey and corduroys had disappeared up the stairs, Gertie looked at Cleveland Brown with a quick sigh of pride.

"Isn't he nice?" she said.

"He's a great kid," said Cleveland Brown.

He felt a little thrill as he said it. It seemed long since he had been friends with a child.

Your 12,000 meals in the last 10 years



—what have they done
to your teeth and
your gums?

THE TROUBLE you have with your teeth and your gums can be traced directly to the food you eat.

Three times a day, thirty days a month, all year 'round, you eat the soft food of civilization—rich, creamy and over-refined.

People who eat rough, coarse food never in their lives suffer from pyorrhea. Coarse food is good for gums and teeth. It keeps them in condi-

tion, for it stimulates blood circulation in the gums.

How soft food weakens gums and ruins teeth

But the trouble with present day food and with ordinary brushing is one and the same. Neither stirs up the gums to healthy circulation. That's why you need Ipana, a tooth paste which stimulates the gums as well as cleans the teeth.

Use Ipana Tooth Paste—good for tender gums

IT is because of the increasing prevalence of troubles from the *gingiva* (gum structure) that thousands of dentists have adopted Ipana Tooth Paste in their practice and prescribe it to their patients. Many dentists, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, direct a gum massage with Ipana after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Because of the presence of ziralol, a well-known and valuable antiseptic and hemostatic, Ipana has a direct tonic effect on soft and bleeding gums. Indeed, Ipana has become known as the great enemy of the "pink" toothbrush, and the

friend of healthy gums and teeth.

So that you may judge for yourself its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and clean taste, we shall be delighted to send you a trial sample of Ipana.

Try a tube of Ipana today

But the effects of years are not to be repaired in ten days of good care, and the sample tube will be only the start of good work. So, if your toothbrush "shows pink," or if your gums are tender, go to your druggist and get your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the difference, the improvement. Let it start its good work today.

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—made by the makers
of Sal Hepatica



A trial tube, enough to last you for ten days, will be sent gladly if you will forward coupon below.

BRISTOL-MYERSCO., Dept. I-5
42 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name

Address

City State

"Mum"
is the
word!



"Mum" takes all odor out of perspiration

A little "Mum" applied to the under-arm and elsewhere frees you from body odors all day.

This snow-white deodorant cream is so safe that dainty women use it with the sanitary pad.

25c. and 50c. at all stores.

Special Offer: Both 50c "Mum" and 75c Evans's Depilatory Outfit—a safe, quick hair remover, \$1.25 worth for \$1 postpaid. Money back if you want it.

Special Offer Coupon

Mum Mfg. Co., 1101 Chestnut St., Philadelphia
Herewith, . . . for offer checked. ☐ Both "Mum" and Evans's Depilatory Outfit—\$1.25 for \$1. ☐ Large "Mum" 50c. ☐ "Mum" 25c. ☐ Evans's Depilatory 75c.

Name.....

Address.....

Dealer's Name.....

Address..... May, 1924

No Reason for GRAY HAIR

Q-Ban Hair Color Restorer
will restore your hair to
its original dark color



"Q-Ban" HAIR COLOR RESTORER

is not a dye but a beneficial preparation used by men and women for over 30 years. Never fails. Guaranteed. Used in privacy of your home; change is gradual and natural. Your friends need not know.

Miniature bottles of Q-Ban Tonic and Liquid Shampoo mailed free. Hessig-Ellis, Chemists, Memphis, Tenn.

MAH JONG \$1

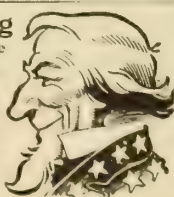
Why Pay More? This set is complete in every respect. Contains 144 colored tiles, counters, dice and racks. Also easily understood playing instructions. Sent upon receipt of \$1 plus 10c postage (West of Mississippi and Canada 25c).

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At Home—In Your Spare Time
from the school that has trained so many successful cartoonists of today earning from \$50 to \$200 and more a week. The London Picture Chart Method of teaching makes original drawing easy to learn. Send for in stamps for full set cartoon and chart to test your ability. *Also valuable.*

THE LONDON SCHOOL
407 National Bldg., Cleveland, O.



"It was really about Buddy I asked you to come," said Gertie Morrison, as she sat down in a big chair on one side of the fire and pointed him to another opposite, "though I did want to see you, too. I'm—I'm a little lonely, Brownie, and in the last few years since we've been so successful, we've neglected the old friends and they've dropped away. I—I think you knew what it was to be lonely—once."

Cleveland Brown nodded. "I did. But I thought you were awfully thick with that Beverly Hills gang."

She dropped her eyes. She had a pretty trick of doing that and Cleveland liked to watch her, with her white lids lowered and her pretty hands folded in her lap. It was such a restful, pleasant, dependable sort of a picture.

"Oh, they weren't my friends," she said quietly and sincerely. "They were Harlan's. That's why I urged him to keep the big house out there. He liked it, and I didn't. And if he married that girl—they'll enjoy it. It was never home," her voice lingered on the word, "never. The people who came there didn't come to see me. I don't think they even liked me. I tried, at first. But I don't drink or smoke and I guess I bored them awfully. I—I came to see, you know, that Harlan was just a little bit ashamed of me. I—I wanted to keep up. It's not fair for a wife to drag behind and then expect her husband to be happy. I could have. Only—I had to think of Buddy. No, those people weren't friends, not as I mean it anyway. I feel so much closer to you, Brownie."

THERE was a sad little pause, but it was sort of comfortable. Cleveland Brown found it amazingly nice to sit opposite a woman in contented silence.

"The only thing is—Buddy," said Gertie Morrison at last.

He looked up with interest. He had taken a great fancy to that youngster.

"Buddy's eight," said his mother, "and though we've been awfully close, I'm a little afraid now. When he was a little fellow—do you remember what a pretty baby he was?—it didn't matter. But now, I want Buddy to have the best of things. Not just the things money can buy him. I'm—I'm rather afraid of money, you see. Oh, I don't want him to have too much money, or too fine a home, or too many things. I don't want him to have more than ordinary boys have. Sometimes, I want to give him everything I can buy. He's—all I have now, you know," her voice just escaped a break, "but I try to think of the future. I want him to be a good man, Brownie. A man with principles and honor and fineness."

"And it's awfully hard for a woman to do alone."

She looked up and her eyes were full of tears. "There are so many things I can't do. A mother's great, but I know Buddy misses his Daddy. Oh, not Harlan exactly. He misses having a Daddy. That's it. The other fellows all have, you see. It— isn't very nice for the kiddies who get caught, is it?"

He shook his head, his heart soft with pity for this woman and her child. They needed somebody to help them.

"That's why I tried—I did try, Brownie—to stick it out, until it seemed to me it would be worse for Buddy if I stayed. Do you think I ought to send him away to a military school? I don't know what I would do without him, but—I will—if you think it's best."

She looked straight into his eyes and he could see that she held her breath for his answer.

Cleveland Brown sat silent and tried to decide what he would have done with his own son. Amazing, but he might have had a son as old as this straight-limbed, clear-eyed little dickens.

Well, he certainly would not want him sent to any military school. The place for boys was at home.

He thought suddenly of what his Dad had meant to him and his heart actually shook with

love and tenderness. Imagine life without Dad. He remembered those long afternoons of fishing, the endless walks and talks in the woods. Why, a boy couldn't—he just couldn't get along without a Dad.

It had struck Cleveland Brown in his most vulnerable spot.

"Look here," he said earnestly, as he faced Gertie Morrison's pleading eyes. "don't send that fine kid to a darned old military school. American public schools are the best places in the world for boys. I may not be much good at it, but you keep him at home with you and let me be a sort of godfather to him, will you? I'm a bit down myself right now—oh, it's nothing," in answer to her quick look of sympathy, "but it would help me, too. It's a great thing to be needed by somebody, Gertie. It makes you have a spur to go on living, and being—right. Let me fool around with him and take him fishing, and I'll teach him to swim and dive and shoot, after a while. Will you?"

"Unexpectedly, she covered her face with her hands and sat swaying. Then, between her fingers, he saw a tear or two, that slipped down and fell on her dress.

"Gertie. What's the matter, dear?"

"I'm a fool," she said. "Oh, Brownie, I prayed maybe you'd take a fancy to him like that. You're the only man in the world I'd choose to be a—a big brother to my boy. It isn't too much to ask, is it?"

"I should say not," said Cleveland Brown, "the truth is, I imagine I'll get more out of it than he does."

SO that was the first of many Sundays that Cleveland Brown spent in the little brown bungalow. The big house in the Wilshire district was a pretty crowded place all the time and especially on Sundays. Probably the world imagined that in any house where he might be, Cleveland Brown would naturally be the center. But he wasn't. There was Anabelle, with her swarm of giggling young friends. And mother, with her visitors. And Preston, with his intellectual salon.

Gertie Morrison's house was always quiet and cozy and shining. It was a pleasant place to sit and read and no one ever interrupted you. It was pleasant to hear a bustling going on somewhere, to see a pretty figure in blue moving about busily, to sense a small and breathless adoration somewhere, and presently to be called to the most delicious dinner he had ever eaten.

Above all, it was pleasant, just then, to be mothered. Gertie mothered him almost as much as she did Buddy. And since his own mother hadn't believed in any such inconceivable spoiling as Gertie lavished, it was all new and delightful to Cleveland Brown.

At first, when he no longer saw Leda, it seemed to him that he never wished to see a woman again. But gradually it dawned upon him that he needed a woman, the sympathy and comfort of a woman's voice and presence. The gentleness that is part of some women and that heals. Only it must be something removed forever from passion.

Certainly no two women ever lived as different as Leda O'Neil and Gertie Morrison. Perhaps he did not actually realize that he was getting the benefit of the ten years' experience in caring for a man and a man's comfort that had been Gertie's.

For ten years, Gertie had petted and pampered and loved and lived for a man. She had smoothed his path wherever she could and she had known and understood his every weakness and his every need. That had been her life.

She had never known what it was to think for herself, or about herself. There had been no opportunity to learn even a little of the selfishness that is necessary to stiffen life. Her own individuality had been submerged. From the first moment, Harlan had absorbed her like a sponge, demanded of her, expected of her, in everything. Possibly, she had lacked force and wisdom, but of what she had, she had given gloriously.

She was not a particularly smart woman. At

least she had no intellectual gifts to offer. No beauty with which to dazzle the eye. No sex lure with which to ensnare the flesh.

But to Cleveland Brown, in those days, she seemed the embodiment of all that the Lord intended a woman should be when he created her "an helpmeet for man." A wife, a mother, a woman filled with that gracious gift of serenity and self-sacrifice and charity that makes womanhood the crown of humanity.

And there was a kindred, a deep and unexpressed sympathy, in that they had both been cast aside.

But it was by no means Gertie alone who drew him, so that as the weeks sped by he spent more and more time in the little brown house. It was Buddy as well, Buddy's need of him and Buddy's love.

There were moments, as they sat side by side on the long Wharf at Santa Monica, or puttered about among Buddy's endless mechanical apparatus, or experimented with a twenty-two rifle on deserted hillsides, when Cleveland Brown decided that he couldn't love any child more than he loved Buddy, even one of his own.

And once when Buddy fell from grace and appropriated two of his mother's prize hens to carry into the hills and roast over a campfire, Cleveland spanked him with force and decision. It almost broke his heart. But he did it. He was too big for Gertie to spank, of course, and he had it coming to him and it wasn't fair that he shouldn't have it. Next time, he might do something much worse.

AFTER the spanking, Buddy had gone silently and rather whitely to bed.

Gertie and Cleveland were sitting, as they so often sat on these cold winter evenings, in the big chairs before the fire. Cleveland was gazing into the snapping logs and relaxing after a long, tough day at the studio.

And Gertie, in a pretty little gown of pale orchid silk with some soft lace stuff at the throat, and her bright hair tied into place with a black ribbon, was mending. Buddy went through socks like a machine gun.

Cleveland glanced at her as she sat, the tip of her tongue between her teeth, absorbed in a hole that was really where the toe of the stocking should have been.

He couldn't help smiling fondly at the picture.

And she looked up in time to catch him.

Her face went a little white. She put down the stocking.

And then she said slowly and very distinctly: "Cleveland, I wonder if you would care about marrying me?"

[END OF THIRD INSTALLMENT]

The Discovery of Gloria

JACK CONWAY, one of the pioneer directors in the Hollywood colony, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy. This same Jack Conway is the man who discovered Gloria Swanson and gave her her first real chance. It was in the old Triangle days when H. O. Davis was at the helm. Conway was seeking a leading woman for his next five-reel feature when Verne H. Porter, then a member of the Triangle scenario staff, pointed out Gloria as a prospect. Miss Swanson had been in pictures for some time, doing bits and playing in comedies. She was under contract as a Keystone Comedy girl, drawing about \$35 per week. Triangle controlled Keystone.

Conway and Porter finally decided Gloria was the best bet on the lot and the director borrowed her from the comedy department. She was a hit, and was immediately given a contract for \$150 per week, which was in effect when Triangle quit producing some months later.

This was many, many months before Miss Swanson got her first part in the C. B. de Mille picture, which planted her firmly on the road to stardom.



JUST WHAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED

Now the wonderful SUNBEAM iron comes in this handy, indestructible steel case.

Now you can put the hot iron away out of sight and out of the way at once as soon as the ironing is done. No more waiting for the iron to cool off.

The iron and stand, cord, plug and all fit into the case snugly. The separate compartment for the cord is heat-proof. This case is the most practical thing you ever saw.

It is beautifully enameled in colors, with nickel trim. Truly, it is the everlasting case for the everlasting iron.

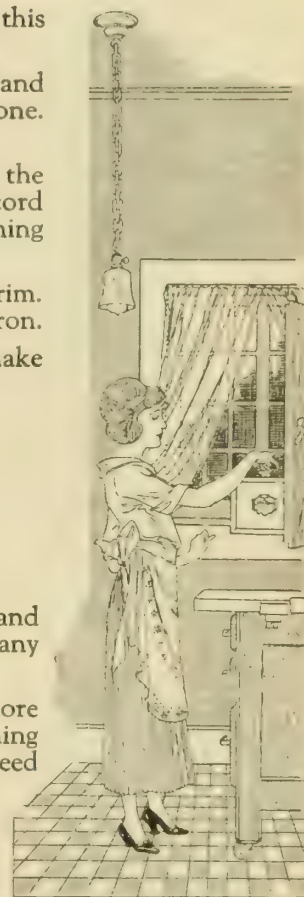
The SUNBEAM excels in all those features that make ironing easier, quicker and better.

MORE THAN EVER *Sunbeam* is THE IRON of IRONS

Because it is better made to do better ironing and to last longer—the SUNBEAM costs more than any other iron to build.

Naturally, the price of the SUNBEAM is a little more than the price of other irons. But the better ironing it will do, year after year, and its freedom from need of repairs make it the most economical iron.

Buy it at your dealer's or we will send it prepaid in the steel case. Send no money. Merely pay the postman \$8.50 on arrival, same as at your dealer's.



Made and Guaranteed By

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY

5540 Roosevelt Road, Chicago Thirty-four years making quality products

Canadian Factory and Office: 349 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont.

We also make the "DOMESTIC" Electric Iron, known everywhere as "the best \$5 Iron made" These irons will not burn out

Sunbeam
THE IRON OF IRONS



A Breath

With the Odor of Spring

Bad breath is a common and grave social offense. It comes from many causes. Some people suffer at all times, most people at some times from it.

No beauty, no charm can offset it. Sweet words lose all their sweetness if the breath offends.

May Breath tablets offer you protection. One forms an instant deodorant, whether the cause is the mouth or the stomach.

Bad odors from cigars, the teeth, the gums or stomach are combated at once; and the odor of spring supplants them.

May Breath is for dainty people who desire to please. The pocket box can be always carried with you. You will never go without it when you know

May Breath

A modern mouth wash in candy tablet form. Designed to deodorize the breath. Carry with you. In 10-cent and 25-cent boxes at all drug stores and drug departments.

May Breath is not yet available for Canadian distribution

10-CENT BOX FREE

Insert your name and address, mail to
MAY BREATH COMPANY
Dept. M-72, 1104 South Wabash Avenue
CHICAGO

And a box will be sent you free.

Imported
Sheik-Lure
New Permanent Perfume Sensation
Without Case
50c

All The Rage
Solid—No Liquid to Spill
No Bottle to Break—Convenient
Just a touch on the skin and the haunting, romantic fragrance thrills and lingers many days. The scent that lures. Everybody adores it. The finest, rarest imported oriental perfume. An aroma De Luxe. Beautiful Ruby Transparent Case with ring attachment for lavalliere or vest pocket. The rage in the cities. Lasts many months—yes, longer than a liquid \$10 value. **Send no money.** Pay postman only \$1.00 when perfume arrives or if you wish enclosed dollar bill with order. Sheik doll FREE with first order. Money back if you are not delighted. Just drop a post card or letter today—NOW.
LURE IMPORTERS, West 1725, Evanston, Ill.

Dealers Write for Our Special Introductory Offer

Kill The Hair Root
My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.
D. J. MAHLER,
265-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.



FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

"APRIL showers bring May flowers," so the saying goes. Rain and cloud should both be proud, they usher in the rose! Rain is nature's way of tending loveliness, her way of sending help to all that grows. . . .

Nature is so wise, so willing—nature knows neglect is killing—do you know it, too? Do you know that freshness, fading, is a sign that age is raiding—stealing charm from you? Do you know that constant caring, constant mending and repairing, makes youth bloom anew?

When your hair lacks life and lustre use the aids that you can muster, make it shine and gleam! When your eyes are dull and weary, overworked, perhaps, and teary—make their glances beam. Often just a touch of powder makes shy loveliness speak louder, helps the heart to dream!

Rouge and lip stick—how they matter! Just as spring's warm raindrops patter on some waiting flower, so do creams and fragrant lotions, and a score of pretty notions, lengthen beauty's hour. We can be refreshed for playtime just as rosebuds of the Maytime are from April's shower.

Clothes—be sure the line's becoming, and the chosen shade's not numbing to your hair and eyes. Never choose a color lightly—color makes one shine most brightly, or can paralyze. Study tints before a mirror—it will make your choice seem clearer—you will find it wise.

Wear large hats to make you smaller—wear wee hats if you'd look taller—it is often done. One-piece dresses make you slimmer, sometimes, too, they look much trimmer than the two-in-one. High heels make the ankle slighter, but for sports low heels are righter and, I think, more fun. . . .

"April showers bring May flowers," so the saying goes. We, to get the best, should follow nature's way, each line and hollow—eyes, and lips and nose—should be soothed, refreshed and treated with the loving care that's meted to each flower that grows!

"BLONDE," HIAWATHA, UTAH.

Of course, with your yellow hair and dark blue eyes, you can wear gray. Gray should be very becoming to you. So will be all shades of blue, green, violet and so, too, will be black.

A good henna shampoo will not injure your hair. In fact, I think that it would be most beneficial.

K. A. M., CHICAGO, ILL.

Yes, indeed! Colonial pumps and oxfords will be the most popular shoes of the season.

Why not?—they are smart as well as pretty, practical as well as comfortable! Stockings light in color and sheer in texture are still favored.

J. E. F., SAN JOSE, CAL.

I think that you arrange your hair very well, although I would like it a trifle better if you did not marcel it so deeply. A hint of a wave would be more becoming to your type. Thank you for sending me the snapshot—it is a real help in giving advice to know what the correspondent really looks like.

Bobbed hair should be becoming to you. Why not try it, during the summer months, anyway? You could wear it in front just as you do now, and the effect would not be very different.

"BOBBY," SCRANTON, PA.

Before using anything that is apt to change the shape of any of your features, I should advise that you get the opinion of your physician. It is better to be sure than to make a mistake that cannot be corrected.

"A TEXAN," ATHENS, TEXAS.

With Titian hair and dark brown eyes, you will look your best in shades of brown, green and gray. You can also wear black.

Yes, you will find that Stillman's freckle cream is very satisfactory. Follow the directions carefully, to get the best results.

You are about two pounds overweight. Give up sweets for a week or two, and I'm sure that you will find the small surplus removed.

D. S., PORTLAND, OREGON.

Shampooing your hair once every ten days is not too often. If the oiliness increases I think that it might be well for you to use a tonic for oily hair.

A rubber reducing girdle will remove the extra pounds from your abdomen. Also, you will be helped by regular exercises. Don't try to gain any more weight. You are a trifle too heavy now.

A. D. B., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

You should weigh from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty pounds. This is not very definite, but you are young and have probably not reached your growth yet.

A. V., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Bobbed hair is still smart and, if your hair is naturally curly, I am sure that it will be becoming to you.

Let Carolyn Van Wyck be your confidante She will also be your friend

CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; be they flappers, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

Don't go out of your way to attract men. It is best to let men be attracted to you by your sweetness, modesty and loveliness of character. Old fashioned virtues, my dear, but still popular with the other sex.

B. H., MACON, MISS.

I am so glad that you like my department. It cheers my heart to have you say that you read it regularly.

You will look your best in shades of blue, green and lavender—also in black. But you can wear pale yellow, and a bit of orange as trimming. Never, though, should you wear a complete costume in orange.

L. E. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Creme Damascus is splendid—I am sure that it will do away with the lines that are beginning to trouble you. I am glad that you have enjoyed using it. With dark eyes and hair and an olive skin always use a dark shade of rouge, and Rachel face powder. If you will send me your address I will be glad to advise you in regard to permanent waves. Yes, I do think that the Lanoil wave is fine.

OOTS, CHICAGO, ILL.

Yes, indeed, you are underweight. A girl who is five feet three inches tall should weigh considerably more than ninety-eight pounds. Read the advice that I have given to Louise D., and follow it carefully. With light brown hair and grey eyes, you will have no trouble in selecting shades that are both becoming and smart. All blues, all greens, light grey, black, brown and—of course—the pastel tints. To say nothing of the odd, high shades that are so popular this year.

W. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

The wide range of colors named in the preceding letter will also be becoming to you. No, you are not overweight. One hundred and thirty pounds is a splendid weight for a girl of five feet six inches.

M. F. M., NAUGATUCK, CONN.

There are many ways of getting rid of pimples, blackheads and other facial blemishes. Complexion clays, creams, electrical treatments and facial soaps. If you will write me a letter, giving me your address, and stating more clearly your personal problem, I will be glad to give you detailed advice.

M. M., NEW LONDON, CONN.

With red hair, a fair complexion and blue eyes, you will be prettiest in shades of blue and green. They must be soft shades, however; never wear glaring, harsh colors. French blue, midnight blue, Nile and jade green, orchid, periwinkle, very pale yellow, grey and black will be becoming to you. Also a good shade of dark brown.

You should weigh about one hundred and forty pounds—I think that you are quite a bit overweight. Go without sweets for a while, and see if that helps!

BIG BLUE EYES, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS.

The age at which a young woman should consider marriage varies, of course, with the individual. I do not think that any girl under eighteen should think seriously of such a thing—and the average girl of eighteen is far too immature, mentally, to take such a step. I think that, perhaps, the best age is from twenty-one to twenty-seven.

No woman is too old, nowadays, to bob her hair. The mothers of grown daughters are doing it! But I think that bobbed hair is most suitable to the girl in her teens.

PRISCILLA H., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

If you will write me a letter, enclosing an addressed envelope, I will be glad to give you a list of the depilatories that I consider most effective. The removal of superfluous hair by electricity, however, I consider the only really permanent method.

Where one is safe, Four others pay

Don't pay Pyorrhea's price—
Brush your teeth with Forhan's

Every man and woman is in danger of Pyorrhea.

According to reliable dental statistics, four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, too, are victims of this disease.

Are you willing to pay the penalty—lost teeth and shattered health?

If not, don't neglect your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection, and make Forhan's For the Gums your dentifrice. It is most pleasant to the taste.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course, keep the gums firm, the teeth white, the mouth healthy.

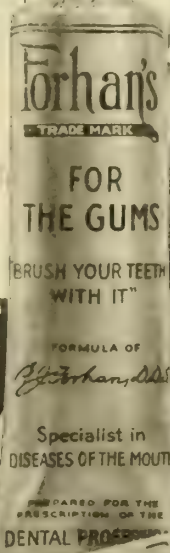
There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, DDS
Forhan Company
New York



The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34]



EVER SEE A BABY WITH

Freckles

Of course not. Nobody is born with freckles. Then why tolerate them? Why permit freckles to ruin your appearance?

Quickly and surely they will disappear if you use Stillman's Freckle Cream. Double action—not only are your freckles dissolved away, but your skin is whitened, refined and beautified. Guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and \$1 at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, make-up hints, etc. If you buy \$3 worth Stillman toilet articles in 1924, we will present you with beautiful, large size bottle perfume free. Send for booklet now.

Stillman's Freckle cream

double action Removes Freckles
Whitens the Skin

Write for
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kind, estimable, Christian woman, there is no denying that she was the bane of my boyhood. Gaylord tended to the chores for my mother and I was "lent out" to my aunt. I had to show up there right after school and every Saturday morning, to see if she needed any assistance.

She always did. She was a genius at it. She always had a clothes-wringer to turn, or a lawn to mow, or walks to sweep, or a back fence to white-wash, or paths to shovel, or wood to chop and carry, or trips to the store to be made, or chickens to be fed. The sight of a clothes-wringer can still make me wince.

But I figured pretty well.

Even then, I was crazy about magic and sleight-of-hand and tricks of all kinds. I ran errands for the neighbors who would give me pennies and did chores, to save up my money to buy any tricks I saw advertised. I used to sell seeds and blueing and cut glass dishes to the town if the premium was a magic trick. I imagine, looking back, that I must have been fairly good, and accomplished what were then some slick tricks, because I got quite a reputation for it in every town where we lived. Even the grown folks would watch me.

BUT the kids were always especially awed and interested by my stuff. They wanted to know how it was done. One trick specially, which I called my "illusion," had them all guessing. I wouldn't tell them how it was done, and it was the great mystery. But finally my aunt wanted her back yard cleaned and the stable white-washed. It just seemed to me I couldn't get through it, so I told the boys if they'd help me clean up that back yard, I'd show them how I did the illusion. And though it nearly broke my heart, I did.

In school, I was just plain ornery. I wasn't exactly dumb, though I never could write compositions or anything like that, but I was always too busy thinking about things that interested me to pay any attention to the teacher. I expect most of my teachers thought I was born to be hanged, but they just didn't understand how busy I was, thinking.

When I was in the fourth grade, I stirred up a town fight. I'd done some special piece of mischief and the teacher made me stand up in front of the whole class. Then she told me to hold out my hand. She took up a ruler that looked as big as a flag pole. I saw her raise it over her head and swing it down and—I couldn't stand it. I pulled my hand away and she banged herself on the knee and, oh, but she was mad. Naturally, the kids all hollered laughing and so did I—for about one minute.

She went out and came back with the Principal. He looked around the room, over his glasses, and my stomach turned right over. Then he said, pointing one finger at me: "I want to see you, young man." I followed him into the coat room with my knees shaking, and when I saw he had a big blacksnake hung on the wall, I nearly fainted. He gave me an awful beating, because he said I was too ornery to live. His blacksnake tore the shirt right off my little back and it laid welts around my shoulders as big as your thumb. When he was through, I left him flat. I was sick and discouraged, and overwhelmed with a sense of injustice, and I felt he'd done his worst. I ran out of that building, him after me yelling for me to come back, down the street, and home to my mother.

Mother took one look at me and she went on the warpath. I trailed behind, while she sailed right down to that Principal, without even stopping to take off her apron. She was a little, slight woman, mother was, and he was an awful big man, but she ended up by making him apologize to me right there in his own office. She told him there wasn't any man alive could manhandle a child of hers that way and I guess she was right. Anyway, she and some of the other women got together

and forced them to stop using blacksnakes or straps to whip the children.

In view of my general surroundings and upbringing, my yearning for the stage and my desire to act seem a strange phenomena. I had no background for the stage. There had never been anyone in our family connected in any way with the theater. Nebraska in those days was a splendid, young country, but, like all young countries, it was fully occupied with the business of getting a living and of progressing commercially. In many ways, I imagine, it was crude and rough. Certainly it wasn't strong on culture or the arts. There was no leisure class that I remember, and very little time even for amusement. Education itself was limited to the old reliable public school curriculum. The ambition to be an actor or an actress was almost unknown. Most of the boys had more sane and commendable desires—such as to go into the coal and feed business, or to work in the hardware store or the livery stable.

I was possessed from my earliest youth with a definite, violent desire to act that in no wise conformed with the rest of my character.

My mother claims that it was a mark of prenatal influence. Some people believe in those things and others don't. I don't know, myself. However, the fact was that mother had always wanted to be an actress. In her home town, back in Illinois, before her marriage, she had been the most successful amateur actress and had played the leads in school plays and social and benefit performances. She longed with an intense longing to go on the stage.

Her family wouldn't hear of it. They were shocked at the mere suggestion. There was some hard feeling, some determination on her part to run away and carry out her ambition in spite of the opposition, but just then my father came to Toulon, from some other town in Illinois. She fell in love with him and that settled the stage.

But the feeling persisted. After they moved out west, she was still interested in the stage and kept in touch with everything theatrical she could. She read all the plays she could get her hands on and even took a New York paper for a while for the reviews it gave. She would drive for miles through a snowstorm to see a ham troop in some barn opera house, and she read Shakespeare for amusement, somewhat to the amazement of her friends in the small towns where we lived.

WHEN I was a little fellow, three or four years old, I'd come in tired from playing and mother would often take me in her lap and I would go to sleep to the cadence of *Portia's* speeches or *Juliet's* love-making.

Anyway, as I grew, I loved shows. There wasn't any game on earth to me like a show. And I was a pretty darn good showman, if I shouldn't say it. But even better than the shows we got up. I liked my own private performances. I used to collect masks that were left over from Hallowe'en, and I'd gather up the old hats and caps, and put them all around on chairs for my audience. And then I'd act. I was a regular scenery-chewing tragedian in those days.

Once, at Christmas, I got a box of soldiers. I was crazy about them, but I never played war. I used to rig up a stage, with a real little curtain, and use my soldiers for actors, speaking the lines myself. And I used to get little pink and blue and lavender pill boxes from the drug store—the small, square kind—and open them up and stand them around for the women members of my company. But I would have died of shame if anybody had found me out.

My first appearance on the stage was in Denver, when I played *Banquo's* son in "Macbeth." My appearance was brief and to the point. I was to accompany my father onto the stage and, when the murderers leaped

from behind the trees and fell upon him, I was to dash on across the stage and into the wings, crying, "Help, help." I was to cry two helps on the stage and two, more faintly, when I got into the wings.

Mother was delighted with the opportunity for me to appear on a real stage and I liked it pretty well myself, though I pretended I didn't. Mother fixed up the costume they had, a velvet suit and cape and a little plumed hat. I felt rather silly in it, but secretly I imagined I was a thing of beauty. I think I was about seven at the time. I didn't cover myself with glory, however. I got out the first two "helps" in great shape, but that exhausted me, and one of the stage hands had to do the off-stage work in a high falsetto voice.

Right after that, we moved to Beatrice, Nebraska, where my father had been given the agency for a sewing machine. Times were pretty bad and he got only the commission from his sales, and just then men weren't buying their wives sewing machines. So I decided I'd try to help. I've always had a practical turn of mind, and wanted to make things pay and do well. I suppose, if I hadn't had the queer streak of acting fever, I'd have been a business man of some sort.

Anyway, I started a popcorn business in Beatrice. Mother made the popcorn and I sold it, and we did remarkably well. I had the greatest possible fun out of it, too, and I thought I was grown up. But I really do like to remember that I helped out quite a lot, though I was only nine. Mother was very proud of me, too, and I could see I had made her happy.

I EARNED enough from my popcorn business—and I believe I also played child parts with several travelling shows that came through there—so that when we got back to Denver I had enough money to buy a paper route from the Denver Post. I delivered papers myself, and I had several boys working under me. Nights, I worked as a candy vendor in a theater, and did odd jobs for the management or the company or anybody that would let me. I liked the money it enabled me to bring home, but most of all I loved getting my freckled nose inside the door of a theater, if it was only the front door. I got a chance to appear a few times, once playing a newsboy in a show James J. Corbett brought to town.

When I was eleven we moved to Omaha. And there happened, by a strange coincidence that I always like to remember, the thing that decided my fate and that at last opened the stage door of the theater for me.

Astronomy was my hobby. I was a nut about it. Like every hobby I've ever had, I lost all reason and was interested in nothing else beneath the sun. I drove everyone who came near me crazy with questions, and pestered the librarian for books on astronomy, though at the same time I was neglecting my regular school work.

Down on the main street of Omaha was a man with a giant telescope and a stand bearing a big chart of the heavens. He gave lectures on the stars, and then tried to sell you an almanac or a view of some one of the planets through his telescope. My life centered around that street corner. I used to bolt my supper, grab my cap in a sort of daze, and dash down there every night of my life. His spiel entranced me.

One evening, just as he was getting to some dazzling explanation about Saturn, a fire engine came down the street, clanging and tooting. The crowd left the astronomer flat and ran to the fire. All but young Harold Lloyd. A fire meant nothing in my life. What was a fire more or less compared to Saturn's rings? But the spieler wasn't going to waste his eloquence on me. He stopped and I stood there, gazing at his brilliant chart with my mouth open and my eyes popping out of my head, as usual.

Suddenly, I became aware of someone beside me and looked up into the amused eyes of a



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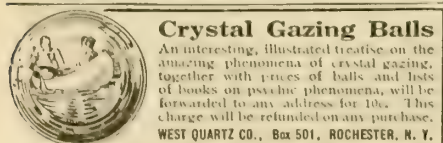
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very smartly attired young man, who seemed to me the handsomest person I had ever seen. He began to talk to me, smiling a little, and told me he had seen me there every night for weeks as he went by on his way to the theater.

Theater! That was the magic word to me. I was struck speechless with awe, but I stared my admiration. And when I found he was an actor, the juvenile of the Burwood Stock Company of Omaha, which to me represented the seventh heaven, I was ready to fall at his feet.

His name was John Lane O'Connor and, though I did not know it then, he was one of the best known stock actors in the west. He had played with Otis Skinner and several noted stars and was an experienced performer. This man was to be the great factor in my life, the one person who actually molded my destiny and my character, and to him I owe the deepest debt of gratitude.

Finally, I found my tongue, and we stood there talking. He asked me about my home and my folks, and I told him. Then he said that I was a lucky boy, to have a good home. There wasn't a place in Omaha fit to live in and not a place where a man could get any decent food.

Then and there, a brilliant inspiration dawned upon me. I was aghast before its grandeur and it took all my courage to propose it, but I did. My mother was the finest cook in the world. I knew that, though I'd never thought much about it. There marched before me a procession of her fragrant masterpieces—angel cake, and pancakes, roast chicken with dressing, and steak smothered in onions. We had taken a big house when we came to Omaha, and, several times, mother had said that if she got a chance she'd like to take in a boarder or two, it would help so much financially.

All in one breath, I asked this immaculate and handsome young juvenile if he'd like to come and live at our house.

He came the next morning, moved in that afternoon, and, in the process, acquired a young slave to do his bidding. From then on, I lived in his dressing room. I sat and watched him make up, I brushed his clothes, I kept his dressing room and table clean, I ran his errands, heard him recite his parts, and I am sure would gladly have died for him. I have never met anyone since who seemed to me as wonderful as he did at that time.

AT last I confided to him my own ambition, and told him of what little experience I had had. When the company put on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," I was cast for Abraham, Tess's little brother. It was a great kid part, and I had the third act certain all to myself. Mr. O'Connor worked with me at home, and he was mighty patient and so pleased when I showed improvement.

Lloyd Ingraham, now a noted motion picture director, was stage director of that company.

I never will forget the first word of praise or real encouragement I ever got. It came from Mr. Ingraham. There were two speeches very much alike in the second act. The last one was my cue, but I got mixed up one night and went on at the first one. It would have spoiled the whole act and Mr. Ingraham, out in front, nearly had apoplexy. I saw what I'd done and somehow had just enough presence of mind not to back off, nor to stand there listening, but I strolled upstage, as though I wasn't paying any attention and began to tinker with a wheelbarrow, like a kid will. I had my back to the others, and didn't turn around until my cue came. Mr. Ingraham came back, gave me a whack on the shoulder that nearly disabled me and hellowed: "Young man, you'll make your mark in this business."

Frank Bacon, who became the theatrical idol of the country in "Lightnin'," was a member of that company. He was mighty kind to me, and used to give me advice and help me. He wasn't much known at that time. I played eight pieces there, including "The Little Minister." When the season closed Frank Bacon wanted me to go on the road

with him in a vaudeville sketch he had written, somewhat along the lines of "Lightnin'," but Mother put her foot down. Acting was all very well, but I needed my schooling and she wouldn't allow me to travel where I wouldn't have a chance to stay in school.

I had reached that awkward stage, anyway, where I was too big for kids and too awkward and young for juveniles. So, for a time, my acting was suspended. But then I got on a hobby of make-up. I'd seen just enough, watching Lloyd Ingraham, and Frank Bacon, and Mr. O'Connor at the theater to realize what it was, and I spent all the money I could earn on grease paint and putty and I used to scare my family pretty near to death with some of the rigs I got on.

I went on to high school then. In all, I attended five different high schools, beginning in Omaha. We were still moving. And it was while I was in my second year at the East Denver High School, that I had my first glimpse of love's young dream. Up to that time, girls hadn't entered my life. I was scared to death of them, I couldn't dance, and I didn't see any use for them anyway.

But at the East Denver High School, I saw Hyacinth.

That was her name—Hyacinth. Even now, I must congratulate myself upon my taste. She was a beauty. She had a lovely olive skin, and dark blue eyes and the prettiest, slender hands. I sat beside her in three classes and I existed only for those delicious hours. I don't think I ever spoke to her and I'm sure she didn't know I existed—I was long and lanky and still freckled, and I would have swooned if she'd smiled at me I was so shy—but I worshipped her at a distance for many months.

WHEN I was sixteen and my brother Gaylord was twenty-one, my mother and father separated and mother obtained a divorce. It was a question of incompatibility, and they both agreed to it as the best thing. While we boys were mighty sorry, it wasn't a tragedy to us. They had waited until we were grown, and had our lives ahead of us and were ready to get out into the world. I never remember that they quarrelled, and I loved and respected them both very much, and there was never any attempt on their part to separate me from either of them. I have always thought they did a very fine thing in keeping us happy and giving us a good home and a united family life until we were grown. Then I felt they had a right to decide for their own happiness. After their separation, I spent my time with either of them, just as seemed most convenient.

About this time, I took a short flyer into another profession. I decided I wanted to be a prize-fighter. I can't imagine now why this ambition was born in my manly bosom. I didn't like to fight. Even as a kid, though I don't believe I was a coward, I wasn't ever one to pick a fight and I liked to use diplomacy when I could. But I did like athletics, and I particularly liked gymnasium work. I was always in the gym, doing work on the bars or the rings. So I decided on a ring career. But I didn't like to fight, and while I got a little thrill out of the crowds, my career as a pugilist was brief and not particularly brilliant. I only fought a few times and then I decided that I had been right in the first place and returned to my first desire, the stage.

Right then came the next big break in my fortune. Father got four thousand dollars' damages from a company for an accident that had injured him, and we decided to go travelling. Father had a real hankering to go to New York, but I wanted to go to California. My friend O'Connor was in San Diego, playing in stock and also running a dramatic school, and I felt I could get back into my stage work through him. Besides, my brother Gaylord was headed westward on the vaudeville circuit and I thought we might join forces.

We debated a good while, because Dad held out for New York.

Finally, we decided to flip a coin.
Heads—California. Tails—New York.
It came heads. And we started west immediately. I was just eighteen, and I had barely heard of motion pictures. That was in 1911.

I made my first appearance in a motion picture in San Diego, about a year later, and I played an Indian.

[END OF FIRST INSTALLMENT]

Alice, Where Have You Been?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

having a honeymoon, and last, and perhaps least, I have been looking for a good part to play.

"It has been said that my husband, or, as a catty Chicago critic puts it, my 'latest husband,' did not want me to appear in the movies. Nothing is further from the truth. He has given me considerable reason to believe that he is anxious to have me return. Confidentially, I think he is proud of me. Isn't that nice?"

"It is my husband's idea," she continued, "and mine too, that absence, instead of making the hearts of the screen fans grow fonder, hastens one on the road to oblivion. And if there is anything I dread, it's oblivion."

"You know," she went on, in a manner which left no doubt of her sincerity, "that every actress longs to achieve, attain, reach or have thrust upon her that position in which she doesn't have to play a part unless she wants to. I have been fortunate enough to have done so, and I don't mind saying I love it. I haven't enjoyed myself so much in years as I have recently, grandly rejecting parts. It is such a satisfying feeling. But I couldn't resist Arthur Friend when he offered me the part of *Mrs. Crespin* in 'The Green Goddess.'"

"So," concluded Alice, "now you know why I am where I am today. Back in the studio to stay."

"So far," said I, "so good. But you have resumed your career and comparative peace seems to reign here in the Regan home. How come?"

"I have read considerable about that career versus home problem," answered Alice, "but in my opinion its solution centers around two things. Picking the right career and the right husband."

"Of course," she added, "there must be compromises on the wife's part. No married woman can become completely absorbed in a career and make a success of matrimony. History and the daily news reports prove that."

"In the first place, no man of any degree of sense flatly opposes a woman whether she be his wife, fiancée or daughter. Immediately he does that, the lady wants the thing in question more than ever."

"The successful husband may inwardly be very opposed to a career for his wife, but he does not show it. He encourages her, helps her in every way, and then, if she is the right sort of woman, the wife will realize and appreciate his sacrifices and make some in turn, thus effecting a compromise."

"Then there are the children. Nine times out of ten they furnish the solution. Isn't it the truth that the career argument results fatally and ends in divorce more in the childless home than any other?"

Then came a pause. Alice Joyce was lost in thought.

"Anyway," she resumed, "it all depends on the people themselves. There is nothing so futile as blanket advice. One rule for all? It can't be done. All I can say is as I said first, 'pick the right husband.'"

"What," I inquired, "is your idea of the right sort of husband?"

"You must come up some time," replied Alice, "and meet Mr. Regan."



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"AMERICA"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Story by Robert W. Chambers. Adapted by John L. E. Pell. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: *Nathan Holden*, Neil Hamilton; *Justice Montague*, Erville Alderson; *Miss Nancy Montague*, Carol Dempster; *Charles Philip Edward Montague*, Charles Emmett Mack; *Samuel Adams*, Lee Beggs; *John Hancock*, John Dunton; *King George III*, Arthur Donaldson; *William Pitt*, Charles Bennett; *Lord Chamberlain*, Downing Clark; *Thomas Jefferson*, Frank Walsh; *Patrick Henry*, Frank McGlynn, Jr.; *George Washington*, Arthur Dewey; *Richard Henry Lee*, P. R. Scammon; *Captain Waller Buller*, Lionel Barrymore; *Sir Ashley Montague*, Sidney Deane; *General Gage*, W. W. Jones; *Captain Montour*, E. Roseman; *Chief of Senecas*, Hiakatoo, Harry Semalls; *Paul Revere*, Harry O'Neill; *Captain John Parker*, H. Van Bousen; *Major Pitcairn*, Hugh Baird; *Jonas Parker*, James Milaidy; *Colonel Prescott*, H. Koser; *Major General Warren*, Michael Donovan; *Captain Hare*, Louis Wolheim; *Chief of Mohawks*, Joseph Brant, Riley Hatch; *Marquis de Lafayette*, H. Paul Doucet; *Edmund Burke*, W. Rising; *Personal Servant of Miss Montague*, Daniel Carney; *Household Servant at Ashley Court*, E. Scanlon; *Lord North*, Emil Hoch; *A Refugee Mother*, Lucille La Verne (by special courtesy); *Major Strong*, Edwin Holland.

"BEAU BRUMMEL"—WARNER BROS.—From the play by Clyde Fitch. Adapted by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *George Bryan Brummell*, John Barrymore; *Lady Margery Alvanley*, Mary Astor; *George, Prince of Wales*, Willard Louis; *Frederica Charlotte, Duchess of York*, Irene Rich; *Mortimer*, Alec B. Francis; *Lady Hester Stanhope*, Carmel Myers; *Lord Alvanley*, William Humphreys; *Lord Stanhope*, Richard Tucker; *Lord Byron*, Andre de Beranger; *Lady Manly*, Claire de Lorez; *Lord Manly*, Michael Dark; *Desmond Wertham*, Templar Saxe; *Mrs. Wertham*, Clarissa Selwynne; *Kathleen*, maid to Lady Margery, Carol Holloway; *Snodgrass*, an English Innkeeper, James A. Marcus; *Mrs. Snodgrass*, Betty Brice; *Mr. Abrahams*, Roland Rushton; *Timothy*, C. H. Chaldecotte; *"Poodle"* Byng, John J. Richardson; *Parkyn*, Valet to Prince of Wales, F. F. Gueneste; *Lady Moira*, Kate Lester; *Mme. Bergere*, Rose Dione.

"A SOCIETY SCANDAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by Alfred Sutro. Scenario by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Allan Dwan. Photography by Hal Rosson. The cast: *Marjorie Colbert*, Gloria Swanson; *Daniel Farr*, Rod La Rocque; *Harrison Peters*, Ricardo Cortez; *Mrs. Maturin Colbert*, Ida Waterman; *Hector Colbert*, Allan Simpson; *Mrs. Hamilton Pennfield*, Thelma Morgan; *Schuyler Burr*, Fraser Coulter; *Mrs. Burr*, Catherine Proctor; *Mr. Pennfield*, Wilfred Donovan; *Patricia DeVoe*, Yvonne Hughes; *Friends of Marjorie's*, Catherine Coleman, Marie Shelton, Dorothy Stokes, Cornelius Keefe.

"ICEBOUND"—PARAMOUNT.—Directed by William de Mille. From the stage play by Owen Davis. Adapted by Clara Beranger. Photography by L. Guy Wilky. The cast: *Ben Jordan*, Richard Dix; *Jane Crosby*, Lois Wilson; *Emma Jordan*, Helen Dubois; *Hannah*, Edna May Oliver; *Nellie Moore*, Vera Reynolds; *Sadie Fellowes*, Mary Foy; *Orin Fellowes*, Joseph Depew; *Ella Jordan*, Ethel Wales; *Mrs. Jordan*, Alice Chapin; *Henry Jordan*, John Daly Murphy; *Judge Bradford*, Frank Shannon.

"FLOWING GOLD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the novel by Rex Beach. Directed by Joseph De Grasse. The cast: *Allegheny Briskow*, Anna Q. Nilsson; *Calvin Gray*, Milton

Sills; *Barbara Parker*, Alice Calhoun; *Henry Nelson*, Craufurd Kent; *Buddy Briskow*, John Roche; *The Suicide Blonde*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Ma Briskow*, Josephine Crowell; *Pa Briskow*, Bert Woodruff; *Tom Parker*, Charles Sellon.

"YOLANDA"—COSMOPOLITAN.—From the story by Charles Major. Adapted by Luther Reed. Directed by Robert G. Vignola. The cast: *Princess Mary of Burgundy (Yolanda)*, Marion Davies; *Charles the Bold*, Duke of Burgundy, Lyn Harding; *King Louis XI*, Holbrook Blinn; *Bishop La Balue*, Maclyn Arbuckle; *The Dauphin*, Charles, Duke of Paris, Johnny Dooley; *Maximilian of Styria*, Ralph Graves; *Campo-Basso*, Ian MacLaren; *Olivier de Daim*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Queen Margaret*, Theresa Maxwell Conover; *Count Jules d'Hymbercourt*, Paul McAllister; *Innkeeper*, Leon Errol; *Antoinette Castelman*, Mary Kennedy; *Castelman*, Thomas Findlay; *Count Calli*, Martin Faust; *Lord Bishop*, Arthur Donaldson; *Sir Karl de Pitti*, Roy Applegate.

"LILIES OF THE FIELD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by William Hurlburt. Scenario by Adelaide Heilbron. Directed by John Francis Dillon. Photography by Sol Polito. The cast: *Mildred Harker*, Corinne Griffith; *Louis Willing*, Conway Tearle; *Doris*, Alma Bennett; *Vera*, Sylvia Breamer; *Mazie*, Myrtle Stedman; *Walter Harker*, Craufurd Kent; *Charles Lee*, Charlie Murray; *Gertrude*, Phyllis Haver; *Florette*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *Amy*, Edith Ransom; *Ted Conroy*, Charles Gerrard; *Rose*, Dorothy Brock; *Mammy*, Mammy Peters.

"SHADOWS OF PARIS"—PARAMOUNT.—From "Mon Homme" by Picard and Carco. Adapted by Fred Jackson. Directed by Herbert Brenon. The cast: *Claire*, Pola Negri; *Fernand*, Charles de Roche; *Raoul*, Huntly Gordon; *Georges de Croy*, Adolphe Menjou; *Emile Boule*, Gareth Hughes; *Liane*, Vera Reynolds; *Madame Boule*, Rose Dione; *Madame Vali*, Rosita Marstini; *Pierre*, Edward Kipling; *Robert*, Maurice Cannon; *Le Bossu*, Frank Nelson; *Louis*, George O'Brien.

"FOOL'S HIGHWAY"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Owen Kildare. Adapted by Lenore Coffey and Harvey Gates. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Mamie Rose*, Mary Philbin; *Mike Kildare*, Pat O'Malley; *The Boss*, Lincoln Plummer; *Jackie Doodle*, Edwin J. Brady; *Old Levi*, Max Davidson; *Max*, William Collier, Jr.; *Mrs. Flannigan*, Kate Price; *Mamie's Father*, Charles Murray; *Ole Larsen*, Sherry Tansey; *Chuck Connors*, Steve Murphy; *Philadelphia O'Brien*, Tom O'Brien.

"THE WHITE SIN"—PALMER-F. B. O.—Story by Harold Shumate. Adapted by Del Andrews and Julian La Mothe. Directed by William Seiter. Photography by Max Du Pont. The cast: *Hattie Lou Harkness*, Madge Bellamy; *Grant Van Gore*, John Bowers; *Grace Van Gore*, Francisella Billington; *Spencer Van Gore*, Hal Cooley; *Peter Van Gore*, Jas. Corrigan; *Travers Dale*, Billy Bevan; *Grace's Aunt*, Norris Johnson; *Aunt Cynthia*, Ethel Wales; *Judge Langley*, Otis Harlan; *Mrs. Van Gore*, Myrtle Vare; *The Doctor*, Arthur Millette; *Yacht Captain*, James Gordon.

"LOVE'S WHIRLPOOL"—HODKINSON.—Story by Elliott Clawson and Bruce Mitchell. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. The cast: *Jim Reagan*, James Kirkwood; *Molly*, Lila Lee; *Larry*, Robert Agnew; *"Pinkie"* Sellers, Mathew Betz; *Richard Milton*, Edward Martindale; *A maid*, Margaret Livingston; *Nadine Milton*, Madge Bellamy; *A lawyer*, Clarence Geldert; *"Parson" Monks*, Joe Mills.

"DAUGHTERS OF TODAY"—SEIZNICK

—Directed by Rollin S. Sturgeon. From an original scenario by Lucien Hubbard. The cast: *Louis Whitall*, Patsy Ruth Miller, *Ralph Adams*, Ralph Graves, *Mabel Vandergift*, Edna Murphy, *Peter Farnham*, Edward Heaven, *Reggy Adams*, Philo McCullough; *Dick Vandergift*, George Nichols; *Ma Vandergift*, Gertrude Claire; *Dick*, Truman Vandyke; *Flo*, Dorothy Wood; *Leigh Whitall*, Phillips Smalley; *Lorena*, Za Su Pitts; *Calnan*, H. J. Hobert; *Mrs. Mantell*, Fontaine La Rue; *Maisie*, Marjorie Bonner.

"THE UNINVITED GUEST"—METRO—

Written by Curtis Benton. Directed by Ralph Ince. The cast: *Paul (Gin) Patterson*, Maurice "Lefty" Flynn; *Olive Granger*, Jean Tolley; *Irene Carlton*, Mary MacLaren; *Fred Morgan*, William N. Bailey; *Jan Boomer*, Louis Wolheim.

"HAPPINESS"—METRO.—From the play

by J. Hartley Manners. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Jenny Wreay*, Laurette Taylor; *Fermoy MacDonough*, Pat O'Malley; *Mrs. Chrystal Pole*, Hedda Hopper; *Philip Chandos*, Cyril Chadwick; *Mrs. Wreay*, Edith Yorke; *Mr. Rosselstein*, Laurence Grant; *Sallie Perkins*, Patterson Dial.

"THE LAW FORBIDS"—UNIVERSAL.—

Story by Bernard McConville. Scenario by Lois Zellner and Ford I. Bisbee. Directed by Jesse Robbins. Photography by Charles Kaufman. The cast: *Peggy*, Baby Peggy; *Paul Remsen*, Robert Ellis; *Rhoda Remsen*, Elinor Fair; *Inez Lamont*, Winifred Bryson; *John Martin*, James Corrigan; *Martha Martin*, Anna Hernandez; *Judge*, Joseph Dowling.

"THE TELEPHONE GIRL" ("Julius Sees Her")—F. B. O.—Story by H. C. Wittwer.

Scenario by Darryl Francis Zanuck. Directed by Mal St. Clair. Photography by Lee Garmes. The cast: *Gladys Murgalroyd*, Alberta Vaughn; *Julius De Haven*, Arthur Rankin; *Charlemagne Rutledge*, Charles King; *Hemingway Bryce*, Douglas Gerrard; *Jerry Murphy*, Al Cooke; *Jimmy Burns*, Kit Guard; *Seligman*, Jim Moore; *Sadie*, Gertrude Short.

"THE PHANTOM HORSEMAN"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Robert North Bradbury.

Story by Isadore Bernstein. Photography by Merritt B. Gerstad. The cast: *Bob Winton*, Jack Hoxie; *Dorothy Mason*, Lillian Rich; *Fred Mason*, Neil McKinnon; *Jefferson Williams*, Wade Boteler; *Deputy Sheriff*, Billy McCall; *Benny*, Ben Corbett; *Judge*, George A. Williams; *Winton's Mother*, Ruby Lafayette.

"THE WOLF MAN"—Fox.—Story and

scenario by Frederick and Fanny Hatton. Director, Edmund Mortimer. The cast: *Gerald Stanley*, John Gilbert; *Elizabeth Gordon*, Norma Shearer; *Beatrice Joyce*, Alma Frances; *Lord Rothstein*, George Barrou; *Picrre*, Eugene Pallette; *Phil Joyce*, Max Montisole; *Sam Gordon*, Charles Wellesley; *Sir Reginald Stackpole*, Edgar Norton; *Caulkins*, Thomas R. Mills; *Lieut. Esmond*, Richard Blayden; *Lord St. Cleve*, D. R. O. Hatswell; *English Barmaid*, Mary Warren; *Ballet Girl*, Ebba Mona.

"WOMEN WHO GIVE"—METRO.—Based

upon the story "Cape Cod Folks," Sarah P. McLean Greene. Adaptation by Bernard McConville and J. G. Hawks. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by Reginald Barker. Photographed by Percy Hilburn. Art direction by Jack Holden. The cast: *Jonathan Swift*, Frank Keenan; *Becky Keeler*, Renee Adoree; *Captain Joe Cradlebow*, Robert Frazer; *Emily Swift*, Barbara Bedford; *Captain Bijonah Keeler*, Joseph Dowling; *Ma Keeler*, Margaret Seddon; *Sophronia Higginbottom*, Joan Stand ing; *Ephraim Doolittle*, Victor Potel; *Noah Swift*, Eddie Phillips; *Ezra Keeler*, William Eugene.



Deep down in the lower layers of the skin, are tiny cells, nerves and capillaries that really determine whether the skin is clear, or always marred by imperfections.

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"THE BLIZZARD"—Fox.—Story by Dr. Selma Lagerlof. Directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast: *Gunnar Hede*, Einar Hansson; *Ingrid*, Mary Johnson; *Madame Hede*, Pauline Brunius; *The Nurse*, Teckla Ahlander; *Blomgren*, A. Olanchansky; *His Wife*, Stina Berg.

"ON TIME"—TRUART.—Directed by Henry Lehrman. Photography by William Marshall. The cast: *Harry Willis*, Richard Talmadge; *Helen Hendon*, Billie Dove; *Horace Hendon*, Charles Clary; *Richard Drake*, Stuart Holmes; *Casanova Clay*, Tom Wilson; *Mr. Black*, Douglas Gerard; *Dr. Spinks*, Fred Kirby; *His Wife*, Frankie Mann; *Wang Wu*, George Siegman.

"ROULETTE"—SELZNICK.—Story by William McHarg. Scenario by Lewis Allen Brown. Directed by S. E. V. Taylor. The cast: *Dan Carrington*, Montague Love; *John Tralee*, Norman Trevor; *Ben Corcoran*, Maurice Costello; *Lois Carrington*, Edith Roberts; *Mrs. Harris*, Mary Carr; *Mrs. C. Marineaux*, Effie Shannon; *Peter Marineaux*, Walter Booth; *Mrs. Smith-Jones*, Flora Finch; *Rita*, Dagmar Godowsky; *Jimmy Moore*, Henry Hull.

"NORTH OF NEVADA"—F. B. O.—Story by Marion Jackson. Scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Kegell. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Tom Taylor*, Fred Thomson; *Marion Ridgeway*, Hazel Keener; *Mark Ridgeway*, Josef Swickard; *Red O'Shay*, Joe Butterworth; *Lem Williams*, Chester Conklin; *Reginald Ridgeway*, Taylor Graves; *Deerfoot*, George Magrill; *C. Hanaford*, Wilfred Lucas; *Silver King*, by Himself.

"DAMAGED HEARTS"—F. B. O.—Story by Basil King. Adapted by Barbara Kent. Directed by T. Hays Hunter. Photography by A. Scholtz. The cast: *The Mother*, Mary Carr; *David (the boy)*, Jerry Devine; *The Girl*, Helen Rowland; *Sandy*, Tyrone Power; *Celia Stevens*, Jean Armour; *Hugh Winfield*, Thomas Gillen; *The Innkeeper*, Edmund Breese; *His Wife*, Effie Shannon; *The Florida "Cracker"*, Rolinda Bainbridge; *David (the man)*, Eugene Strong; *Mrs. Langham*, Florence Billings; *Edwina Winfield*, Sara Mullen; *The Cripple*, Charles DeForest; *Mrs. Langham's Brother*, Jim Porter; *Brian Denlevy*.

"THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING"—MASTODON.—From the story by Mann Page. Adapted by Gerald C. Duffy. Directed by Kenneth Webb. The cast: *Elizabeth Winthrop*, Constance Binney; *Mr. Winthrop*, Edmund Breese; *Mrs. Winthrop*, Mary Carr; *Helty*, Edna May Oliver; *Clayton Webster*, Richard Thorpe; *Hugo Von Strohm*, William Bailey; *Mickey Flynn*, Russell Griffin; *Bambalina Girls* from "Wildflower."

"RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Johnston McCulley. Adapted by Raymond L. Schrock and E. Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Bud Watkins*, Hoot Gibson; *Betsy Burke*, Laura LaPlante; *"Plug"* Hanks, Harry Todd; *"Gentleman Jim"*, Slade, Robert McKim; *Dan Burke*, Howard Truesdell; *The Cocoph Kid*, Fred Humes; *Tim Murphy*, Clark Comstock; *Dan Donnegan*, William Robert Daly; *Mrs. Donnegan*, Mr. George Hernandez.

"LEAVE IT TO JERRY"—GRAND ASHER.—Story by Adam Hull Shirk. Adapted by Arthur Statter. Directed by Arvid Gillstrom. The cast: *Geraldine Brent*, Billie Rhodes; *Dan Forbes*, Willie Collier, Jr.; *Mrs. Brent*, Claire McDowell; *Mrs. Masters*, Kate Lester; *Mrs. Turner-PreScott*, Kathleen Kirkham; *Col. Pettijohn*, Joseph W. Girard; *Mr. Burton*, Allan Cavan.

"POISONED PARADISE"—PREFERRED.—From the novel by Robert W. Service. Adapted by Waldemar Young. Directed by Louis Gasnier. The cast: *Hugh Kildair*,

Gilbert Kildair, Kenneth Harlan; *Margot Le Blanc*, Clara Bow; *Mrs. G. Kildair*, Barbara Tennant; *Krantz*, Andre de Beranger; *Mrs. Belmore*, Carmel Myers; *Martel*, Raymond Griffith; *Professor Durand*, Josef Swickard; *Madame Tranquille*, Evelyn Selbie; *Dr. Bergius*, Victor Varconi; *Hugh Kildair, as a child*, Frankie Lee; *Margot Le Blanc, as a child*, Peaches Jackson.

"DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS"—APOLLO.—Story by Evelyn Campbell. Directed by Edward J. LeSaint. The cast: *Michael Fraser*, James Kirkwood; *Jane Fraser*, Cleo Madison; *Emily Ballard*, Grace Darmond; *Dick Everton*, Arthur Rankin; *Jack Ballard*, Vernon Steele; *Marcia*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Ballard Baby*, Baby Muriel MacCormac.

"WATERFRONT WOLVES"—RENOVN.—Story by Tom Gibson. Directed by Tom Gibson. Photography by George Crocker. The cast: *Jane Hampton*, Ora Carew; *David Benton*, Jay Morley; *Joe Hampton*, Dick LeReno; *Mrs. Benton*, Emma Muncy; *Woo Fong*, Hal Stevens; *Hans Skol*, Stanley Sandford; *Steve*, Fernando Galvez; *Chief of Police*, Eddie O'Brien; *Wong*, James Goo.

"THE VAGABOND TRAIL"—Fox.—Story by Owen Baxter. Scenario by Doty Hobart. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Donnegan*, Charles Jones; *Lou Macon*, Marian Nixon; *Aces*, Charles Coleman; *Slippy*, Frank Nelson; *George*, George Reed; *Lord Nick*, L. C. Shumway; *Nellie LeBrun*, Virginia Warwick; *LeBrun*, George Romaine; *Colonel Macon*, Harry Lonsdale.

"STOLEN SECRETS"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Richard Goodall. Scenario by Rex Taylor. Directed by Irving Cummings. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: *The Eel*, Miles Manning; *Herbert Rawlinson*; *Cordelia Norton*, Kathleen Myers; *Brooks Waters*, Henry Herbert; *John Norton*, Edwards Davis; *Sterling Mann*, Arthur Stuart Hall; *Chapman Hoggins*, William Conklin; *Nat Fox*, George Seigmann; *Cruthers*, Joseph North; *Judge Wright*, Alfred Allen; *Arthur Welch*, William A. Carroll; *Smith*, Edwin J. Brady; *Police Chief*, Joseph W. Girard; *Jimmy*, R. M. Batten; *Tom*, George McGrill.

"KENTUCKY DAYS"—Fox.—From the story by John Lynch. Adapted by Dorothy Yost. Directed by David Solomon. The cast: *Don Buckner*, Dustin Farnum; *Elizabeth Clayborne*, Margaret Fielding; *Margaret Buckner*, Miss Woodthorpe; *Gordon Carter*, Bruce Gordon; *Scipio*, William De Vaull.

"LOVE LETTERS"—Fox.—Story by Fred Jackson. Adapted by Doty Hobart. Directed by David Solomon. The cast: *Evelyn Jefferson*, Shirley Mason; *Jimmy Stanton*, Gordon Edwards; *Julia Crossland*, Alma Francis; *Don Crossland*, William Irving; *Thomas Chadwick*, John Miljan.

"BAG AND BAGGAGE"—SELZNICK.—Scenario by Finis Fox and Lois Zellner. Directed by Finis Fox. The cast: *Hope Anthony*, Gloria Grey; *Lola Cooper*, Carmelita Geraghty; *Hal Tracy*, John Roche; *Philip Anthony*, Paul Weigel; *Mrs. Marian Cooper*, Adele Farrington; *Jathrow Billings*, Arthur S. Hull; *Police Inspector*, Fred Kelsey; *Hotel Detective*, Harry Dunkinson; *Cyrus Irwin*, R. D. MacLean; *The Girl*, Dereen Turner; *The Boy*, Ned Grey.

"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HER"—Fox.—Story by Lillian Mortimer. Adapted by Michael O'Connor. Directed by Charles Horan. The cast: *Charles Pearson*, John Webb Dillon; *His Wife*, Lolita Robertson; *Kathleen*, their daughter, Katherine Downer; *Kathleen*, grown up, Dolores Rousé; *Jim Boyd*, Frank Wunderlee; *His Wife*, Maude Hill; *Mary*, his daughter, Ruth Sullivan; *Mary*, grown up, Genevieve Tobin; *The Grandfather*, J. D.

Walsh; *James Walling*, Jack Richardson; *Donald*, his son, George Dewey; *Donald*, grown up, Jack McLean; *Walling's Sister*, Lillian Lee; *Widow Mills*, Marion Stevenson; *Billy*, her son, William Quinn; *Billy*, grown up, Irving Hartley.

"DRUMS OF JEOPARDY"—TRUANT.—Story by Harold MacGrath. Directed by Edward Dillon. Photography by James Diamond. The cast: *Kitty Buell*, Elaine Hammerstein; *John Hacksley*, Jack Mulhall; *Cutty*, David Torrence; *Karlo*, Wallace Beery; *Olga*, Maude George; *Bunker Buell*, Eric Mayne.

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Scenario by Elton Thomas. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *The Thief of Bagdad*, Douglas Fairbanks; *His Evil Associate*, Snitz Edwards; *The Holy Man*, Charles Belcher; *The Princess*, Julianne Johnston; *The Mongol Slave*, Anna May Wong; *The Slave of the Lute*, Winter-Blossom; *The Slave of the Sand Board*, Etta Lee; *The Caliph*, Brandon Hurst; *His Soothsayer*, Tote Du Crow; *The Mongol Prince*, So-Jin; *His Counselor*, K. Nambu; *His Court Magician*, Sadakichi Hartmann; *The Indian Prince*, Noble Johnson; *The Persian Prince*, M. Comont; *His Awaker*, Charles Stevens; *The Swordsman*, Sam Baker; *The Eunuchs*, Jess Weldon, Scott Matraw, Charles Sylvester.

Flora Finch Is Back

DO you remember Flora Finch? Who that saw her in those comedies of some years ago with the inimitable John Bunny could ever forget her? She ran second only to Bunny in popularity, and he led his class. But for some time Miss Finch has not been seen on the screen and it was with some surprise that, when a party of writers visited the Famous Players studio at Long Island City recently to see the taking of the first scenes of Valentino's new picture, "Monsieur Beaucaire," they saw Flora Finch in the line-up of "atmosphere" actresses.

Don't get the idea, however, that she is just an extra. She plays the *Duchess of Montmorency*. Flora Finch always was and always will be a "type."

No matter in what surroundings she is placed, her sharp unforgettable features, her little tricks and mannerisms will inevitably make her prominent.

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She offers a striking commentary on the life of a screen favorite. More than a year ago, while playing in a picture called "Luck," she fell and broke her leg.

When she came out of the hospital, after four months, she tried the speaking stage, but the play had only a brief run and she went back to pictures.

And now she is in a Broadway stage success as well.

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THESE motion picture players are always getting themselves into some kind of danger. Now it's Clara Bow who goes and gets hurt.

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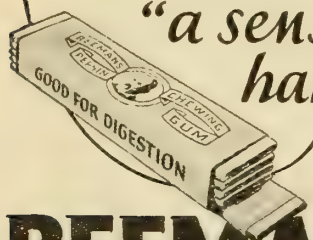
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The Reformation of Mamma's Boy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

grossly shocked!) And he was not aware that of late this Continental mode had been adopted on the beaches of his native land.

"Well," observed Miss Fairfield tartly, "are you going to lose an eye? You look like a blue laws delegate at the Midnight Frolics!"

Blushing, Francis stooped to recover his hat, and patted the police dog, dancing about him. "You—you look lovely," he gulped.

"Thanks. But you don't say it as if you meant it."

"Oh, but I do—"

"See here," she said abruptly, "the trouble with you is—you're too precious to live! Now, I like you, and my dog likes you. I can see you're all right—at heart. But you need ruffling up a little."

He was staring at her, wide-eyed. No one had ever talked to him this way before.

"For one thing—you can't swim. Wait—we'll take 'em one at a time. Every man ought to know how to swim."

"But I—"

"Now, don't argue. Back of the cottage there's a little tent, and a couple of bathing-suits on the line. You trot around and shake into one. Dress in the tent—and hurry."

"But, look here, I—"

"I'm going to teach you to swim."

For an instant all his maiden aunt heritage rose up tremulously, then he swallowed hard and grinned. "All—all right," he stammered, and, still blushing, retreated behind the cottage.

The lovely Miss Fairfield looked down at Baron and shook her head.

"He's pretty hopeless," she mused, "isn't he? D'you suppose he's worth bothering with?" The dog wagged his bushy tail approvingly. "You know," she whispered, "I'm sort of taking him on your recommendation."

A few minutes later a grotesque spectacle appeared—Francis, a look of distress upon his face, and a red-and-green bathing suit, fat man's size, hanging in folds upon his slim frame.

"I—I look terrible," he muttered.

"Well," she admitted, "you wouldn't walk away with any medals at Atlantic City—but we'll pass rapidly over that." Gravely she appraised the white thinness of his arms and legs.

"What you need is a little less Beethoven, and a little more sunshine. Come on!" Turning, she strode magnificently down to the water's edge, and Francis followed.

MISS MINERVA TIMMONS' intimate friends at the Sea Spray Hotel resembled nothing so much as a group of drawings by W. E. Hill. There were, of course, the ubiquitous prim, elderly ladies with whom she crocheted and gossiped on the veranda; but more particularly there were the Bishop of Bokhwa and his wife. Bishop Finch was a nervous little man, quite bald and snub-nosed, whose glasses were forever falling off. His favorite conversations revolved about books. However he never took the trouble to read any—merely acquainted himself with their titles; so that Francis, who did not like him, had dubbed him the Titular of Bokhwa. Mrs. Finch was squat and plumb. Her hair, which was the sort that never turns gray, she wore in a tight Victorian knot; she was slightly cross-eyed, and talked as incessantly as the Bishop—usually at the same time. It is a question which of the pair had a greater capacity for other people's affairs; but they were Miss Minerva's dearest friends, and sat at her table in the dining room, along with Francis and Mr. Smeed, his music teacher.

Hugo Smeed was an undersized, inarticulate little musician, with reddish hair and a bushy mustache. He moved jerkily, and rarely spoke at table, save to venture an infrequent and timid request for the radishes.

They were at dinner, the evening of the day Queenie had coerced Francis into a swimming lesson—and Francis had not yet appeared.

"I wonder," worried his aunt, "what can be keeping him. . . He knows how it annoys me to have him late at meals." She turned her frown upon the timorous Smeed. "You saw him last. He had a lesson at two."

The little music teacher coughed, and hastily downed a glass of water. He had a great fear of Francis' aunt.

"Didn't he," she demanded, "have a lesson at two?"

"He had one," mumbled Smeed, "But he—didn't have it."

"Tut, tut," smirked the Bishop, "you speak in paradox, my dear fellow."

"Paradox, indeed," chirped his wife, who if she did not begin a sentence with her husband, always managed to finish it.

"Just what do you mean?" pursued Miss Minerva severely.

In his confusion the hapless Hugo bolted two radishes. "He—that is, he was to have had his lesson at two, but—"

"Mr. Smeed means," bubbled the Bishop and his wife together, "that Francis missed his lesson."

"I am sorry to hear that." Miss Minerva bent a cold, disapproving frown upon the teacher, as if he, poor rabbit-like creature, were to blame for the hideous omission. "He also missed a lesson yesterday. How can he expect to make his concert debut in the autumn, I'd like to know?"

As this rhetorical question was launched, the errant Francis himself was sighted, hastening toward them, still in flannels and a tweed jacket. It was an inviolable rule that he dress for dinner. Miss Timmons' frown assumed new severity. A second later he was bowing to them, and, somewhat less diffidently than usual, taking his place at the table. No sooner had he adjusted his napkin than his aunt's eyebrows lifted in horror. Francis' face was sunburnt—an atrocious lobster pink.

"What," she gasped, "have you been doing?"

Under her chill glance something of his old precious shyness returned. Perhaps he even blushed, but if so the blush was not visible through his sunburn.

"I—I've been learning to swim," he bravely explained, "I—"

"Swim?" repeated Miss Minerva in astonishment.

"Swim?" echoed the Bishop and his wife, in one breath.

Hugo Smeed ran a twitching finger over his bushy red mustache, and stared. Never in his life had Francis been allowed to so much as put a foot in the sea.

"Yes," he declared, "I've been learning to swim. And, do you know, I've acquired a tremendous appetite!"

THAT evening a round platinum moon was rising over the sound as Queenie Fairfield sat rocking on the porch of her cottage, feeling the least bit lonely. In her lap lay a crumpled yellow telegram which she had read three times; a message telling her that Jack LaRue would arrive on Saturday morning boat, to return that evening.

Jack LaRue was one of the handsomest men on the screen, a he-vamp of such renown that he came in the Valentino class. Moreover, in picture circles it was quite generally known that he had set his heart on making the talented and beautiful Queenie Fairfield, Mrs. LaRue. As she sat alone now on her porch, contemplating the shimmering moon-path on the harbor, Queenie's eyes were troubled. A week ago the prospect of becoming Mrs. LaRue had, to some extent, appealed to her. Tonight she was not just sure. . .

Came a sudden barking from the lane; not the hostile barking with which Baron greeted strangers and grocers' boys, but friendly, almost joyous, yelps. She rose hastily, and patted her fair hair. From the shadows

emerged the police dog, dancing in circles, and following him, Francis Timmons and a little man wearing a funny, round straw hat. In the moonlight she could see them quite plainly.

"Now, remember," Francis was saying, "Not a word of this to Aunt Minerva. We might both lose our happy home."

"But," objected the little man nervously, "are you sure it can be arranged? Your aunt—"

"Don't worry. If Miss Fairfield can play as well as I think she can—oh!" He stopped abruptly, at sight of her, standing under the rambler roses on the porch. "Miss Fairfield," he said, sweeping off his panama, "may I—uh—present Mr. Smeed."

"How d'you do," Miss Fairfield smiled and inclined her head graciously. Mr. Smeed, hat in hand, bowed jerkily and plucked at his mustache.

"You see," Francis was explaining, shyly, "Mr. Smeed is my teacher and I brought him tonight to—to hear you play."

"To hear *me* play?" she repeated, in unfeigned astonishment, "Why I can't—play anything but jazz!"

"It isn't what you play—it's *how* you play," coughed Hugo Smeed. She was the first woman he had met in thirteen years that he liked.

"Well," laughed Queenie, "if you can stand it, I can!"

They went inside, and turning up the lights she sat down at the battered piano and played as well as she could the most brilliant jazz music she knew. And when she had finished, and swung around with a deprecatory smile, Francis was gazing at her rapturously, and Hugo Smeed was nodding, and fingering his brushy red mustache.

"She has it," he mumbled, "She has it."

"I told you so!" cried young Mr. Timmons, and rising, seized his teacher by the arm. "Now," he directed, "Vincent will drive you back to the hotel. I am staying a while. Good night!" And before their hostess could remonstrate he had bundled the little man out the door. When he returned, she was laughing.

"You're a funny boy," she said.

"See here," he began, "how would you like to have him give you lessons?"

"Lessons? Me? Say, I'd love it!" Into her eyes came the same wistfulness he had seen the day before, when he played the Liszt Rhapsody for her. "I—I've always been crazy about good music—and, gee, to play it myself. . ."

"Then," said Francis, seizing her hands, "it's all arranged."

And for no reason at all, save that they were absurdly happy, they looked into each other's eyes and laughed.

"Uh—there's a marvelous moon tonight." He was riding naively into the dangerous lists of love; but Queenie Fairfield, used to overtures of a less innocent sort, found this naivete charming.

"I know what let's do," she proposed, "Go sailing! There's a perfect breeze."

"Sailing?" Francis stared at her in mild alarm. He had never ventured aboard a craft smaller than the *Mauretania*. "Sailing—how? Where's the boat?"

"Our boat." She flung open the door. "Look down there—the good ship *Scarab*!" Below in the moonlit harbor he beheld the dark outlines of a catboat, floating at anchor a few feet from a shore. "If you've never sailed," enthused Queenie, "you don't know what you've missed. Come on—I'll make a mariner of you!"

She took his hand and led him gaily out the door and down the steps. And he, inhibitions overruled for the moment by infatuation, followed recklessly.

THESE were, for Francis Timmons, blissful days at Nantucket—with as little as possible of the Sea Spray Hotel and Aunt Minerva and the Bishop and his chattering spouse, and as much as possible of sailing and swimming



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with Queenie Fairfield. As he looked back now upon the sheltered years of his existence under Aunt Minerva's sharp eyes, it seemed wretchedly unfair that Queenie had not earlier crossed his horizon.

His daily disappearances in the direction of Wauwinet, however, quite mystified Miss Timmons and her friends. They were able to find out nothing; until at length the Reverend Bishop of Bokhwa determined to learn what he could of the affair. And on Friday afternoon the diligence of this pious soul was rewarded. Through marine glasses from the veranda of the Sea Spray he caught sight of Francis, far out in the harbor, sitting at the tiller of a black catboat with a red sail. In the cockpit, reclining on cushions, a very beautiful girl handled the mainsheet. Both of them were browned from much sun, their fair hair was blowing in the breeze, and they looked, as they sailed along, enormously pleased with life. Excitedly the Bishop called his wife.

Francis, of course, was blissfully unaware that he was being spied upon. He was, at the moment, thinking how marvelous it was that, under Queenie's tutelage he had learned to manipulate tiller and sheet, how to "come about," how not to "jibe"; and the whole intricate business of sailing, including a course of piloting the harbor.

"Tell me something," he ventured, as they tacked across toward the Haulover, "is—is Queenie the only name you ever had?"

"I've wondered," she laughed, "why you stutter so every time you say my name. Don't like it, do you?"

"Of course! I—"

"I know. You don't need to apologize. Well, now that you've mentioned it, my real name isn't Queenie; it's Mary Elizabeth."

"Mary Elizabeth," he repeated, "Mary Elizabeth Fairfield. That's a lovely name—"

"Not so bad. But people started calling me Queenie a long time ago—my first year, when I was only an extra with Pierpont Pictures. I guess Mary Elizabeth was kind of fancy in those days."

Skillfully he steered the *Scarab* into the wind; the red sail fluttered, then slowly filled, the boom swung over, and they came about.

"Well done!" applauded Mary Elizabeth, "You're getting to be a regular old salt!"

But as she glanced up and beheld in his eyes devotion that all the world might see, a vague uneasiness possessed her, and she looked away. Tomorrow Jack LaRue, one of the handsomest men on the screen, was arriving—for the definite purpose of securing her consent to become Mrs. LaRue.

WHEN the shiny green Pierce-Arrow drew up at Wauwinet next afternoon, Francis jumped down blithely, and set off down the lane whistling; and the air that he whistled was not a Beethoven *Andante*, but a syncopated melody by Irving Berlin. As usual, when he neared her cottage, Baron came barking and dancing out to meet him, and Francis stopped to pet the dog, for he had grown enormously fond of him. Together, then, they proceeded round to the rose-trellised porch—and instantly the smile faded from Francis' eyes. For there, sitting close beside Mary Elizabeth in the hammock was a young man; a good-looking young man, with sleek black hair like patent leather. And something in the way he leaned toward her, talking earnestly, and in the way she listened to him, brought a quick, unpleasant stirring in Francis' heart. Too much occupied were they to notice his approach. This, then, was the fellow, LaRue, she had spoken of. . .

With wretched misgivings Francis turned and crept away.

Sunday was always a lethal day at the Sea Spray Hotel, but this particular Sunday was the worst one Francis Timmons had ever lived through. All day he had kept gloomily to himself, eluding his aunt, avoiding the covey of prim, elderly ladies, the Bishop and his wife,

even Hugo Smeed. He could think of nothing but the devastating tragedy that had broken into his life. The only romance he had ever known, was dead. Queenie—Mary Elizabeth—loved that sleek-haired fellow; there was not a ghost of a chance for Francis Timmons. He was, he assured himself, the most miserable of men.

At "Sunday night supper," the Sea Spray's dulllest ceremonial, his disconsolate mien brought forth a burst of comment when he quitted the table in advance of the rice pudding.

"Our young gentleman," declared the Bishop of Bokhwa with a smirk, "is obviously in love."

"In love?" Miss Minerva put down her spoon. "In love! How could that be possible? There are no girls here he's interested in."

"Not here in the hotel, perhaps," nodded the Bishop's wife, "but I think it is our duty to tell you, dear Minerva; Francis has been running up to Wauwinet to see a blonde!"

"Blonde!" Miss Minerva's mouth opened.

(Why was it, poor Smeed asked himself, that the word, "Blonde" invariably sounded so wicked?)

"And," went on the dear friends, both talking at once, "we learned that her name is—Queenie something."

"Queenie!" A desperate gasp.

"She's a motion picture actress!" With infinite unctious they brought about the denouement. "We thought it our Christian duty to tell you. She is a blonde motion picture actress, named Queenie."

Smitten as if by a thunderbolt, Francis' aunt sat there. Then a sudden and tremendous wrath flared up within her. And Hugo Smeed, across the table, quaked.

"Um-m," he muttered tremulously, "please pass the radishes!"

Out in the hotel lobby the clock over the desk showed the hour of eight, and as Francis sauntered past, with aimless, melancholy steps, the carrot-faced clerk called to him.

"Oh, Mr. Timmons," he said, "Miss Fairfield, at Wauwinet, called up while you were in the dining-room, and left a message; she's expecting you this evening."

"Eh?" blinked Francis, his heart turning completely over within him, "She is? Oh, she is?" And he started for the door.

A moment later his aunt, like an old-fashioned war frigate under full canvas, sailed belligerently into the lobby, and bore down on the desk.

"Have you seen my nephew?" There was fire in her eye.

"Yes, ma'am," the carrot-faced clerk told her politely, "I just saw him—going out."

MARY ELIZABETH was waiting for him in the fragrant shadows of her cottage porch, and gave him both her hands, and they sat for a moment, with the police dog beside them, on the steps. For a moment or two Francis was rapturously happy. Then suddenly an adumbration of uneasiness crossed his mind.

"Where," he asked, "is the—the chap who was here yesterday?"

"Jack?" There was a curious note in her voice. "Oh, he's gone to Boston, but he'll be back tomorrow."

"He will?" Francis' heart fell.

"I wanted to see you tonight because I—I want your advice. You see, Mr. LaRue wants to marry me. . ."

"He does?" The thought was unspeakably profane.

"Yes. Does it seem funny to you that somebody should want to marry me? I—I've just about told him I'd accept the ring, too. He's coming back tomorrow for an answer."

"Oh." A sad little silence fell.

"Let's go sailing," she suggested tactfully.

"The moon'll be up in an hour."

"But—" he hesitated.

"I don't think you wanted to come to-night!"

"Oh, of course! You don't know how much I—"

"All right," she laughed, "I'll believe you." They rose together, and she went inside for a minute, returning with a large basket. "Here," she said, "you can carry this."

He took the basket, wondering what was in it, and, with Baron at his heels, followed her down to the beach. Aboard the *Scarab*, the girl and her dog settled themselves on rugs and cushions in the cockpit, and Francis unfurled the sail. Small waves slapped gently at the hull, the halcyons creaked at the masthead, and the canvas, as it fluttered up, belled in the night breeze. All about them the harbor lay in darkness, edged, in the distance, with twinkling lights.

"In a little while," she said softly, "the moon will come up out of the ocean—over there in the direction of Spain."

"It's a marvelous night," murmured Francis, taking the tiller as their boat glided smoothly out into the harbor. The thought that he was sailing off with the girl who was to marry Jack LaRue dulled the edge of his despair. Perhaps, somewhere in that long line of maiden aunts there was a Viking.

Two hours rippled by, and the platinum moon was high over the harbor.

"Look," exclaimed Mary Elizabeth, stretching forth her arm, "Do you see that lantern over there?" They were sailing close to the Coatee shore. "See it? Well, come about, and we'll put in there."

"Put in there?" repeated Francis, "What for?"

"We," said Mary Elizabeth, "are going to have a picnic. That's why I brought this basket of food."

"I say," chuckled Francis, "what a darling you are!"

"Are you," she answered, "just finding that out?"

And so they went ashore, where the darkness was scented with pine cones, and while Baron frisked about, exploring the place sniffingly, they built a fire and performed the rites of picnic supper. To Francis Timmons, this would always stand out as the night of his life. No matter what part Jack LaRue was to play in her life, Francis loved Queenie Fairfield. Since the day he met her he had been telling himself so, and now, as they sat together by the embers of their fire under the pine trees, with Baron drowsing at their feet and a companionable moon over Nantucket Harbor, he longed to tell her. But somehow he felt that he had no right. Tomorrow she would be wearing Jack LaRue's ring. (He felt that it would be a vulgarly large diamond.)

A while—it seemed but a very little while—later, he chanced to glance at his wrist-watch.

"Heavens!" he gasped, sitting bolt upright. The police dog awoke with a start. "It's three o'clock!"

"Is it really?" yawned Mary Elizabeth, "I suppose that is past your bedtime. Oh, well. . ."

"Three o'clock," he repeated hollowly. Never had he stayed out so late before. The consequences terrified him. He was thinking what Aunt Minerva would say. . .

"In a little while," said the fair-haired girl beside him, "The sun will be rising. We might as well be real sports and watch it rise. It may be my last night of freedom. If it's a chaperone you're worrying about—"

"But—" he swallowed nervously, "Aunt Minerva will—"

"Listen," she told him gently, "that's just what's been the trouble with you all your life—Aunt Minerva!"

IN all its splendor the sun was climbing out of a pale sea into an orchid sky, as the little black *Scarab*, with its red sail, tacked across the harbor. And it was a most significant sunrise: for Francis Timmons has been transformed. Gone were all his *precieux* mannerisms. He had been out all night. The thought of it—the tremendous realization of it—



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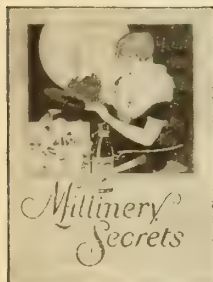


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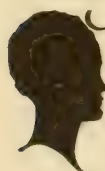
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wrought metamorphosis. In the magic of that sunrise Francis had become a man. As he brought the boat round to its moorings he even swaggered a trifle; and Mary Elizabeth, watching him, thought of the man to whom she would be betrothed—and, perhaps, sighed.

They walked slowly up the beach toward the cottage, silent in their own meditations, and Francis struggled with the new courage which seemed to lift him up. This was the time, he felt—with the beginning of a new day—to tell her he would always love her. True enough, she would become Mrs. LaRue, but she might as well know. . .

Suddenly Baron, gamboling ahead of them, stopped short, growling. And in amazement at the sight they beheld, Francis and Mary Elizabeth halted. On the porch of the cottage something moved. A man got up stiffly from the hammock, and started down the steps toward them. His black hair and his blue clothes appeared disarranged, as if he had slept there, and as they stared at him, the girl uttered a little cry. For the dishevelled man was Jack LaRue, and his pale face showed a menacing look of wrath.

"Jack!" she exclaimed, "What in the world—"

"Caught you," he snarled, "didn't I?"

The girl paled. "Why—what do you mean?"

"Oh, playing the innocent girl, eh? You must think I'm a hell of a boob. I guess you know what I mean, all right." He stopped threateningly in front of her. "I came up on the boat last night—instead of today. You weren't here, so I sat down to wait." He thrust forth his jaw angrily. "I waited all night! Innocent girl, eh—"

"Why—Jack LaRue!" She fell back as if he had struck her.

"Oh, don't pull that stuff," he sneered, "I got the goods on you. Staying out all night with this—" He swung around and faced her escort. Francis stared at him, open-mouthed. Then without warning LaRue's hand whipped up and slapped him cruelly across the face.

Francis stumbled backward—and reverted to type. A tremendous sinking feeling engulfed him. Never in his life had he been in a fight. For an instant he was desperately afraid. But only for an instant. He caught sight of Mary Elizabeth's white face and frightened, appealing eyes; and grew suddenly very hot all over—hot and trembling. The next instant he had hurled himself upon Mr. LaRue. Somewhere, in that long line of maiden aunts, there was a cavalier.

IN her room at the Sea Spray Hotel Miss Minerva Timmons paced the floor. At intervals throughout the terrible night she had roused, in rotation, Hugo Smeed, the manager of the hotel, her chauffeur and the Reverend Bishop of Bokhwa; but none of them had been able to bring tidings of the errant Francis. And as she stood in one of her dormer windows, peering wanly out upon the harbor at sunrise, grim threats were forming in her mind.

Across the water appeared a little black boat with a red sail. Miss Minerva frowned out at it; it meant nothing to her. Clutching her lavender shawl about her, she went on formulating dire punishments to be inflicted upon her twenty-six-year-old nephew. Never again should he be allowed out of her sight; at least, not until after he had made his debut as a concert pianist.

It is, of course, painful to relate that such an elegant young gentleman as Francis Timmons should have been implicated in a vulgar brawl. A week before the thing would have been utterly impossible, but this morning, in the curious, magic sunrise, he paused only a second; then, like a twelfth century knight for his lady, flung forth the gage of battle—and flung it forth not as a glove, but in the more substantial form of a fist.

They came together clamorously, and Mr. LaRue, ere he was aware, had taken a sound

jolt upon his jaw. He staggered back. But unfortunately for Francis, his adversary was something more than a he-vamp. He had, at one time in his colorful career, drawn pay as a theatrical pugilist's sparring partner. Francis, on the contrary, knew woefully nothing of the manly art. He attacked his foe, as Don Quixote, the windmill, in a spectacular fashion that, though it lacked in science, lacked not in sincerity. LaRue staggered back, then quickly recovering, threw himself into fighting posture and met the clumsy, but violent, onslaughts of Miss Fairfield's champion.

To do them justice, it was a sprightly combat, but as they fought, Mary Elizabeth, a look of terror on her white face, backed away, screaming. No doubt it is a sorry chronicle which nears its end, showing the hero at a disadvantage. But this, alas, cannot be avoided. Would that Francis Timmons might have knocked his opponent ignominiously out. Would that he, earlier in life, had, instead of piano lessons, taken perhaps a few lessons in boxing. For though he battled bravely and well, LaRue's swift, malicious punches jarred him, closed one of his eyes. . . And, in a few, painful minutes, sent him reeling to his knees. "Stop!" screamed Mary Elizabeth, rushing toward them. "Stop!"

The handsome movie favorite, now somewhat less handsome, perhaps, than he had been before, stopped and passed a shaking hand over his jaw. He realized, dazedly, that he committed a grave error—the gravest error of his life. But it was too late.

The girl confronted him with blazing, scornful eyes. "Get out of here. I never want to see you again!"

He hesitated—and was lost. For at that moment the police dog growled.

"Sic 'im!" cried the girl, "Sic 'im, Baron!"

The dog needed little encouragement. He had never fancied Mr. LaRue. Snapping, he sprang toward his coat-tails, and Mr. LaRue, in great haste and agitation, retreated. The retreat broke into an utter rout, and as Mary Elizabeth went forward to her fallen cavalier, the quondam beau of the screen was fast disappearing up the lane.

Francis sat bewildered upon the ground, nursing a nigrescent eye. Swiftly she bent over him and took him into her arms and wept over him.

"Tell me," she entreated tearfully, "did he hurt you?"

"Where is he?" mumbled the cavalier, struggling feebly to arise. "Lemme at him—"

* * * * *

An hour later a knock came upon the door, and Miss Minerva ceased pacing the room. The door swung slowly open, and there stood her errant nephew—looking very much the worse for wear, with one of his eyes completely black.

"Oh!" she wailed, "Oh! Oh! Where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"I," answered Francis, with a proud but swollen grin, "have been fighting."

His aunt clasped her hands in horror.

"Out all night—fighting—"

"And that isn't all," smiled Francis, "I—I'm engaged to be married!"

Whereupon Miss Minerva, true to her Victorian traditions, fainted most effectively. And with a sigh that might have indicated any one of a number of emotions, her nephew reached for the smelling salts.

ON a cold, sunny afternoon, the week before Christmas, the Reverend Bishop of Bokhwa and wife were strolling down Fifth Avenue. In the crowd near Fifty-fifth Street they collided with a little man in a green velour hat and long, fur-collared coat.

"Why!" exclaimed the Bishop's wife, "It's Mr. Smeed!"

"Well, well," bubbled the Bishop, "so it is! How are you, my dear Smeed!"

The little man fingered his brushy, red mustache. "How-de-do," he nodded, shaking hands.

"We are sailing for Bokhwa tomorrow," they chirped, in one breath. "How jolly that we should run into you. What are you doing in New York? And how is dear Minerva? And Francis?"

"We arrived a few days ago," explained Smeed. "Francis' wife makes her debut at Carnegie Hall next week. The critics say she's going to be the most brilliant concert pianiste in America!"

"You don't mean it?" They were not overjoyed.

"But," put in the Bishop, "what about Francis?"

"Francis," said the little music teacher, "is getting on very well, indeed. Both he and Miss Minerva are devoted to the talented young wife."

"But," pursued Mrs. Finch, "what is Francis doing?"

"Oh," answered Smeed, "he is playing the piano in a jazz orchestra. Likes his work tremendously."

The Bishop and his wife stared, pop-eyed, in amazement.

"Bless my soul," murmured the Bishop, "Who would have believed it!"

Glyn and Glynne

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Madame Glyn was entranced. The Goldwyn lion roared ominously. Derek Glynne saw fame, fortune, success, within his grasp. All Hollywood was talking about him. Officials tore their hair—those that had hair. There was no box office value in Derek Glynne—not a dime, said Goldwyn. There was no artistic value in Conrad Nagel—not a glimmer as *Paul*, said Madame Glyn.

They do say as how the Balkan wars, the Civil War and the Great World War all paled before the battle that followed. With her colors flying and a command of adjectives the like of which had never been heard on the Goldwyn lot before, Madame Glyn did battle for young Derek Glynne. If she had won, Derek Glynne might today be the idol of millions. Sad to relate—for Derek—she did not. He had nothing to show for all his hopes but a bleached head.

Once more Derek began the weary tramp from studio to studio. Once more he was an extra. The Goldwyn publicity department was gagged. Nobody heard of Derek.

Finally, he has landed. The young man who starred in two English films, "The Wonderful Year" and "The Weavers of Fortune," has an excellent comedy part with Corinne Griffith in "Lilies of the Field." The future looks very bright. He deserves it. He's played the game, and when he lost he never whimpered.

It is only fair to add in passing, however, that Elinor Glyn is a really great woman. She must be. Because she can admit she was wrong. When she saw the final version of "Three Weeks," she wrote a stunning letter to Conrad Nagel. She didn't apologize for the times she had burst into tears at sight of him in the cafeteria. But like a good sport she told him that his performance as *Paul* was wonderful, and that she could imagine no one more splendid in that great rôle.

Mary Pickford Rents Belasco Theater

ANOTHER citadel of the spoken drama has fallen. David Belasco will permit his famous Belasco Theater to be used to exhibit a motion picture during the summer.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

the conversation. I am buying commodities for the making of a motion picture now just as I was then. Only now I don't first have to knock down the barriers set up when ambitious ones insist upon the intrusion of the personal relation.

There is another factor that renders foolish all of these various attempts to carry an interview with a casting director into the personal field. Cecil B. De Mille long ago enunciated the policy that he would never pick a player until he first saw the actor on the screen.

I heartily second this idea as it has been the basis of my own operations. Even if a player seems to have the qualities I am looking for, a personal interview is only the start of our negotiations. Perhaps, when this person is flashed on the screen, an entirely different personality may show forth. This is a very frequent occurrence. This was very especially true in the case of Pauline Garon, who appeared in Mr. De Mille's "Adam's Rib," and Leatrice Joy, who was in "The Ten Commandments" and is featured in "Triumph." On the street and in their homes these girls are quite different from the way you see them on the screen.

Of the two, perhaps the most strikingly illustrative of this dual identity is Leatrice Joy. I discovered a hint of her power to change and shift her personality while idly going through a bunch of her stills one day. She had played with smaller companies and in stock with only moderate success. As I went through her stills I was surprised to note how the whole contour of the face and body changed with each character, how different clothes and different environment seemed to have very specific reactions.

I DISCLOSED my discovery to Mr. De Mille and he said at once: "Let's see her on the screen." For certainly we had made a find if the stills told the truth, as it is very rare indeed to find such chameleon changes of facial and bodily expression.

Only the very few of the really great possess this rare faculty, and many actresses of decided ability have only a circumscribed field of interpretative range.

When I interviewed Miss Joy personally there was no visible evidence of this power. She was a very beautiful and very charming Southern girl with a delightful accent. But beneath her exterior was an amazingly valuable internal power.

Gloria Swanson was a capable actress in comedies. No one had given her really serious thought as a possible hit in straight drama. Her piquant figure and style seemed suited to plays of a laughing nature.

But Cecil De Mille saw her—and within eighty seconds he detected in a roughhouse, slapstick comedy a short, fleeting bit of pathos so good that he based upon it a gamble wherein the worth of productions, costing hundreds of thousands, featuring Miss Swanson, were dependent upon the accuracy of his judgment.

That's a case of where a player is selling one commodity—and had tucked away still another of even greater value.

Those are things we have to watch for very carefully.

There are thousands of players registered at every motion picture studio. Naturally for every part there are a number of people who can be used. The question then resolves itself to a matter of availability and salary. Sometimes a player we are considering is working for another company. And quite frequently the part is small and does not warrant paying the price of a very expensive player. These are matters to be considered with care in casting a picture.

And while I am on the question of salary, let me say a few pertinent things which may operate to stop the flow of surplus would-be

actors to Hollywood. The big salaries purported to be paid motion picture actors and actresses are a myth. A few of the very top-notchers get splendid remuneration. But they get it for value received. They get it because they have a commodity to sell that is as rare as platinum. They get it because they have the ability to put their personalities on the screen and make the public like it. If you think this is easy, have some one make a screen test of you and then ask your best friends to express a frank opinion.

The majority of the players are very moderately paid. Two and three hundred dollars a week are considered good salaries. And remember that you cannot compute such salaries on the basis of fifty-two weeks a year as is the case in regular commercial pursuits. A thirty-five or forty-week year is very good for even a popular player, and, for those who are just getting established, the average will be very much below this.

Another fallacy held by a great many of those I have interviewed is that the path to screen success is one of leisure, roses and sweet dreams. Literally thousands have applied for work as motion picture players simply because they believe it is an easy way to earn a living. Nothing could be farther from the truth. And this will be attested by those hundreds of extras who had such a thought jolted from them by calls that got them out of bed at 4:30 A. M. and that landed them home in the vicinity of midnight; calls that required hours in the blazing sun, hours of intense, nerve-racking rehearsal, hours of unusual exertion, hours of despair and disappointment because what you were trying to do just doesn't get over. It takes an unusual amount of nerve and stamina to stand the uphill grind to even comparative screen success.

And but a very few of those who come to me were willing to exert themselves to this extent.

I'M hoping that what I have said will keep from coming to Hollywood the scores who flock here either with only beauty to offer or because they think pictures a fine way to avoid work. But I don't want to deter the really sincere individual who knows his or her limitations, who is prepared to tell a casting director quickly and sufficiently his or her ability, background and experience, who has something to sell and definite and specific arguments for convincing the buyer.

But out of every thousand people who come to us we get perhaps two who think in this manner.

And there you have the explanation of the reason so many try for motion picture success and why so few succeed. A man trying for a job with a bank would find himself on the sidewalk in five minutes if he applied for a job with no more definite facts to offer than is the case with nine-tenths of the studio applicants. And yet every casting director spends hours every day trying to get behind the circumlocutions of those who apply in the hope that perhaps a gem may be hidden 'midst the chaff. But our disappointments are manifold.

My one advice to those who are about to approach a casting director for the first time is—**BE BUSINESSLIKE.**

Forget personalities.

Remember that to the casting director you're just so much merchandise and be prepared to convince him in definite, specific terms that you are the particular merchandise he needs at the time.

Ability is a rare thing. It takes long, painful search, and you find it in unexpected places. If YOU take less of the casting director's time you benefit the entire industry, for you give him a greater opportunity efficiently to pursue the never-ending search for the new faces and new talents for which there is a constant demand.

A Prediction

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52]

He's particularly *Galabad*, the visionary gallant in quest of the Great Ideal.

There is much of the mystic in Novarro. His religious instinct is strong, yet his motto is Mohammedan—*Maktoob*, the fatalistic *Maktoob* of the Arab, meaning "It is willed." Whatever happens Novarro murmurs fatalistically, "It is willed." Sometimes it's exasperating. I approve it in Arabic, but when Ramon says it in English I suspect he means, "All's for the best." And I never think anything's for the best unless I like it.

Novarro's chief handicaps have been his youth and good looks. If he ever visits the Vatican the Apollo Belvedere is going to get down from his pedestal and apologize for having taken up so much time. Both for classic countenance and physique Ramon could easily pass as an authentic Phidian athlete.

At the Jesuit college in Mexico City he held the track championship. His suppleness, combined with his pantomimic ability, caused Marion Morgan to engage him for "Attila and the Huns," a dance spectacle. Ramon had never danced in his life, but after four months' practice he was battering on Anna Pavlova's door, offering to be her leading man.

NOVARRO has the detachment of the Arab—and the artist. He is absorbed in the arts, not for the fame or the wealth, but for the pleasure they give him. His work is an end in itself. Like all great stars who have shot suddenly into the skies he has received sharp and invidious criticism. But criticism never daunts him.

Neither conceited nor egotistical—on the contrary, penitentially humble by mood—he yet has implicit faith in his talents and destiny.

The first impression you get of Novarro is that of idealistic youth, yet with a discernment and wit that is utterly sophisticated and a *savoir faire* that's imperturbable. Cubbish, light-hearted and careless of dress in moments of relaxation, he is the more amazing when he steps before the camera. The transformation is electrifying. There's a sudden poise, a radiant magnetism, a facility and pliancy that absolutely dominate. He is completely in command of himself. Rex Ingram says: "He is the only actor who can walk in front of a camera and hand me a kick."

The only other actor I've ever seen of such adroitness and plasticity is John Barrymore. A Los Angeles critic in reviewing "Scaramouche" referred to Novarro as the Barrymore of the screen. It was rather hard on poor John, who was struggling along on the screen himself over at the Warner Brothers' studio. Shortly after the review appeared Novarro ran into him at a costumer's on the Boulevard. The two had never met, but John promptly held out his hand.

"And so," exclaimed a wit, "the Barrymore of the screen met the Novarro of the stage."

They have more than that in common. According to those who know them both they have the dirtiest make-up towels in Hollywood, they are equally careless in matters of dress and both can sleep for a week without stopping.

I've made a lot of prophecies in my time, and some of them strangely have come true. I was the first to cheer for Charlie Ray, the first to bet on Barthelmess, and one of the first ten million who discovered Valentino. But there's no one on whom I would so readily stake my vast wealth as upon this young champ Novarro. He says he'll probably end up on Pantages Circuit, singing, "Dear Old Pal of Mine." This only convinces me further that he's worth betting on.

One thing is certain: Whether he proves the greatest idol of screen, stage and opera or whether he knocks 'em dead on a gaslight circuit singing the songs of yester-year, Ramon will merely shrug his shoulders and say—

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Charlie Chaplin with the cast of a road show, "A Night in a London Club," photographed outside the theater at Colorado Springs, shortly before pictures claimed him

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

against the licensing of "Quo Vadis," when George Kleine, a member of the licensed group, imported that remarkable picture. Now when Zukor, an outsider, with his "Queen Elizabeth" picture, appeared, it was easy to foresee the opposition that might be expected.

H. N. Marvin and J. J. Kennedy appeared to have agreed that it would be well to license Zukor's "Sarah Bernhardt" production.

"It may wake some of these fellows up to the fact that they have got to make pictures to stay in the business," they decided.

A license for "Queen Elizabeth" was issued, and again the next Famous Players' subject, "The Prisoner of Zenda," was licensed.

Famous Players "Outlawed"

But this was the end of the line. Marvin and Kennedy could override the majority in the Patents Company no longer, more especially since the provisions of the licensing arrangement provided that the consent of the existing licensees had to be obtained for the issue of new licenses.

Thereupon Famous Players became unlicensed and outside the pale, along with the rest of the Independents. And in due course, more in form than spirit, an infringement suit was brought against them.

"No," was always the answer of the majority in the Patents Company to any such proposal of an extension of licenses. "Why should we let those fellows in? We are the only ones that have got the 'know how.'"

This "know how" was the entirely erroneous assumption of the majority of the licensed picture makers that they had entire possession of the art of the motion picture. They deemed themselves the creators of the thing which created them. The error was fatal. Time is likely to show that very closely similar errors are still being made in the motion picture industry.

Whatever advantage the licensed film makers had enjoyed in the possession of the "know how" was soon acquired by the independents by their raids on the staffs of the older concerns. The Independents acquired the "know how" in large instalments along with J. Barney Sherry, Arthur Johnson, James

Kirkwood, Stanner E. V. Taylor, Marion Leonard, Florence Lawrence, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett, D. W. Griffith and Edwin S. Porter.

At directors' meetings of the Patents Company and General Film in the fall of 1911 and the earlier months of 1912 the name of Fox and his Greater New York Film Rental Company often came up for discussion. There was some difference of opinion.

"Let's save Fox for our alibi," was the plea of William T. Rock of the Vitagraph. "As long as we let him compete with us it proves we are no trust."

But Fox's exchange was a blot on the commercial landscape in the view of Kennedy. The New York Film Rental Company had to be absorbed into the General Film Company to complete the working out of the program and schedule, and to perfect the machine. It stood as a challenge to the authority of the General, and in New York, the key city, it was making the problem of price maintenance somewhat difficult.

So the decision to drive Fox in prevailed, and then ensued the dickering to buy the Greater New York for approximately the equivalent of a year of its profits. This has been told in an earlier chapter. But now the chronology of events becomes interesting. On Fox's refusal to sell, his exchange license was cancelled November 14, 1911, effective December 4.

Fox became of a mind to sell and settle. His theater interests were developing. There would still be plenty to do. It looked like the best way out of a bad situation. But his lawyers, Rogers & Rogers, did not agree. Saul Rogers was for settlement in line with the leanings of his client. Gustavus Rogers was for war.

Between the two Fox was considerably distraught. But at last it was decided to fight to a finish.

A Long and Exhausting War

It was a prolonged struggle. From the New York courts the case went before federal judges. Parallel with this battle the belligerent Rogers was waging through the department

of justice and the office of Attorney General George W. Wickersham, a second and more far reaching campaign. Rogers had charged the Motion Picture Patents Company with an unlawful conspiracy. He asked for its dissolution. More than three years was consumed in the battles of this case.

Meantime, the two real fighters opposed in this war, Gustavus A. Rogers and Jeremiah J. Kennedy, were well squared off at each other.

Personal facts never became a part of the issues in the Fox-Patents Company campaign. But the pasts, records, connections and performances of the two principal gladiators were searched with exhaustive thoroughness by investigators for the opposing camps.

A private detective, illuminated with the bright idea of camping at the headquarters of the opposition, applied at Kennedy's office at 52 Broadway for permission to sit in the lobby to await an opportunity "to serve important papers on a man with an office down the hall."

A Spy Calls On Kennedy

Kennedy looked down at the square-toed shoes of the detective and identified him and his errand at once.

"Sure, make yourself at home. Glad to help you. I think every man ought to accept service when he's in a controversy—I do."

Mr. Squarettoes occupied his seat for several days, listening.

It is a safe presumption that he never got an entire earful through the transom of the office door of the cautious Mr. Kennedy. There was no transom.

Kennedy's history was searched from the days when he carried a rod in a surveying crew on the Norfolk & Western railroad in his youth down to date. And on the other hand, and the other side, the Patents Company acquired biographical information on Rogers from his days as a reporter on the New York Recorder. Never did two men become better acquainted, or less chummy.

The hearings in the dissolution suit began January 15, 1913, and continued intermittently until nearly every important figure in the motion picture business had been put on the witness stand.

The Motion Picture Patents Company constructed and assembled an array of machines as an exhibit for the defense which included every essential detail of the motion picture art, taking in the inventions of Edison, Armat, Latham, Cassler and others. That exhibit still preserved in some obscure storage room is in itself a mechanical museum of the motion picture. While this case was hardly more than getting under way, the Motion Picture Patents Company won a reversal of a federal injunction suit in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. This was the action under which Fox was enforcing a continuance of film service.

Rogers went posthaste off to Washington. A desperate situation was before him.

"If this is permitted to go into effect we will be wiped out and there will be nobody to protect by the dissolution suit," he submitted to the Attorney General.

A curious condition obtained. The United States was busily engaged in seeking to show the Motion Picture Patents Company an unlawful trust in one court, while in another, on the technical ground that Fox had no contract, the refusal of the Patents Company to supply Fox with film in execution of its trust plans was upheld.

So much for the law.

Attorney General Wickersham was now somewhat enthusiastically committed to the prosecution of the government suit. A remarkable conference ensued.

The Attorney General called to Washington representatives of the Motion Picture Patents Company. Specifically what was said in that conference must be left somewhat to conjecture. It was made clear at any rate that the

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Greater New York Film Rental Company was to be served with film as in the past, regardless of the dissolution of the injunction in the Circuit Court of Appeals. The only club which had not yet been used in this film war was indictment.

So the war raged on. William Fox was still in business and the Patents Company was now so in the toils of conspicuous litigation that the Independents were filled with courage. The feature picture movement went forward with increasing impetus.

Unrest in the Motion Picture Patents Company

Meanwhile the internal situation in the Motion Picture Patents Company group was not improving. The General Film Company was not at peace with itself. Opposition to Kennedy's control was growing more openly in some quarters and with secret encouragement from others. By May, 1912, J. J. Kennedy's agreed term of two years as the president of the General Film Company was drawing to a close. It was beginning to be apparent on the inside that some of the members of the board of directors who had so lightly voted him a salary of ten per cent of the net profits when they organized back in 1910, were beginning to think perhaps a little wistfully of the very considerable sum of money which that percentage involved. Back in 1910 they had not foreseen the vast prospects of the General Film Company. It had seemed merely another avenue of distribution, and in less than two years Kennedy had made it well near their only channel to the market in the United States. The General Film Company's weekly net had risen to the handsome figure of approximately \$60,000. Simple arithmetic divided this into \$6,000 for J. J. Kennedy and \$54,000 for the film makers, \$5,400 each. They were a little annoyed at the fact that he got ten per cent of the net and they each received ten percent of the remaining ninety—or 9 per cent each. At least here was one handsome instance of a man being paid for the "know how" of which they were so proud. Incidentally, they were all prospering as never before.

Kennedy Steps Out of Patents Company

Before the situation could come to an open issue, Kennedy pointed out that his two year term was over and stepped aside May 12, 1912. Frank N. Dyer, president of the Edison Company, became Kennedy's successor, a president of the General Film Company.

Percy L. Waters, the general manager of the General under the Kennedy administration, looked about for something interesting to do. Waters, it will be remembered, was among the very earliest of motion picture distributors, beginning back in the remote days of the Kinetoscope and Vitascope with the firm of Raff & Gammon in 1896-7. He had observed the development of a demand among the better theaters for better pictures, a tendency to choose the best of programs and discard the rest. Here was a commercial opportunity. Waters still owned the name of his old Kinetograph Company, an exchange sold to the General Film Company two years before. He unfolded a plan to Kennedy to purchase selected film from the output of the licensed manufacturers in the General Film Company group and to serve it to the better theaters not interested in buying the whole General program.

With this plan in view the Kinetograph Company was reborn August 12, 1912, with J. J. Kennedy president, and P. L. Waters vice president and treasurer. The newly constituted concern was licensed by the Motion Picture Patents Company.

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graph Company handling licensed film was something of a refutation of the trust charges of the war being waged in behalf of William Fox. There have been plenty of side door imitations of competition among motion picture concerns since.

The Kinetograph Company for a time played an interesting incidental part in the interior politics of the General Film Company, but its sole significance in the history of motion picture evolution is as the one and well near only expression of that concern which recognized the motion picture as art as well as merchandise.

Zukor and His Famous Players

The rising independent feature concerns were expressing that same idea much more effectively. The movement was already under way by which the newcomers were to carry the institution of the screen forward. The functions of the General were ended when it brought into the motion picture industry some semblance of order and business efficiency. The greater attainments which make the motion picture a factor in the life of an intelligent race had to have this foundation. Having established this business foundation, the significance of General began to wane, and in time, a few years, it withered like a plant that has ripened its seeds.

Because of his successful survival of this period of change, our interest turns again to Adolph Zukor and his Famous Players project, the best and most conspicuous exemplification of the onward trend of the art of the motion picture in that day.

With Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" and James K. Hackett in "The Prisoner of Zenda" on the market, Famous Players was learning some interesting lessons in picture pioneering. The state's rights buyers of these pictures were beginning to murmur and talk of their failure to profit. It was admitted that the pictures were good, that the public wanted them, but as merely occasion productions they did not permit the building of a business. It became clear that if the feature picture business were to survive it must be with a flow of production which would insure the theaters an opportunity to maintain a policy and build a patronage on that policy. That could not be done on just a feature now and then.

The Lack of Stars

The motion picture industry is supported on continuous patronage. Straightway Famous Players was confronted with the same old problem that the other Independents before them had met. This was the problem of maintaining a program, essential to business, destructive to art. Business has to keep dates. Artists always break them.

Al Lichtman, the salesman for Famous Players, came in from the round of the state's rights buyers of features, urging a schedule of fifty-two features a year. This was a sensational sort of an idea. The heads of Famous Players, Adolph Zukor, Edwin S. Porter, and the rest, went into long conferences. The financial problems involved were not so serious apparently as the problem of production. The state's rights men could be counted on for an advance of cash against a percentage. But, said Porter, it was not possible to get fifty-two stars and fifty-two plays a year and get them made into pictures.

"There is not that much available talent for the making of motion pictures in the world," Porter protested. He was very right.

It must be borne in mind that the Famous Players group was sticking still very closely and literally to the idea of famous players in famous plays, from the stage.

Out of the cogitations which the situation forced came from Porter—a planned schedule for some thirty pictures to be made in the following year. This outlined plan, as will presently be seen, created a new race of stars.

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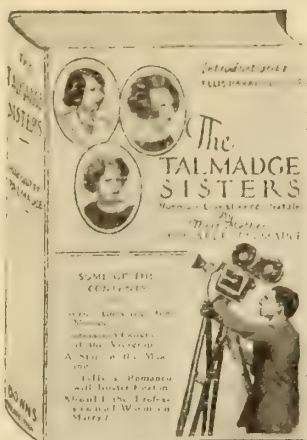
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three types of pictures; ten Class A, strictly famous players in famous plays; fifteen Class B, well known picture players in famous plays, and fifteen Class C pictures to be made of odds and ends under the name of Famous Players Stock Company.

Daniel Frohman and Adolph Zukor went shopping for plays and players. For Class A productions they got among others, Minnie Maddern Fiske, Lillie Langtry, Henry Dixie and John Barrymore. For Class B, the second rate line of productions, mind you, they started their list with Mary Pickford, then playing in David Belasco's "A Good Little Devil."

Of course Pickford made one Class A appearance, too, when Famous Players acquired "A Good Little Devil" with the whole Belasco cast for \$75,000. But her major activity was to head the Famous Players line of Class B productions, as "a well known picture player in famous plays and stories." It was, of course, recognized that Miss Pickford was probably the best known picture player, but Famous Players was then dominated by the glamor of the legitimate stage. It did not recognize in the motion picture any fame or famous players to compare with the stellar luminaries of the stage. The word star was still in 1912-13 the especial property of the stage drama. The motion picture was still confessing a consciousness of inferiority. The motion picture still thought of itself as a mere shadow.

"Little Mary" Heads "A Good Little Devil"

Belasco's stage presentation of "A Good Little Devil" opened at the Republic theater January 8, 1913, and drew a considerable attention in the motion picture field because "Little Mary" headed the cast. The motion picture industry "pointed with pride" to one of its players honored by stage recognition. When Famous Players translated the play into a picture, David Belasco appeared with Miss Pickford in a bit of prologue. The name of Belasco had been borrowed and rented to lend dignity and importance to motion picture projects occasionally ever since.

The brightening dawn of the feature drama illuminated promises of opportunity to more and more adventurers in the realm of the new art as the months went by. A wide scattering of budding efforts to enter the field can be traced in the pages of the motion picture and dramatic journals of the period. Out of the many, some few survived long enough to be factors in the new development. One of these, a project which brought into the industry a whole array of the dynastic names of the picture kingdom of today, is worth considering in detail.

Among these interested observers of the new trend in pictures was Arthur Friend, a lawyer with some theatrical experience and connections in Milwaukee and New York. By the spring of 1913 Friend was enthusiastically telling everyone that there were great things ahead in the motion pictures and urging some sort of a venture. Among his friends were Jesse L. Lasky and Lasky's brother-in-law, Samuel Goldfish, now Goldwyn—which is yet another motion picture story.

The Laskys, the Goldfishes and the Friends gathered at Naples, Maine, a summer resort, in the season of '13. There Arthur Friend had a practically unlimited opportunity to pour out his excited anticipations concerning the motion picture business.

Samuel Goldfish was then a salesman for for a glove manufacturing concern in New York. He had some other business projects in view, but he listened with a tolerant patience and a growing interest. Jesse Lasky listened, too, perhaps not so much interested.

Lasky had an eventful background of ups and downs. He had had experiences calculated to make him careful of the new and untried. He had started his working life as a cornet player in a San Francisco theater and, for a time, enjoyed the distinction of being the

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only white man in the Royal Hawaiian band. Then came a few months of newspaper reporting, followed by a try at prospecting and mining in the Alaskan gold rush. This left him on the beach at Nome with nothing but an earnest desire for the comforts of home.

Back home at San Jose in California young Jesse Lasky and his sister Blanche went in for music as a juvenile team, furnishing vocal and instrumental harmonies. They appeared at benefits and like performances. This resulted in an offer from a vaudeville agent which brought them East. It was Lasky's first glimpse of vaudeville. They took an engagement with Leon Herrmann's company to supply a musical act between the magician's numbers. This Herrmann was a nephew of the famous Alexander Herrmann, and, on the death of his uncle, assumed the title of "Herrmann the Great, Napoleon of Necromancers." The next season Lasky became Herrmann's advance man and the next found him Herrmann's manager.

Lasky's \$1,000 a Week Magician

When the vaudeville boom came Lasky booked the magician at a thousand a week, an amazing salary for the time, and then looked about for more things to do. In Utica Lasky met B. A. Rolfe, a cornetist, in whom he saw possibilities, and booked him into vaudeville. This encouraged Lasky to produce acts and, when Rolfe's tour ended, the partnership of Lasky & Rolfe was formed. Followers of the vaudeville stage will remember some of their acts, as for example "Colonial Septette" and "Military Octette."

Henry B. Harris, then managing the Hudson and Harris theaters, became interested in the activities of the young men and suggested he would like to finance them in some bigger efforts. Presently Rolfe drew out and Lasky went it alone, with Harris his backer. From this period came Lasky's "Pianophiends," "The Redheads" and similar acts of fame in vaudeville history. Lasky was on his way up. He had a fortune of \$150,000 and a clear track.

Lasky was looking for new worlds to conquer. He went to France and discovered the cabaret as the reigning novelty. He came back and interested Harris in giving New York a real European music hall and cabaret. From this came the "Folies Bergere," which burst on New York like a rocket with a great electric sign on the night of Monday, April 24, 1911. It was a sensation of the amusement world—for a minute. The admission price was \$2.50, outside of the Metropolitan Opera house the highest in New York. A hot wave came on and New York left for the seashore. The "Folies Bergere" came down like the rocket stick.

The Collapse of the "Folies Bergere"

Harris and Lasky dissolved partnership. Harris had sustained large losses and Lasky was broke, flat and wide. The world had collapsed about his head. Again, just like on the beach at Nome, he thought of California and home. But he had to go to work. There are always two things a young man can do, either go to work or go to California.

California thoughts suggested an operatta and at once Lasky was afire with a new idea. He went looking for someone to write the libretto around his theme. He consulted Mrs. H. C. DeMille, who then conducted a large dramatic agency. Lasky wanted to interest William De Mille. But William was busy with the problems of "Strongheart" and various Belasco affairs. Mrs. DeMille suggested that Cecil, her younger son, was not so busy. Lasky was dubious. He did not know Cecil DeMille. But anyway, out of courtesy, he had to meet the young man and talk the thing over.

Cecil DeMille and his winning ways talked Lasky into a one hundred dollar advance

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royalty and \$25 a week on the operetta during its playing life—if any. The operetta succeeded and DeMille and Lasky became business associates and fast friends.

Lasky was now beginning to recover from the shock of the grand collapse of the "Folies Bergere." It was hardly to be expected that he would have an enthusiastic ear for another new project. He had bought about a half a million dollars' worth of pioneering experience in the cabaret. While Friend talked feature pictures, Lasky went fishing in Lake Sebago.

Lasky Feature Play Co. Born

When the vacation was over and the Friends, Laskys and Goldfishes were again in New York, Friend was still talking motion pictures. Samuel Goldfish, however, had his mind on two other business projects which had first to be tried. They did not go to his liking. Friend was still talking pictures. He convinced Blanche Lasky Goldfish.

Finally at the luncheon table at the old Hoffman House, Goldfish surrendered to Friend's everlasting campaign. They would go into the motion picture business.

Jesse Lasky was still wary. He could be committed no farther than to participate by permitting the use of his name. So the Lasky Feature Play Company was born.

All they needed now was capital. The first financier they sought offered to raise them a hundred thousand dollars in capital for a commission of twenty per cent, which horrified Friend and Goldfish. They fled that office and decided to go ahead with the \$26,500 they could raise themselves.

It may be remarked in passing that twenty per cent is a commonplace commission for motion picture financing even today, and that within a very recent period producers have paid sixty cents per dollar for capital.

Farnum Misses a Bet

At the Lambs club, Cecil DeMille and Jesse Lasky overtook Dustin Farnum and sought to decoy him into the motion pictures. They suggested that he might have a substantial interest in the concern for his services. They intended to make "The Squaw Man," purchased for \$5,000, a thousand down and the rest on terms. Farnum was cautious. He opined that he would rather have \$5,000 in cash. Farnum on this occasion missed a bet, but on the grand average of such propositions he was correct.

"The Squaw Man" was Indian and western. Cecil DeMille was to make the picture. The Lasky Feature Play Company looked over the map and elected to go to Flagstaff, Arizona, to make the first production. The name seemed majestic, lone, dignified as a cactus and sufficiently romantic to inspire a great picture.

When Cecil DeMille and Dustin Farnum got off the train at Flagstaff they looked about and saw absolutely nothing. There was nothing to see.

Right there Flagstaff, Arizona, lost the chance that comes once in an con. The Flagstaff Rotary, Kiwanis and Commercial clubs, the Elks and the City Beautiful Committee should have been at the station with a brass band and a hack decorated with banners to welcome the distinguished strangers. Hollywood might still be growing thick-skinned oranges. But Flagstaff did not know that the man who was to make *Moses* famous by a re-discovery of the Ten Commandments was at the city's gates.

When the train was iced and watered to resume the long haul across the desert, the engineer whistled and the conductor highballed for a departure. Dustin Farnum and Cecil DeMille got on right behind the conductor, bound for Hollywood. They had heard that it was a good place to make films.

Shortly the New York office of the Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company, established in the Longacre Theater building, was petrified with a wire reading:

"We have rented a barn in Hollywood for two hundred dollars a week."

The barn was at Vine and Selma streets. It still is, now a shipping room, neatly incorporated into the acres of Famous Players-Lasky studios.

The home office advised the busy barnstormers of Hollywood to go slow scattering the company's money around among the orange trees.

The Wobbling "Squaw Man"

"The Squaw Man" was in due time "shot," developed and printed. Meanwhile the picture had been sold to the state's right market for \$43,000, a handsome profit which put the company on its feet at once. But disaster loomed dead ahead. It was discovered that the picture wobbled and danced all over the screen. Dustin Farnum's "Squaw Man" appeared to have a terrible case of St. Vitus. Complaint of vast violence came in on the wires from the purchasers of the territorial rights.

Hurried consultations were held. What was wrong? Something had to be done or ruin was at hand. "Defective film" some one said. In a fever of haste it was decided that they would file suit against the Eastman Kodak Company forthwith. The papers were drawn up for filing. Revenge and indemnity were to be theirs.

Meanwhile it was suggested that it might be well to consult some further experts. It would be a good thing that they have some witnesses to put on the stand to clinch the thing.

A Case of Too Many Cameras

The negative was bundled up and taken over to Sigmund Lubin in Philadelphia. "Pop" Lubin was, of course, in the Patents Company, but there were instances known when he was willing to deal with Independents if not too conspicuous.

"Pop" Lubin ran the negative rapidly through his fingers and held it to the light.

"Terrible, terrible—this is very serious." He spoke like a surgeon who had been called too late to operate.

"Isn't the negative defective?" Arthur Friend, the legal head of the concern, demanded.

"No—the negative was all right," Lubin replied, still shaking his head.

Friend was annoyed extremely. This would not do the law suit a bit of good.

"Is there anything that can be done with it now," the depressed delegation demanded. They hated to hear the answer.

"Well," said Lubin, "you used several different cameras, didn't you?"

They had.

"And no two of them had the same frame line, so your negative won't match. But maybe I can fix it for you."

Lubin grinned. He was enjoying the terrible suspense.

"I will just re-perforate the film, so the sprocket holes come right and then I can make you good prints."

"The Squaw Man" was saved, and with it the Lasky Feature Play Company. The concern went on to other feature successes, with a bigger development just around the corner.

This same season of 1913 when Arthur Friend was talking the project that resulted in the Lasky Feature Play Company, another fruitful chain of events was started in motion in a most casual way on Broadway.

Adam Kessel, busy with the growing affairs of the New York Motion Picture Company and the Keystone comedy concern, occupied an office in the Putnam building. In casual moments when the whim willed he looked in on the shows up and down the street. The one eventful day concerned he passed a nod to Mike Sullivan, manager of Hammerstein's, and remarked he would look the bill over.

A skit entitled "A Night in a London Club" was on.

A small man with big pants and a curious gait attracted Kessel's attention and wrung a laugh from him.

When the act ended Kessel went back stage. He had a notion to interview this young man. There was just a possibility that he might be useful in Keystone comedies. He was certainly a most amusing little cuss.

Keystone Offers Chaplin \$75 a Week

The young man was somewhat curious about his caller, with whom he chatted in deepest and darkest London accents on the subject of the kinema.

"What the blooming 'ell—no."

"I tell you, Mr. Chapman, we can give you \$75 a week."

The young "Mr. Chapman" was entirely dubious. He had profound doubts about so rash a venture. He had had a bit of a hard time here and there along the line and things were better now. He was in the good graces of Alf Reeves, manager of Karno's Pantomime Company, and they were booked solid on the big time from coast to coast.

There were other conversations. This Kessel was getting persistent. He raised the offer to a hundred dollars a week.

No. The young Englishman was going to take no such chances. He had the caution born of bitter experience. He had been born with a traveling troupe of strolling British players at Fontainebleau in France. His early boyhood had been spent against the seamy side of life in London, a child laborer in a toy factory. It had been a fight against penury and want all the way along. He was doing well enough now, why take a chance?

The Karno company moved along. But Adam Kessel still had that little English comedian on his mind.

"A Night in a London Club" was playing at the Nixon theater in Philadelphia when Alf Reeves got a wire:

Is Charlie Chaplin with your company? Have him call Saturday our office, Putnam Bldg.

Kessel & Bauman.

In response to that wire Charlie Chaplin duly appeared in New York and Adam Kessel raised the offer to \$150 a week.

Charlie Chaplin's Screen Debut

Chaplin went back to Philadelphia to consult with Alf Reeves.

"You had better take it," was Reeves' advice, "because you can't hope to get much more here with us than you are getting now."

Chaplin was in no haste. His contract was due to expire in November, at which time the company was booked to play at the Empress in Los Angeles. He notified Kessel that he would start work with Keystone in Los Angeles then.

Mack Sennett made a call on Chaplin back stage at the Empress and one day in November Charlie took his baggy old pants and shoes out to the Keystone lot.

"What the blooming 'ell" was ahead he did not know.

When in doubt an actor always does his favorite business.

Chaplin's first Keystone appearance was a part in a one reel release entitled "Kid's Auto Races." He wore the gait and mannerisms that had been most successful in his music hall appearances. It was a bit of a trick he had picked up in the toy factory days when he imitated a wretched old bar fly who hobbled about at the Queen Heads, a London "pub," to hold the cabbies' horses for them while they roistered inside.

Chaplin's mother had reproached him mightily for making sport of the old unfortunate and perhaps that had helped to burn it into the youngster's mind. Now it was to be the making of his world wide fame.

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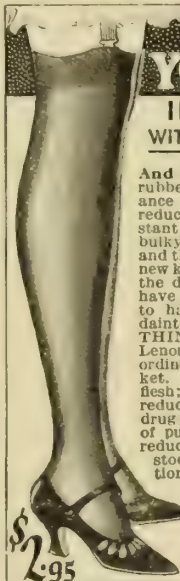


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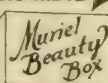
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discloses that apparently Mr. Chaplin had a most amusingly awkward time with the camera. That too was a bit of business gleaned on the other side. In the summer of '12, on his first engagement under Alf Reeves management, they played on the isle of Jersey. Jersey's annual fete, "the Carnival of Flowers," was in progress. Chaplin and Reeves among the spectators were vastly amused at a fussy and ostentatious official of the carnival who persisted in centering himself in every scene covered by the motion picture cameras recording the fete for the news reels of '12. The Keystone camera revived that memory and made it a part of Chaplin's screen debut.

The little man with the baggy pants was on his way, due in time to become a vital factor in the tangled course of screen finance as well as the world's greatest motion picture actor.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

A Man of Pittsburg

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74]

Parisian bachelor and sheik, from whose character the Menjou rôle might well have been taken. Anyway, I had a terrible time switching Mr. Menjou off the subject of Charlie Chaplin as the greatest director in the world.

It's an erroneous impression that he is a foreigner. He was born in Pittsburgh. Nobody could be more American than that. His father was a Frenchman and his mother was Irish. Which is a very intriguing combination, if you ask me. His father was one of the most famous hotel and restaurant men in this country for many years.

Young Adolph went to Cornell, but was obliged to leave in the middle of his course, because the family fortunes failed. He had a tough time breaking into pictures and one summer he worked as a farm hand on Vincent Astor's estate. He saved the last check for twelve dollars and fifty cents signed by the young millionaire. So if Vincent Astor's bank account is twelve dollars over, he knows now where it is.

He played extras around the New York studios, and finally small bits. He had worked in a number of pictures at Paramount, when war was declared. He was the first man to enlist from the Famous Players-Lasky studio. Twenty-four hours after President Wilson declared war, he was a private in the A. E. F. He came out a captain. His war stories are among the most amusing I've ever heard.

On his return from France, he met a young newspaper woman in New York and showed his excellent sense and judgment by marrying her. And he had about decided to give up pictures as a hopeless job, when they decided to come to California and give it one more trial.

Nobody wanted him. He played small parts, character parts, in "Bella Donna" and other productions. But they couldn't see him.

Then Chaplin discovered him, and now he works in four pictures at once and is to be starred by Lasky in a series of screen rôles similar to the delightful ones Leo Ditrachstein does on the stage—"The King" and "The Concert," possibly.

The Menjou home in Beverly Hills, right across the street from Rex Ingram and Alice Terry, is a delightful one, and domestic.

Just the same, on the screen he's dangerous. And I think a lot of people will welcome the polish and subtlety of his work with tremendous relief. We have been a bit surfeited with the obvious among male vampires of late.

The Anna Q. Bob

If you have curly hair—curly bobbed hair—I suggest that you try the latest, the "Anna Q. Bob." Cut said curly hair short, as Miss Nilsson wore hers in "Ponjola," and then let it grow in, in a pretty tousled mass of curls. The effect is good, and well worth waiting for. California hairdressers are featuring this Anna Q. Style, and the mode is rapidly sweeping east.

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Sittin' In A Corner You Didn't Want Me	2116	Stay Home, Little Girl Stay Home	2132
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6362 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Cal.

That Saving Sense of Humor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

who is this guy 'Art,' anyway? I accepted a melodrama stock engagement in California. Then I was offered a chance to make a movie test, to see how I'd fit into 'Don't Change Your Wife.' That was a picture to prove that all women are alike. But they couldn't prove it by me. I was terrible."

"Then what happened?"

"I became a picture hero."

"*Hamlet* had a worse effect on *Ophelia*."

"Very little. I forgave the *Dane*, though."

And my first night in New York on this trip I paid fifteen dollars for one seat to see John Barrymore play him. It was as much as my life was worth to get it."

"Did you see the *Hamlet*'s saloon, too?"

"I haven't missed anything."

"—but your ambition."

"No. I've just acquired a new one. To live through an uninterrupted eternity of first weeks in New York."

"But what about the California sunshine?"

"New York has a funny little shine all its own. It's been good to me. The gang's been great to me. I love everything, even the movies! What do you love?"

"Low comedy."

"Look! I can be funny!" And the magnificent hero took a comedy fall, upsetting a heavy desk-chair on top of him. Anyone would have thought I pushed him, which is something no woman would do to Richard Dix.

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

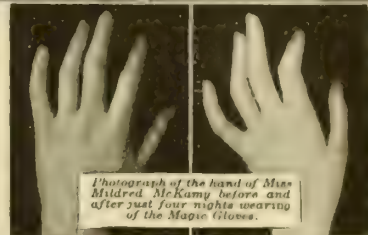
BLUE EYED TEXAN.—Curb your impatience, charming one. Live up to the reputation for calm that blue eyes enjoy. It was not possible to get a reply to your interesting letter into print before this date. Miriam Cooper is the wife of Raoul Walsh, brother of George Walsh. Shirley Mason is one of the "small but precious packages." Her weight is ninety-five pounds. Marion Davies' hair is bobbed. Of course you prize her letter. Her family name is Douras.

JANE, SENECA FALLS, N. Y.—All right, Jane. I rather like your friendly salutation, "Dear Old Questions and Answers." The heroine of your worship, Norma Talmadge, is five feet two inches in height and twenty-eight years old. Write her the Norma Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

LUCY, BERE, OHIO.—Most stars have secretaries. Gloria Swanson and Richard Dix should be addressed at the Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.

E. V. S., LOCKPORT, N. Y.—You are a discriminating critic, Mme. E. V. S. Your statement that there is "always someone beside the star in the cast whose career you are anxious to follow" proves that you are a broadminded woman. This is the cast of "The Ramblin' Kid": *The Ramblin' Kid*, Hoot Gibson; *Carolyn June*, Laura La Plante; *Skinny Rawlins*, Harold Goodwin; *Lafe Dorsey*, William Welsh; *Sheriff Tom Poole*, W. T. McCulley; *Joshua Heck*, Charles K. French; *Mike Sabota*, G. Raymond Nye; *Mrs. Ophelia Cobb*, Carol Holloway; *Parker*, Goober Glenn; *Sing Pete*, George King; *Gyp Streeter*, John Judd.

V. R. R., ST. PAUL, MINN.—So sweet of you not to want me "to stay too long at the roll top." I thank you. Art Acord was born in America. He is married. So there! But my tender heart relents. His address is Universal Studio. Clara Kimball Young uses her own name in her profession. She came east early this year announcing her intention to go upon the stage.



Photograph of the hand of Miss Mildred McKamy before and after just four nights wearing of the Magic Gloves.

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Rough, reddened, work-worn hands made soft and white over-night!

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No matter how red or how sallow or yellow or how deeply blotched with freckles or liver spots—no matter how rough or coarse or workworn your hands, the magic of these medicated gloves will turn them white and soft, fresh and young-looking.

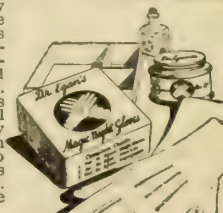
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A SOUTHERN GIRL, NORFOLK, VA.—My obedience to you, dark-eyed daughter of the South. "The Common Law," now current, is from the same story which Clara Kimball Young played. The same title was used.

MARIE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—While it isn't a likeness, it is more than a fair sketch, this pencil-guessing game of yours as to my appearance. Perhaps I shall be blessed, in some far off day, with a son who will look like your sketch. Thank you for your efforts, Marie. Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Mo., March 16, 1892. His hair and eyes are brown. His height is five feet ten inches. He weighs one hundred and sixty pounds.

R. R., POTSDAM, N. Y.—No, my dear, I won't address you by your nickname. I court no encounters from jealous young men from Potsdam. You will have to wait to send Gloria Swanson a birthday present. The date is March 27. Ten days later than good Saint Patrick's. She has blue eyes and brown hair. Her height is five feet three inches, her weight one hundred and twelve pounds. Jackie Coogan is nine years old. The city of his birth is contiguous to the capital of the photoplay world, Los Angeles. His family name is Coogan. Pearl White is thirty-four years old. She was born in Missouri.

PHOTOPLAY receives many requests each month for information as to how to obtain photographs of stars. Here is the accepted method:

Write to the star, personally, care of the studio in which he or she is working, make your request, and enclose 25 cents to pay the expense of the photograph and mailing. The stars get hundreds of these requests and it is hardly fair to expect them to send these pictures free and pay the cost themselves.

M. J., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The picture you saw in process of making at the Metro Studios, with Viola Dana and Malcolm McGregor in the leading rôles, was "The Social Code."

MARION T. OF WISCONSIN.—Marguerite Clark believed she was leaving the screen for all time, and so announced. But I am skeptical as to the permanent retirement of any gifted and lovely actress. An alluring play and a confidence-begetting manager appear and her resolutions are shaken as by an earthquake. Thomas Meighan's next picture will be "The Confidence Man." Rudolph Valentino will be seen on the screen in a few months in "Monsieur Beaucaire." Norma Talmadge's latest picture is "Secrets." Constance Talmadge's is "The Goldfish," in which Marjorie Rambeau was seen on the stage.

CHRISTINE, HAVERHILL, MASS.—Herbert Rawlinson was married again in January of this year. He has reached a marriageable age, thirty-eight.

DOROTHY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—All right, Dorothy. Huntley Gordon was born in Montreal, Canada, about thirty-five years ago, and J. Warren Kerrigan's birth took place a year before in Louisville, Ky. Sylvia Breamer is twenty-six. She is five feet seven inches. Her weight is one hundred and thirty pounds. But we may not say of her "divinely tall and most divinely fair," for she has dark brown eyes and hair to match.

BETTY JANE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Your wants are few, Betty Jane. Monte Blue was born in your own city, Jan. 11, 1900. Write him at the Warner Bros. Studio.

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MIGNON, DORCHESTER, MASS.—You want to know my first name. M—m—m—m—. Didn't you hear it? You say it was a cough, not a name? We'll take that up another time, Mignon. Patsy Ruth Miller's photograph may be obtained by writing the Lasky Studio, Norman Kerry's by addressing him at the Universal Studio, Charles de Roche's through Lasky Studio. Harry L. Van Meter played *Monsieur Neufchatel* in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Delighted, Mademoiselle, aged thirteen.

MITZI, JEFFERSONVILLE, IND.—Of course you want to hide your "broken heart" behind a *nom de plume*. We understand each other, Mitzi. A fortune teller told you that you would some day marry a movie star with big brown eyes and who is years older than yourself. You hoped it would be Johnny Walker. Too bad, Mitzi, but I am glad that PHOTOPLAY, by referring you to his marriage, spared you any more wasted dreams. Mrs. Walker was Renee Parker, a lovely musical comedy star, who once appeared in "Flo, Flo."

M. B. S., DIETMAN, GA.—What a question. M. B. S.—you, a girl from the land of grace and coquetry, ask me which of her two most persistent suitors a Hollywood star will marry. I dunno. Nor will I until she has said "I will," not by the light of a distracting Hollywood man, but while looking into the stern eyes of a waiting clergyman. Marcella Swanson is not Gloria's sister.

BABE RUTH, FOND DU LAC, WIS.—Have you a bowing acquaintance with the laws prohibiting the use of other person's names? Something about "imposture and penalties." The "tall, rather good looking young man" who wore a uniform in "The Devil's Disciple" was Clyde Fillmore. Tommy Meighan heeded your requests for his photographs but the others did not? Just like Tommy. Remember the story of Robert Bruce, and try them again. Reginald Denny at the Universal Studio, Gaston Glass at Preferred Pictures, Conway Tearle at the Associated First National.

M. E. T., CHEHALIS, WASH.—John Gilbert has brown eyes and hair. His height is five feet eleven inches. His address is Fox Studio. Bobby Agnew is not married. His eyes are blue, his hair brown. Address him at the Lasky Studio. Kenneth Harlan should be addressed at Preferred Pictures, Eleanor Boardman at the Goldwyn Studio.

M. L. T., EDMONTON, CANADA.—Pleased to gratify your craving for enlightenment. Alas, yes, there are repeated rumors of a matrimonial fiasco of the Tom Moore matrimonial combination. Marriage seems to grow brittle and more brittle. Jack Gilbert's age is twenty-eight years, his height five feet eleven inches, his address Fox Studio. His wife is Leatrice Joy. Richard Barthelmess is not a relative of Lillian and Dorothy Gish.

D. H. P., LAKE LAND, FLA.—Bill Hart's latest picture is "Singer Jim McKee." Lieutenant Locklear made the picture "The Skywayman," besides "The Great Air Robbery."

BETTY H., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Am I "Miss or Mr.?" Omit superfluous titles, inquisitive Betty. Continue to address me as you did. "Dear Answer Man" is quite an acceptable title. Thank you. Pauline Garon has been classed by beauty experts a medium. Jack Mulhall is thirty-two years old. His wife was Evelyn Winans. Marion Davies has accumulated twenty-five years. She is not a relative of Mildred Davis (Mrs. Harold Lloyd).

MARIAN OF ST. LOUIS, MO.—She whom you characterize as "the dark haired flapper who played the flappery part in 'Black Oxen'" is Clara Bow. She comes from Brooklyn, and is eighteen years old. She did not appear in "The Gold Diggers."

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CHARLEY C., DIGHTON, MASS.--Glad to be a "jolly fellow" to you. Mr. Chaplin should be much amused by a picture of a girl dressed in imitation of him. He is not married. He was married to Mildred Harris, from whom he has been divorced. His age is thirty-four. Helen Holmes keeps on screening. Milton Sills is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His eyes are gray, his hair light brown. He is about thirty-eight.

REGINA, MONTCLAIR, N. J.--Since you think Betty Compton has the "sweetest eyes on the screen," why not write her in care of W. W. Hodkinson, 469 Fifth Ave., New York City, for a photograph that you may have those eyes always before you? She is not married but is engaged to Director James Cruze, of "The Covered Wagon" fame. The source of George Walsh's photograph supply is the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Theodore Kosloff is married and forty-five.

JUNE OF MINNESOTA.--Your name is suggestive of sweet things. "O what is so rare" you know the rest. What an encomium of Lillian Gish and all those adjectives deserved. She was born in Springfield, Ohio, Oct. 14th, 1896. She has not married. Says she won't. But women's minds are oft as the winds. She made "The White Sister" in Italy last summer, and "Romola" is nearing completion. Address her at the Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.

LA CLARA BOW, CHICAGO, ILL.--Naturally you are elated that your schoolmates think you are so like Clara Bow in "Black Oxen" that they have rechristened her by your name. You "can see that she has transferred your actions and eye-rollings" to the screen. Do you think she may have watched the eighth grade one afternoon as it filed out of school? She is five years older than you, Miss Thirteen. Why not write her that you adore her? Her address is Preferred Pictures, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

DOT, NEW YORK, N. Y.--Your requests for information are as brief and direct as your girlish name, Miss Dot, and as modest as your handwriting. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-eight. At the time I write, he has completed "The Enchanted Cottage." Colleen Moore is twenty-three.

S. C. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.--Have I "more courage than other critics who won't tell whom they consider the five best actors and five best actresses on the screen?" I have the courage, S. C. G., but I would not risk offering with you and giving you a sleepless night. Every one is his own critic. Decide for yourself and be happy.

MARINE, LABELLE, MO.--If you write Conway Tearle, First National Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal., you should receive his photograph. It is customary to send twenty-five cents for likenesses.

J. L. P., NEW YORK, N. Y.--The actor whose work you so admired in "Fashion Row" with Mae Murray, is Earle Fox of the Fox Studios. No relation, I believe.

MAMIE, ST. PAUL, MINN.--I endeavor to gratify your wish for "everything that is to be known about Ivor Novello." He appeared in several pictures in England before coming to America. He is appearing on the stage in England. His age is thirty-one. He is a composer. He wrote "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Before he left America there were rumors of his engagement.

A. L. S., ALBANY, N. Y.--It has been rumored for months that Kenneth Harlan is engaged to Marie Prevost. He is of the sufficiently marriageable age of twenty-eight.

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 JOHN F. RAHN, C2433 Greenview Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RUBY, WELSH, LA.—It is an undisputed fact that the name of Tom Mix's little daughter is an elongation and feminization of his own. Thomasina's father's age is about thirty-five.

FRANCES, PORTLAND, ORE.—Pleased beyond measure, Rose, or is it Violet, of Oregon? I admire your prudence. None who is rich would have saluted me as "Dear." Does it grieve you to learn that Thomas Meighan and Jack Mulhall are married? Whether or not you suffer the pangs of disappointment it is well to know the names of the possible pang causers. Mrs. Meighan was Frances Ring, an actress. Mrs. Mulhall was Evelyn Winans. Malcolm McGregor, too, has a wife. He married a non-professional. May McAvoy is not married, but her engagement to Glenn Hunter was rumored in February. Viola Dana is twenty-five and Shirley Mason is twenty-three. Robert Agnew's age is twenty-four, Jack Mulhall's thirty-two.

F. G. C., CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Lois Wilson, who so pleased you in "The Call of the Canyon," is twenty-seven. She has not married. Bert Lytell is thirty-eight. He is a husband. Sorry.

E. B., SIDNEY, IA.—I like your stationery, Evelyn. Palest yellow with a shadowy monogram in gold. Artistic! The young actor who played opposite Ethel Clayton in "If I Were a Queen" is Warner Baxter. He has appeared in "Alimony" and "Blow Your Own Horn." He is five feet eight inches tall. His hair and eyes are dark.

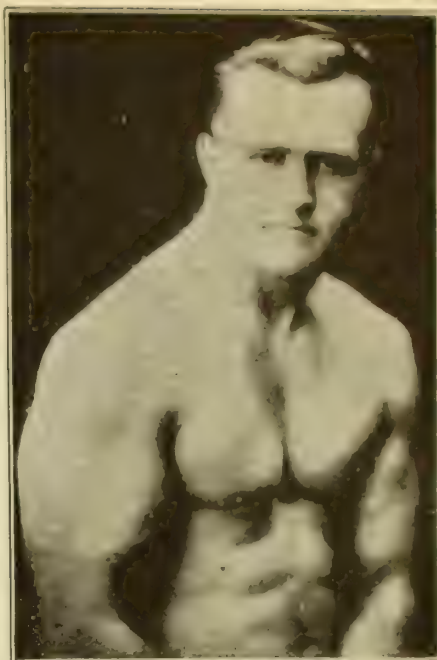
LUCY R., CHICAGO, ILL.—You wonder whether Luke Cosgrave is the great uncle who ran away from home when he was a little fellow and has not been heard from since that time. I don't know whether he is your great uncle, Lucy, but I'll bet he would be a great uncle. He was born in County Mayo, Ireland. He came, when very young, to this country. The immigrants lived at Zanesville, Ohio. Mr. Cosgrave went on the stage in his youth. He had had much stage experience when he went into pictures. Louise Dresser, for whom you have so much enthusiasm since seeing "To the Ladies," was a favorite of the Broadway stage for many years. She has a large and loyal personal following. Her removal from her beautiful home at Mount Vernon, N. Y., was an act of daughterly devotion. Her mother's health improves in California. Miss Dresser bought a home at Glendale, Cal., where she lives with her mother and Miss Dresser's husband, Jack Gardner. Her address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

M. SERGE VARTANOFF, WORCESTER, MASS.—Of course I will enlighten you. Pola Negri's address is Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. She has been in Hollywood for two years.

BESSIE, WATERVLIET, MICH.—Yes, me child, I answer "veet" as the French say. Ramon Novarro was born in Mexico. He is twenty-five. He is not married. He has brown eyes and black hair and the accompanying olive skin. He is with Metro.

VIOLA, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Bert Lytell's address is First National. Yoked, yes, but likes it. Write Blanche Sweet at the Goldwyn Studio and Alice Terry at the Metro Studio. Better accept the judgment of your elders on that point, little one.

ZOEI, OMAHA, NEB.—Greetings to so affectionate a member of PHOTOPLAY's half million family. Thomas Meighan played *Dow*, Dori Kenyon—*Ariel*, Diana Allan—*Mamie* in "The Conquest of Canaan." Clara Kimball Young returned to the stage in "Trimmed in Scarlet," the drama in which Maxine Elliott and Sidney Blackmer were seen in New York. Eugene O'Brien plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "Secrets."



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as he is today

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Get wise, fellows, I shouldn't have to tell you these things. You can't enjoy life with a weak, sickly body. There is no pleasure like the feeling of health and strength. And when I say strength, I don't mean any half way business. Do it right, or forget it.

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J. P., RICHMOND, KY.—Of course you are right, Miss J. One who with such regular, clearcut handwriting as yours has the gift of accuracy. Rudolph Valentino was born in Castellante, Italy. Tom Mix is married and has a baby daughter. His age is about thirty-five. Charles Buck Jones is also a benedict. My hand on my heart for your praise and good wishes.

KATHLEEN, PLAINFIELD, MASS.—Charles (Buck) Jones is also a benedict, as I have just informed an anxious maiden. He is thirty-four. A native of Vincennes, Ind. His address is Fox Studio. Mrs. Thomas Meighan was Frances Ring, an actress and sister of Blanche Ring. Write Mr. Meighan your letter of appreciation to the Paramount Studio.

RICHARD, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Oh, very well, if you prefer it, "Dick of San Francisco." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would blush rosily at your praise of him. But more rosily at the praise of your sister, Claire. He has not signed for a successor of "Stephen Steps Out" when I write this.

DOROTHY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Pat O'Malley is married. He has a daughter who has reached the bewitching age of six years. Mr. O'Malley was born in Dublin, Ireland, thirty-one years ago. He has blue eyes, brown hair and a ruddy skin. He played opposite Mary Philbin in "Fool's Highway."

MARY M., PITTSBURGH, PENN.—Your much admired Blanche Sweet was born in Chicago. Your favorite actor, Norman Kerry, is a native of New York. He is one of the few natives of New York City. People aren't born in New York. They come here from other cities and countries. Mr. Kerry's height is the unusual and imposing one of six feet, two inches. His age is twenty-eight. Claire Windsor is claimed to be the only living actress that ever came out of Cawker City, Kan.

WILDA BLOOM OF ILLINOIS.—Such a sweetly naive letter, written at midnight by a high school junior, one who intends to become a missionary. You prove that the interest in the photodrama is universal. The girl whom you remember so pleasantly for her kind eyes and her hair that reminds you of "The Golden Fleece" when you saw her in "Faith" and "The Shifting Sands," is Peggy Hyland. She was directed by her husband, Fred Granville. She is doing some directing of pictures herself. The "dusky haired, green eyed lassie" who played in "Green Eyes" is Dorothy Dalton.

G. L. S., CARTHAGE, MO.—To you I am "A Mystery Man." At least, everyone is interested in mysteries. You want to surprise your sister, who admires Henry Walthall, with full information about him. Here are some facts for the surprise party. Mr. Walthall was born in Shelby Co., Ala., forty-five years ago. He is married. His screen career began in 1910. "The Human Mill" is his latest picture. Raymond Griffith played opposite Alice Lake in "Red Lights." Pat Moore played in "The Young Rajah." Ben Graves played the small boy in "The Town That God Forgot" and in "My Friend the Devil."

GLORIA, EVANSVILLE, IND.—You love Mary Pickford because, "despite her high position in life, she is not aloof but is 'plain Mary.'" Right. She was born in Toronto, Canada, April 8th, 1893. She received her education from private tutors. Gloria Swanson's eyes are blue. She was born in Chicago. Her height is five feet three inches, her weight one hundred and twelve pounds and her age about twenty-three. She is not married, but twice has been divorced. Her address is Paramount Studio, Long Island City, N. Y.

BROWN EYES, SIDNEY, N. Y.—Keep on hoping to see your favorites recognized, Eyes of Brown. Monte Blue is thirty-four and wifeless now.

J. A. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.—The cast of "Why Change Your Wife" is: Robert Gordon, Thomas Meighan; Beth Gordon, Gloria Swanson; Sally Clark, Bebe Daniels; Radinoff, Theodore Kosloff; The Doctor, Clarence Geldart; Aunt Kate, Sylvia Ashton; Harriet, Mayme Kelso; Buller, Lucien Littlefield; Maid, Edna Mae Cooper; A Woman Client, Jane Wolf.

V. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The prayers of the fans availed not in this instance. Hundreds of them begged that they might see Norma Talmadge as Juliet with Rudolph Valentino as Romeo, but the picture will not be made by those players. Madge Bellamy is "sweet and twenty." Alice Terry is five feet three inches tall. Eleanor Boardman is three inches taller. Ramon Novarro is the eldest of ten children. He has two sisters and seven brothers.

M. L., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Charmed to oblige an "old and constant reader" of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Ruth Roland's age is thirty, her state that of singleness. Her address is Ruth Roland Serials, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

B. A. R., OMAHA, NEB.—To have "the blessing of a blue-eyed, titian-haired miss on your brainy dome" is a noble reward for my poor efforts. A base detractor has dared to say that your idol, Rudolph Valentino, has a bald spot. Heed him not, B. A. R. The only radiance reflected from his dome is from his black hair, although it has thinned out a little. Corinne Griffith has light brown hair. It was Myrtle Stedman who played with Colleen Moore in "Flaming Youth." Colleen Moore's address is First National Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Kenneth Harlan's is Preferred Pictures, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

FLORENCE, LAKEWOOD, N. J.—Of course, Florence. To secure a photograph of Johnny Walker, write the F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Sts., Hollywood, Cal.

MARJORIE B., TORONTO, CAN.—Katherine MacDonald's last production was called "Chastity." It is not known, probably, to Miss MacDonald herself, whether she will return to the screen. Katherine MacDonald was once the wife of Malcolm Strauss, the artist. They were divorced in 1919. In May, last year, she married Charles S. Johnson, a business man of Ventura, Pa.

NELLIE V. P., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Elaine Hammerstein, who has inspired your intense loyalty, was born in New York City. She is the granddaughter of the late Oscar Hammerstein, operatic impresario and builder of many theaters. She was educated in Armitage College.

A. E. C., HASTINGS-ON-THE-HUDSON, N. Y.—You call me a "Human Box." What's that, girl with three teasing initials? You say you "are blonde and crazy about Hoot Gibson." Would you be less crazy if you were a brunette or an Auburn? His address is Universal Studio, Universal City, Cal. Married? I refer you to Mrs. Hoot, formerly Miss Helen Johnson.

ADRIEN B., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—No, Adrien, I won't write you a cold letter. Enough chill already on the Massachusetts coast. Ben Alexander is a good natured boy. Write him that you are a young person living at New Bedford, who wants his photograph as a heart warmer. Address him at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

SADIE M., DETROIT, MICH.—John Gilbert has completed "Just Off Broadway." The dark eyed disturber of school girl and maturer emotions is twenty-eight. His address is the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

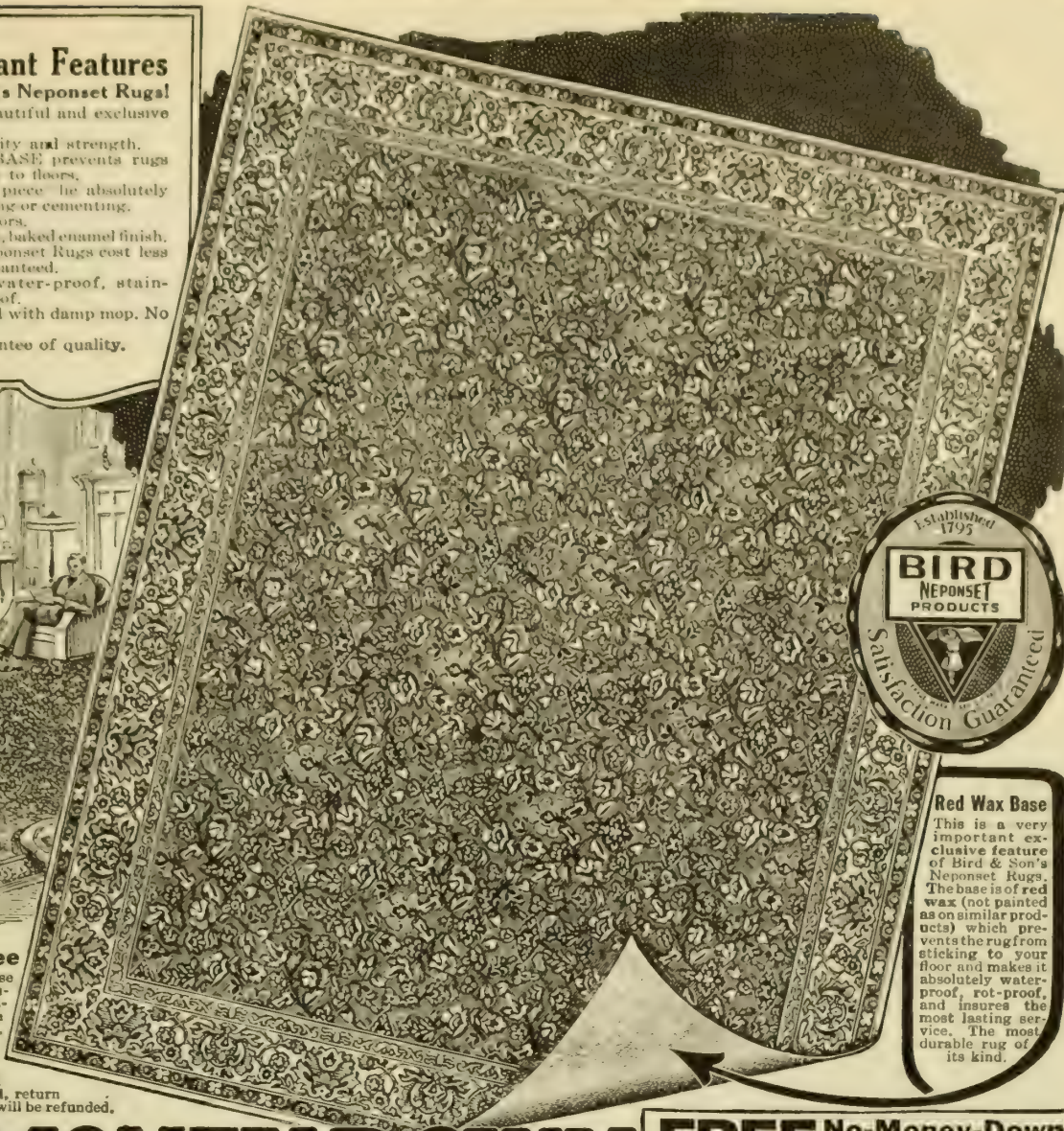
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F. J. BROOK, CHICAGO, ILL.—Jack Pickford's address is care of Mary Pickford Studio, Hollywood, Calif. "Care of Mary Pickford" is correct.

MARIE, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Are you up there on your honeymoon or do you really live there? Natalie is older than Constance. Norma, the oldest of the three sisters, was born in 1895. The youngest, Constance, in 1901. Both Barbara La Marr and Marguerite de la Motte appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." Mae Murray has no children. Alice Lake is not among those who lay claim to a husband. Maybe, some day.

MAID OF ORANGE, N. J.—"Saving to be an actress, eh?" Just what do you mean by that? Perhaps you will explain when you write your personal and confidential letters to those whose addresses you ask: Viola Dana, Metro Studio, Romaine and Cahuenga Aves., Hollywood, Calif.; Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford Studios, Hollywood, Calif.; Lillian Gish, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York; Norma Talmadge, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

GEORGE D., MADISON, CONN.—Just mail that letter to Phyllis Haver, asking for her photograph! Forget your New England conscience!

MRS. C. P. M., FLINT, MICH.—Craig Biddle began his career as an extra in "Souls for Sale" and played the rôle of the young lover in "Three Wise Fools." You hope that their "adorable little boy will bridge the gulf between Bill Hart and his wife, Winifred Westover." That's a kind wish and, if it were a scenario, baby's Tiny Hands would bring about the reconciliation. Gareth Hughes is unmarried and so is May McAvoy. Reginald Denny has a wife. Coral Halloway has been absent from the screen a long time, but she recently appeared with Clara Kimball Young in "Cordelia the Magnificent."

MARILYN D., RICHMOND, VA.—If Richard Dix reads the Answer Man he is hereby informed that a charming girl who lives in an historic home on the James River, Virginia, thinks he "is a splendid actor and would not miss a picture in which he appears." He is a featured player and leading man. Some of his most conspicuous work was done in "Souls for Sale," "The Woman with Four Faces," "The Ten Commandments," "To the Last Man," "The Call of the Canyon," "The Stranger" and "Icebound."

MRS. R. M., BRANDON, MASS.—So you admit that you are married. Most of my correspondents are more coy than screen stars about putting the prefix "Mrs." before their names. Rex Ingram wrote and directed "Trifling Women."

H. L. B., PITTSFIELD, ILL.—Yes, those are their real names. Wallace Reid's photographs must be secured through Mrs. Dorothy Davenport Reid, Film Booking Offices, 723 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. Send a quarter. Write to Milton Sills, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

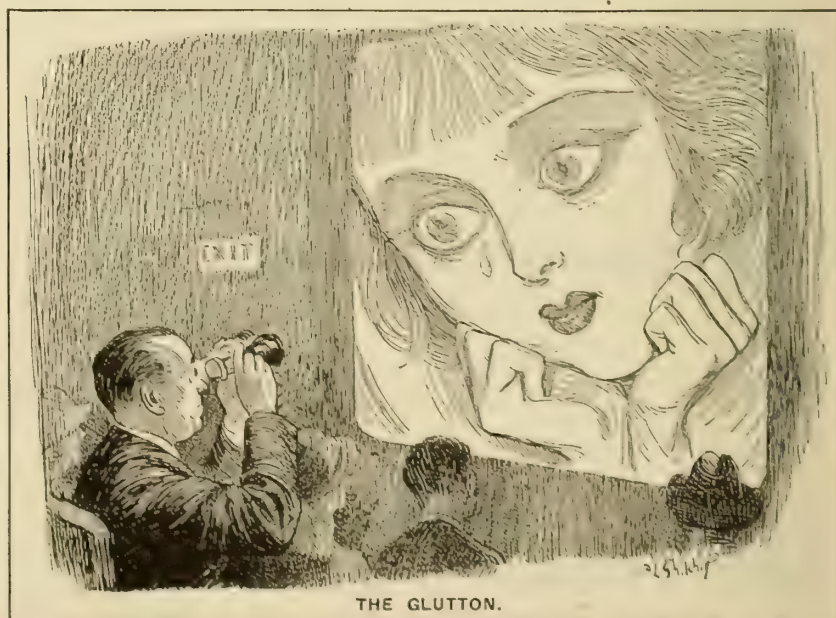
E. M., BALTIMORE, MD.—Thanks for your charming lines! After such evidence of generosity you certainly deserve an answer to your query. My information is that Mr. Schildkraut is a Rumanian. Therefore, as between Bucharest and Vienna, I would choose Bucharest for his birthplace, since Vienna is in Austria.

H. P. W., ANN ARBOR, MICH.—No, I don't know why Gilda Grey has never been starred in the movies. Perhaps, it's because the business is still in its infancy and Gilda is decidedly for the grown-ups. I'm glad you think she has a sweet face but you're the first person I ever heard of who noticed her face. You're evidently one of the few who are keen observers.

HELEN J., MOLINE, ILL.—Don't believe everything you hear, Helen. We all talk too much—and listen too hard. You say I am good-hearted. Probably you also think I am kind to the folks. Ralph Graves is twenty-three years old. Mae Murray is thirty-seven. Mary Pickford is thirty. Gloria Swanson was born and educated in Chicago but you'd think she just stepped off a steamer from Paris.

DAKOTA MAID, SOUTH DAKOTA.—So every time you are blue you look at the picture of Pat O'Malley in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and grin. I keep a picture of Ben Turpin to cheer me up. Harrison Ford leads your list of handsome actors. He was born in Kansas City, Mo., in the year of 1892. He is five feet ten inches high and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds.

MILLCENT, RICHMOND, VA.—Honest to goodness, Millicent, I didn't get your letter. Don't take on so because if it had come to me I would have answered it. Are we friends again? Neither Marion Davies nor Jacqueline Logan has been married. Norma Talmadge is twenty-eight. I hope the girls don't mind my publishing their ages.



THE GLUTTON.

From Punch



M. J. MCGOWAN
Chief Chemist

Scientist discovers *fat solvent*

Reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducine Cream which melts away excess fat on any part of the body—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise or diet, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleurably simple and easy for anyone.

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My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine

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I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal super-

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When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from \$3.50 to \$5 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay postman \$2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage), and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage).

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Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that your Reducine Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure—in 21 days' time. Please enroll me for your complete 21-day treatment—send me the first 1-pound jar of Reducine at once; the second, 7 days later, and the third, 14 days later. I will pay the postman \$2.47 (plus few cents postage) for each jar as it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded to me at the completion of the treatment, if it has not reduced my figure.

Name.....

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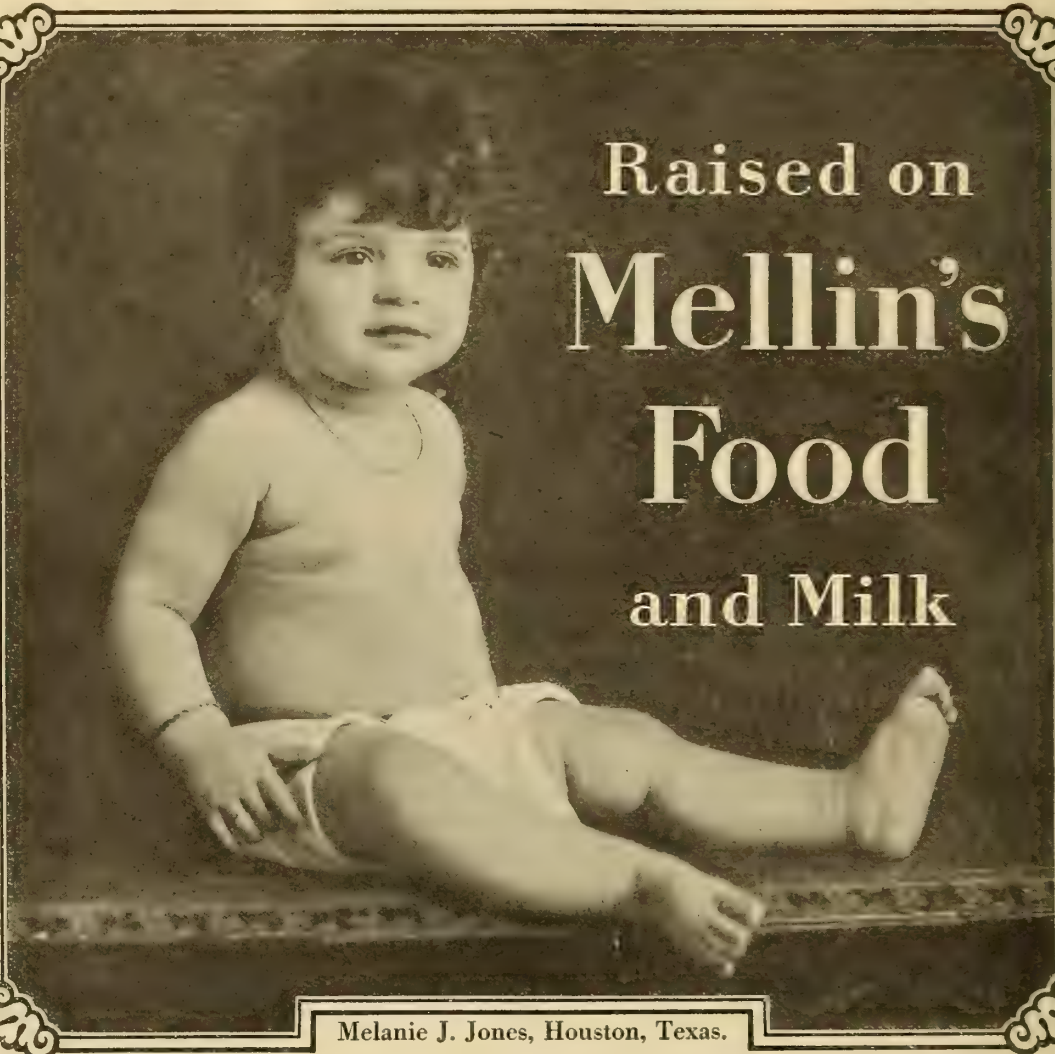
If you prefer to remit for the entire treatment in advance, you may enclose \$7 with coupon, and the three jars of Reducine will be sent postpaid—one every 7 days—for the 21-day treatment.

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In this painting, Willy Pogany has caught the very spirit of the Carnival held each year at Nice on the sunny Riviera.

From Nice—a Secret of l'Élégance Française

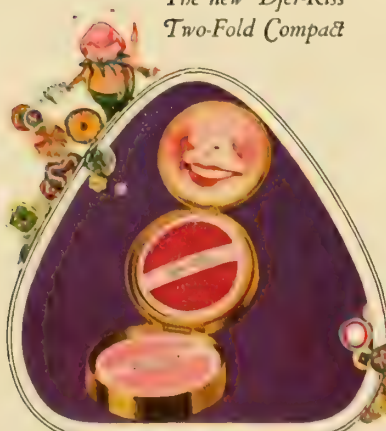
NICE! The Carnival! Gaiety enthroned! Here indeed may we mingle with Beauty of the Old World and the New. Here, truly, may we admire the charm, the verve—the subtle allure—of the smart *Parisienne*.

What is the secret of that charm—that intriguing touch so distinctively French? It is this: "Always, in the *toilette*, let but one single fragrance pervade. Let each necessity of the dressing table possess the same French *odeur*."

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The Djer-Kiss Two-Fold Compact—
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My invention is entirely different from anything known or used before.

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C. B.

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J. S. W.

through personal treatments. Yet now, through my new invention, these results may be secured in any home where there is electricity—for just a few cents a day!

Remember—I don't ask you to risk a cent. I realize that my treatment will not grow hair for EVERYBODY. There are some extreme cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But my new invention has already grown new hair for so many hundreds of others who had long ago given up hope that I am willing to let you try it entirely at my risk, and if it fails then I lose—not you.

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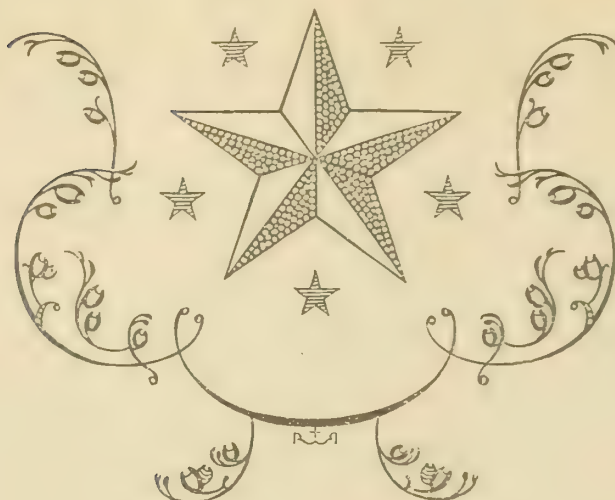
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From the story by L. Y. Erskine and Robert H. Davis. Directed by Victor Heerman. Screen Play by Paul Sloane.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production "TRIUMPH"

With Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Victor Varconi, Charles Ogle, Julia Faye, George Fawcett, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson and Raymond Hatton. Screen Play by Jeanie Macpherson. From the story by May Edgerton.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

"THE BREAKING POINT"

A HERBERT BRENON Production with Nita Naldi, Patsy Ruth Miller, George Fawcett, Matt Moore. From the novel and play by Mary Roberts Rinchard. Screen Play by Julia Herne and Edfrid Bingham.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky present

"BLUFF"

A SAM WOOD Production with Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno. From the story by Rita Weiman and Josephine L. Quirk. Screen Play by Willis Goldbeck.



Paramount Pictures





The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

FRANK T. POPE
MANAGING EDITOR

JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

ADOLF A. BOGNER, ARTIST
REDACTED

VOL. XXVI

No. 1

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your evening's entertainment.
Make this your reference list.

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Mile-A-Minute Morgan..... Sanford
The Silent Stranger..... F. B. O.
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The Moral Sinner..... Paramount
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*Addresses of the leading motion picture studios
will be found on page 84*

\$5000 In Cash For a Title

IF somebody offered you five thousand dollars in cash for reading the most absorbing, exciting and thrilling story to be published this Summer, would you accept the offer?

That is just about what PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is offering its readers. Five thousand dollars in cash and three of the best radio receiving sets made will be given by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE as prizes for the best tale to tell of a romantic, adventure story of the year. It was written by Arthur Stringer, one of America's foremost authors, and is his greatest work.

All you have to do is to read this engrossing story and submit a title for it if you want a chance to share in the awards.

Picture rights to the story have been obtained by Famous Players - Lasky Corporation. Jesse Lasky, in charge of production for Famous Players, is leaving nothing undone to make the picture the screen triumph of the year.

Full details of the contest and prizes (which include three De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophones) will be found elsewhere in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Read the announcement and rules governing the contest. Then order your copy of

July Photoplay

Out June 15th

From your newsdealer

News of **First National Pictures**
An Advertisement Insert A Sample of First National Pictures

An organization of this type is essential in providing the necessary information and resources to the individual.

THROUGH the morning the night air is so warm. The five live satellites in the orbit have now found a place in the heat of tropical summer. And this system, in summer, becomes the habit. Some are the stars of the living world and some will be the stars of the future.

For two years, Joseph Huppelstein's social life there "was neglected for his job interests." Then, in the Summer of 1906, he was "reconciled with his wretched situation" with a "good wry picture" of the

and the marine primary
food catch and biomass
the afforestation success
and the mean yield.

photography, and the
place of the gods in the
story. In the case of
Charles Stone, Anna
Lobson, Irene Kelly,
Susan Koss, and
Constance Bennett,
George Fitzmaurice,
extraordinary, dis-
tinguished, "CYTHARA"
will be at your theater
in May time, when the
love goddesses roam
the world unhindered.



A Love Goddess Re-born

Above is Alma Rubens, the 1924 Love Goddess in Joseph Hergesheimer's novel, "Cythera—Goddess of Love," and beside her Lewis Stone. It will be love-week in big theatres throughout the country when this powerful romance is shown.

BARBARA always struck us as an old-fashioned name. It suggested, somehow, gingham, and samplers, and country dances. That was before we saw "THE WHITE MOTH" with Barbara La Marr in the title rôle. For in this picture there are bizarre costumes of a Parisian masque ball, but no gingham. There's verve and gaiety and the zest of life in Miss LaMarr's personality—but not a trace of the country girl and her demure ways.

So probably the impression has gone for good. Whenever we hear Barbara mentioned, now we'll think of Barbara La Marr in "THE WHITE MOth"—as lively and as strong a romance as we've seen in many a day.

With 1000 pages, *Handbook of the History of the United States* is a massive work. It covers the entire history of the United States from the first settlement to the present. It is a comprehensive work that covers the entire history of the United States. It is a comprehensive work that covers the entire history of the United States. It is a comprehensive work that covers the entire history of the United States.

the school's report card, more than 100,000 students are failing to pass. There will be about 100,000 more. The government, for all its efforts, is not going to change things without us. In the world of the 21st century, if you don't stand up,

"Tim's a teenage girl, and she's a good little girl. She's the same good girl as Sam. Sam and the originals are an American-made, a nice girl, and the young woman who's the same as Tim. It's just, I've predicted it and here, Marion, and I've been for her the last."

For the thrill seekers there is "Those Who Dance," melodrama ultra modern with a goodly dash of romance. Blanche Sweet, Warner Baxter and Bessie Love are the principals.

"The Woman on the Jury" is a mod-*in* drama that rises to a tremendous climax. Sylvia Breamer has the title rôle and Frank Mayo, Lew Cody, Helen Bosworth and Bessie Love are among the principals.

CLAIRE WINDSOR, it seems, just can't keep away from auctions.

However, the difference between the movie star and other girls is that she is on the block instead of doing the bidding. In "A SON OF THE SAHARA," for instance, there was an Algerian slave auction scene with Miss Windsor as the principal. Now, in her new picture, "FOX SALE," she is



Claire Windsor

placed upon the matrimonial market with her ambitious mother wielding the auctioneer's hammer.

"FOR SALE" is a society drama with magnificent settings and lavish gowns. It has been finished under the direction of George Archambaud and June will find it upon the screen of your finest theater. Robert Ellis, Adolph Menjou, and Tully Marshall appear with Miss Windsor.



"The White Moth"

Barbara La Marr is in the title role of "The White Moth," a story of Parisian theatrical life which Maurice Tourneur has directed. Ben Lyon, quite naturally, is bewitched by her loveliness. Conway Tearle, Charles La Roche and Edna Murphy are other favorites in the cast. It is a Maytime picture in First National theatres.



Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Rockets—Lincoln.—One of the finest and most appealing pictures ever made, with Lincoln treated truthfully and reverently. Everyone should see it. (March.)

ACQUITTAL, THE—Universal.—One of the best mystery photoplays of the year. (January.)

AGE OF DESIRE—First National.—A woman, desiring riches, sacrifices better things. Interesting picture, well done. (March.)

AMERICA—D. W. Griffith.—Almost another "Birth of a Nation." Not quite perhaps, but an epic film, nevertheless. Of absorbing interest to every American. (May.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—First National.—A faithful adaptation of Eugene O'Neill's famous play, splendidly acted. A bit too strong for children. (January.)

ALIMONY—F. B. O.—Just an ordinary program picture, neither better nor worse. (April.)

ARABIA'S LAST ALARM—Fox.—A joyous comedy, with a clever child, a bull pup and a wonderful horse. Well worth while. (March.)

AROUND THE WORLD IN THE SPEEJACKS—Paramount.—A remarkably fine travel picture. (February.)

BAD MAN, THE—First National.—Holbrook Blinn is as delightful in the picture as in the stage version. (December.)

BAG AND BAGGAGE—Selznick.—A time-worn story of the country girl who gets her millionaire. Happens only on the screen. (May.)

BAREFOOT BOY, THE—Commonwealth.—A touching and well done piece of work. Lots of good touches, and pathos well put over. (January.)

BEAU BRUMMEL—Warner Brothers.—One of the most interesting of the costume pictures, with John Barrymore doing exceptionally fine work as the Beau. Don't miss it. (May.)

BIG BROTHER—Paramount.—A really big, human picture, made by Allan Dwan. And with a new kid, Mickey Bennett, who is a find. (February.)

BIG DAN—Fox.—A stereotyped story with a hero altogether too good to be true. (January.)

BLACK OXEN—First National.—A good picturization of the popular novel on the rejuvenation of a woman, with Corinne Griffith doing fine acting. For adults. (March.)

BLIZZARD, THE—Fox.—A Swedish picture and nothing to be ashamed of either. A stampede of reindeer is a novelty. Good audience picture. (May.)

BLOW YOUR OWN HORN—F. B. O.—A machine-made story which turns into a picture of the same type. (January.)

BOY OF MINE—First National.—A Tarkington classic of childhood, extremely well done and with some splendid work by little Ben Alexander. (March.)

BREATHLESS MOMENT, THE—Universal.—A commonplace story which the whole family may see. (April.)

BROADWAY BROKE—Selznick.—An interesting picture of New York theatrical life forty years ago. Mary Carr excellent. (March.)

CALL OF THE CANYON, THE—Paramount.—A semi-Western, with fine acting, beautiful scenery and nearly flawless direction. Don't miss it. (Feb.)

CALL OF THE WILD, THE—Pathe.—A dog star, Buck, acts in a way that should shame a lot of humans. Fine for the family. (December.)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—A charming romance of the old Mississippi river boats, well told and well directed. (December.)

CAUSE FOR DIVORCE—Selznick.—A lot of troubles about which no one can possibly care. (April.)

COMMON LAW, THE—Selznick.—The cast saves this one from utter mediocrity. (January.)

COUNTRY KID, THE—Warner Brothers.—An old-fashioned picture with Wesley Barry as the oldest of three orphans, being parents to the other two. (January.)

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH, THE—Asso. Exhibitors.—Charles Ray's latest and most ambitious effort, which doesn't quite register. (March.)

CROOKED ALLEY—Universal.—Another Boston Blackie story, but not particularly well done. (January.)

As a special service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE inaugurated this department of tabloid reviews, presenting in brief form critical comments upon all photoplays of the preceding six months.

PHOTOPLAY readers find this department of tremendous help—for it is an authoritative and accurate summary, told in a few words, of all current film dramas.

PHOTOPLAY has always been first and foremost in its film reviews. However, the fact that most photoplays do not reach the great majority of the country's screen theaters until months later, has been a manifest drawback. This department overcomes this—and shows you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money.

You can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. The month at the end of each tabloid indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CUPID'S FIREMAN—Fox.—Charles Jones heroically dashes through flames, saving imperiled women. (February.)

DADDIES—Warner Brothers.—A good version of the clever stage play, with Mae Marsh and Harry Myers heading the cast. (April.)

DAMAGED HEARTS—F. B. O.—Conventional story, with good acting by Mary Carr and others. The long arm of coincidence is stretched again. (May.)

DANCER OF THE NILE, THE—F. B. O.—One of William P. S. Earle's experiments with painted sets and interesting on that account. Story and acting not much. (December.)

DANGEROUS HOUR, THE—Johnnie Walker.—Eddie Polo's fall from an airplane through a roof is the feature. (February.)

DANGEROUS MAID, A—First National.—Good story and entertainment, but not worthy of Constance Talmadge's powers. (February.)

DARING YEARS, THE—Equity.—A good little boy falls in love with a chorus girl. You know the rest. (April.)

DARLING OF NEW YORK, THE—Universal.—Baby Peggy the delightful center of a plot which deals with crooks, stolen jewels and a lost will. (January.)

DAUGHTERS OF TODAY—Selznick.—Another preachment against the flapper, with a few dies about parents who are inclined to flap. Plenty of sentiment of sure-fire kind. (May.)

DAVID COPPERFIELD—Associated Exhibitors.—A Swedish production and a good one of the Dickens story. (January.)

DAY OF FAITH, THE—Goldwyn.—Made of impossible situations; rather silly in spots. (Feb.)

DEFYING DESTINY—Selznick.—Full of incidents, but just ordinarily good, except for Irene Rich. (March.)

DEVIL'S PARTNER, THE—Independent.—Absurd and artificial melodrama of the Great North-west. Unimportant. (December.)

DISCONTENTED HUSBANDS—Apollo.—Formula of the man who gets rich while his wife gets old. He steps out, but is cured. (May.)

DO IT NOW—Renown.—The troubles of young love with father. Nothing startling, but fair entertainment. (May.)

DON'T CALL IT LOVE—Paramount.—The screen version of "Rita, Coventry," extremely well produced and acted. (March.)

DRIVIN' FOOL, THE—Hodkinson.—Wally Van in one of the auto-driving pictures that Wally Reinhardt made famous. (January.)

DRUMS OF JEOPARDY—Tuart.—Someone steals a lot of emeralds and there is much excitement. But it doesn't amount to much. (May.)

ENEMIES OF CHILDREN—Mammoth.—Conventional story of a wife, tiresomely told. (Feb.)

ETERNAL CITY, THE—First National.—One of the most beautiful and entertaining pictures of the month. (January.)

ETERNAL THREE, THE—Goldwyn.—Not a great picture, but worth while because of Marshal Neilan's production. (December.)

EXTRA GIRL, THE—Sennett.—Chiefly notable because Mabel Normand heads the cast and her pictures are always worth while. (February.)

FASHIONABLE FAKERS—F. B. O.—You know all about this one after the first five minutes. (Feb.)

FASHION ROW—Metro.—The best Mae Murray picture in a long time. She has a dual role. (Feb.)

FAST EXPRESS, THE—Universal.—Old fashioned melodrama, with wrecks, robberies and other sure-fire stuff. (April.)

FIGHTING BLADE, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as a Cromwellian hero. A pretty good picture, but by no means one of his best. (December.)

FLAMING BARRIERS—Paramount.—An interesting comedy, with a tragic note in it. The fire is worth the admission. (April.)

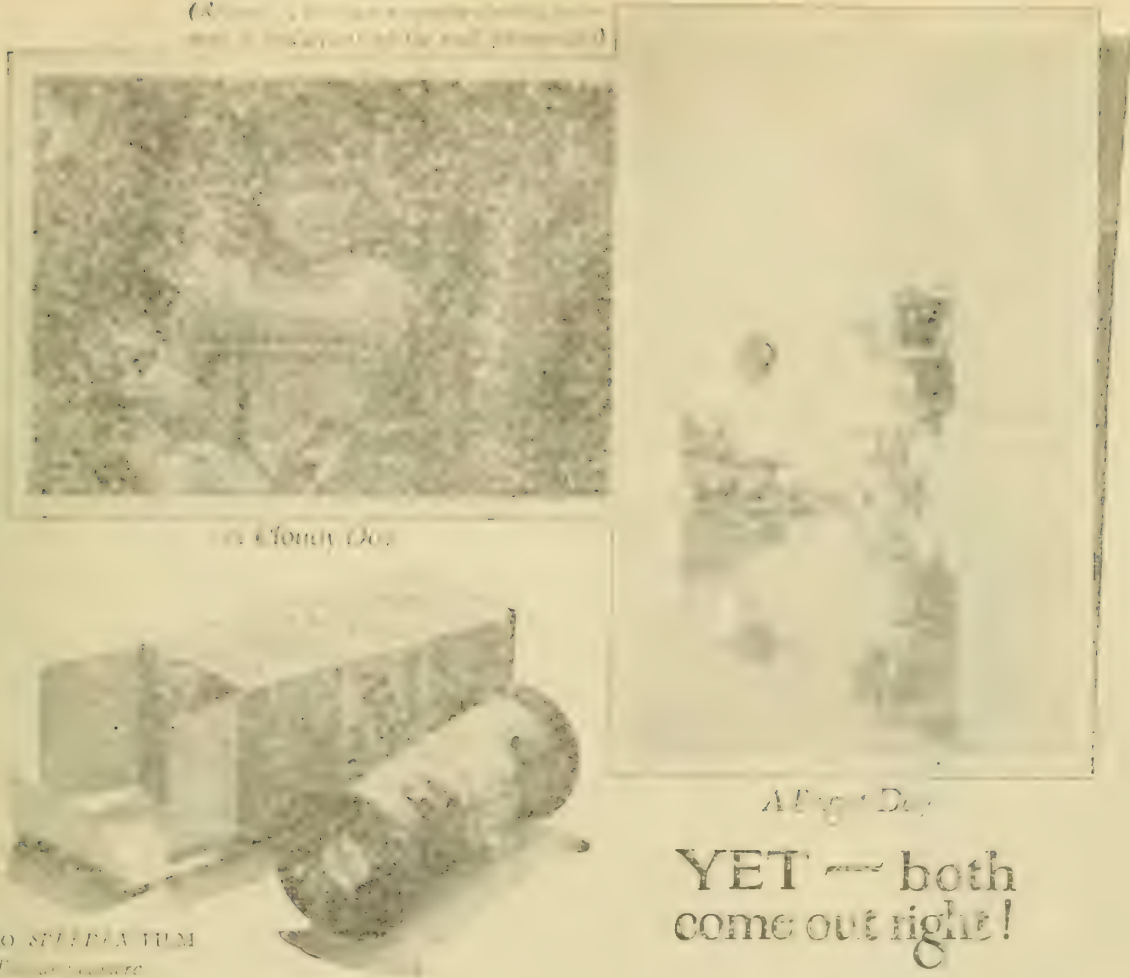
FLAMING YOUTH—First National.—A sophisticated ultra-jazz picture, with Colleen Moore doing about the best acting of her career. (January.)

FLOWING GOLD—First National.—Rex Beach melodrama of the oil fields, full of excitement and thrills. Film entertainment for everyone. (May.)

FOOLISH PARENTS—Associated Exhibitors.—The moral of this is that marriage is a great institution and should be in every family. Formula stuff. (January.)

FOOL'S AWAKENING, A—Metro.—Proves the happiness can't be built on a lie. A picture of the better class. (April.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]



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2. *You've put your camera away on the shelf*—given up the whole thing in disgust because of failure after failure. Then blow the dust of ages off your long-lost companion. Stick in a roll of Ansco film. You'll get back all your old enthusiasm when the first pictures come from the finisher.

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BEAUTIBUST CO., 1014-PB LEXINGTON BLDG., BALTIMORE, MD.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

FOOL'S HIGHWAY—Universal.—A story of the Bowery, excellently done. Characters well drawn and played, with Mary Philbin heading the list. Good entertainment. (May.)

FORBIDDEN LOVER, THE—Selznick.—A "thriller" of the early Spanish days in California with the usual ingredients. (January.)

FORGIVE AND FORGET—Apollo.—The banal title is the worst thing about this picture. It's an effective melodrama, well acted and directed. (Dec.)

GIRL FROM THE WEST, THE—Aywon.—Commonplace and ineane imitation of "Merton." A waste of time. (December.)

GOING UP—Associated Exhibitors.—One of the most amusing of recent comedies, with Douglas MacLean at his best. Laughs for the family. (December.)

GOLD MADNESS—Renown.—A verbose and cloudy piece of work, with Guy Bates Post as star. (December.)

GOVERNOR'S LADY, THE—Fox.—A most appealing picture, at times touching greatness. Pathos well done. (March.)

GREAT WHITE WAY, THE—Cosmopolitan.—Well worth the money. A personally conducted tour of New York, well acted and filled with interest. (March.)

GRIT—Hodkinson.—Glenn Hunter in a play of gangsters and the underworld. Not new, but fairly interesting. (March.)

HALDANE OF THE SECRET SERVICE—Apollo.—Houdini as a detective cleaning up a gang of counterfeiters. Amateurish, but with some good Houdini stunts. (December.)

HALF-A-DOLLAR BILL—Metro.—Interesting and well played story of waif adopted by a sea captain. (February.)

HAPPINESS—Metro.—A very thin story, adapted from J. Hartley Manners' play, with Laurette Taylor as the saving grace. For the family. (May.)

HEART BANDIT, THE—Metro.—Viola Dana is good as a tough little crook who is later redeemed by mother love. (March.)

HELD TO ANSWER—Metro.—A formula picture, featuring a wrongfully-accused minister. (Jan.)

HER REPUTATION—First National.—A flood, a forest fire and a persecuted heroine, all good. Plenty of thrills. (March.)

HER TEMPORARY HUSBAND—First National.—A riotous comedy, full of laughs, providing a joyous entertainment. (February.)

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT, THE—Paramount.—A Zane Grey story, as good as all his Westerns are, Ernest Torrence best of the cast as usual. (April.)

HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN—Paramount.—Another lesson about the fast-stopping younger generation. Well worth while. (January.)

HIS MYSTERY GIRL—Universal.—The old story of a serious man who gets a little lesson in romance. Herbert Rawlinson is good. (March.)

HOODMAN BLIND—Fox.—An oldstage favorite made into a most entertaining picture. Melodrama with ideas. (March.)

HOOK AND LADDER—Universal.—Hoot Gibson as a fireman, with a pretty love story and lots of comedy. Family picture. (March.)

HUMMING BIRD, THE—Paramount.—The best thing Gloria Swanson ever has done. One of the best pictures of months. (April.)

HUNTRESS, THE—First National.—A very good entertainment, with plenty of comedy and excitement. Colleen Moore fine in title role. (December.)

ICEBOUND—Paramount.—Another William de Mille etching. Restraint is the keynote. Handled by a less able director, it might have been drab, but he makes it live. (May.)

INNOCENCE—Apollo.—An ineffective melodrama with Anna Q. Nilsson as a redeeming feature. (March.)

IN SEARCH OF A THRILL—Metro.—Viola Dana as a little rich girl wants to see life and becomes an Apache in Paris. (January.)

IN THE PALACE OF THE KING—Goldwyn.—A good story, beautifully mounted but carelessly told. Direction not good. (February.)

IS CONAN DOYLE RIGHT?—Pathe.—A pictorial expose of the tricks of the fake spiritualistic mediums, more effective than the many which have been made in type. (December.)

JACK O' CLUBS—Universal.—Lots of trouble for no reason, except to be photographed. (April.)

JEALOUS HUSBANDS—First National.—Ordinary, with the only outstanding feature the work of Jane Novak. (April.)

JUDGMENT OF THE STORM—F. B. O.—The Palmer School's prize photoplay, very interesting and with a charming love story. (March.)

JUST OFF BROADWAY—Fox.—A swift moving crook drama, with plenty of thrills and excitement. (April.)

KENTUCKY DAYS—Fox.—Old Kentucky again with "Covered Wagon" trimmings. Just fair. (May.)

LADIES TO BOARD—A Tom Mix comedy, with Tony added. Mix pulls a lot of his best stunts. (April.)

LADY OF QUALITY, A—Universal.—A charming story, excellently played by Virginia Valli and capable cast. (February.)

LAW FORBIDS, THE—Universal.—Again Baby Peggy, to whose talents the story has been subordinated. A pretty good picture, too. (May.)

LEAVE IT TO GERRY—Ben Wilson.—A mild juvenile comedy, which is amusing and innocuous. Boarding school scenes are good. (May.)

LEAVENWORTH CASE, THE—Vitagraph.—A poor adaptation of a famous old best-seller. A mystery story without mystery. (January.)

LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER—Vitagraph.—One of the worst ever made. (April.)

LIGHTS OUT—F. B. O.—A melodrama of the underworld and motion pictures with a clever idea and a lot of suspense. Worth seeing. (December.)

LIGHT THAT FAILED, THE—Paramount.—In spite of the liberties taken with Kipling, a good picture, excellently acted. (February.)

LILIES OF THE FIELD—First National.—A story of the sisterhood that "toil not, neither do they spin," with Corinne Griffith as the feature. For adults. (May.)

LONE RANGER, THE—Aywon.—Ag in the Texas Ranger is sent to get his man and sets him. (January.)

LONE WAGON, THE—Sanford.—If it hadn't been for the "Covered Wagon," this wouldn't have been made. Who cares? (May.)

LONG LIVE THE KING—Metro.—The King is Jackie Coogan and this is one of the best things he ever has done. (January.)

LOVE LETTERS—Fox.—The moral is, don't pour out your troubles on paper. Two sisters get into all sorts of woes, but few care. (May.)

LOVE MASTER, THE—First National.—Strong heart is the star, and Mrs. Strongheart the leading woman. The others and the story are not so much. (March.)

LOVE'S WHIRLPOOL—Hodkinson.—A crack story of the better sort, with James Kirkwood and Lila Lee. Plenty of thrills and holds the interest always. (May.)

LOVE TRAP, THE—Apollo.—Melodrama filled with complications, detectives and detrapings. Good idea, but hurt by not holding to main theme. (Dec.)

LOVING LIES—Allied Producers.—Mediocre, in spite of Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent. (April.)

LUCRETIA LOMBARD—Warner Brothers.—A good story, but the picture seems flat. Irene Rich scores, as does a forest fire. (March.)

LULLABY, THE—F. B. O.—Jane Novak's best picture. She plays three roles and is excellent in each. (March.)

MAILMAN, THE—F. B. O.—More propaganda for the letter carrier. Interesting and very much for the family. (February.)

MAN FROM BRODNEY'S, THE—Vitagraph.—Wildly improbable, but also wildly exciting and, therefore, good entertainment. (February.)

MAN FROM WYOMING, THE—Universal.—A roaring Western, with Jack Hoxie as the blustering hero. (April.)

MAN LIFE PASSED BY, THE—Metro.—Another interesting interpretation by Percy Marmont of one of the lovable failures he does so well. (March.)

MARRIAGE CIRCLE, THE—Warner Brothers.—A masterpiece of direction by Lubitsch which results in a strikingly amusing comedy, admirably acted. (April.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]

How Do You Look In a Bathing Suit?

How would you like to lose from three to ten inches from your hips and waist without exercise, medicines or diets—without inconvenience or discomfort of any kind?

New Kind of Girdle Often Reduces Hips and Waist Three Inches First Week

AND you look inches thinner the moment you have it on! Why envy the slender, graceful figures around you? Why deny yourself the pleasure of wearing the latest, smartest creations when you can acquire Fashion's smooth, youthful lines almost in a twinkling?

No matter how thick and heavy your waist and hips may be—no matter how many reducing methods you have tried without results—there is no longer any reason why you should not have the same attractive figure—the same slender, graceful lines—that win admiration everywhere.

Transform Your Appearance Instantly

The new Madame X Reducing Girdle, especially designed on scientific massage principles to take off excess fat almost "while you wait," makes your waist and hips look inches thinner the moment you put it on.

Think of it! No more strenuous, exhausting exercises—no more starvation diets—no more dangerous pills and medicines—no more stiff, uncomfortable corsets! The Madame X Reducing Girdle is so soft and flexible, yet fits so snugly and conforms so perfectly to the figure, that you can walk, ride, dance, climb, work and play with such delightful ease and comfort that you scarcely know you are wearing it.

You will be surprised how quickly you can indulge in many outdoor sports without the usual sense of heaviness and fatigue. For with every step you take—with every little motion and movement of your body, this marvelous new kind of girdle gently massages away the unsightly, useless, needless fat. Before you know it you find yourself looking and feeling years younger. Women who wear the Madame X Girdle say you feel like a new person the minute you put it on.

Exclusive Features Make Madame X Girdle the Ideal Support for Every Woman

The Madame X Reducing Girdle is made of the most resilient Para rubber, especially designed for reducing purposes, and is worn over the undergarment (with garters attached), fitting as snugly as a glove. As you walk, climb stairs, bend, reach or dance, and while sitting, standing, riding or during any kind of exercise, it gently massages the entire surface of abdomen, waist,

hips and thighs. Every movement you make, even your natural breathing, is met by this live rubber girdle, which persistently and surely massages away the fat—without any extra exertion on the part of the wearer. The result in many cases is absolutely amazing. Women often lose from 1 to 3 inches from waist and hips the very first week.

One of the most striking features of the Madame X Girdle is that it slenderizes your figure evenly. Excess flesh cannot sag in one place and bulge in another as in ordinary girdles which, because of their lighter weight, cannot hold the body in. Also, while it gives you the same slender appearance as a regular corset, it has none of the corset's discomforts or disadvantages. The specially constructed cut-away front insures absolute freedom of movement and perfect comfort in any position of the body, and the back-lacing makes the belt easy to adjust to the contours of the figure as you become more slender.

Not only does the Madame X Reducing Girdle give you an erect and graceful carriage, but you quickly acquire Fashion's straight, boyish lines which enable you to wear the season's smartest styles. This summer when the lakes and pools and beaches call, you will not have to worry about your figure, or about how you are going to look in a bathing suit.

Nothing Else Like It

The Madame X Reducing Girdle was designed by reducing experts of many years' experience and is made of special rubber which not only slenderizes the figure the moment it is put on, but removes superfluous flesh in a pleasant, healthful, natural way.

Every genuine Madame X Reducing Girdle has



The Special Open Front Insures Perfect Comfort While You Sit, Work or Play. And the Back Lacing Makes the Girdle Easy to Adjust as You Become More Slender.

the name on the box, and stamped on the girdle itself. Avoid disappointment by refusing imitations which may look the same when new, but lack resilience and so quickly lose their shape and usefulness. The Madame X will outwear any ordinary corset.

Send for Free Booklet

You can't appreciate how wonderful the Madame X Reducing Girdle really is until you have a complete description of it. Send no money in advance. Simply mail the coupon and let us tell you all about this easy, pleasant way to become fashionably slender. You'll get a full description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and our reduced priced special trial offer. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. G-186, 404 Fourth Ave., New York City.

The Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc.
Dept. G-186, 404 Fourth Ave., New York

Please send me without obligation free description of the Madame X Reducing Girdle and details of your special reduced price offer.

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Address.....

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Madame X Reducing Girdle
Makes You Look Thin X While Getting Thin

The pink rubber girdle with light pink facings stamped Madame X in the Madame X box. Be sure to get the original.



Are You Reaching for the Truth?

I will tell you
FREE

Under what Zodiac Sign were you born? What are your opportunities in the near future? Prospects, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, in all undertakings, and many other questions are solved by ASTROLOGY, the ancient and interesting science of history?

Were you born under a lucky star? Find out you, find the most interesting astrology interpretation of the Zodiac sign you were born under.

Simply supply the date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of notice and postage, in five twelve-cent form and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

Do not fail to send birthdate and full name. Put name and address to avoid delay in mailing.

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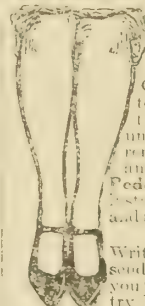
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He Said He'd Never Marry!

THEN he met this girl. She had the secrets of "Fascination Womanhood," a daring new book which shows how any woman can attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology and human nature. Any other girl would have been equally helpless in her hands. You, too, can have this book; you, too, can enjoy the worship and admiration of men, and be the radiant bride of the man of your choice. Just your name and address on the margin of this page with 10c for packing and mailing will bring you our free booklet (in plain wrapper), outlining these amazing revelations. Send your dime today. **PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 4-F, 117 So. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.**



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FASHION demands that feet be shapely. There must be no bunion to mar shapely feet, no trouble, no pain to upset countenance. But bunion is unnecessary and dangerous. You can remove them quickly, painlessly, permanently with the new, marvelous, scientific, Pedodyne. Pedodyne is a natural, permanent, bunion destroyer, and relieves the swollen bunion instantly.

SENT ON TRIAL

Write today and I will gladly send you a box of Pedodyne. Say to your friends, "I was cured by Pedodyne." There is no charge. **KAY LABORATORIES, Dept. N-356, 186 N. LaSalle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.**

SEND US YOUR FILMS

Mail us 20 or 30 any size film for development and printing or send us six 16mm. size and four 8mm. size. Trial fee 10c. Payment in bank check or money order. **CHICAGO PHOTO FINISHING CO., 226 Bell St., Chicago, Va.**

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Overcomes **WEAKNESS** and **ORGANIC AILMENTS** of **WOMEN** and **MEN**. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free At Our Expense

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; strengthens and strengthens the back, corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust, relieves backache, curvature, nervousness, rickets, constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear.

Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc. and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH Pres. Natural Body Brace Co. 330 Rash Bldg., SALINA, KANSAS



For Boys and Girls Also

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

MARRIAGE MAKER, THE—Paramount.—The story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

MAST OF LIES, THE—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

MAY BE MARRIED—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

MAY BE THE LAW—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

MAY BE TO BURN—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

MAY BE MAKERS, THE—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

MAY BE MATRIMONY—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

MAY BE'S LAW, THE—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

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MAY BE'S LAW, THE—Fox.—A story of a man who makes marriages for his clients. (January.)

PIONEER TRAILS—Vitaphone.—Imitation of a "Tomb Raider" without the virtues of that record-breaker. (January.)

PLEASURE MAD—Metro.—Just misses being a big picture, but is worth while. (January.)

POISONED PARADISE—Paramount.—Again someone tries to bring the back of Monte Carlo, but Clara Bow is the only winner, getting the box she loves. Formula. (May.)

POLIKUSCHKA—Russian Artfilms.—A well made picture, but muddled and dull. No chance for a pleasant evening of laughter here. (December.)

PREPARED TO DIE—Latham-Walker.—A good idea, gone wrong, except for Helen Polo. (March.)

PRINCE OF A KING—A—Solznick.—Little Duke Dean is the star and all children and most grown-ups will like it. (March.)

PURE GRIT—Universal.—The Western formula, with Rex Stewart heading the cast. (March.)

RAMBLIN' KID, THE—Universal.—Another Hoot Gibson picture, fully up to his amusing and interesting standard. (December.)

RED WARNING, THE—Universal.—Even Jack Hoxie gets out of breath keeping up with the story in this thriller. (January.)

RENDEZVOUS, THE—Neilan-Goldwyn.—The love story of an American soldier and a Russian princess, delightfully produced by Marshall Neilan. (March.)

RENO—Goldwyn.—Rupert Hughes' argument for a uniform divorce law. Interesting for adults. (March.)

RESTLESS WIVES—Commonwealth.—Hard-working husbands, bridge-playing wives and other conventionalities. (March.)

RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED—Associated Exhibitors.—Wallace Beery is a two-listed, meat-eating King Richard. The boys will love it. (January.)

RIDE FOR YOUR LIFE—Universal.—And Hoot Gibson does—for his own and other lives. There's little else to it. (May.)

RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST, THE—Zenith.—A story of the Alabama Hills with E. K. Lincoln in leading role. Good entertainment. A great fight between Lincoln and George Siegmann. (December.)

ROULETTE—Solznick.—The perils of the gaming table again, but with a good cast. Nothing to get excited about. (May.)

SATIN GIRL, THE—Apollo.—Lady crook fools the whole police force, as usual. (February.)

SCARAMOUCHE—Metro.—One of the great pictures of the year. The acting of Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro, and the direction of Rex Ingram have turned out a masterpiece. Don't miss it. (December.)

SECRETS—First National.—A charming picture, with Norma Talmadge as star. Don't miss it. (April.)

SHADOWS OF PARIS—Paramount.—Pola Negri as an Apache—one of the types she does so well. Well directed with good atmosphere. Worth seeing. (May.)

SHEPHERD KING, THE—Fox.—An interesting story of David the Psalmist, done by a capable Italian company. (February.)

SHIFTING SANDS—Hodkinson.—Desert stuff, camels against the sky and such things. (December.)

SIX-CYLINDER LOVE—Fox.—A light and amusing comedy, well handled, with Ernest Truex doing excellent work. (February.)

SLAVE OF DESIRE—Goldwyn.—Balzac's "The Magic Skin" in celluloid. Rather vague, but Bessie Love and Carmel Myers are good. (February.)

SOCIETY SCANDAL, A—Paramount.—Another surprise by Gloria Swanson. Totally different type from "The Humming Bird," but none the less well done. Well worth seeing. (May.)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—First National.—Norma Talmadge as an Arab dancing girl and very much worth while seeing. (March.)

SOUTH SEA LOVE—Fox.—Shirley Mason is good in a mediocre and unconvincing story. (Feb.)

SPANISH DANCER—Paramount.—Pola Negri's best American-made picture. A proof that the faults in "Bella Donna" and "The Cheat" were not hers. Her performance as the gypsy girl remarkably good, as is Antonio Moreno's. (December.)

SPORTING YOUTH—Universal.—An auto racing picture of the type Wally Reid used to do, with Reginald Denny as hero. Good entertainment. (April.)

STEADFAST HEART, THE—Goldwyn.—Although the story is rather improbable, the capital acting of little Joseph Depew makes it worth while. (March.)

A Nation-Wide Quest for New Authors

Enormous Cash Awards Offered by Magazine Pub- lishers and Motion Picture Producers.

MAGAZINE publishers and motion picture producers are today engaged in one of the greatest and most important quests in literary history. They are seeking for new authors who can supply the insatiable demand for new material to be used in a story that is gripping and new. Literature and motion picture producers in this country alone must be constantly supplied with fresh stories. Thousands of publications read by millions of people of all ages and classes must present new fiction every month. To meet this demand, new writers must be found.

In their search for new authors, publishers and producers have inaugurated a number of narrative story contests offering big cash awards. In fact, such contests are being launched continually in the search for new authors. They are more than contests. They are quests.

Thousands in Prizes

Chief among the film story contests is that conducted by Famous Players-Lasky in conjunction with Pictorial Review and the publishing house of Dodd, Mead & Co. The prize is \$15,500. It cannot be won by an established novelist, but must go to a new author. The chief condition is that the winner must be without previous book publication credit. Pictorial Review will publish the winning novel serially, Famous Players-Lasky will produce a screen version of it and Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish it in book form, paying author's royalties besides.

In the short story field, Harper's Magazine is offering \$10,000 in prizes in a series of four contests lasting throughout the current year. The Forum in another contest offers a prize of \$1,000 for the best story 3,000 to 5,000 words.

Other similar contests are numerous; the prizes amounting to large sums in the aggregate. Two standing offers are worthy of especial mention: the Famous Players-Lasky annual prize of \$10,000 for the best photoplay, and the \$10,000 fund set aside by the publishers of Action Stories and Novels for bare story plots without literary presentation.

The Day of the Unknown

Producers and publishers alike thus attest their belief that there are scores of men and women, unknown as writers, who are able to produce suitable stories for the millions reached by the screen and the magazines—if they can only be induced to try.

Palmer Institute of Authorship concurs in that opinion, because its own experiences prove it to be true. It has found many potential authors during its six years of service to writers, and through training and co-operation has helped them to gain recognition on the screen and in the magazine field. Through the Palmer Course and Service in photoplay writing, short-story writing and dramatic criticism, it has helped them to acquire a knowledge of *how to control and apply the divine gift of creative imagination*. They were enabled to learn *how to write* stories meeting current market demands during spare time in their own homes, without interference with their regular duties.

The Advisory Council

Aiding in the work of discovering and training new writers are the following distinguished members of the Institute's Advisory Council:

Current Palmer Productions

Photodramas by authors succeeding through Palmer co-operation, now being exhibited in theatres throughout the United States and Canada, include the following productions by Palmer Photoplay Corporation, with which Palmer Institute of Authorship is affiliated:

"JUDGMENT OF THE STORM"
By Ethel Styles Middleton

"THE WHITE SIN"

By Harold C. Shumate

"HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE"

By Will Lambert

Ask your favorite theatre to show these pictures
(Distributed by Film Booking Offices of America)

Announcing The Palmer Scholarship Foundation

Palmer Scholarship Foundation has been established by Palmer Institute of Authorship for the purpose of bringing recognition to men and women whose high and valuable work might otherwise be lost to the screen and general publication field, but who need only a chance in the most beneficial of a "shot up" in order to succeed.

Two Major Awards, each carrying a prize of \$500 each and the Palmer Medal of Merit, will be made by the terms of the Foundation to the authors of the best short story and the best screen play, respectively, submitted each year.

Forty-eight Free Scholarships will be awarded annually upon a basis of earnest effort rather than originality or brilliance.

Thus both Genius and Industry receive equal opportunity to share in these awards.

RUSSELL DOUGLASS

Chairman, Committee Short Story Awards

FREDERICK PALMER

(Palmer Photoplay Corporation)

Chairman, Committee Screen Play Awards

Frederick Palmer, author and educator, Chairman, Thomas H. Ince, motion picture producer, Russell Doubleday, publisher and author, Clayton Hamilton, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia University, author, dramatist and educator, Brian Hooker, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia and Yale universities, author, dramatist and critic, Frederic Taber Cooper, formerly of the Faculty of Columbia and New York universities, author, educator and critic, C. Gardner Sullivan, editorial director for the Joseph M. Schenck productions, Rob Wagner, author and motion picture director, James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of Photoplay Magazine.

The teaching staff of the Institute is composed of recognized short-story writers and photodramatists, selected for teaching ability. This assures the student of a service amounting virtually to author-collaboration.

The Story Sales Department of the Institute maintains headquarters in Hollywood, with branches in New York and Chicago, the publishing centers, thus assuring the author of a direct contact with the story markets of the country.

Free—"The New Road to Authorship"

For those who believe in themselves, a book has been prepared entitled "The New Road to Authorship." It contains information that every writer should know. Do you know that there has been an American revolution in letters in the last decade? Do you know about the modern writing technique? Do you know why producers and publishers alike face a scarcity of story material today? "The New Road to Authorship" will tell you. It is invaluable for the library of any writer, known or unknown. Success stories of many authors who owe their recognition to Palmer training are contained in it. This book, together with a bulletin containing full details of Palmer Scholarship Foundation and its broad and unique service to writers, will be sent FREE upon mailing of the coupon below.



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All correspondence strictly confidential

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 17]

Eternally—Wally

Green Bay, Wisconsin.

It certainly was good to see the picture of Wallace Reid in the April issue.

Why don't you publish a good full page portrait of him in the retrospective section? I'm sure I wouldn't be the only one who'd appreciate it.

A. EDWARD OLMSTEAD.

Lloyd and Dorothy

Kew Garden, N. Y.

I would like to offer a few words of praise for Lloyd Hughes and Dorothy MacKail. I think that Mr. Hughes is one of the best young actors on the screen and Miss MacKail is certainly one of the loveliest girls.

HELEN ASHMEIER HOLBROOK.

By Request

Atlanta, Georgia.

There are a great many things that I admire about PHOTOPLAY. I guess I think that I have missed, all told, more than half a dozen copies during its entire life—which gives me courage to ask the first favor that I've ever asked; namely, a picture in the Gallery of George Larkin and, at some time in the future, an interview with him.

He is an excellent actor, a very good looking chap, and a gentleman. His pictures are consistent box-office winners (on the authority of the manager of the house that runs State-Right pictures here), and while he hasn't been seen often on the better programs, I understand that he is now at work on a picture for Robertson-Cole, which ought to boost his popularity quite a bit—and which ought to make it easy for you to grant my simple request!

PEGGY GADDIS.

The De Roche Profile

Ft. Collins, Colo.

In answer to two letters which have appeared in PHOTOPLAY lately: I should say Charles De Roche cannot take Rudolph Valentino's place. He hasn't Valentino's profile. No indeed! His profile bespeaks too much character and his personality is too wonderful!

E. M. S.

In the Foreground

Albany, N. Y.

The letter of protest signed by Marie L. Wolich in a late issue of PHOTOPLAY is, indeed, quite a variation from the general consensus of opinion. I think we all join in our sympathy as to her inability to recognize the beauty and grandeur that are placed before us on the screen. Surely when one makes the statement that "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" was "pretty fair," there must be something missing from that person's makeup!

Of course, we all have the right of opinion, and each of us should "dare to be singular," but when it comes to deciding on pictures past and present who would not place in the foreground:

The Birth of a Nation,
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,
Robin Hood,
Merry-Go-Round,
The White Rose,
Where the Pavement Ends,
A Woman of Paris,
Only 38,
Orphans of the Storm.

JOAN ALLEN.

A Suggestion for Pola

Hopkinsville, Ky.

I think Pola Negri would be wonderful in

Brickbats & Bouquets

LETTERS FROM READERS

The readers of PHOTOPLAY are invited to write this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we'll publish them just the same! Letters should not exceed 200 words and should bear the writer's full name and address.

Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" and also in George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss." Each novel portrays the mental struggles of one of the most interesting characters in literature; one resists temptation, the other yields. Pola Negri could show the fight with temptation in these instances as no one else I can think of. To me she is lovely; mentally, morally and physically, and I want to see justice in criticism and appreciation of her talent.

V. L.

The Supreme Compliment

Newark, N. J.

I have created around Irene Rich the IDEALS I hope to find in the woman, somewhere in this world, that I want to marry. Tell me there is a living soul in this world that doesn't admire her, that doesn't like her!

WILLIAM OUTCALT.

A Glorious Apache

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gloria Swanson as an Apache—sounds funny—but nevertheless it's true! In her latest picture, "The Humming Bird," Miss Swanson does very good work in her rôle. We would like to see her in more pictures of this type.

SADIE JOSACK.

The Newest Mary

Woonsocket, R. I.

Let me speak a word of praise in favor of Mary Philbin's performance in Von Stroheim's "Merry-Go-Round." This youthful, uniquely beautiful little actress stands head and shoulders over the majority of the old and new leading ladies and stars of the screen. Her art is real, human. Her ironic laughter in the hospital scene will linger long in this spectator's memory.

JAMES SHEEHAN.

Nice, but No Apollo

Montreal, Canada.

I am not really a fan of Apollo, but I go to the movies very often, but when I do, usually by Photoplay's criticism. I have usually succeeded in seeing pretty good pictures.

Charles Gerrard has never been just as a hero, at least not that I can remember. He is sleek, villainous, and I don't like him. He is no Apollo, but he is nice. I am sure he has possibilities—almost devoid of gesture, he makes the most of every picture, and with a good camera, he is almost perfect. I don't like him, but I don't want to see any more of him. I will see it if Charlie Gerrard.

FRANCIS L. DOW.

Can't Cut This Letter

Chicago, N. Y.

The movies have not been able to help me other lonely person to be a little less lonely, as it has me. My situation is such that I can't very comfortably do my own act, and I have selected some from among the screen players, as follows: Lila Lee, Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, Pauline Starke, Leatrice Joy, George Hackathorne, Garrett Hughes, Fred Hunter, Bruce Morrison, Harrison Ford and Luddy Harmon. Perhaps that list name may seem strange, but the beauty of these selections is that nothing at all can break them. Why do you suppose I haven't selected any of the very very stars? I don't know just why I have chosen as I have, but those are the members of what I might call "My Club." Others of my very good friends are Henry Walthall, Mr. and Mrs. Meighan, the Conrad Nagels, the Barthelmess family and, of course, the Valentinos. These folks I don't know so well, but I like them very much.

These "pretend" friends, who have grown very real to me through their work on the screen and the magazine interviews, have given me many merry parties and good times of all descriptions—hikes and picnics, theaters and auto rides through beautiful country, and just pleasant *fête-a-fête*. So pleasant have they all been that sometimes I practically lose sight of realities. Of course, often, I do wish it could come true, but in general I am very glad to be able to enjoy such good times at all.

PENelope.

Hats Off!

Apple Creek, Ohio.

Once more a great picture has reached the screen! Hats off, please, to Rex Beach, Allan Dwan, The Paramount Picture Corporation, Tom Moore, Mickey Bennett, Edith Roberts and every one in the cast who helped to make a picture which I consider the best I have ever seen.

"Big Brother" will live because it is so intensely human.

J. ANDREW REITER.

Our Brief Reviews

Memphis, Tenn.

As chairman of the children's Saturday morning matinees, held at our Palace theater, I have been a most faithful reader of your column in the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE entitled "Big Reviews of Current Pictures" and have found the information contained therein most valuable. I either have all pictures used for this work screened, or I use pictures that I have seen and know to be suitable for children, and your page has helped me so much in suggesting pictures that otherwise would have escaped my notice. If they are scheduled to appear in any of our theaters I make it a point to see them or have our local exchange screen them for me.

ALICE O. STRUM.



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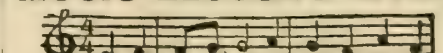
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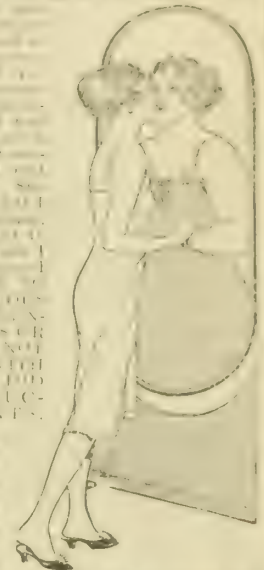
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

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Blackheads are a confession that you are not using the right cleansing method for your skin. Use this treatment, and see how quickly blackheads will disappear—

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To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in this treatment. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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New Pictures

THELMA CONVERSE, the screen's most recent recruit from the ranks of society, was born a Morgan and is the twin sister of Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt. Bored with Park Avenue and the Rue de la Paix, she made her motion picture debut with Gloria in "A Society Scandal"



Edwin Bower Hesser

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE leaped into fame as leading-lady-in-chief to Doug Fairbanks. But after "The Three Musketeers" she became a featured player in her own right. She is now appearing opposite John Bowers in a series of "Mission" productions



Edwin Bower Hesser

GERALDINE FARRAR sponsored Marjorie Daw, not so many years ago. Since that day Marjorie has done consistently good work. Recently she was married to Eddie Sutherland. She is now working on "The Passionate Adventurer" in England, for Selznick



Photos by Apeda

A NEWCOMER, despite the fact that she is known as one of the most photographed girls in the world, is Jean Tolly. She has been the model for much national advertising. As a result—a few “bits” and then a real part in Ralph Ince’s “The Uninvited Guest”





Alfred Cheney Johnston



BERYL WILLIAMS has, with her slim youthfulness and lyric beauty of line, made a good many of Coles Phillips pictures famous! She entered the movies through the extra door, doing small parts for Alan Dwan. Then a real chance—in "Meddling Women" with Lionel Barrymore!



Richard Burke

MAY McAVOY was mis-cast for so long that the public suffered for her—and with her. And then she blossomed forth as one of the magic inmates of "The Enchanted Cottage"! She plays with Dick Barthelmess as a shy, ugly, little woman, transformed by love



VERA REYNOLDS came into her own in William de Mille's "Icebound." As a selfish, wistfully vain child-woman—half frightened and half passionate—she gives a fine characterization. Her next venture will be "The Inside Story," another de Mille etching



Sometimes brides must compromise in the difficult matter of choosing bridesmaids. But Elsie's choice of our charming Sally was a vote for both friendship and beauty. And now what has Sally done but catch the bouquet!

"Good health and pure soap" — the simple formula for a beautiful skin

THE beauty and fine smoothness that come to your skin from the use of Ivory Soap are the result of cleanliness.

Ivory thus contributes to beauty all that any soap can contribute. Ivory needs no assistance from medicaments, artificial coloring matter or strong perfumes. Its purity, whiteness, dainty fragrance and gentleness provide every quality and property that a fine soap should have, regardless of the price at which it may be sold.

With Ivory, plus good health, the care of the skin becomes a simple matter. Bathe your face once or twice daily in warm water and Ivory lather; follow your warm rinsing with a dash of cool or cold water, and you have done for your complexion all

that any soap can do to promote its beauty.

This fact becomes clear the moment you realize that the function of soap for the skin is to *cleanse*, not to cure or to transform. The highest authorities agree on this point, and the proof of its soundness is recorded on the faces of millions of women who use Ivory exclusively for their complexions.

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To satisfy the request of many women for a cake of Ivory to fit the soap holder on their washstands, we have recently provided Guest Ivory, a dainty, graceful cake with all of Ivory's traditional mildness and purity. We offer you Guest Ivory under the guarantee that if we charged you a dollar a cake we could give you no finer soap!

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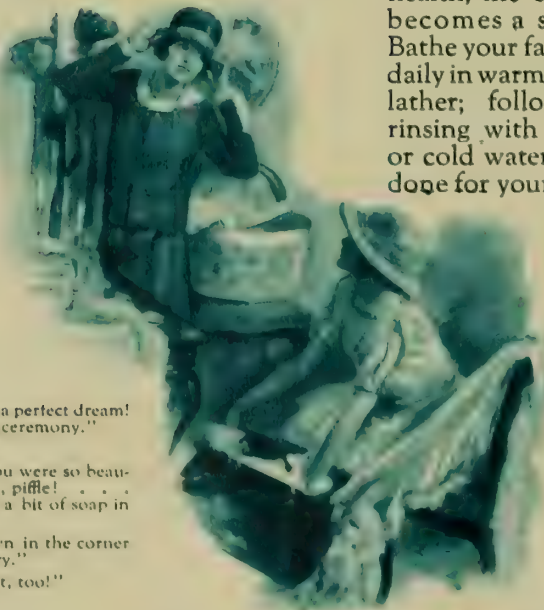
"Elsie, dear, you were a perfect dream! I wept all through the ceremony."

"Why, Sally?"

"Oh, just because you were so beautiful! I hope I'll—oh, piffle! . . . Look here, there isn't a bit of soap in your bag."

"Yes, there is—down in the corner—a cake of Guest Ivory."

"Aha! So you use it, too!"



PHOTOPLAY

June, 1924



Speaking of Pictures

By James R. Quirk

HAVE you heard of the great new super-spectacle now being released in serial form under the title "Holier Than Thou"?

It is being produced by the U. S. Senate, once known as "the most august legislative body in the world." They've quit legislating and have gone into the show business with a vengeance.

The first episode opened with a reproduction of the citizens' tribunal of the French Revolution, with dignified members of our government playing the parts of Citizens Robespierre, Danton and Murat. The carts rumbled through the streets of Washington, and the guillotine platform was slippery with political gore.

A great costume picture, a gorgeous piece of showmanship, but we doubt that the picture is going to be a ballot-box attraction. It's an all-star cast, but the continuity is ragged, and the theme uncertain. What it needs is a first class movie director who can put some comedy relief into it before it is taken out and road-showed this fall.

Mark you, I am not a communist, nor an iconoclast, nor am I lacking in respect for and faith in our form of government and some of the splendid patriotic minds of our executive and legislative departments and assemblies.

But I am convinced, after closely observing the Senate in action, that I could make some suggestions that will be found helpful. We should have a super-investigating committee to investigate the investigating committees, and find out what they're all about, and I would nominate Houdini as chairman. If he cannot untangle them, no one can.

One day, while the immigration bill was being presented, I detected only three members on the democratic side, each eagerly awaiting an opportunity to raise his voice in behalf of his favorite foreigners (see Con-

gressional Record), and five gentlemen on the republican side, bent over their little mahogany desks, writing the folks back home that the spring crops of garden seeds were on the way.

Over in the committee rooms the investigators were all hard at work on scenes showing the decapitation of cabinet officers and building up sets for the Indian Summer campaign.

As far as I could see, they ought to call it a draw, and make it unanimous for Calvin Coolidge. He has all the elements of a good box office attraction, including the sure-fire mystery angle. He's got us all guessing and we're going to vote for him just to see what he will do.

I've got another suggestion that would insure a full attendance at every session and get the boys down to work. I'd appoint Corinne Griffith or Pola Negri, presidents *pro tem*, of the Senate, and select a dozen of our beautiful movie stars as clerks, sergeants at arms, page boys and doorkeepers. They need a little sex interest in the Senate as well as in the picture houses.

Just a few committee suggestions. Why not put Cecil De Mille in as chairman of the Committee on Appropriations? He spends money freely but gets results. Nita Naldi would be an ideal head of Ways and Means. She's clever, that girl. Bill Hart would make a real chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs. Or maybe Tully Marshall. He succeeded in managing two squaws in "The Covered Wagon."

Can you imagine what Mack Sennett would do to get the public interested in Rivers and Harbors? If they're really going to do something on uniform divorce laws, don't overlook Barbara La Marr. She knows. And how about Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd as head of the Foreign Relations Committee? There hasn't been a laugh out of that hardworking outfit in ten years.

Great Lovers

*As seen by those they've made
love to*



"Ramon is Romeo," says Alice Terry. "The most fascinatingly dangerous type of lover—an idealist of great physical charm"

THE hundreds of letters that pour in daily to PHOTOPLAY leave us in little doubt as to how the public feels toward Dix, Valentino, Novarro and other romantic heroes of the day, but do the recipients of their screen attentions feel a similar enthusiasm?

If a man is never a hero to his valet, can he hope to be to his leading lady?

A canvass of fourteen representative actresses, asking each to name the greatest lover with whom she has appeared, has brought forth opinions as frank as those of fans.

We know that screen romance is often real, for it has often led to the wedding of the hero and heroine after the picture's fadeout. And it would seem that the best results have been obtained for the screen when a momentary illusion of reality has been created.

Corinne Griffith considers the question of leading men so important that she has the right in her contract to pass on them as she does on her directors and stories. Alice Terry agrees with Miss Griffith and admits,—while allowing as how no lady should,—that there may be a real kick in love scenes. Gloria Swanson naively confesses that she once complained to the company because they were giving her such old men; she says she wanted them young enough so she could at least pretend love. And Nita Naldi boldly declares that she held herself ready to cancel a trip to Europe in order to play with Valentino again.

In preparing a symposium of the great lovers of the screen as viewed by those they've made love to, no attempt was made to determine the greatest Romeo. Such an attempt would have failed lamentably, for no two actresses named the same man!

Ramon Novarro

By Alice Terry

Any actress who wishes to be thought refined should never admit that she gets a kick out of love scenes. But I do. That



Gloria Swanson and Rod La Rocque in a "Society Scandal"



Lew Cody's love-making becomes a real and exhilarating romance, according to Barbara La Marr



Norma Talmadge: "Any woman should be honored and delighted with the sort of love Eugene O'Brien offers me on the screen"



Blanche Sweet believes that Conrad Nagel typifies the majority of America's lovers today

of the Screen

The Great Screen Lovers

RAMON NOVARRO
JOHN BARRYMORE
ROD LA ROCQUE
LEW CODY
MONTE BLUE
CONWAY TEARLE
ROBERT W. FRAZER

RICHARD DIX
RUDOLPH VALENTINO
THOMAS MEIGHAN
LEWIS STONE
FRANK MAYO
JACK MUTHALL
EUGENE O'BRIEN

CONRAD NAGEL

The Jury that Chose Them

GLORIA SWANSON
POLA NEGRI
BETTY COMPTON
NITA NALDI
CORINNE GRIFFITH
VIOLA DANA
MARY ASTOR

NORMA TALMADGE
ALICE TERRY
BARBARA LA MARR
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
BLANCHE SWIFT
JACQUELINE LOGAN
ALMA RUBENS

is, sometimes. Ramon Novarro has never failed to interest me. In each new part he essays, he becomes a different individual. From *Rupert* in "Zenda" with his flip inpertinence, he became the lyric young pagan of "Where the Pavement Ends," from that to the fiery, scintillant *Scaramouche*, and then the handsome and rascally lovable dragoman of "The Arab"

After I have played with an actor a few times I usually can tell just about the expressions and gestures he will use in a given situation. But Ramon, never! He acts by thought rather than by gesture. I'm always curious as to what he's going to do next, so I watch his eyes to know what he's thinking. Now that's fatal! It seems to me that Novarro is the most fascinatingly dangerous type of lover—an idealist of great physical charm. He is Romeo—young, poetic and ardently sincere. You feel he has a high and exacting ideal of



Pola Negri proclaims Robert W. Frazer the greatest screen lover of her experience—and she has had over a score of leading men



Richard Dix is the ideal lover says Betty Compson



"Compelling, gentle but beneath a serene exterior a man of fire and strength—Thomas Meighan"



Corinne Griffith cannot choose between Frank Mayo and Conway Tearle



Mary Astor found Barrymore inspiring, with a sense of poetry and a chivalry that women love



"Rodie isn't a wild animal," says Nita Naldi. "He's a sweet, adorable, charming boy." Nita says she likes him Latin

women, that he is not to be brought down by any flashy flirtation; and so he challenges a woman's interest—and vanity.

Rod La Rocque

By Gloria Swanson

Great screen lovers? I didn't know there were any. Yet I suppose there is a difference, for I once went to the company and complained because they were giving me such old leading men. I said I would like some one I could at least pretend I was in love with. Since then I have had a number of young men who exert a romantic appeal. I recall one of the most illustrious of these; he was always stepping on my gown. In the most romantic moments I would have to turn and say, "Pardon me, would you mind taking your feet off my train?" My motto for great lovers after that was, "Watch your step!" The greatest screen lover, so far as I am concerned, is the one who embarrasses me least. It is very embarrassing to play love scenes with a man you have just met.

I think I enjoyed the love scenes with Rod La Rocque in "A Society Scandal" more than any I have played, because I have known Rod for years. It is always a great satisfaction to have a fine actor playing opposite you. Rod La Rocque is one of the finest. I do not think anyone has done greater work on the screen than he did in "The Ten Commandments." There's a boyish, direct and sincere quality in Rod that appeals to women, and, being very sensitive, he gives a great deal to anyone playing with him.

Eugene O'Brien

By Norma Talmadge

The test of a great lover, on or off the screen, is the measure of his sincerity. Beneath all the furbelows and fancies, the pretty speeches and the thoughtful actions, must

be something real, something honest and fine, that rings with sincerity and truth. Because I feel that way, because I have always felt that way, I think Eugene O'Brien is one of the greatest screen lovers. To a woman, unless she is looking for mere amusement, which the women in my pictures seldom are, the main test of love is its reality, its depths. Eugene O'Brien conveys above everything else a depth of real emotion. A love scene with him is instantly raised in my thought from the commonplace, the trivial or the merely physical. It becomes something fine and worth while.

I always feel that any woman would be honored and delighted with the sort of love Eugene O'Brien offers me on the screen, and I find I can respond to it, as the woman I am playing would do.

Lew Cody

By Barbara La Marr

I have played opposite many of the screen's greatest lovers during the past year and a half. And to me the greatest of them all is Lew Cody. Why? He has that tender quality in screen love-making which gives a convincing touch to scenes depicting the "great emotion."

He falls in perfectly with your mood, catches the exact tempo of the desired situation and carries you along with a smoothness and ease that makes both players

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



Two types of lovers, those you must teach and those who can teach you. Lew Stone is the latter, says Alma Rubens



Freak Fashions of the Films

When you seek the final word in dress, look for it on the screen



A new style for flower girls (right). A belt of flower-laden baxes worn by Alma Bennett

Ethel Chaffin, designer who designs styles for the stars in Paramount pictures

Below—A weird collar of uncured ostrich feathers is worn by Grace Elliott beneath a hat that resembles an aviator's helmet



Below—This half-and-half wrap, made of black velvet and ermine, is worn by Viora Daniel in Cecil De Mille's "Triumph"



To make a short girl appear taller, Miss Chaffin designed this spiral gown for Gertrude Hennecke





Gloria Swanson's former shingled bob



Miss Swanson's new boyish bob

Long hair is an empty vanity with some women and suppressed desires with others. With the former it is inseparably connected with allure—the old, trick phrase about “woman’s crowning glory” did that—and with the latter it is the last stand against being herself—something they think no lady should be. I’d trust a short-haired woman farther than a long-haired one—believe me!

IRENE CASTLE

The constant cutting of hair weakens the whole scalp structure. I sometimes fear that this bobbing will be responsible for actual baldness among our women.

C. NESTLE

Inventor of the Nestle Lanoil wave

The Battle of

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has made a national investigation of the problem to help you make up your mind

AS the Lady of Long Hair majestically entered the hotel lobby, a member of the Bobbed Hair Sisterhood jauntily jeered: “Here comes the horse and buggy!”

“Bandit!” retorted the Lady of Long Hair, with all the venom of outraged womanhood.

To bob or not to bob!

That is the question that is causing more argument, more acrimonious discussion in this country today than any other, with the possible exception of prohibition.

It interests all classes and both sexes. No walk of life is exempt from arguments about it, because women in every walk are debating with themselves and with their friends the questions of whether it will be becoming, whether the fashion will last, what style bob they shall have, and a hundred other problems that arise when the subject is broached.

And the men are in it, too. Husbands are interested in the mental reactions of wives on the matter. Asked or unasked, they are giving their opinions. Husbands, as a rule, being conventional, seem to be rather opposed to the new idea, especially so far as their own families are concerned. Not that it will do them any good to object if the wives make up their minds, but they can talk anyway.

The emancipated—those who have had their hair bobbed—have coined a term for those who have not. The name is “horse and buggy,” and this has taken its place beside that other term of opprobrium and scorn—“Old Ironsides”—applied to those of the younger generation who still wear corsets.

The bob is in the news every day. “It is an incentive to crime,” say the Ladies of Long Hair. “Look at the newspapers!”

Perhaps the bob is to blame. Perhaps it is a result of the war, and perhaps it



Helene Chadwick shows the girlish bob



Colleen Moore affects the Dutch bob

Bobbed Hair

Read what they all say, pro and con. Weigh it carefully and then let your conscience be your guide

is the motion pictures, but it is a fact that, all over the country, such headlines as these are common:

"Bobbed hair leads to suit for divorce."

"Bobbing of hair costs twelve nurses jobs."

"Twenty-three court clerks must bob their hair."

"Bob-hair bandit collects \$350 for spring suit."

"Shocked husband shoots himself when wife bobs hair."

"Bobbed-hair bandit shoots cashier who objects to being robbed."

And a Puritanical editorial writer gasps: "What if they had bobbed Lady Godiva?"

In an effort to determine the prospects of an early armistice and to get, if possible, a consensus of opinion on the question of long or short hair, PHOTOPLAY has made a nation-wide canvass of both camps, seeking opinions from educators, physicians, hairdressers, men and women stars of the screen, stage stars, directors, shop girls and passers-by. It is perhaps significant that the First Lady of the Land, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, refused to take issue. Her hair is not bobbed.

And with the canvass made, the result is still in doubt. A careful recount seems necessary. The Dean of one woman's college says bobbed hair is "barbaric." The Dean of another believes it is a long step in the right direction. A famous hairdresser says in a few years women will be bald. Another, equally famous, says "Bunk!" The stage is divided, the screen is hopelessly split, society cannot agree, the shopgirls wrangle bitterly.

No well-founded estimate of the number of bobs now in this country is possible. A famous hairdressing place in New York bobs three thousand heads a week. Another says six thousand a day are being bobbed. And that is only one city.

Bobbed hair — and particularly this new method of shingling it — is another defi that the girls of today are hurling into the teeth of their elders. They've been telling us for five years that it is their self-expression that counts, and they've sneered at the delicate, feminine instincts that distinguished their grandmothers. And to back up their arguments about being intellectual equals of men, they shave their necks. It's barbaric.

DEAN MARION TALBOT

Women's Department, University of Chicago

Long hair can carry germs and, undoubtedly, it often does. It naturally collects more dust and dirt than the shorter hair, which can be more easily covered and washed.

DR. F. J. MONAGHAN

Health Commissioner of New York

If You Must Do It Show This to Your Barber



Shingle, or Ina Claire Bob



Bojish Bob



Marcel, or Water Waved Shingle



Horizontal Tapered Bob



French Side Part Bob



Horizontal Clubbed Bob



Flapper Bob



Permanently Waved Bob



Girlish Bob



French Center Part Bob



Dach Cut



Center Part Bob

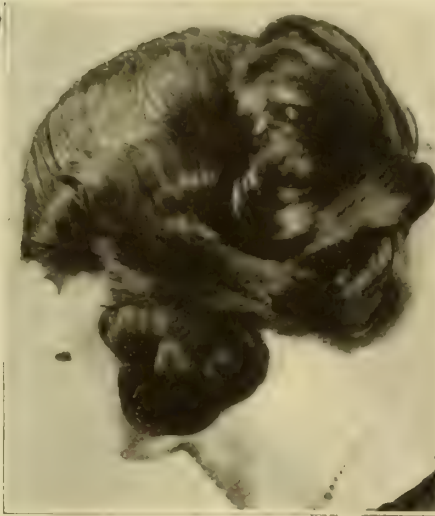
Before and After!

It took this girl weeks to decide to bob her hair. Finally she went to Saveli, the only hairdresser who bobs with a razor instead of shears. Do you think the result justifies the decision?



There are five million, perhaps ten million bobbed heads now, in the United States, but there is no doubt that the number is growing rapidly.

And so, having acquired a mass of expert opinion, about all PHOTOPLAY can do is to offer the high spots of testimony and let its readers judge for themselves.



bob because it makes selection and wearing of hats easier; takes less time to dress, and saves hairpins and nets. No, I haven't bobbed mine. Too many of my friends talked against it, but—I may do it yet.

What Screen and Stage Stars Say

GLORIA SWANSON—I might as well confess my secret: I'm a cliptomaniac. Cutting hair amounts to an obsession with me. I'm always trimming my own; I love to cut my baby's; and I cut Alice Brady's beautifully. I find short hair very convenient for every style of *coiffure*. I do not always wear it as a bob. With switches of my own hair, I can achieve very easily any effect I want.

ELSIE FERGUSON—These awful straight lines are largely responsible for the bob. They give a boyish effect and, to complete the picture, the hair must be bobbed. Bobbed hair is not becoming to every woman. The head must be a certain shape to wear the bob effectively. I am for the



BEBE DANIELS—My hair is long but I prefer the bobbed. The only reason I don't bob mine is that I am required to play so many parts calling for long hair, and I do not like wigs. I think the bob very becoming to most girls. As for becoming bald because of bobbing, I think that is what they call "bunk." The hair grows thicker following the scissors.

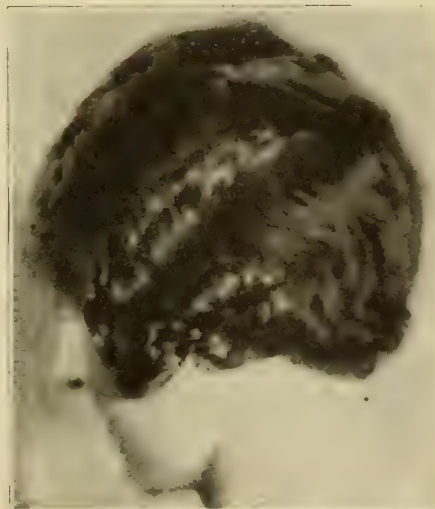
ALMA RUBENS—Bobbed hair is for comfort, not for looks. It is just vanity which keeps women from cutting their hair. They are afraid they won't look so pretty. Well, they probably won't. But what is the difference? There is something else besides looks in the world. Whenever I see a woman shilly-shallying about cutting her hair, I long to say: "Oh, come off your pedestal, you're no *Venus de Milo*, anyway!"

MAE MURRAY—There is so much that is interesting to do in the world that a woman who does not try to rid herself of the routine of life seems to me to lack intelligence. Long hair is

Bobbed hair makes a woman much more comely than a pile of hair. It lends her youth and does not necessarily detract from her dignity. In England, women with bobbed hair are in the majority. In time, ten or twenty years from now, there may be no woman without bobbed hair.

LADY DIANA MANNERS

Famous English Actress



Women seem determined to make themselves as unattractive as possible. It is woman's prerogative to be chic, dainty, delicate. Bobbed hair and flat shoes are woman's curse. A woman who respects her womanhood as well as her appearance will never distort her visage by these unsightly clipped locks.

MME. SIMONE

Noted French Stage Star

Photos Russell Ball

a nuisance and a bore, and it isn't worth the trouble. Long hair is either a sign of vanity or the result of an old-fashioned mind.

FRANCINE LARRIMORE—Bobbed hair is for young people exclusively. Elderly women with skinny, scrawny necks make bad matters worse by clipping their tresses. Bobbed hair needs a youthful face and youthful contours. Like everything else, however, discretion is the greater part of hairdressing. It is like make-up—it may suit you and it may not—but in its use you have to use your brains.

MARY ASTOR — Bobbed hair, never! I see no reason for it. Beautiful long hair is one of woman's greatest charms. When men begin to wear their hair long, I may consider bobbing mine. It seems to me there is too great a tendency on the part of women to copy masculine styles—knickers, socks, sweaters, cigarettes, bobbed hair. Where shall we stop?

NITA NALDI—If you're a Juno, why try to be a kewpie? I was one of the first to bob my hair—'way back in 1916, but I did it because of illness. Now I bob it just above the waist. Some of the girls are very chic with short bobs, but such is not for my type. Be distinctive! If you haven't individuality you haven't anything. A fashion is justifiable only if it conforms to beauty, and bobbed hair can disfigure just as easily as it can enhance one's appearance.

ALICE TERRY—My hair is thicker and healthier since I have bobbed it.

ANNA MAY WONG —A Chinese woman's hair is her chief ornament in life. Chinese women never wear hats, but they put all their ideas of decoration in their hair. As a race, we use hair for head covering instead of hats, so we could not possibly approve of bobbed hair. We think bobbed hair is very dangerous to the femininity and beauty of womankind.

As a result of intelligence tests made at Radcliffe, Smith, Simmons and other women's colleges, I believe that the "bobbed-hair flapper" is undependable; dislikes discipline and enforced tasks; lacks patience; doesn't care to bother with burdensome mental problems; appreciates only that part of a question which directly affects herself.

PROFESSOR A. A. ROBACK
Harvard University Psychologist

BETTY BLYTHE—Naturally a woman hates to part with her hair, but I have felt five years younger since I bobbed mine. In Paris I shopped for hats, but found none for sale for women with long hair. So, to be in the swim of the present vogue is one reason I bobbed my hair. It makes one feel youthful, for the childish, close line of the head is youth itself.

MARION DAVIES—No matter what may be said against bobbed hair and the bobbed-hair girl, it is a style that has come to stay and no amount of silly prejudice is going to drive the girl who has once enjoyed the freedom and comfort of short locks, back to the unsanitary and uncomfortable mode of long hair.

ANNA Q. NILSSON—I bobbed my hair for my "art." Now don't laugh. I had to. I admit [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]

Bobbed Hair Has Come to Stay By Adela Rogers St. Johns

BOBBED hair has come to stay forever and ever. Any and every attempt to stop its establishment as a permanent institution among women has failed completely. This is the unanimous opinion of the screen stars who have done so much to make bobbed hair fashionable. Two-thirds of the screen stars today have short hair. The Talmadge sisters, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Blanche Sweet, Barbara La Marr, Viola Dana, Colleen Moore, Leatrice Joy, Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Virginia Valli and practically all the ingenues wear bobbed locks, while Mary Pickford, Priscilla Dean, Florence Vidor, Agnes Ayres, Corinne Griffith and May McAvoy hold the fort for long hair.

But there is no longer any quarrel between the women about bobbed hair. It is simply a question of becomingness. Bobbing your hair no longer takes on breathless moments of trembling and strange forebodings. Those are things of the past. Today the only debate is over its suitability to your style, and whether or not your husband will let you.

In Hollywood women are thoroughly agreed that bobbed hair belongs to women by right, that it will continue for all time, and that it is a matter only of personal preference, just as wearing green or purple or pale pink is. The much-discussed question of whether women dress to please men or to please themselves comes once more to the front, for most women like themselves and their friends in short hair. Women are pleased artistically, except in a few cases, by the lovely smooth line of their heads with short hair, and they gain much freedom and comfort. The greatest advantage of short hair is its supreme comfort. If men had to go around for a few weeks with a great wad of heavy hair pinned by piercing wire hairpins to the base of

their brains, or weighing heavily upon the tops of their skulls, they wouldn't be so quick to condemn women to wear long hair.

The great disadvantage of short hair, it is agreed in Hollywood, is that it takes so much longer to keep it nicely arranged, unless a woman has naturally curly hair or wears it straight. The belief that short hair cuts down the time of hair-dressing is a great mistake. It may save husbands time in the evening, but a woman spends twice the time having it marcelled and cut that she did in dressing it before.

Nobody knows how long it took men to reach their present close-cropped and smooth-shaven stage. When they sacrificed their flowing curls and waving beards, nobody said they were becoming less masculine.

Long or short hair has nothing to do with femininity. It cannot be confused in any way with mannish dressing, because most bobbed hair is arranged in the most alluring and feminine way possible. Women spend more time and attention on their hair, and it is the most feminine types of women who have their hair bobbed.

There has not been the slightest indication in fashions and styles to go with bobbed hair of anything masculine or mannish. Gradually, in both sexes, comfort, and freedom for more attention to work, thought and play have become the keynote. The old barbarous fashions in clothes are disappearing for men and women. Bobbed hair symbolizes the progress of woman in the twentieth century toward more freedom, more worth-while achievement, and more time devoted to what is under the skull instead of on top of it.

But it doesn't mean that woman is less feminine.



"It's simply a case of becomingness," says this famous short story writer and motion picture authority. It certainly is in her case.

The Beauty

Proving again that it is not
always wise to have all your
goods in the show window

By Mary Appleton Bromfield

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers



*It was her beauty that
made all the trouble.
You see, Barbara
was born a beauty*

OH, no! You are quite wrong about Barbara. She was not a born actress. She was not an actress until vanity upset the apple cart and made her thoroughly miserable. It was her beauty that made all the trouble. You see, Barbara was born a beauty.

The first thing she was given to understand by her parents was that she was a beauty. Her mother and father got into the habit of telling her so long before she was able to understand the meaning of the word. To be frank, I don't believe she understands even now that beauty can be something besides unmitigated good fortune.

She was the kind of baby one couldn't help telling she was beautiful, just as she grew into the same sort of woman. My memory is not the best, but I remember vividly the first time I saw her. She must have been four years old. She came in from a walk with her cousin Nancy, who was two years older

and lived with Julia, Barbara's mother, because her own mother was dead.

"Let the children come in, nurse," said Julia. She was a silly woman if ever there was one, but absurdly pretty, nevertheless, with her soft brown curls and baby-blue eyes. "I want their cousin Tony to see Barbara."

I was taken aback for a moment by the sudden change from the plural to the singular. Then I saw Barbara! She was dressed in one of those Russian costumes which children were wearing that winter—a bright scarlet tunic with black astrakhan, and was the most delicious child I have ever seen—dark curls, radiant skin, dark eyes. I couldn't help myself.

"How beautiful you are, Barbara," I said.

The child became very serious. A really solemn note entered her voice when she answered.

"Yes," she said, "everyone tells me that some day I'll be a great beauty."

I could have sworn that even then her beauty was a responsibility to her. It was as though she had fallen heir to an enormous fortune which she felt must be used for the good of humanity.

Her cousin stood just behind her, rather a dim little figure in a blue reefer, with a smooth brown pigtail and skinny legs.

"And who is this?" I asked, blundering from one mistake to another.

"Oh, I'm only Nancy."

The development of Barbara from a child into a young girl was in the nature of a triumphal progress. I don't suppose she ever went into the street without someone stopping her nurse and asking the name of the beautiful little girl. People were always passing the time of day with her. There was one old man—Nancy told me about him and called him "a silly old fool"—who met them regularly in the park with a present for Barbara.

"Ah, here's my little beauty," he would cry out and prance about them in a ridiculous fashion.

All nurse's beaux, both in the police force and out of it, plied her with every sort of sweets, lollipops and peanuts, gifts in which Nancy shared because she was the cousin of the "little beauty." Once a huge policeman took her up in front of him on his horse. The gentlemen who came to tea with her pretty mother were just as silly. They dawdled Barbara on their knees, brought her toys and dolls and made fatuous remarks to her or to her mother.

"Look out, Julia," they'd say, "or I'll be falling in love with your daughter" and "aren't you bringing up this little beauty to be an old man's darling?"

This went on so much that Julia, who was something of a beauty herself, sometimes grew annoyed and sent the children away early "to play quietly upstairs with nurse." But she fancied the picture of a charming young mother with so beautiful a child, and it did not happen too frequently. More often, it was little Nancy who wandered shyly away, feeling even then that she was a failure.

I must say for Barbara that she never bridled or cooed or made open bids for admiration in the fashion of her mother. She merely accepted it as her just due. She was a nice child,



I caught a glimpse of Barbara
hopping off to supper with a
group of admirers

St. Moritz, "Dear Tony:—The Crown Prince has seen Barbara and wants to meet her. It will be tomorrow. She has a great many admirers. . . . Nancy."

And another a few days later:

"Dear Tony:—It came off. Babs and Mamma think the C. P. charming. I can't go him. Babs had a proposal today, but is more interested in the C. P. . . . Nancy."

In an envelope came a clipping with a photograph of Barbara dressed in the most complete Parisian sports costume.

"Beautiful American girl takes part in winter sports" was printed beneath it and at the end an exclamation point added by someone else in red ink.

Another postal from Paris, this time from Barbara.

"Dear Tony:—We are staying here (the Crillon marked with a cross). I am taking singing lessons as a friend of mamma's, a musician who is here, thinks that I have quite a good voice. Yours—Babs."

Last of all, there came a rather incoherent letter from Julia telling me of some French prints she had found at an extraordinary reduction, and full of Barbara's triumphs. "The Crown Prince was quite *boulevard*." The King of Spain "very much *épris*," had made her

generous, kind and energetic even if she did seem a trifle impressive.

"She's not bad for a beauty," Nancy remarked to me gravely on one occasion, with a quiet light shining in her grey eyes.

Of course, all the money that could be spent was lavished on Barbara's clothes. They were more fretted and fussed over by her mother than Julia's own pretty dresses, and the results were amazingly effective if just a little flamboyant.

Nancy usually wore the same model—"children look so cunning dressed alike." The brilliant reds and yellows weren't at all becoming to her; besides, Julia had a way of dressing Barbara a year too young for her age so that Nancy who was two years older, and a bit leggy at that, sometimes bordered in appearance upon the ridiculous. She was a very quiet child who listened a great deal (by circumstance as well as by nature). I don't think anything passed her unheard and unobserved. When Nancy was twelve and Barbara ten, Julia had her portrait painted—she was amazingly good-looking then—with Barbara in her arms in the attitude of Miss Vigee Le Brun and Nancy standing behind them. Nancy, dressed for the first time independently in soft white with her brown hair hanging straight down her back, had an air of distinction all her own. She seemed curiously aloof and unconcerned with the other two.

The artist was well-known and fashionable at the time. The portrait was exhibited at Knoedler's, where it created a remarkable sensation.

The year before the girls came out, Julia took them abroad to give them the necessary finishing touches. From time to time I had postals from them, marking a triumphal progress across the continent. It was Nancy who sent them. From

promise to bring the girls to visit him when they went to Madrid. Of course, there were a great many minor royalties. As far as I could make out, the entire *noblesse* of the Balkans was at Barbara's feet.

I was abroad during the fateful year of Barbara's debut, but I understand that it fulfilled every expectation. There were very few numbers of *Vogue* or *Town and Country* without some mention of her—a paragraph, or a picture by Genthe, by Baron de Meyer, snapshots of her, walking on the avenue, at the races on Long Island or in the Junior League play. Sometimes Nancy by a stroke of luck, or because she happened to be the cousin of so famous a beauty, appeared in a snapshot.

Barbara played a prominent part in the Junior League show. It was her first appearance on the stage. I saw an account of her triumphs in some fashion paper in the hands of one of the ladies at my pension in Florence. Nancy, too, kept me informed with a series of friendly postals.

The day after my arrival from Europe, I went to tea with Julia. I found her looking prettier and more absurd than ever with an abundant tea tray in front of her. There was a noticeable flutter in the air and I waited for new evidences of Barbara's triumphs in the flood of jumbled discourse. To my amusement it was Nancy, for probably the first time in her life, who was the center of the stage. She had been visiting in Boston where she was a great success and had been shown marked attention by several young men. One in particular—he was everything desirable—was coming to tea that very afternoon.

"I simply must meet him, Tony," said Julia, "and then we old people can go into the other room and chat together."

She had taken to referring to herself as "we old people"

since a few threads of grey had begun to show in her brown hair. Just then Nancy came in. "I was just telling Tony," said Julia, "that you were the marrying kind."

I was quite unprepared for the lovely gratefulness of Nancy's figure and the set of her small head. That afternoon, however, as she came into the room, there was something else. In her eyes, as she raised them to greet me, there was an extraordinary light. You could feel about her a glow of wonderful secret happiness. She sat down quietly beside me and asked me about my trip, listening absent-mindedly to my not very interesting account and to her aunt's flow of news and gossip. Every once in a while she would glance at the clock.

At last the bell rang and Mr. Otis was announced. Nancy gave a quick little expectant movement of her head. Her hand on the arm of the big chair beside her was trembling.

Phil Otis had a rather shy, charming manner and a most engaging smile. With his tall, slim, young good-looks and a certain wistfulness in his eyes, it was not hard to see why Nancy had lost her heart so easily. After greeting us, he went and sat beside her; it was quite clear that she was the person he had come to see. They talked to each other in low voices while Julia babbled along innocently about the famous French prints. Had I bought any? She had forgotten to mention the name of the shop in her letter. Wouldn't I like to see hers? It penetrated my consciousness that this was a move to get "the old people" out of the room and give Nancy a free hand, so I rose with a hasty enthusiasm. And just then Barbara came into the room.

I think I could have killed her for looking as she did, with her face all aglow from the crisp March air and her soft rich sables wrapped about her. She was the most radiant sight I have ever set eyes upon. It would have been impossible in that moment to even remember that there was any other woman in the room. Phil simply stood and stared at her like a man entranced.

I took my leave as quickly as possible with a dozen foolish excuses. I simply couldn't stay and see the light go out of Nancy's eyes.

Barbara and Phil were married the following autumn in St.

Bartholomew's chapel. I returned from the west just in time for the great occasion. I dreaded seeing Nancy again for I knew that she must have suffered agonies through it all and it took all my courage to walk up to where she stood beside Barbara and her mother at the reception. Most of the crowd had shaken hands and were pushing toward the dining room so I saw the two cousins and Phil standing almost alone before the background of flowers. Nancy was dressed in a soft grey chiton—"clinging" is the word to use, I suppose—but that seems too heavy for the extraordinary look of lightness and grace which it gave her figure. On her small head was a big floppy black hat, and under it her golden brown hair was drawn in two smooth bands on either side of her face. I had never realized what a lovely oval it was. She was absolutely quiet and cool and if her eyes were sad, there was nothing beaten in them. She was alluring, soft, elusive, feminine. She held her lovely little head as if she knew it.

I turned to Barbara, standing there in all the magnificence of silver brocade and calla lilies. For the first time she seemed too much of a person, just a trifle too big.

Barbara and Phil made a strikingly handsome couple and were very much in love with each other. It was a satisfaction to see them walking together down the avenue with their free swinging gait, like two beautiful young animals. For a time it seemed that she had even merged her respect for her beauty into her love for him. I dined with them once or twice in their charming little apartment. Barbara was all that an adoring wife could be. She had made matrimony her own, so to speak, and lent to it the same impressiveness and solemnity which she bestowed on her own good looks. As for Phil, he seemed not to have awakened entirely from the trance into which she had thrown him at their first meeting.

Barbara was one of those people who fill a room with their presence, crowding the personalities of the others into a corner and leaving one eventually with a sense of suffocation. As Nancy remarked with a little sigh one evening as we walked home together after a *parti carre*, "You're always crowded wherever Babs is, and she's the crowd." However, Phil didn't seem to mind the crowd. He [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



I think I could have killed her for looking as she did, with her face all aglow from the crisp March air and her soft, rich sables wrapped about her

\$5,000

The Prizes

Here are the prizes for Photoplay Magazine Radio Contest.

First Prize \$2,500.00

Second Prize 1,000.00

Third Prize 500.00

Five \$100 prizes, five \$50 prizes and ten \$25 prizes—all cash. Three De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophones, complete with batteries and loud speaker, and each retailing for \$225.



Arthur Stringer, the Author

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give \$5,000 in cash for a title for the greatest fiction story of the year.

Arthur Stringer, master of American romantic mystery tales, has written the story especially for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest. Both the story and contest will start in July PHOTOPLAY.

Romance, nerve-tingling mystery and exhilarating thrills, with \$5,000 and three of the finest radio receiving sets manufactured, invite everybody in the world to read the story and enter the contest. The first prize is \$2,500 in gold.

Mr. Stringer's story, which will be known throughout the contest as "The Story Without A Name," is the greatest he has ever written. The author of "Empty Hands," "Unseeing Eyes," "The Iron Claw," "The Wire Tappers," "Phantom Wires," "Manhandled," and scores of other gripping, absorbing and enthralling stories has created the most amazing work of his career, weaving a net of love and intrigue around some of the strangest, and most wonderful characters in literature.

The hero is a radio enthusiast; the villain an international spy; the heroine the daughter of an American admiral—three of the most entrancing personalities you have encountered. Mr. Stringer makes you know these people so intimately that you feel you actually live with them through the amazing sequence of stirring incidents in his dramatic and unforgettable story.

So rapid is the action and so bewildering is the plot, that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has seized upon the story for one of its greatest screen productions of the year.

Irvin V. Willat, one of America's greatest directors, is already at work with a notable cast making a super picture from the story. Mr. Willat, who directed "Wanderer of the Wasteland," "Heritage of the Desert," "On the High Seas," "Behind the Door" and many other famous productions, is so enthusiastic over "The Story Without A Name," that he and Jesse Lasky in charge of production for Famous Players, will leave

nothing undone, no expense spared, to make it the most outstanding triumph of 1924 screen history. Not only will the picture be an artistic production but a film sensation, providing photoplay fans with the most exciting, entrancing entertainment of the year.

That's that about the story and picture. Now for the prizes. To win them, all you have to do is to submit a title for the story. It should be suitable for the picture also, because the story and picture will be known after the contest by the name selected by the judges. It may be the name you suggest. If it is, you will get \$2,500 in gold besides having named one of the greatest stories and pictures of all time.

There are lots of prizes. In addition to the \$2,500 first prize there is the second of \$1,000 in cash and the third of \$500 in cash. Then there are five \$100 prizes, five \$50 prizes and ten \$25 prizes—all cash.

In addition three De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophones will be given away. One of these famous radio receiving sets will be given as a prize for each of the best sub-titles submitted for the installments of the story. The name De Forest means to radio what Bell means to the telephone. This wonderful set has the reputation of being the clearest and most perfect receiving apparatus made, as well as the easiest to operate for long-distance aerial reception. No aerials, no ground wires or other cluttering, confusing extras are needed in the use of this marvellous instrument. All you do is to place it in your home, pull out a knob and let the whole family enjoy the "entertainment from the air." The loud speaker attachment makes it a family set, perfect and amazing as radio itself.

You not only can win a cash prize but also one of these wonderful radio sets. All you have to do is to submit a title for the story, a sub-title for each installment and then write your reason, in 100 words or less, why they are the best titles for the story and installments.

That's all there is to it. Whether you enter the contest or not, you will want to read the story because it will be the greatest published by any magazine this year. If you read the story a hundred titles may suggest themselves to you. Send them in. Maybe one will get you \$2,500.

Read the conditions governing the contest. Then order your copy of July PHOTOPLAY. Read the first installment. Then send in titles and sub-titles as soon as possible. The earlier the better. The more the merrier. Send in as many

ORDER YOUR COPY OF THE JULY PHOTOPLAY

In Cash For a Title

as you want. Send one at a time. Remember \$5,000 in cash and three of the finest radio receiving sets made are waiting. You might as well share in these awards as anybody else.

Conditions of Contest

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants a title for a story written by Arthur Stringer, which will start in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It will be known as "The Story Without A Name" in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Radio Contest. Suggestions are invited for a title and \$5,000 in cash and three radio receiving sets will be given away under the following rules:

1. Any person, except an employee of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, or members of their families, may enter the contest. By submitting a suggestion a person becomes a contestant and as such agrees to abide by these rules.

2. To the person submitting the best title for the story and best sub-titles for the installments of the story, together with his, or her, reason why such titles and sub-titles are best suited to the story and installments, and expressed in 100 words or less, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give \$2,500 in cash. The second prize will be \$1,000; the third \$500; \$100 will be given to each of five persons submitting the next five best titles and sub-titles; \$50 will be given to each of the five persons submitting the ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth best titles and sub-titles, and \$25 will be given to each of the ten persons submitting the next best ten titles and sub-titles.

3. To each of the persons submitting the best sub-titles for the installments of the story, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will give a De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophone, complete with batteries and each retailing for \$225.

4. Cleverness of ideas, accuracy, conciseness, originality and neatness will be considered in the awards for the titles and sub-titles. No title will be considered that duplicates or conflicts with the title of any copyrighted story or photoplay.

5. Contestants may submit as many suggestions as they desire. They are urged to send them as early as possible to facilitate work of the judges. The name and address of the contestant must be on each suggestion submitted.

6. For the convenience of contestants a coupon will be printed in each issue of the Magazine during the contest, and may be used to submit suggestions. Although use of this coupon is not compulsory, contestants must submit suggestions on paper that conforms to the coupon in size and shape.



Irvin V. Willat, the Director

7. The judges of the contest will be James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, and Jesse Lasky of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. In selecting titles and sub-titles for cash awards, the judges will be at liberty to disregard sub-titles for which radio sets have been awarded. Their judgment in all awards will be final.

8. If more than one person submits the same titles and sub-titles for the story and installments which win cash prizes, and gives reasons for selecting them in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate prize will be given to each such person. If more than one person submits the same sub-titles for which radio sets are awarded, in an equally clever, accurate, concise, original and neat manner, a duplicate radio set will be given to each such person.

9. All awards will be announced in November PHOTOPLAY.

10. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reserves the right to use the titles submitted as it sees fit. If a suggestion offered as a sub-title is better, in the opinion of the judges, than any title submitted for the story, the judges are at liberty to use it as a title for the story and award the person who submitted it the first cash prize.

11. All suggestions submitted become the exclusive property of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

12. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE reserves the exclusive right to revise or alter these rules at any time.

13. The contest will close at midnight, September 15, 1924, and no suggestions received after that hour will be considered.

14. All suggestions must be mailed to Radio Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.



One of the De Forest D-10 Reflex Radiophones to be given away in Photoplay Radio Contest

IN ADVANCE—DON'T MISS THIS BIG CHANCE

The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

The famous comedian tells of his debut in pictures and of the meeting with Hal Roach, which resulted in fame and fortune for both



Harold Lloyd at twenty, when a member of the Morosco stock company. Note the velvet collar and cuffs on the evening clothes

Part II

SOME people may have had an easy time breaking into pictures. I didn't. Sometimes it seemed to me that everything and everybody was conspiring to keep me out, but I knew the truth was even worse than that. They weren't interested enough to try to keep me out. They just didn't know I was on earth.

But when I look back over the years between the first time I ever saw a camera, down in San Diego, and the time I made "A Sailor-Made Man," I can hardly believe it myself. It doesn't seem possible that the kid who tramped the streets of Hollywood with his last dime clutched in his fist could have been so lucky at last. It must have been a lucky dime. I remember it was a thin one.

Every young fellow starting out in the world without any money or any backing, probably has about the same kind of a time I had. But just the same, a good deal of it sounds like one of those dime novel thrillers. Those years contained the most terrible moments I have ever known and some of the most wonderful. If I wrote it as fiction, people would swear it was bunk. But it's the truth, every word of it, so here goes.

I've always been a busy sort of guy. But in San Diego, I was the busiest I've ever been. Nobody but a bird dog was ever as busy as I was in those days. And I guess I was pretty fresh, too.

I went to high school. Mother made me promise to do that. She said: "Even if you're an actor, a high school education will be a great foundation for



He played character roles with the John Lane O'Connor company at nineteen

you." So when I kissed her good-bye, I promised. And I kept that promise.

Besides going to school, I played with the John Lane O'Connor Stock Company, the Myrtle Vane Stock Company and a couple of others that sprang up for a night or two. I acted as a stage hand whenever a road show came along and I could get away. I was assistant professor in Mr. O'Connor's dramatic school, where I taught Shakespeare, fencing and dancing. I don't know what I knew about any of them—I was nineteen—but most dramatic schools are not much good anyway and I sure thought I was good. Though I must admit the school wasn't exactly mobbed by folks demanding my services.

And I relieved my father in the little restaurant he'd bought.

Outside of that, I didn't have a thing to do.

The lucky thing for me was that the high school was so crowded they had to start classes at seven-thirty. So I'd work through the first three periods, dash merrily to rehearsal at ten, be back at noon, finish at two, give lessons at the dramatic school until five, help Dad in the restaurant until time to go to the theater at eight—and then, after the performance, I went home to bed. It was a great life. I loved it.

While I was attending that high school, I had my one and only taste of being a matinee idol, and I sure liked it. Naturally, when it came to the class plays and school productions, it was duck soup for me. I just ran away with the leading rôles. I knew more about acting than the dramatic teacher himself. In fact, I knew more then about acting than I have ever known since. I was a very

Breaking In

There may be some tougher things than trying to break into motion pictures. I suppose there are. But I haven't happened to come across them. Of all the sheer discouraging, heart-breaking games in the world, that's it. Nobody knows you. Nobody will pay any attention to you. If they do, they give you a cold look, as much as to say:—"Now what could you do?" The walls of their cliques are as hard and smooth as the walls of a bank safe.

breezy young fellow. Anyway, the dramatic teacher used to ask me to help put on the shows and I had my first taste of producing then.

With my years of stage experience, it wasn't much credit to me that I shone pretty brightly in those little school plays. If it hadn't been for John O'Connor's trusty Irish tongue, I imagine I should have had a bad case of swelled head. He and Dad kept me in my place. However, the captain of the football team and I were the two most prominent men in school. I remember the girls used to leave notes in my Latin books and there was one girl named Polly something-or-other, who certainly was easy to look at. I had considerable of a crush on Polly, but I never let anybody know it. I was playing the gay young dog to the best of my small town ability, and I treated 'em all alike.

Kidding aside, I have always been grateful for the popularity that went with my work in that school. I met some of the finest people in town. I was invited to their homes. It was good for me.

It gave me a glimpse of more culture and refinement than I had ever known, and I was so eager to learn that I absorbed everything I could. I met May Robson the other evening, while she was playing in Los Angeles, and I told her that I was a stage hand when she came to the Spreckels Theater ten years ago in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." I certainly never thought then that I'd have a chance to meet the great comedienne whose work I admired in breathless awe from the wings. It gave me a tremendous kick.

It was while I was in San Diego that I first saw a motion picture camera. And a funny little thrill went up and down my spine. I had a hunch right then that I was going to see more of that little black box before I saw less.

The Edison Company had established a studio at Long Beach, California, and the players came to San Diego to get some atmosphere for a Spanish picture they were making. They needed extras, so they applied to the dramatic school. I very grandly agreed to bring down some of my scholars and I sailed forth the next day with my troop. But



"Bebe Daniels was only fourteen when I first saw her," says Harold, "but she was sure pretty, the sweetest kid that ever lived"

I always had to be in everything myself, so I decided to act before the camera, and I did.

I was an Indian.

I must have looked terrible.

Anyway, I didn't think much of such dumb acting, and I certainly didn't cause any sensation with them, so that was that.

Then, suddenly, everything blew up in San Diego, as far as the Lloyd family was concerned. My father's business had failed and he had gone to Los Angeles. The stock company closed for the summer. The dramatic school, which had never paid but a few dollars anyway, was down to the merest handful of pupils. I've had a sneaking notion since that I may have had something to do with its downfall, but such a thought never occurred to me then.

And I was suddenly all fed up with high school. I'd been going to high school, one place and another, for six years. And I just



As Lonesome Luke, the first character he originated. This is from the first picture in which Bebe Daniels (at right) appeared with him



A scene from one of the first comedies in which Harold appeared with the glassless goggles. Bebe Daniels at the right. Cameraman Gill, who is officiating, is still with the Lloyd organization, it being typical of Harold to keep old associates

couldn't go any more. Funny, with me, but I always go along and go along, cheerful and uncomplaining, and then suddenly I'm through. And when I'm through, I am through. I was within six weeks of my diploma, but that was all right with me. I suppose I should say I've always been sorry I didn't get it, but that wouldn't be true. I've never missed the darn thing, and the fact that no sheepskin of mine ornaments the rafters of our attic has never caused me to lose any sleep.

It was during those days in San Diego that I hit the bottom the hardest of any time in my career. I was literally down to one nickel. I bought six doughnuts with it and they were the finest doughnuts I ever ate in my life. I went twenty-four hours on them, and then I bobbed up again with some salary somebody owed me.

I took that and went to Los Angeles to join Dad. From that day on, Dad and I were pals. When I was fighting for a foothold in pictures, he always stood by, and the wisdom he'd acquired in all his years of batting around the world steered me right a good many times.

My brother Gaylord had come to Los Angeles and we took a room in a cheap rooming house on Main Street. One room. We all slept in it and we were mighty glad to have it. At least we had a place to sleep. Eating wasn't always so easy. Oh, we always ate—but not too regularly and not over heartily. We were the most consistent patrons the dairy lunch ever knew and we had it down to a science. We knew how to get more for our money in a dairy lunch than anybody has ever known. And I had a regular genius for finding the cheapest places to eat. I remember one place where you got a steak, fried potatoes, a big hunk of bread, coffee, and sometimes a piece of pie, for twenty cents. I won't say it was done *a la Ritz*, but it filled the space just the same.

For a few weeks it seemed that none of us could get a job. At last Dad landed in a store—long hours, hard work and small pay, but he always came home cheerful and whistling. He liked it. Then Gaylord found an opening as the night clerk in a small hotel, and we began to feel pretty safe again.

As for me—I began to have a glimmering

of an idea that I wasn't so important in the general scheme of things after all. Nobody wanted me. And I wouldn't try for anything but a job acting. I wasn't lazy—anybody can see that from my San Diego record. But on one thing I was set. I would be an actor and nothing else. I felt that I was playing for big stakes, big success, and I wouldn't let anything turn me from it. I had a terrible fear that if I went into anything else, any business, I would never get out of it. I was willing to go without, to economize, to wait, but I was going to stick.

Finally I landed a chance to play bits with the Morosco stock company.

And that was a great stock company. Florence Reed was playing a summer starring engagement there, and though, of course, she wouldn't remember the gawky lad who trooped around as one of the students in "Old Heidelberg," I owe her a great deal. Her acting was an inspiration to me, and I renewed my determination not to let anything discourage me.

As far as my inner artistic aspirations were concerned, the engagement was a great success.

Financially, it wasn't so good. I

got twenty dollars a week when I worked. But I always had to rehearse a week without pay to get that week's work, and usually there would be a week or two in between when there was nothing for me. I did mostly character stuff. I was never a successful juvenile. I have never liked to play my own personality.

One evening, the three of us were sitting around on our cots, in our one little room. There was one small, dim, electric light, swaying from the ceiling and throwing funny shadows on the dingy walls. The one window looked out on the rumble and clatter of endless traffic along Main [CONTINUED ON PAGE 107]



Prosperity at last. Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach, an association which has developed the former into one of the greatest comedians of the screen, and the latter into one of the leading producers of the world

Oh! Pity the Poor Working Girl



The shopgirl's home. The bedroom in a cheap New York lodging house used as a set in "Manhandled"

MISS SWANSON, who plays millionaires as few women can, goes to the other extreme in her coming picture, "Manhandled," and portrays a shopgirl. She went to work in a New York department store, disguised, to acquire atmosphere, as PHOTOPLAY published exclusively last month, and declares that she certainly got it. There is a sharp contrast between the environment in which she found herself as the heroine of the picture and that of her own life, surrounded by every luxury that money can provide for her.



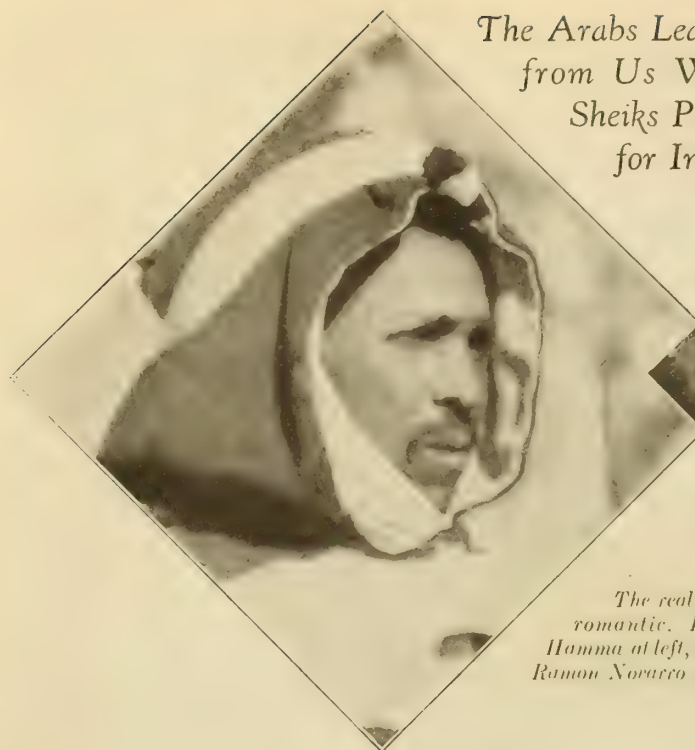
Gloria, the underpaid, underfed shopgirl, entering her sordid home after all day on her feet at the basement counter



Gloria as herself—clothed by the most expensive modistes, carefully coiffured, dainty, beautiful—the way her friends know her. At right, Miss Swanson's own boudoir in her wonderful home in California, one of the most exquisite of all in the Hollywood colony



The Arabs Learn About Love
from Us When Their
Sheiks Play Extra
for Ingram



The real and the
romantic. Kalifa D'El
Hamma at left, and dragoman
Ramon Novarro in "The Arab"

The Kiss That Shocked the Sheiks

By Herbert Howe

ON crimson rugs at the door of a tent high on a hill of the Sahara a Bedouin sheik's son was making ardent love to the daughter of an American missionary.

Below them the black tents of the nomad encampment sprawled like beetles on the golden sands. Shawled women crouched about small fires preparing *couscous* for the evening meal; bold-eyed Bedouin women tattooed in blue on forehead and chin, and negresses from the Sudan. Hundreds of camels in idle groups lifted their heads majestically, disdaining with fine hauteur the herds of goats and donkeys. In the distance the palms of the oasis fanned the sky, and across the horizon a Bedouin in white burnous sped like a ghostly rider.

"All right now, Mr. Novarro kiss Miss Terry!" bawled a megaphone. "And when they kiss, start the camels!"

The camels started all right. That kiss was enough to start anything. One camel was so shocked he fell onto a tent, ruining the family meal and half the family. Some say he tried to commit suicide, but the general opinion was that he merely swooned.

The pandemonium was terrifying. Five sheiks, serving as Ingram's assistants, gargled Arabic as though they were strangling, and an Arab orchestra of pipes and drums went running wild.

No kiss ever made so much noise. It echoed and re-echoed over the Sahara. In any Christian community, Mr. Novarro and Miss Terry would have been promptly

arrested for disturbing the peace. But this is the land of Allah where a man may have four wives and smack up as much footage as he chooses.

In the midst of the emotional bedlam, little Zina, a Bedouin girl of ten, came bounding across the camera lines with a basket of eggs for Miss Terry and nearly scrambled them on Mr. Novarro's romantic bosom.

Anyone but Zina would have been decapitated instantly for messing up the scene, but Zina had been adopted as protegee by the Ingrams,—also Mazurka, an ebon witch from the Sudan, and a young Arab knight of twelve whom Miss Terry dubbed the Malcolm McGregor of Africa because of his potent smile.

Five tribes of Bedouins came out of the Sahara to work in "The Arab," led on by the promise of gunpowder which Ingram distributed to the chiefs.

They assembled and pitched their tents at the Oasis of Gabes, which Pliny praised so lavishly in Roman times he might be suspected of real estate interests or a desire to found a rival for Hollywood.

The caravan was led by a caid, a couple of kaliphas, and five sheiks. Rex says the correct spelling of sheik is *cheikh*, but if I spelled it that way you wouldn't know what I mean, so I'm misspelling it for American consumption. Anyhow, a sheik's a *cheikh* and not at all the beautiful brute Valentino led you to believe. How could he be? There are no mud packs in the Sahara.

When the scenes at Gabes



Rex Ingram with the Sheiks of La Marsa and Sidi Bou-Said, on the hills of ancient Carthage



Alice Terry called this young Arab the "Malcolm McGregor of Africa" because of his potent smile

Little Zina, a Bedouin maid who played in the picture, developed a terrific "crush" on Alice Terry

Rex Ingram's prize desert discovery —Shorty, the dwarf, with the umbrella Rex gave him

were completed. Rex gave a banquet to the sheiks which was Methodist in propriety compared to a movie banquet. Being heathen, they don't drink. Despite the Christian influence which has been brought to bear upon Mohammedans, these infidels still refuse to take a friendly little nip. They're as tee-totalling as their camels.

For all their abstemiousness, these camels have breaths worse than any old time brewery. All the listerine in the world wouldn't make them social successes. Being an advocate of light wines and beer myself, I mention this in passing just to show what prohibition has done for the breath in Africa.

Although the banquet was devoid of that which makes a banquet, there was considerable excitement. The sheiks got involved in a frantic argument as to whether or not the heads of the partridges had been cut off before they were killed. It's against the Mohammedan religion to eat any bird that died with its head on. Finally one sheik said: "Oh, hell, let it go," or Arabic to that effect, and fell upon his fowl. The others followed, after due prayer and meditation.

The next flurry was caused when the waiter served pudding with rum sauce. One of the sheiks couldn't smell, so went straight to perdition, whereat all his pals laughed heartily.

The sheik who sinned with the pudding was distinctly bored by the party. So far as he was concerned it was a frost. When he wasn't yawning, he wore an expression that made me suspect he was planning a Christian massacre. At least, it was obvious that he didn't care whether he met the best people or not. In the hope of arousing his interest, Rex made a sketch of him and passed it down the table. The sheik studied it grimly, turned it upside down and squinted at it from the side, then passed it back with an expression that plainly said, "I give up, I never was any good at guessing puzzles."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]



Studio News

By Cal York

Written from the inside of the
Hollywood and New York Studios.
If you read it here it's so

*Out in the great
openspaces where
men are men,
Billie Dove is
practising a new
stunt. When she
becomes expert,
she may desert the
screen for the
circus*



ERIC VON STROHEIM, accompanied by his cane, white gloves, bracelet and wrist watch, was fined \$50 for contempt by Judge Keeton in a Los Angeles court, because he "showed his teeth" at Thomas Case, counsel for the first Mrs. Von Stroheim, who wanted her alimony paid up. Von Stroheim pleaded poverty and said that he was unable to pay the \$75 a week the court had decreed.

"Since December, 1922," he said, "I have earned only \$31,000."

He added plaintively that most of this has gone and that he has been compelled to borrow \$4,000 on his life insurance. He also still owes \$500 on his bungalow. Altogether, the famous director made a very strong case in favor of his being ordered to the poor farm.

It was brought out in court that Von Stroheim's contract provided for a payment to him of \$110,000 a year for the production of three pictures. He also was to receive 25 per cent of the net proceeds of these pictures and must star in one of them, receiving an additional \$1,000 a week for his acting. He testified that he was behind on his contract, that he had not yet completed one picture—presumably "Greed"—although he had been working on it fourteen months and had spent on it \$650,000, the original appropriation for it being \$380,000.

At this point Attorney Case interrupted him with a question and Von Stroheim broke out:

"I'll smash his face for him. He can't tell me what's in my contract."

"Mr. Von Stroheim," said Judge Keeton, "there's a place for you in the county jail. That statement takes a fine of \$50, and if such conduct is repeated, you will not be fined but will be sent to jail."

"Your Honor," interpolated Attorney Case, "he just showed his teeth at me."

HOW does a man feel when he is suddenly confronted by a lion that looks as though he needed a haircut? Hunters disagree on this point, but movie extras are absolutely unanimous; there isn't a dissenting voice. They don't feel. Emotion ceases—likewise motion.

Over in the lot back of the Paramount Long Island Studio recently there was a circus.

From a big round tent came the vigorous jazz of a hurdy gurdy, aided at times by a band. At times the muffled roar of animals could be heard. It was a regular circus. The only thing different about it was that the spectators were receiving from \$5 to \$10 a day for attending, and Herbert Brenon was interrupting the

performance from time to time to shift lights and cameras. Ernest Torrence was the clown. They were making scenes for "The Mountebank."

The animal cages were across one end of the tent. In one of them was the lion. During the course of the afternoon the lion did his stuff in the sawdust ring. The trainer made him jump and roll over and do his other tricks. Then he was put back in the cage for a nap and the lights were shifted to another part of the tent for other scenes. The spectators were laughing and applauding Ernest Torrence's clown stunts when suddenly there was a dead silence. A single scream punctured the stillness.

Herbert Brenon looked over his shoulder and saw the lion standing in back of him. He didn't move. The lion winked one of his big yellow eyes. Jimmy Howe, the Chinese cameraman, stared, and hoped the lion would think he was part of the camera supports. All the two hundred extras stared, too. They didn't move even an eyelash. A man scrambled away from the bears' cages and the lion looked over that way. The man didn't stop. He kept right on walking toward the



When Tam Meighan finished "The Confidence Man" he wanted a vacation, so he and Mrs. Meighan made their Spring visit to White Sulphur Springs. No, Mrs. Meighan's eyes are not closed because she is tired of seeing her husband.

And Gossip East and West

lion's blinking eye. He reached out and got a fistful of the animal's loose hair over his left ear and started with him toward the cage. "Jump in there, you're interruptin' the show."

"And the lion jumped. "That animal will get Klieg eyes, if he doesn't stay out of these bright lights," remarked Ernest Torrence.

"And that helper of mine will get more than that if he don't keep that cage locked," responded the trainer.

Then the music resumed, the kid went on eating peanuts, the clown shot a toy balloon, the crowd roared, the lion slumbered.

LILLIAN GISH will not marry her producer, Charles Holland Duell, according to the last advice received as we go to press. Mr. Duell was recently divorced in Paris by his wife, who was Lillian V. Tucker of stage and screen. He has been in Italy for several months, supervising the production of George Eliot's "Romola," in which he presents Miss Gish as star. He has been very attentive to the lovely Lillian and, for a time, friends believed he was a favored courtier, but recently, they say, Miss Gish has made it plain that no engagement existed. While the rumors of this romance were being cabled from Europe to America, a dispatch arrived denying Miss Gish's engagement to a young Italian officer. Perhaps this was designed as an antidote to the annoying repetition of the other report.

ROMEO and *Juliet* have been estranged, a fact which should delight the *Capulets* and *Montagues* who failed to effect the separation in Shakespeare's play. Richard Barthelmess will not play *Romeo* to Lillian Gish's *Juliet*. He admires Lillian, but he is more interested



Again Barbara La Marr has a chance to display her remarkable beauty in Maurice Tourneur's "The White Moth," in which she plays a dancer and "Follies" girl.



The pup—his name is John and he belongs to Raymond McKee—doesn't seem to care for jazz, even when rendered by so beautiful and accomplished a musician as Viola Dana.

in his rights and finances as a star, and, according to his lawyers, he has not been getting his just dues from the Inspiration Company, which stars both him and Miss Gish. There is the intimation that he has been subordinated to Lillian in the stellar scheme. And why should *Romeo* be subordinate to *Juliet*? Mr. Barthelmess does not believe in so modernizing the old Shakespearean tale, which really placed *Romeo* and *Juliet* on a fifty-fifty basis, you know. Furthermore, he has been making good money for the Inspiration pictures without having any great stories or imposing productions. Being a sensible business man first and a *Romeo* second, Dick has balked, leaving *Juliet* on the balcony to cry "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" as long as she likes. Dick says that in his present mood he feels a great deal more like playing *Hamlet* than *Romeo*.

THE woes of a star's husband, even if he is a star himself, are considerable. Jack Gilbert, who is half of the firm of Joy-and-Gilbert, went down to the Biltmore Hotel the other evening to see his wife. She was working in a series of hotel scenes for the new Cecil De Mille picture, "Triumph," and, since she was working all day and half the night, had taken a room there for a few days.

When Mr. Gilbert arrived he found his wife working on a big set in the ballroom. She waved to him from a distance, and he stood back to watch the work. Just then a very



You might think Conway Tearle has taken up aesthetic dancing and invented a tennis dance. But, really, he's just practicing to hold his title of Hollywood champion



ZaSu Pitts may be a leading woman in many pictures, but at home ZaSu Anne Gallery gets most of the spotlight. This is young Miss Gallery's ingenuit pose

aggressive tenth assistant director came up and said: "Look here, what are you doing here? Who are you anyway?"

"I'm John Gilbert" said the young star of "Cameo Kirby," "The Count of Monte Cristo" and other screen successes.

"I never heard of you," said the assistant, "you don't work for C. B. De Mille. What you doing here? You'd better get out."

"I am Miss Joy's husband," said Jack, beginning to get red.

"What?"

"Yes, I am Mr. Leatrice Joy," said Jack, now thoroughly excited. "I'm not interfering with you."

"Well," said the assistant, "I got positive orders not to let anyone hang around this set, so you better go. Nobody said anything to me about husbands."

So Jack went, wrote his wife a note telling her to come home when she got through with the darn picture, and all would be forgiven.

THE Stork seems to be the social dictator of Hollywood just now. Everything centers around expected heirs and heiresses to a degree never before noted in the film capital.

Mildred Davis Lloyd is shopping for the most adorable layette ever imagined, and for quantities of exquisite negligees in all sorts of delicate shades and fabrics. Leatrice Joy, who in private life is Mrs. Jack Gilbert, will desert the screen for some months, until after the arrival of the well-known bird mentioned above. Letty was to have begun her new starring contract with Lasky, but that will have to take a back seat until after the more important event. Leatrice promised to keep it a secret until her latest picture was out, but she simply couldn't.

Mrs. James Kirkwood—who, of course, is Lila Lee—is also in retirement in her Beverly Hills home, and Lila is actually making a lot of her own baby clothes. And Mrs. Wallace

McDonald—pretty Doris May—and Barbara Bedford, who is married to Al Roscoe, complete the list of those whom the stork will call upon in the next few months.

DOUG and Mary, accompanied by Mother Pickford and little Mary Rupp Pickford, sailed for Europe on a vacation with a pocketful of royal invitations. They are to be received by King Albert and Queen Elizabeth of Belgium; they will be entertained by Lord and

Lady Mountbatten, cousins of King George by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and by Sir James Barrie. The King and Queen of Sweden have also issued a "command" for the presence of Mary and Doug at court. Well, one thing sure, Mary can look them all in the eye and dare 'em to hold their thrones as long as she's held hers!

NOW this isn't a press agent yarn but the truth.

Barbara LaMarr is today considered the gamest girl in the Hollywood colony and is the most popular—at least with the producers—for instead of trying to gouge one for all she could, Barbara actually sacrificed herself to save a producer money. Again we say it is unheard of, but true.

It happened during the filming of one of the biggest scenes in "The White Moth." There were nearly a thousand extra people on the set and they were doing a theater scene in which Miss LaMarr makes her appearance as a professional dancer.

During her dance Miss LaMarr suddenly turned pale and sank to the floor. But she was up again before anyone could reach her. The scene was retaken and work went on. When the final scene in the theater set was over, Miss LaMarr fainted. A doctor was called and an examination showed that Barbara was suffering from a seriously sprained knee.

It was almost twice its normal size.

Then she admitted that it had happened when she slipped earlier in the day, but that she hadn't told anyone because she wanted to finish the day's work so that the thousand extras wouldn't have to be called again. This meant a saving of several thousand dollars to the producer.

As a result of working for more than three hours on the sprained knee, Miss LaMarr was on crutches for two weeks.



One of the old-time favorites—Pauline Bush—is returning to the screen in "The Enemy Sex." Since she left, some years ago, she has been around the world and has become known as a writer

A NEW combination is exciting a good deal of comment in Hollywood right now, and little birds whisper engagement announcements on it to beat the band.

George O'Brien and Dorothy Mackaill are the names of the couple. While they will not admit anything so formal as an engagement, they will not deny that such an event in the near future is very possible. When they were recently in San Francisco, Miss Mackaill visited Chief of Police Daniel O'Brien of that city, George's father, and the chief declared he hoped he'd be a kiel for his blessing soon. If you haven't heard of George O'Brien yet, you're going to. This young Irish lad from the city of the Golden Gate is taking Hollywood by storm. Not since Wally Reid's days has any youngster appeared who has caused so much enthusiastic comment, and when he goes into a cafe or theater he is instantly the center of the women's attention. He is big, handsome, of the Wally Reid type, athletic, and has the Irish smile that has made many a man famous. He was considered seriously for the title part in "Ben Hur," and is now being featured by Fox. Miss Mackaill, who has been gaining greatly of late in popularity, is playing with him in the latest Fox release.

TWO engagements are being whispered this month—both denied, but you know what that means. Julianne Johnstone—the *Princess* of Douglas Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad," and John Patrick, young character actor, have been seen so much together of late that the gossips wonder if Julianne is going to try marriage at the very outset of her career.

And Carmelita Geraghty, daughter of Tom Geraghty, director and scenario writer, is mentioned frequently as the fiancée of John Considine, production manager of Joseph Schenck productions. Carmelita is a stunningly pretty young person. She appeared in a Fashion Revue at the Biltmore the other evening and was the hit of the piece.

THE rumored engagement of Agnes Ayres and Ricardo Cortez seems to be another of those "off again-on again-gone again-Finnigan" affairs. One day Miss Ayres will not marry Mr. Cortez nor anyone else. The next day she blushes and coyly admits there may be some grounds for the rumor. Meanwhile all their friends are kept on the anxious seats because, of course, Mr. Cortez believes that, if any talking is done, the lady should do it. Anyway, she is leaving for New York soon to make a picture and he will stay in Hollywood.



Mah Jongg has hit the picture colony and the latest is the Mah Jongg bathing suit, worn here by Thelma Hill, one of Mack Sennett's fairest

HERE'S the very latest—Jack Dempsey and Helen Ferguson. What's that? You'd hardly believe it? Well, neither would we if

we hadn't seen it with our own eyes. Yes, up at the Montmartre and they were dancing together, and apparently having a wonderful time. We must admit that Helen is doing a new role to her formerly sedate character. First Harry Hartz—a speedy young knight of the motor road, and now the king of the square dance.

RUTH ROLAND'S famous smile got her out of a pock of trouble in a Los Angeles court recently. She had been arrested for speeding at 54 miles an hour, and it looked as if she would meet the same fate as did Bebe Daniels some time ago and take an enforced rest in jail, because Los Angeles is hard on speeders these days. But Judge Crawford was merciful, and imposed a fine of \$14, one dollar for each mile over the legal limit.

Ruth then went up to the bench, had her picture taken with the judge, and held a whispered conversation with him. When her lawyer, a few minutes later, asked that the sentence be suspended, Judge Crawford smiled and said:

"You're a little late. She has already made her own plea."

Whereupon Ruth smiled sweetly again at the judge and left, promising never to speed again or, at least, not to be caught at it.

WHEN the "Aurora," the beautiful yacht of the millionaire racing driver, Cliff Durant, sails from San Francisco this summer there will be no bride and groom aboard. Instead of a "honeymoon yacht," it will be found on a cruise of the South Seas—a distinctly bachelor cruise—for Cliff and Ruth Roland, the serial queen, have decided on a little love test all their own.

When their engagement was announced recently it was understood that the "Aurora" was being put in shape for a 'round-the-world honeymoon cruise, but now it develops that all bets are off and that this famous couple has decided to test the old adage—"absence makes the heart grow fonder."

They are still engaged. Oh, yes indeed! But as each has been married once before, they have decided not to rush into matrimony. They are going to be sure they are right before the "love, honor and obey" stuff clutches them again.

So it has been decided that, immediately after the Indianapolis races, Cliff Durant and some pals will sail from San Francisco on a bachelor cruise of adventure, deep-sea fishing,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 81]



Director Henry King's idea of whiling away an afternoon. He used to be a knife thrower in a circus and keeps his hand in with the help of an extra girl



John Oshanna, a Persian artist, paints on costumes and, in so doing, carries out his idea of backgrounds on the subject. Here he is doing some decorating on Alberta Vaughn

The Love Dodger

A story from behind the
curtained windows of Hollywood

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Part Four

THERE was a rather long silence because both the man and the woman seemed unable to speak.

Gertie's face had gone from white to a deep, painful crimson, and she sat with her eyes dropped.

But when each second of silence had become a small needle of embarrassment, she managed at last to raise her head and face him.

"Oh, Brownie," she said, "I didn't know how dreadful it would sound. I didn't, really. But I've been trying to get up courage to say it for three days and I won't be sorry."

The deep sincerity of her voice rescued Cleveland Brown from the abyss of self-consciousness into which he had descended.

"That's all right, Gertie," he said quietly.

The horror began to die away. A woman had asked him to marry her and he had not died of the shock. The sensation that he was falling from a great height lessened. Gertie's tone placed solid and decent ground beneath his feet once more.

"You see," she said, smoothing the little ragged shock, "you see, my dear friend, I knew you'd never say it. And it isn't any use hinting, to you. I could see that you still think of me as Harlan's wife and—I'm not. You don't want to get married, do you?"

"No," said Cleveland Brown fervently.

"I know. But you'll have to, you see. The public expects it and the public nearly always gets what it wants, I've noticed. And the women will never let you escape. I know something about the women of Hollywood. You have too much to offer them and no man can escape, if—if they really want him. That's what happened to Harlan.

"I should be a good wife to you, Cleveland. I need to be married to someone. And because of Buddy, and because you've seemed so happy here with us, I thought I'd speak of it. It would be safe, dear. If I could choose from all the men in the world, I'd choose you for Buddy's father. I know you believe I am a good mother. So—perhaps—" the crimson grew until it stained her throat and even her fingertips. "perhaps there would be other kiddies and we'd bring them up to be fine men and women. It would be rather better, in the end, than most of the marriages you'll be offered."

He got up and went to the window. It was cold outside and the air was clear, with brittle starlight. He tried to think, tried to reason, but confusion overcame him.

Then he felt her hands on his shoulders. She was holding his coat.

"Put this on," she said, with a tremendous and lovely dignity, that made him feel he had been honored by this thing she had done, "and run along. You want to think. Take all the time you need, because it is very serious. I'm not a young girl; I can wait. And no matter what you decide, it isn't going to change anything between us—Buddy and me, and you."

That proposal, extraordinary as it seemed, was only the first

Illustrated by
Arthur
William
Brown



"Come," she said brusquely, "come, my son. Tell me all about
Besides, talking

of many fantastic things that crowded themselves forthwith into a few short days. Even as he meditated upon it, delayed and drifting, climaxes began to pop about him like firecrackers.

It was like the closing of some horrible, unescapable trap. He could feel the net dragging together about him, imprisoning him.

And he hadn't seen it coming. He hadn't seen it coming. Never once had he realized that all these adventures, peculiar as they were separately, must eventually converge, and that he would be the center. The inevitableness of it all had escaped him, the ultimate purpose and intention.

He supposed that anyone else, anyone but just such an optimistic, credulous, obtuse cuss as himself, would have been conscious of what he was doing. But that was it exactly. He hadn't done anything. Things had happened to him, most unfortunate and unexpected things. And now he found himself definitely in the midst of a group of ladies who seemed determined, for one reason or another, to marry him.

His modesty protested. He looked here and there and everywhere for some loophole, some way to escape. He could see nothing funny or exciting or thrilling about it. And he could have murdered Scoop Wilson, who was probably his closest friend, for laughing. He even resented Dad's sympathetic old smile.

Just what might have happened if Paula Swayne hadn't arrived in Hollywood just then, he never knew. At the



it. There's always a way out if one has courage and imagination.
cases the brain

moment, her advent into the ridiculous tangle seemed the final trick of a malicious fate. Yet, in the end, it was Paula Swayne who helped to steer his course, and who came, like a goddess from the machine, to bring him an equally fantastic solution for his fantastic difficulties. Paula Swayne was like that.

Mischief sat enthroned upon her brow. The very up-quirk of her mouth at the corners warned of a devastating and unconquerable sense of humbr. And the purpose of her jaw and the strength of her fine, Roman nose told instantly of a love of power.

Paula loved to run people's affairs. She had always ruled everyone around her. It was her delight, her recreation. She did it by force of intellect, by the barbed honey of her tongue, by the ruthlessness of her will. And, it may be, a little by the weight of her great name.

When, at fifteen, she had packed her trunk and started for Paris, unchaperoned and unattended, the entire town of Ontario, California, where she had been born and brought up, said it had always known that naughty little Swayne girl would come to a bad end and it felt sorry for Mrs. Swayne.

Paula Swayne had come upon some bad spots along the road. There was a light in those mesmerizing, hazel eyes of hers that spoke of knowledge unguessed by Ontario, California. She had drunk the cup of life down to the last drop. Had never, in all those fast-living, wild-loving, hard-working years, refused an experience or a sensation.

That Which Has Gone Before

CLEVELAND BROWN, famous comedian, is Hollywood's most eligible bachelor. But he has rather avoided women, knowing only his sister and his little leading lady, Janice Reed, at all intimately. His life, consequently, is untroubled until Ray Connable—an ex-"Follies" girl and a stranger to Cleve—announces their engagement. Before denying the announcement, Cleve discovers that Ray is desperately in need of publicity and so, like an officer and a gentleman, he plays up to her. And the engagement might have become real were it not for the entrance of Leda O'Neil—super-woman and super-vamp. She it is who teaches passion to Cleve—and she it is who, after promising to marry him, disillusiones him by her infidelity. Cleve, with a broken heart, goes back to his work and, on the set, almost loses Janice. They are doing ice stuff and the ice gives way. He saves her from drowning and, in so doing, regains a certain perspective on life. He resists Leda's efforts to effect a reconciliation and is aimlessly drifting, when another woman comes into his life. The mother type this time—the divorced wife of a once intimate friend, who is now a great director. She has a small son, an honest-to-goodness, regular boy, and he and Cleve strike up a splendid friendship. Gertie Morrison is as comfortable as her name—a home woman who can wear an apron and who can cook. To Cleve she seems a perfect helpmeet, and the child, Buddy, all that could be desired as a son. And yet it comes as a surprise when she suggests, out of a clear sky, that she would like to marry him!

She feared neither man, god nor devil, and she had faced lions in Africa and public opinion in London with the same quizzical smile and eager eyes.

But she was an Epicurean of the emotions. She shrugged amazed and amused shoulders at Hollywood, where she had come to paint a portrait for the *salon* of the first lady of the films. Not that Hollywood shocked her. Paula Swayne knew vice and virtue from Port Said to Limehouse, and from Limehouse to the Barbary Coast, and from the Barbary Coast to the palaces of the rajahs. Morality was, to her, largely a matter of geography.

"They are children here," she said to Cleveland Brown, when they had come to know each other very well, "children. They do not even know how to sin. They haven't the vaguest conception of the real enjoyments of sinning. Let us leave out for the moment any moral or theological angle and observe it merely from the worldly point of view. They—wallow. Of a truth, they wallow. They have not learned that self-denial and self-control alone can stimulate enjoyment of the senses.

"Ah, they do not play the game. Wine tastes best to a thirsty man. They never permit themselves to grow thirsty.

"Beginnings are the most important things about a romance, about pleasure, about work. Even, to be vulgar for a moment, even a drunkard understands that the first few drinks are the only ones that give him joy. Here—they have no beginnings. They begin—with a culmination. They strike so high a note of passion or excitement, that they can only continue—downhill. It is as though a dramatist began with his climax—which naturally loses force without its preparation—and the rest of the play must become incredibly dull or incredibly vicious.

"I do not find it wicked, this Hollywood. There are more very good people here, more very domestic people, than one usually meets. I only find it immensely crude and immensely dull. Well, I shall paint it all into one of the women."



"Come back to me," she said passionately. "I will be good. I can be—I want to be. Don't you want me any more? Marry me, and I'll show you how I can change"

For Paula Swayne had a name that impressed even Hollywood, where great names are so common. Though she had climbed through mud and tears and suffering and poverty and degradation, she had reached the summit of her art. She stood alone and undisputed as the greatest woman painter of the age.

No one could understand why she wanted to paint Cleveland Brown.

When she suggested it, her friends drew back in amazement. Cleveland Brown? A comedian? But surely he wouldn't be interesting. He wasn't handsome. He wasn't picturesque.

And they mentioned other young men of great physical beauty and various other well known charms.

Paula Swayne shrugged her shoulders insolently. "A lot of posters," she said brutally, "with their wares all on the table. Let your sign painters paint them. Cleveland Brown—ah, there is a face with a thousand possibilities. There is poetry in that face. And longing, infinite longing. Pathos. Comedy. And ideals—rather amazing ideals. And endless contradictions and fears: Desire. And work—the gospel of work, which is the only gospel I understand. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]

Where East Meets West

*In spite of Kipling,
you can put an Oriental kernel in
an Occidental shell*

nounced, are typically Oriental. These come from her Mongol father. But her Manchu mother has given her a height and a poise of figure that Chinese maids seldom have.

She was born in Los Angeles and was raised as are other Chinese children. But something in her environment changed her mental trend. She was artistic, she loved beauty. In school she soon picked up the ways of the West. She lost her Chinese accent. She read American books. She was even a close student of the Bible. Then, one day, she had a chance to become Chinese "atmosphere" in the pictures. From that time on, her development into an American was rapid. Wong Lew Song disappeared and, in her place, came Anna May Wong.

She has put aside the mental garment of her nativity. Psychologically speaking, she has the mind flexings of an Occidental. The East has given her the outward semblance of mystic, luring China, but the shell of the Orient serves to conceal but the mental brilliance of the Occident.



The screen's only Chino-American flapper—Anna May Wong. She began to discard her Chinese atmosphere when she was fifteen, and—above—is the finished American product

By Beverley N. Sparks

"EAST is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," sang Rudyard Kipling. Undoubtedly he believed that to be true, but there are exceptions that prove all rules. Here is one of them—Anna May Wong, the Americanized version of Wong Lew Song, the little Chinese girl whose last bid for fame on the screen was as the *Mongol Slave* in Douglas Fairbanks' "The Thief of Bagdad." She has the distinction of being the only Chinese actress who has ever won fame in pictures in America.

From crown to sole, Anna May Wong is Chinese. Her black hair is of the texture that adorns the heads of the maidens who live beside the Yang-tse-Kiang. Her deep brown eyes, while the slant is not pro-



Betty Blythe's Spring Wardrobe

BETTY BLYTHE has been making pictures abroad for the last year or two. She has not been rushing over to Paris for a vacation and a frock — she has been living the life of the continent, breathing the vital air that the *chic Parisienne* breathes! For that reason the clothes that she has brought back to this country with her are different in feeling, in spirit, from the more casual wardrobe that the visitor to Paris—who has only a week or two for her shopping—brings home. The gowns, the suits that Betty likes best are the very essence of the mode—they are Paris from the inside! Pictured, on these pages, are those costumes of which she is most fond.



Russell Ball

Since "The Queen of Sheba," Betty Blythe has not been famous for her frocks! But, even so, she does have them. Lots of them! To say nothing of coats and hats and slippers. . . . This dress, for afternoon wear, is made of black crepe georgette. The severity of the line is broken by the hanging ribbons, in shades of mauve, purple and lavender. And the odd, full collar and cuffs are made of real Valenciennes lace. From Drecol, of Paris

An evening gown of gold brocaded cloth, made to flow in long unbroken lines to the hem of the quite short, uncren skirt. The only ornament is a band of hand-worked gold ribbon flowers. This band forms one of the shoulder straps, and falls beautifully to the bottom of the dress. Slippers of metal brocade and a twisted head dress of gold tubing complete the glittering effect—which combines artful simplicity and splendor. This is a Lucille gown

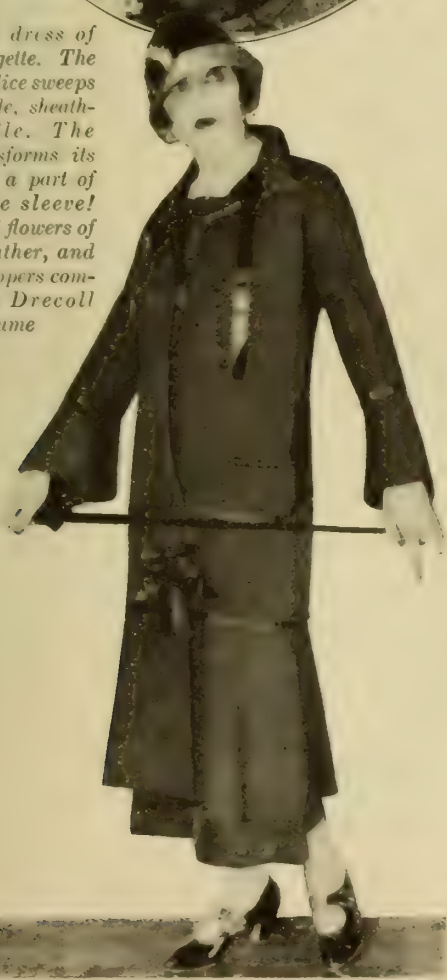


Russell Ball



Russell Ball

A dinner dress of black georgette. The draped bodice sweeps into a wide, sheath-like girdle. The skirt transforms its train into a part of the single sleeve! Appliqued flowers of orange leather, and orange slippers complete the Drecoll costume



Russell Ball



Russell Ball

This tea gown of lustrous orange satin is a fitting complement to the bizarre beauty of Betty Blythe. One sleeve is made of batik in orange and black—and there is a motif of the same batik at the hemline. Every seam is weighted to produce a clinging line, and the wide sleeves grow tight at the wrists. Also from Drecoll

A trotteur coat of navy blue Poiret twill, bound with matching ribbon of blue satin. The bottom of the coat—this, too, is a Drecoll inspiration—is built upon circular lines, and there are hidden pockets at the waist. A small hat with a rolling brim of metal cloth, patent leather shoes and sheer hose—c'est fini!

CLOSE-UPS & LONG SHOTS

By Herbert Howe

Drawing by Ralph Barton

AFTER four months in Europe and Africa I returned to the land of the films, expecting to find that everything had gone to rack and ruin during my absence. I was quickly lifted from despair by a telegram from Ernst Lubitsch saying he knew I would be glad to learn that he was going to direct our Pola again.

Scarcely had I let out three telegraphic cheers for this victory for art than word arrived that Ince's wandering wonder-boy, Charlie Ray, had returned to the old Ince homestead, a prodigal son.

Then came news that William de Mille had had the discernment to sign Malcolm McGregor, whom Rex Ingram proclaims one of the best unstarred bets in America today.

BUT it was not until I learned that Mr. Zukor and Natacha had really signed the armistice giving Rudie back to us that my cup was overflowing to the point where I considered taking a drink. For this proves that it is possible to end all world wars without bloodshed.

Intoxicated with all this, I thrust my way into the heart of Times Square until I saw a great and blinding light such as I had never seen there before. Lo and behold! De Mille's "Ten Commandments" had replaced Wrigley's "Spearmint." Humbly praising Heaven and Cecil for this triumph of gospel over gum (though Heaven knows I sinfully preferred the "Spearmint" sign), I moved on to where I beheld "Lilies of the Field." Verily, Broadway today is a Bible study. The Cinema is doing more than the Gideons to popularize the Good Book.

The Gideons merely place it in hotel rooms, whereas the Cinema puts it in electric lights.

I found that Corinne Griffith, just to please me and prove me a prophet, had fulfilled all my predictions and developed into a standing room star.

NORMA TALMADGE is another to whom I would award credits as an honor pupil. For a long time previous to my departure Norma was very trying. She showed little interest in her studies. She seemed to be so contented as Mrs. Schenck that she had little ambition for Miss Talmadge. Heedless of all pleas and reprimands from the critic's desk, she went through her work as though her mind were on the yachting and golfing of recess time. Now, suddenly, she takes the platform with "Secrets" and carries off class honors.

A few doors away from Miss Talmadge's bazaar, I found Doug unrolling his magic carpet, "The Thief of Bagdad," as rich and priceless a *tapis* as the screen has ever seen. And across the way, D. W. Griffith unfurls his banner of romance, "America."

All in all, the screen brought forth such excellent works during the four months I was away I can't

help but wonder what miracles would have been wrought had I stayed home.

OF course, little Mabel Normand had to tumble into trouble. Life is to Mabel what a horse is to the Prince of Wales. But, like the gallant prince, Mabel always gets up, straightens her hat and goes galloping on. Mabel is jinxed, but she's also charmed. Nothing she does can tarnish the splendor of her nature. She's the most generous, lovable and sincere human being I've met in filmland. And, when she took the stage recently to face the public after her last humiliation, a cheer went up that completely silenced the yowls of the alley cats. Mabel used to think the whole world was her friend; now she doubts where there is such a thing as a friend. Whenever anyone wants her to meet any new people she feels like the girl who was offered some books. "No thanks," said the girl, "I've read a book."

BARBARA LA MARR has been having trouble over her matrimonial status. It seems that no one, not even Barbara, knows exactly how many husbands she's had. At this writing a recount is on. It's unfair to blame Barbara for not keeping count of them. She's an artist, not a mathematician.

I KNOW now how it feels to be a movie celebrity. Ramon Novarro took me to his barber's, where I was received as a friend of nobility. The man at the desk bowed and beamed, and the barbers fairly curtsied. Taking me by the hand, after several genuflections, the proprietor escorted me to a chair and solemnly instructed the barber to employ all his skill and care upon me. Trembling over this signal honor, the poor man promptly slashed my chin. I know now how it feels to be a movie celebrity.

AFTER reading that Lois Wilson is "the good little girl of Hollywood," I picked up a paper and read, "Lois Wilson in 'Another Scandal.'" Just a picture advertisement, of course. But for a moment it just seemed as though I hadn't the courage to go on believing.

AFTER seeing Aileen Pringle as the queen in "Three Weeks," I'm tempted to hail her as the First Lady of the Screen. I would like to predict her a star, but I doubt whether there's sufficient demand for a lady on the screen. A young director tells me she hasn't "sex attraction." And still I feel that anyone who could so dignify Elinor's old tiger skin game deserves our highest honors. She wears inspired gowns, which she must have designed herself. I've never seen any of such character coming from the circus wardrobes of Hollywood. Definitely mental, she's always a queen, even when sobbing beside the bed of roses, which suggests a floral blanket sent by the Elks. Lastly, I award Miss Pringle a crown because, as

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



"Where there's laughter, there's also tears. Amid the gales of laughter at the pre-view of Harold Lloyd's 'Girl Shy,' I heard piteous groans from theater exhibitors. 'Ach, ach,' they sobbed. 'We're going to pay high; they're all laughing at it.' As I say, behind the smile the tear."



Russell Ball

ANNA Q. NILSSON, with a question mark in her hands and a dream in her blue eyes, sits cozily in front of her glowing hearth. She has just completed "Flowing Gold" and is working on "Broadway After Dark." She and Adolphe Menjou will share honors



Russell Ball

THIS picture should be framed in black, according to a number of ardent fans. For Corinne Griffith has only just re-married—and so broken a thousand or more hearts! She plays a “different” sort of gold-digger in her new starring vehicle, “Lillies of the Field”



Russell Ball

BLANCHE SWEET proved, in "Anna Christie," that they do come back after all! She is going to prove it again, they say, in "Those Who Dance," her next picture. Notice the firelight silhouette of her proud little profile against the bricks of the fireplace



Russell Ball

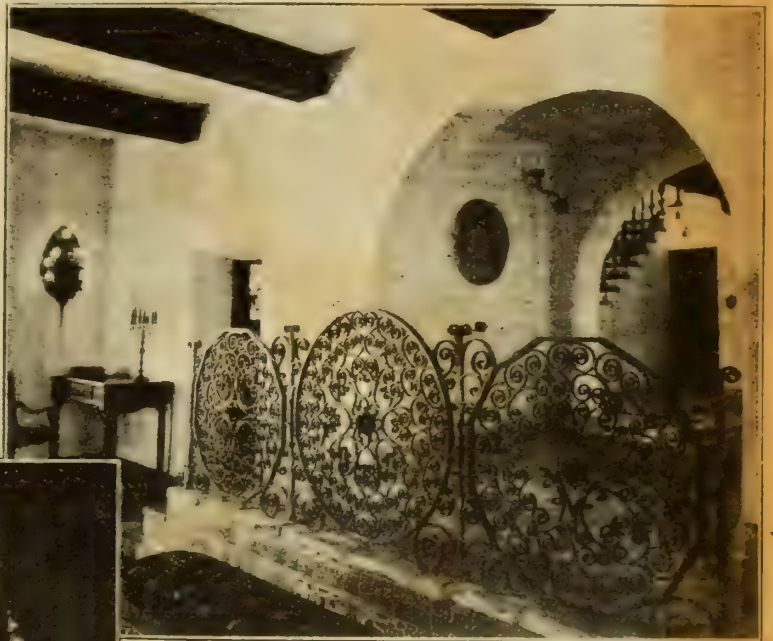
LATE spring evenings may be cold, even in Hollywood—weather reports to the contrary! Sylvia Breamer, sitting kiddie fashion before her cheery grate, is thinking over the serious business of her next part—as the leading character in "The Woman on the Jury"



The long house, with its brilliant roof, dominates the entire ranch

A Bit of Spain in Hollywood

*"Dias Dorados" (Golden Days),
Thomas H. Ince's new home, a
true Spanish hacienda*



*A corner of the living room, showing the novel grille.
Vivid tiles ornament the flagstone base and steps*



*The sunlit patio, with its floor of broken flags, lends a real touch
of the old California mission days*



*The main
door, with
its huge
lock and
key, is a
replica
of those
of early
times*



THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE—First National

CHARMINGLY handled—with almost perfect direction, photography and casting—is this modern fairy story. But the theme is almost too delicate, too gossamer, for everyday use. It's almost like trying to make rompers for the baby out of thread lace. A man, crippled by the war, and a homely woman (Richard Barthelmess and May McAvoy) are drawn together by a bond of sympathy, and marry. It is a marriage of convenience, but out of it love blossoms. And, seeing each other through the eyes of love, the man is made whole and the woman becomes beautiful.

To anyone with a poetic soul, this picture will be a rare treat. But the too literal person will be sadly disappointed. A picture for folk who dare to dream. As such we cannot recommend it too highly.



THE CONFIDENCE MAN—Paramount

WITH the always popular redemption theme, and with the likable Tom Meighan playing the redeemed crook, this picture seems sure to be successful and deservedly so. It reminds one somewhat of "The Miracle Man" and, while it is not up to the high standard of that picture, it is mighty good entertainment. Mr. Meighan plays a sharper who goes to a little Florida town to sell worthless stock to the town millionaire and miser. There he learns a lesson in honesty and self-respect from the townspeople, even the paupers doing their part to convince him that his way is wrong. Of course, the girl, beautifully played by Virginia Valli, helps a lot. Victor Heerman's direction is sane and effective. The titles are by George Ade, which means that they are above the average.

The Shadow Stage

CLUB, U. S. 1934, OFF.

A Review of the New Pictures



A BOY OF FLANDERS—Metro

WITH each successive picture in which Jackie Coogan is the star, the wonder increases as to what he will be when he grows up. The development of this child is little short of miraculous. He has an uncanny understanding of the power of emotion, and a marvelous power of expression. He never over-emphasizes and, on the other hand, there is never any doubt of what he is trying to express. And another beautiful feature of his acting is the absolute absence of self-consciousness. He doesn't play the character he represents—he is it.

In this latest production of Jackie's there is one of those combinations which never fail to appeal—a boy and a dog. Jackie is a ragged little chap, living with his blind grandfather, and they eke out a precarious existence by delivering milk. The boy's obsession is drawing, and he uses any bits of crayon or chalk he can find, making his pictures on pieces of board. He acquires the dog when a peddler leaves the animal to die in the road. When the grandfather dies, Jackie and the dog make their home in a haystack, until his talent wins recognition and a prize from a visiting artist.

The picture sticks closely to Ouida's story, from which it is taken, except that the boy does not die, as in the novel. Jackie has more chances to portray emotions than in other pictures, and his changes of mood are remarkably done. In one sequence he is dressed in girl's clothes and, although Jackie probably wouldn't be pleased to hear it, he makes a strikingly pretty girl.

The direction, settings and photography are all excellent, and the lighting of the exteriors, especially in the snow scenes, is most effective. Altogether, it is one of the finest pictures Jackie has done.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Six Best Pictures of the Month

A BOY OF FLANDERS KING OF WILD HORSES
GIRL SHY THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE
THE CONFIDENCE MAN THE HILL BILLY

The Six Best Performances of the Month

JACKIE COOGAN in "A Boy of Flanders"
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "The Enchanted Cottage"
RAYMOND GRIFFITH in "The Dawn of a To-morrow"
REX in "King of Wild Horses"
JACK PICKFORD in "The Hill Billy"
THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Confidence Man"

Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 100



KING OF WILD HORSES—Pathe

HERE is a most unusual picture. The hero is a wild horse—*The Black*. He is to horse actors what Strongheart is to dogs, and he runs away with the picture. *The Black* heads a bunch of mares somewhere in the mountains, and he fights *The White* to keep his leadership. This fight is unique. Also it is intensely thrilling. Then comes a battle of wits between *The Black* and a man determined to capture him. The only objection to this is that the man wins, although his kindness somewhat mitigates the sorrow for the horse. *The Black* and the shots of the wild horses on the range are what make the picture very much worth while. One wonders how the cameraman was able to get these photographs, and PHOTOPLAY proposes to tell how it was done, in the July issue.



GIRL SHY—Pathe

IT'S pretty hard to beat Harold Lloyd. No sooner has "Safety Last" been hailed as his greatest picture, than he offers "Girl Shy" which, while it may not have the hair-raising thrills of the other, has plenty of excitement and an extra allowance of laughs. It is not probable that anyone in the audience will scream as they did at "Safety Last," but, at the same time, it isn't a good picture for anyone with short breath to see. Harold plays a tailor's apprentice who is afraid of girls, but he writes a book about his love affairs. On his way to a publisher with the manuscript, he meets the only girl in the world. Up to this point the laughs have predominated, but when he starts to prevent the girl from marrying the villain, there is not one quiet second. In his rush to stop the wedding, he uses automobiles, trolley cars, a policeman's motorcycle and other means of conveyance, winding up with a mad dash through traffic, driving a pair of horses attached to a dump cart. And when the horses break away from the cart, he finishes his trip on the back of one of them, leading the other. The journey would give his insurance agent heart failure, as well as many other people.

Then there are interpolated many side issues which bring laughs. One is Harold's habit of stammering when a girl is near, the only cure being a sudden whistle. One of the funniest situations is when he is riding the motorcycle and it goes into a deep ditch. The motorcycle cannot be seen, but dozens of laborers come leaping out of the ditch as the machine progresses.

The photography is uniformly good and Jobyna Ralston is a lovely and dainty leading woman. "Girl Shy" is highly recommended.



THE HILL BILLY—United Artists

THIS is the best picture that Jack Pickford has made since the days of "Seventeen" and "Bunker Bean." It is another of those Kentucky mountain romances—featuring a barefoot hero, a girl who has been educated "outside," a feud, a forced marriage and a murder. This thing has been done often—and, at times, better. But no story of the hill country has ever been more beautifully photographed; no story of the mountain whites has been more adequately cast. Little Lucile Ricksen, as the girl, has the most sympathetic rôle of her career. And there is a tame bear who co-stars with Jack and gets his share of the applause. It is a joy to see Jack Pickford in an appealing part once more. He has a personality quite distinct from any other juvenile. "The Hill Billy" makes the most of it.



THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW—Paramount

THE story of a multi-millionaire who, ill and on the point of suicide, meets a Pellyannaish child of the London slum. She—by introducing him to the seamy side of life, and to a group of characters different from any that he has ever known—turns him from his purpose and gives him a new interest in living. He begins to think of others. A healthy picture—for the whole family.



THE BREAKING POINT—Paramount

THIS story of a man who loses his memory and, ten years later, regains it, is spectacular and melodramatic. But it is also mighty interesting, and Herbert Brenon has made it seem not too impossible. The Mary Roberts Rinehart best seller has been given a splendid cast, and action to burn. Matt Moore makes the transition from one personality to the other a thrilling thing.



WHICH SHALL IT BE?—Renaud Hoffman

AN obscure producer has turned out a picture which has more real sentiment, more heart appeal in it than are usually found in much more elaborate productions. It will get a tear or two from the most "hard-boiled." It is a screen version of the old poem in which a poor man and wife try to decide which of seven children they can allow a rich uncle to adopt. Simply told, but wonderfully effective.



THE NIGHT HAWK—Hodkinson

HARRY CAREY at his best in a Western drama, ably presented. An unusual opportunity has been provided for some fine riding. The unique feature is that everyone does not behave according to silver sheet canons. The leading lady actually gets foiled when she makes a campaign speech for Papa the politician, but, of course, she finds Carey irresistible in time for the final close-up.



THE FIGHTING COWARD—Paramount

JAMES CRUZE proves again that he has a wonderful sense of humor. He has taken Booth Tarkington's "Magnolia," that satire of the fire eating Southerner of the ante bellum days, and has injected more satire and more laughs than Mr. Tarkington did. At times the satire verges on burlesque, but that only makes it the funnier. If you appreciate satire, don't miss this.



THE STORM DAUGHTER—Universal

THOUGH Priscilla Dean lacks the old fire, she gives a balanced and mature performance in this story of the sea. Thrown by chance into the power of a brutal captain, upon his own ship, she is forced to undergo all sorts of humiliation, until a mutiny comes—which solves the question of the captain in an unexpected way. The picture ends far too abruptly—the mark of unskillful cutting.



SINGER JIM McKEE—Paramount

A TYPICAL Bill Hart vehicle, giving our hero a chance to emote over his Pinto Pony, to fight a mob single-handed and to prove to the one woman that he is one of Nature's noblemen. This is not unlike the last Hart effort, "Wild Bill Hickok," in spots. Reminiscent is the moment when Bill—clad in a white shirt—stands up before a firing crowd and manages to stay in one piece.



HIS FORGOTTEN WIFE—Film Booking Offices

THE third of the Palmer Photoplay prize pictures. This time the Great War, shell shock and a consequent loss of memory form the main theme. After having mislaid his identity, the war-scarred hero marries his pretty French nurse and returns to America. And, quite by chance, meets the woman to whom he was engaged—and, who, through the terms of his will, has inherited his property.



MILE-A-MINUTE ROMEO—Fox

TOM MIX again—just as simple and unaffected and dauntless as ever. Hollywood hasn't spoiled him a bit, and this time he has the added attraction of a good story—adroit and appropriate. It moves along quickly and without, wonder of wonders, divulging the plot in the first ten feet. The subtitles add to the fun. The "wonder horse" is here, too. Both he and Mix do some good stunts.



TRY AND GET IT—Hodkinson

AN impossible, but at times laughable, narrative—with Bryant Washburn and Billie Dove. The story of a young business man who is sent out, by his boss, to collect a small bill of long standing. Of course the man who owes the bill has a pretty daughter and that complicates things. It's only a short time before the love interest reaches a climax and the bill gets collected.



THE SHOOTING OF DAN McGREW—Metro

A PICTURE which has such possibilities and of which so much was expected that the result is disappointing. With such a theme and story, and such a cast, it seems too bad that the picture could not have been better. The trouble is both with the scenario and the direction, although Barbara La Marr does not shine as brightly as do Lew Cody and Percy Marmont.



THE GALLOPING ACE—Universal

A JACK HOXIE Western, in which war time methods are used to vanquish the lady ranch owner's many enemies. Jack, seated upon his huge white horse, comes riding into the picture just when he's needed most—and, with his roping, riding and strong right arm, manages to set everything to rights. Embellished with some of Universal's best western scenery.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]



Photo by Stage

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and his mother, whose interest in her son's screen career led to her separation from her second husband, James Evans

Son or Husband—Which?

The mother of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., tells her reasons for giving up her husband to devote her life to her son and his motion picture career.

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

WHEN a woman frankly makes the statement that the reason for her separation from her second husband is that she needs more time to devote to her son's career, I am instantly interested.

I hope I am not a victim of the mother tradition. I weep just as profoundly as anybody when John McCormack sings "Mother Machree," but in my saner moments I know that being a mother is a business and some people are good at it and some aren't. Common sense is just as important as love, and any additional information on the subject is invaluable.

The woman who, still young and lovely and in need of intellectual companionship, gives up a husband to make a business of her son's future and development, must have given intensive thought to the subject, must have deep and vital reasons.

That's why I finally decided to ask Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Evans, the first wife of Douglas Fairbanks and the mother of his only son, to see me and explain just what she meant by it.

The news of her separation from James Evans, a wealthy and good-looking young business man whom she married shortly after her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, hadn't surprised me much. No matrimonial complications surprise me any more. But her reason—or rather her admission of the reason—did. It showed intellectual honesty, the rarest of all characteristics in woman.

AS I waited in her bright, crowded drawing room, I counted nine pictures of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., not one of his mother.

Then a lady came down the curving staircase. She wore a gown of black velvet, with bands of ermine at the throat and wrists. Her hair, which grew away from her face in a most exquisite line, was silvery gray above the fresh smoothness of her skin.

She smiled at me and I felt instantly very welcome. She has a lovely smile, Mrs. Beth Sully Fairbanks Evans, and it is always there, even when she is very grave. You feel it behind her eyes and around the corners of her lips, waiting a chance to come back and join in the conversation.

Three things were in my mind when we finally began to talk about the all important subjects of motherhood and its obligations.

First, the immense adoration that young Doug Fairbanks has for his famous father. I have known a great many children of divorced people and I have talked with judges of divorce courts. I know how easy it is for a mother who brings up a child alone, to allow that child to slip into active resentment, or anger, or criticism against the father. I know how almost unavoidable it is, that the child shall be indifferent to that father, or shall be weaned away from him entirely. It takes a big woman, a woman of real understanding and unselfed devotion to her child's best interests, not to ease her own hurt at the

expense of her child. The matter is in the mother's hands and in nine cases out of ten, she revenges herself for past wrongs, or even where there are no wrongs, salves her own conscience with the thing, she tells her child.

Second, I was remembering that a brilliant writer, who has been an intimate friend of Mrs. Evans for many years, had said to me only a few days before.

"Her friendship is the most sweeping thing I have ever known. It never fails. It underlands, it overlooks, it uplifts. Her loving tolerance is broad enough for the whole world. I have never heard her express condemnation of a living soul. Of abstract evils, yes. Of struggling humanity, no, never."

Thirdly, when she gave me a second cup of tea, she remembered just how I liked it without asking "a little thing, which?" I have found to be an infallible index of character.

"I don't want to talk about this," she said frankly, with a quick, direct look. "I used to think I had a private life of my own. But I've learned that I haven't. I've learned that if you ask the public to love you, and to be interested in your personality, as my son and I do ask them, that you belong to them. So, in my life, I have found that the best way is to be completely frank and fearless in what you do, and let everybody understand just why you do it."

"It was thoroughly understood when I married a second time, that my son came first. I was young and I felt the need of a man in my life. I am a home person, and I felt quite lost without a home and a husband. So we talked it over and decided to try it, always with the proviso

that I belonged first to my boy. It didn't work, that's all. It is difficult enough to be both father and mother to a boy if you can give him every moment of your time and understanding, but when you try at the same time to be a wife to a man who is not that boy's father and whose interests and thoughts run in a different world, it becomes impossible. If the child is not a forceful and vivid personality, it may be easier. Douglas is."

And she smiled again, amusedly.

"It has always been my theory," she said slowly, for she talks as a woman talks who is thinking behind her words, "that there are mother-women and wife-women. In some women, the mother is always uppermost. Such a woman marries in the expectation of children, she plans for them, looks forward to their coming. If the moment ever comes when she must choose between her husband and her child, she will follow her child every time. In all the little every day choices of life, she gives the preference to the child and not to the man."

"Other women are born wives. Children are accidents to them. If they are fine women, they make splendid mothers. Sometimes, because their love [CONTINUED ON PAGE 95]

Hitherto Untold Stories of the Early Days



"What happened to Mary?" was the first of the serial motion pictures, made in 1912, and it won fame and fortune for Mary Fuller, the star. It was the first tie-up of the motion picture and the newspaper

Chapter XXVII

IF you had been a luncheon hour patron in Randolph Street in downtown Chicago in the autumn of 1905 you might have noticed several persistently habitual customers, men who entered with an air of being very much at home and with that inevitable Chicago manner of being in an eternal hurry. Chicago boasts of its speed.

The place is important. There were obscure but vital reasons why certain events pregnant with motion picture destiny should have their origin in that cafe somewhere among those laden, talkative tables, bestrewn with mugs of most potable dark beer and heavy cups of even darker coffee. Up the street stood the Masonic Temple, once the city's chief architectural pride and boast, where the Edison peep show kinoscope first revealed the motion picture to the public in the remote year of 1894, and nearby was the old Schiller theater, where the Latham eidoloscope

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

By Terry Ramsaye

came in the fall of 1895 with its feeble miracle of living pictures, life size on a sheet. There was the horror-haunted Iroquois, with its proscenium facing out on the scene of the tragedy of seven hundred dead, transcending any fate drama of the years' processional of mimes upon its stage. There was the famous old Powers theater, and the Sherman House, proud in its tradition. This was and is the Rialto of Chicago, where now for a while the Fates chose to spin a thread in the warp of the screen.

Among these busy men of Chicago who came up and down Randolph Street to meet at the Union Cafe you might have singled out a certain two with more than a casual interest. One was brief and Teutonically blocky with an atmosphere of keen solidity, superficially shot with diamonds like spar flakes on granite. The other was a spacious person with a slight roll in his gait like a laden freighter, with a leonine head and wavy forelock, carrying a stout malacca and much of impressive dignity.

Discreet inquiry of the headwaiter would have identified these men for you as William N. Selig, the moving picture man, and Moses Koenigsberg, of the Chicago Evening American.

Selig, whom we have seen in many chapters of this history, was riding blithely and venturesomely on the rising wave of motion picture prosperity, born of the then new nickelodeon movement. The whole future of the motion picture was still exceedingly uncertain. Selig was alertly waiting and busy experimenting and speculating.

His friend, Moses Koenigsberg, was the managing editor in the most strenuous period of the evolution of the most strenuous afternoon newspaper in the most strenuous newspaper system in the



A scene from "The Perils of Pauline," the serial in which Pearl White first began the daring "stunts" that made her famous. Another newspaper tie-up

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That Are More Fascinating Than Fiction

Now it can be told

How four men around a cafe table planned in 1906 to corner all of the stories fit for the screen and collect millions from the story hungry motion picture in the years to come.

How a newspaper war in Chicago caused the motion picture serial and opened the road to fame for Pearl White, Kathlyn Williams, Helen Holmes, James Cruze and many another.

How a St. Louis stenographer, Ida Damon, won a prize of ten thousand dollars for a one hundred word idea for the screen—and got fired because she brought too much publicity to her concern.

How a cowboy-reporter-press agent put over a national newspaper hoax and planted the first chapter of "The Million Dollar Mystery" as a news story on the unsuspecting editors, with curious results.

world's history of journalism, specifically the Chicago Evening American, property of a corporation which, in turn, was and is the property of William Randolph Hearst.

In the normal course of events, on days and at hours when nothing especially happened, the Chicago Evening American went tripping out into Chicago's loop district at the rate of an edition about every forty-five minutes. Under the external pressure of vivid events or the internal pressure of even more vivid Koenigsberg inspirations, the American erupted editions fifteen or twenty minutes apart until relieved, and until the adjacent shores of Lake Michigan were knee deep in the lava, scoriae, ashes and hot mud of the current sensation. The normal-schedule was seventeen editions a day, with a new whimsy, thrill or shudder roaring across the first page of each of them. Edition plates often overtook each other in the pressroom and got jumped out of the paper before they got in.

This made it desirable for Koenigsberg to have or overtake an idea expressible in type of 480-point and upwards every few moments.

A common or beer-garden murder discovered at 11:30 A. M. could sweep half of page one at 11:47, and if, in fifteen minutes more, it was found that it involved a girl, preferably chorus, with good pictures, it could have pages one, two and three in the city-night and all home editions down to the last-tenth and sporting final. Once in a while a really big story had to be ignored, since there was not type adequate to present it. Stories could get too big to print.

This may seem slightly remote from the motion picture, but it all had a most direct relation indeed: The coming of the new high tension idea was something of an evolution under compel-



Kathlyn Williams, star of "The Adventures of Kathlyn," one of the most famous newspaper and picture serials of a decade ago

ling conditions. The young Chicago American was held a most unwelcome invader by some of the old line, orthodox and long-established Chicago papers. To gain a foothold it had to be different and it had to fight against all manner of things, including public inertia. Some papers try to be significant, some try to be interesting—civilization seems to survive them both.

This typographical excitement in Chicago was, of course, only one of the many phases of the struggle for attention. In time the Evening American changed the whole trend of Chicago journalism, and made it seize the motion picture as one of the weapons of the coming circulation war.

This impact of the old institution of the printed word on the younger art of the screen changed its orbit and brought the rise of new stars, new millions, new successes and new failures, changes remote and near. Back to this we can trace the controlling forces and origins of many screen careers and familiar names, from Mary Fuller, Pearl White and Kathlyn Williams to Marion Davies.

So it is here and now
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



James Cruze, when an actor in "The Million-Dollar Mystery," and Jay—"Casey"—Cairns, the press agent who "put one over" on the newspapers for this serial

Odds & Ends the Camera Caught

*Out-of-the-ordinary bits of
photography gathered by the
cameramen who operate all
over the world*

*Motion picture acting
surely makes one hardy.
What matters a little
snow to Patsy Ruth
Miller when her make-
up needs repairs?*



*Which is which? Rudolph Valentino brought Andre Daven from
France because of their resemblance, and the young Frenchman is
playing in "Monsieur Beaucaire"*



*It is not often that a director can get "extras" who are so interested as
are these Italian nuns in what Henry King is telling them*



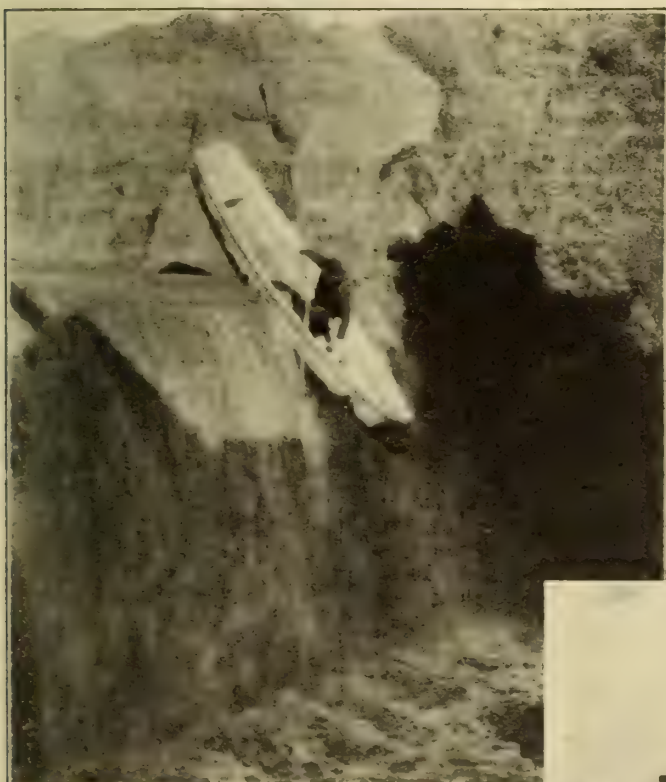
*Imagined from Jackie Coogan's expression, he likes
girl's clothes about as well as most boys do*



Gertrude Olmsted, who has gone to Italy to play Esther in "Ben-Hur," was told the Italian pickpockets were very clever. So she had this pocket woven into her stocking



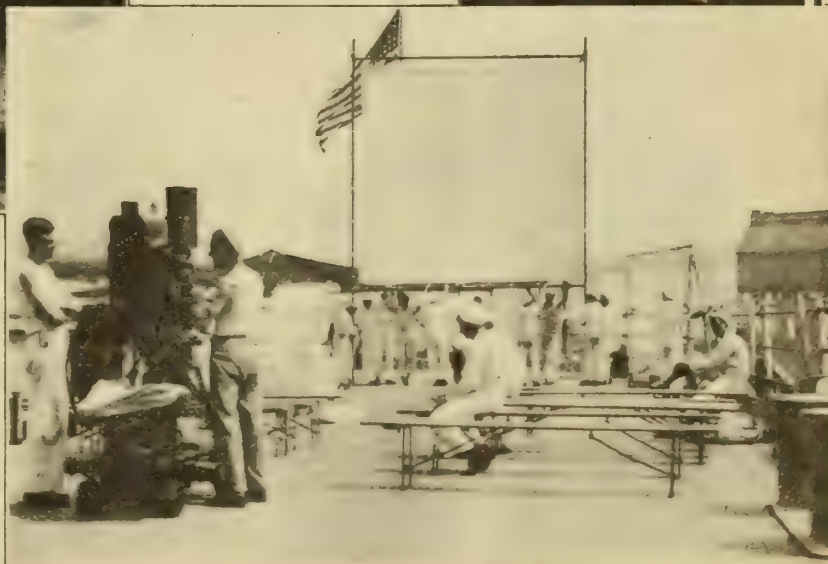
Kenneth McDonald, the "stunt" actor, used to ride jumping horses. So when a thriller was required in "After a Million," he figured an automobile could jump as well as a horse. And it did — across a 26-foot ditch



This was Chester Conklin's own idea of a thrill for "Gallop'ing Fish," and, having invented it, Thomas Ince made him do it himself. It's all done in the studio



Have you an old gown that is out of style? Rip out one sleeve and you have the latest Paris fashion. Here is Eleanor Boardman, who introduced it in Hollywood



One of Uncle Sam's first run picture houses. Sailors on the U. S. S. Pennsylvania setting up the screen for an evening's entertainment. These boys see the new pictures among the first



Their Pet Aversions

Yes, the stars—like all other real people—have 'em. And they aren't ashamed, either, to tell us just what they are!

Mary Pickford

Cerise

I HATE cerise. No—cerise isn't a person—it's a color! A terrible color—or so it seems to me. If anybody wants to make me mad, clear through, all they have to do is to wave a cerise ribbon at me. I almost go crazy when Paris decrees that cerise is going to be a popular color. Cerise hats, even on other people, make me really ill. Cerise gowns spoil the whole atmosphere of a party, for me. I think that I should scream if I happened to meet even my closest friend in a cerise suit.

Will you believe it—the vibrations of that color actually make the gooseflesh stand out all over my body! I can't explain the reason for this aversion; maybe there isn't any reason. I suppose that we all respond to specific colors, and that we are opposed to other ones. It's a matter of individual taste—plus something that isn't very easy to understand.

Irene Rich

Personal Appearances

I HAVE a great many hobbies, but very few aversions. Perhaps my greatest one is my dislike for public appearances. Not that I object to meeting my friends—no, indeed! But to stand on a brightly lighted stage, with nothing to say, or do, seems quite terrible.

If I might appear in a little sketch, first, and then meet the people who came up to shake hands with me—well, that wouldn't be nearly so bad. I'd be doing something definite then, giving something, being something. But to just stand, stupidly, and gaze out into a sea of strange faces—that is my pet aversion, indeed!

I think that I dislike this personal appearance idea because I can't help feeling that the folk out front are waiting for something out of the ordinary to happen. And I know that they're not going to see anything out of the ordinary, at all!



Harold Lloyd

Still Cameras

I HATE a still camera. When I see a still camera approaching, propelled by some eager portrait maker—amateur or otherwise—I feel about the way a Sennett bathing girl would feel at the sight of a sea serpent coming up suddenly out of an otherwise perfectly good ocean!

I suppose it's because I've had to live in an atmosphere of picture making so long that I hate cameras. When I'm away from the studio I feel as if I deserve a rest from all the things that go with my work there. At such times I'm not in the mood for them. So it's not a matter of being "temperamental." A camera in my house, is—to me—like an unfriendly eye at a keyhole.

I don't mind it so much when the camera is pointed at my wife, Mildred. She's so pretty that I don't blame people for wanting to take pictures of her. But there's no excuse for a camera to look in my direction!

Sylvia Breamer

Latch Keys

NOT if I can help it will I ever carry a door-key again! I've lost more keys than all the rest of the people, combined, in Hollywood. My keys seem to sprout legs—as many legs as a centipede. After I've put them in my pocketbook, they just walk right out again.

What's the use of carrying one anyway, when you have a maid just especially to open the door? Although there are times, of course, when the maid and I get our dates mixed, and I come home to find the door locked and nobody to let me in.

And therein lies the chief reason for my aversion.

As it is, I have been forced, by circumstance, to become quite an adept at second story work. Some day an innocent cop—if there is such a thing!—will arrest me for breaking into my own house. Do you wonder that I hate keys?

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 76]



*All the
features women
want*

**Won't peel off
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Lasts a whole week
Gives a rose brilliance
water will not dull
Needs no separate
polish remover**



The greatest authority on the manicure has perfected the ideal Liquid Polish with all these qualities. Try it at the end of your very next Cutex manicure. You will be delighted with the smooth, rosy brilliance it gives your nails.

Cutex Liquid Polish and the other Cutex preparations are 35c at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and chemist shops in England. Or you can get it in two of the complete manicure sets. Sets are 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

CUTEX *Liquid Polish*

THE COMPLETE MANICURE

Send 12c for Special Introductory Set

The Polish is the last step of the famous Cutex manicure. First shape the nails with the Cutex emery board. Then soften the cuticle and remove all the dead skin with Cutex Cuticle Remover and a Cutex orange stick. Then comes Cutex Liquid Polish or the new Powder Polish. Between manicures keep the nails smooth and healthy with a little Cuticle Cream (Comfort).

Send the coupon with 12c today for the special Introductory Set containing trial sizes of all these things. If you live in Canada, address Dept. Q 6, 200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 12c TODAY

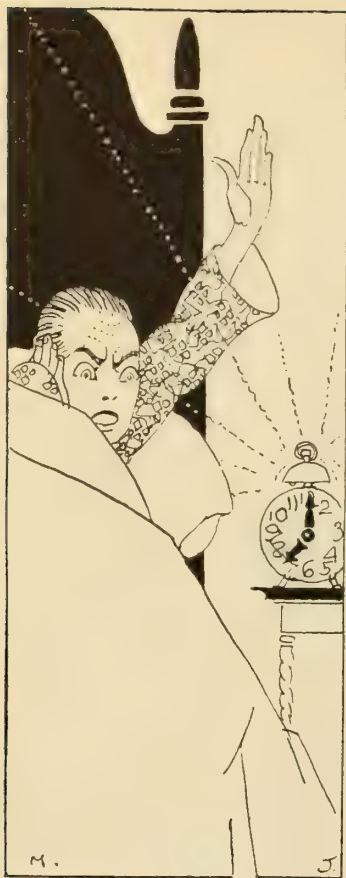
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114 West 17th Street, New York

I enclose 12c in stamps or coin for new Introductory Set including a trial size of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

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(or P. O. Box)

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Owen Moore

Alarm Clocks

I LOATHE an alarm clock. That song of Harry Lauder's, about hating to get up in the morning, hits me just where I live! The people that think a screen star has nothing to do but enjoy life and sleep late, ought to have my hours. They'd soon change their minds—I'm telling you!

Sometimes I receive an early call—maybe it comes before six o'clock. And I have to jump out of bed and be at the studio, ready to start for location, before even the sun has had to get up. How's that for treatment?

The days when I have to work early usually come after the nights when I've had to work late. Think of that, and then remember that I'm supposed to be a comedian and have to act funny—or try to act funny—under any sort of circumstance! When my humor has a touch of pathos in it, it's because I'm sleepy. But a lot of critics say that the sad sort of humor is the

closest to art, so there's a compensation for everything!

Just the same, I hate early rising. And I detest the things that go with early rising. To date I can't remember a time when I've been able to stay in bed as long, and as late, as I wanted to. But—sometime—I'm going to strangle my alarm clock!



Tully Marshall

Red-haired Women

I HATE red-headed women. I don't trust 'em. Want to know why? Well, it's a matter of personal vanity with me. I guess the psycho-analysts would tell you that a good many aversions are.

You see, when I was a kid, 'way back in the days of the little brick school house, I had a red-headed teacher. I suppose she was a nice enough looking girl—but at the time she seemed beautiful to me. To make a long story short, I fell in love with her. And she threw me down! I hate to tell this on account of my wife—it's a mistake for a husband to own even a harmless past. One should be reticent in such matters.

Nowadays, when I sign up with a picture, I usually ask the director if there's going to be a red-headed woman in the cast. His answer means a lot. If he says there is—it's pretty apt to change my plans.

Douglas Fairbanks

Castor Oil

I'D rather take poison than castor oil! If you want to know my pet aversion, you're answered.

All my life I've hated castor oil. When I was a kid I hated it. When I was a growing boy I hated it. When I was a very young man I hated it. And I still hate it!

The story about Eskimos crying for castor oil gives me a violent chill. The sight of a bottle of it nauseates me. If I ever get rich enough I'll buy all the castor oil in the country and go out, in a big boat, beyond the three-mile limit, and give it a decent burial at sea. What a rotten trick to play on the fishes!

However, if I do smother my better feelings toward the fish, and do destroy all the castor oil in the country, my pictures will never want for an audience. Think how the small boys of the nation will love me! I'll come before George Washington as a national hero—Lincoln, as a liberator, will have nothing on me! Of course I have a few other aversions. Not thousands of them, you understand, but enough! However, I won't list them here. You only asked for my pet hatred—my idea of the vilest thing in the whole world. Well, it's castor oil—the thing that's made the most people miserable.



Marie Prevost

Monkeys

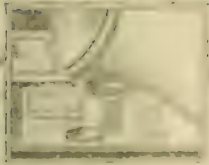
MY pet aversion is almost an obsession with me. I hate monkeys. Yes, I know most people like them—but I can't stand the sight of one of them. Darwin must have been clean crazy when he said that we're descended from the hateful little beasts!

When I was a child, and my mother took me to the circus or to the zoo, the leering faces of the monkeys terrified me. Their gestures, their claws, everything about them, filled me with horror. Even now, if I should be called upon to work with one, in a picture, I think I'd simply have to pass out!

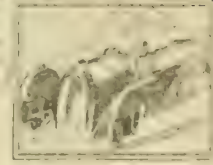
Human beings are simply wonderful. Monkeys are detestable. I can't see the faintest resemblance between them. I wish that I might never have to look at another monkey as long as I live. This is a queer aversion, but it's too true to be funny!



How the younger women are caring for their skin



On her dressing table the sure means of skin perfection



Out in the world for hours, yet her skin is not coarsened

SHE whirls gaily through a crowded day, yet there is no end to her buoyant enthusiasm, her electric energy.

Look at her smiling over her morning coffee. She played eighteen holes of golf in yesterday afternoon's wind and danced until four on top of it.

But her creamy skin hasn't a trace of roughness or coarsening. There's not a line at the corner of her mouth or eyes—no lifeless look to tell of a skin improperly cared for.

For these lighthearted girls know how important a clear, fresh, smooth skin is, and they realize that their strenuous manner of life seriously threatens to destroy its fragile loveliness.

So everywhere they have now definitely adopted the new method of skin care—the method devised by Pond's and based upon the two fundamentals of skin perfection—Rejuvenating Cleansing and a delicate Protective Finish.

How the Younger Women Stay So

First—the all important cleansing that leaves the skin immaculate, supple, lustrous. For this, Pond's Cold Cream on the face and neck every night, and after any exposure. Rub it in generously, with the tips of the fingers, or on a piece of moistened cotton. The fine oil sinks deep into the pores to remove the impurities, the tiny particles of dust and powder that clog them.

With a soft cloth wipe off the cream—you will marvel at the dust and dirt that come with it. Your skin is deliciously clean and supple—and the tiny cells have a chance to breathe and function normally.

Next—the delicate finish that protects. Smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face after every cleansing—just enough to rub in easily. This exquisite, pure soft cream is absorbed in-

THE younger woman of today does not permit fatigue to mark her skin with tiny lines, or exposure to redden and coarsen it. She knows how tremendously important is a clear, smooth skin and the fragile loveliness that withstands her exceedingly strenuous way of life.

stantly, giving a fine, normal texture, a smoothness and an enchanting pearly tone. Now with this perfect foundation, notice how evenly your powder goes on—and it will cling for hours.

After any exposure Pond's Cold Cream is especially soothing. Just feel your face relax as you rub the soft delicate cream in after a long drive or a morning of golf or tennis. The hungry cells drink up the oil they lack, the feeling of strain disappears, and the skin is soft and supple again. Follow this, of course, with Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering.

If you are entertaining or going out in the evening, use Pond's Cold Cream followed by Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smooth, clear loveliness.

Try the Famous Method that Keeps the Skin Young

With Pond's Two Creams and a little care every day, you will be astonished to see how clear and smooth, how soft and velvety your skin looks. And it will keep this charm of freshness and youthfulness for years longer than one would suppose possible. Buy Pond's Two Creams in jars or tubes from any drug or department store. The Pond's Extract Company.

Generous tubes—mail coupon with 10 cents today



**POND'S TWO CREAMS
USED BY WOMEN WHO TAX
THEIR SKIN MOST AND
KEEP IT LOVELIEST**

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. F
137 Hudson Street, New York

Ten cents (enclosed) for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every skin needs.

Name

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There were nearly as many episodes as dollars in "The Million-Dollar Mystery." Here is Florence LaBadie, the heroine



In the cast with James Cruze in "The Million-Dollar Mystery" was Marguerite Snow, who afterwards became Mrs. Cruze

in the year of 1905-6, at the old Union Cafe, and through these personalities that the parallel arts, the screen, as represented by W. N. Selig, and the printed word, as represented by Moses Koenigsberg, made their first significant contact. It was in obedience to the commonest physio-chemical law. Reactions start where the temperature is the highest. Chicago was the hot spot. There the motion picture was boiling and the printed word was a continuous boiler explosion.

All the arts tend toward fusion. Here it began with the press and the screen. The process continues today, with the ultimate result still in question.

Selig's motion picture enterprise had received inspirational impetus through the temporary attentions of G. M. Anderson, subsequently to become famous as "Broncho Billy." We have seen in an early chapter how he had carried west to Selig the new message of the "story picture," an idea garnered of his experience in the Edison-Porter production of "The Great Train Robbery."

Koenigsberg and Selig talked their respective businesses across the coffee at the Union and compared ideas. They were really very much more nearly in the same business than they suspected, probably. It was the business of purveying emotions by action, thrills and general excitement. The Chicago Evening American was certainly a very moving picture.

"This film business is coming so fast that there is going to be a shortage of stories to make pretty soon," Selig observed. "We are going to be hard up for ideas."

Ideas, superheated and rapid, were the breath of life for Koenigsberg. An aura of them floated about him and, with the assistance of a battery of Goss octuple presses, he sprayed Chicago with them from dawn to dark six days a week and on the seventh yearned for more.

THE task of endless research and writing involved in the Romantic History of the Motion Picture and the general approval it has met with in the industry, as well as among readers of this publication, has earned for Mr. Ramsay the position of the screen's foremost historian. It is truly remarkable that while this history has corrected many generally accepted fallacies regarding the early days of the art and industry not one essential fact in it has been controverted.

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor.*

Koenigsberg reflected on the motion picture situation and its story consumption, twisting his forelock with a nervous left hand. He was always doing that. It was his method of wringing out the reluctant inspirational idea.

There were many sessions over many coffee cups. Meanwhile "Broncho Billy" jumped the Selig fence and joined George K. Spoor in the organization of the Essanay Company, taking, of course, the "story picture" idea along to the new organization. Selig and Spoor became friends, and both of them consulted often with George Kleine, whose important motion picture activities between New York and Chicago have been detailed in

this history. Now there were three of them talking this story situation. Of these confabs was born an ambitious project by which the Chicago motion picture makers planned to corner the world's market in motion picture material. They intended to get the exclusive screen rights forever to all of the stories, novels and plays that had not been converted into motion pictures, and presently to hold the picture-making industry at their mercy for ideas, meanwhile having available for themselves an inexhaustible supply of the best material. Leiter tried it in wheat; why should they not do it in stories?

Selig and Koenigsberg had talked and tentatively planned many things. They had talked out the possibilities of screen presentation of news pictures and of newspaper presentation of screen stories. It was, after all, a reasonably obvious development and a natural course of discussions between the two arts. These things for the time were merely talk that floated off into the nowhere along with the cigar smoke.

But now the story corner idea ran most clearly over into the field of publication, better known to Koenigsberg, the editor, than to the picture men. He was [CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]

Most men ask "Is she pretty?" not "Is she clever?"

Freshness, Charm—the enticement of a Skin More Precious than Personality or Cleverness—do you seek it? Then for One Week Follow this Simple Beauty Method which is Bringing it to Thousands



Often we marvel at her—the girl whose only asset is her beauty. She knows so little and says so little; yet serenely attracts everyone to her side. Too often her clever rival sits in a corner, alone. * * *

Brains or beauty?—but why choose? Combine beauty with cleverness, charm with wisdom. Develop your personality. That's what thousands of girls have done—and found new happiness as a result.

The means are simple. Have a pretty skin—remember, *you can, if you try*. Costly beauty treatments are unnecessary—just daily use of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

It is worth trying for this charm thousands have, the clear, fresh skin you want—do this one week, then note the change.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Then massage softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty, charm and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, represented as made of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

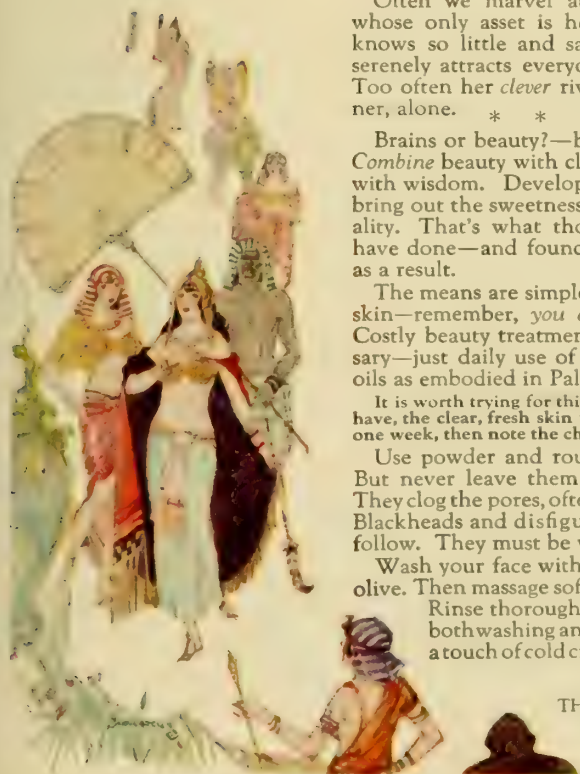
Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

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360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



A comb GIVEN with every brush

Pyralin Start-a-Set Sale June 2-7



AMBER
Pyralin
LA BELLE



THE JUNE BRIDE
will love these dainty
toilet things for her new
home. For anniversaries, too.

Gifts that women love

FROM June 2 to 7, the leading merchants in your locality will give away a genuine, trade-marked Pyralin comb to match each hair brush you buy.

This is your opportunity to start a set of the most popular of all toileware for some one dear to you—or to add to it if she already has one started.

June days are gift days. What more pleasing and graceful gift to a woman than Pyralin Toiletware with its life-long beauty and usefulness?

Go to the merchant in your locality who advertises this "Start-a-Set" Sale. See the wide range of beautiful patterns and articles. Identify genuine Pyralin by the name-stamp on each piece. There is a small charge for decoration, if desired.

Name of nearest dealer and descriptive literature will be sent, if desired.

The set you start today can grow through the years to come. There is an article for every toilet need. Added pieces always match.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc.
Pyralin Department, Arlington, New Jersey
Arlington Company of Canada, Montreal



THE SWEET GIRL
GRADUATE
will appreciate for years
to come the set started at
Commencement time.



FOR MEN
A free comb given away
with every pair of military
brushes.



FOR JUNE
BIRTHDAYS
nothing can surpass a
gift of Pyralin—so useful
for vacation trips.



hunting and all that sort of stuff, and Miss Roland will take a vacation in the Canadian Rockies.

It, on their return to Los Angeles, they find that "absence has made the heart grow fonder," the wedding bells will ring out and the "Aurora" will again start on a cruise, this time around the world for a honeymoon trip.

FOUR years of more or less peaceful married life in the Hollywood colony and not one single mention of it—not even "screen credit." This is the wail of pretty Virginia Valli and her husband, Demmy Lamson. They haven't kept it a secret. It has just been ignored and never even so much as a picture printed of them together. They have had plenty taken, but they've been suppressed, either because Lamson hogged the camera or had such a sickly grin on his face. They feel they have been overlooked in the general rush to prove that there are happily married couples in the film capital, and so Miss Valli and Lamson have posed again—this time especially for PHOTOPLAY—just to show they are "happy though married."

Lamson is employed in pictures. He has been location man, assistant director and is now manager for a number of artists.

MR. GEORGE K. SPOOR is out of pictures, which isn't news. Mr. Douglas Fairbanks is in pictures, which isn't news either. But on the two sentences hangs a tale as told by Victor Eubank, at present Pacific cable editor for the Associated Press in San Francisco, but formerly with Essanay Studios.

"Years ago, and not so many either when you figure the age of pictures," recounts Mr. Eubank, "I was in New York for Essanay trying to pick up a play or two. I saw Fairbanks playing to empties at the Liberty theater in Forty-second street. His play was 'He Comes Up Smiling.' Please remember that title.

"I told him he would make good in pictures and he agreed to come with Essanay on any sort of a contract I agreed to make. I wired Spoor at Chicago and received the following reply: 'Don't want Fairbanks now. Can you find a good scenario writer?'

"Imagine my embarrassment when I had to tell Fairbanks the fatal news. But look at the



Rex Ingram is turning from the screen to sculpture. Upon his return from Africa, where he filmed "The Arab," he announced that he had purchased a Moorish house, four hundred years old, on the site of ancient Carthage, and would spend most of his future there working in clay and marble. Rex studied sculpture at Yale, under Lee Lawrie, one of the great American masters



"Happy though married" is the title Virginia Valli suggested for this exclusive photograph of herself and her husband, Demmy Lamson. And she says this is the first picture of them together ever published

difference now. Spoor is out of pictures and the man he could have signed up for \$100 a week is 'packing them in' in the very theater where he played to empties in 'He Comes Up Smiling.'

"I'll say he comes up smiling."

THE largest cash guarantee ever put up in pictures has just been placed in a fund by Carl Laemmle, of Universal. The amount is one million dollars and is to go to Jack Dempsey as his salary for ten pictures in which he is to be starred.

Work on these ten productions is to be started at once and, according to the contract, they may be spread over a period of two years, if the studio deems it necessary.

In the event that a heavyweight championship fight be signed for Dempsey before the completion of his contract, permission will be given him to fight, provided all his preliminary training is done at Universal City. Also, if Dempsey should lose the championship before the ten pictures are completed, the contract for the productions still holds good.

ESTELLE TAYLOR has recently taken her first step to stardom via the Cecil B. De Mille route. Mr. De Mille announced that he has signed Miss Taylor to a long-term contract to take the place of Leatrice Joy in forthcoming De Mille productions. Miss Joy has been made a star by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation as a result of her work in "The Ten Commandments" and "Triumph." It is said to have been Miss Taylor's work in



Long ago Charlie Chaplin promised Lita Grey that, some day, she could be his leading woman. He's made good, and she will be in his new Alaskan picture

the former picture that won her the right to succeed Miss Joy. Her first picture with De Mille will be "Feet of Clay," a story by Margaretta Tuttle. Mr. De Mille, as director-general for Paramount, has made a number of stars, including Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres and Bebe Daniels.

THE spring drive is on. The rich and the poor, old and young, are again battering at the gates of the Hollywood motion picture studios seeking loot, fame, thrills and excitement.

Daughters of wealth, scions of nobility, an oil magnate, and even a mere football hero are among those who are now in the film capital trying to crash the gate on Fame and Fortune.

Muriel McCormick, daughter of Harold McCormick and granddaughter of John D. Rockefeller, is here and is about to achieve a three years' ambition to blaze a comet-like trail across film-land's stellar universe, according to reports. Her campaign of invasion is the result of much thought, one learns. With a staff of a dozen servants engaged, she is said to have taken a home in Pasadena and is laying strenuous plans. But she does not want the family name on twenty-four sheets. Oh,

Fritzi Brunette has gone into vaudeville in a sketch written by Joe Jackson, one of the shining lights of the Wampas. The author and star, when this picture was taken, evidently realized the seriousness of the step

no indeed! It is understood that Muriel has chosen "Novanna MiCor" for her professional name.

THESE be turbulent times on the matrimonial sea of Hollywood and some of our most popular young people are "telling their troubles to the judge." The honors are about even between fights over alimony and fights for freedom. Bill Hart's wife is fighting a bitter legal battle against a contract entered into before their separation by which a \$103,000 trust fund is provided for the support of herself and their child on condition that Winifred Hart does not return to the screen—which is just what she wants to do now.

ANOTHER celebrity who is pleading poverty is Al St. John. The screen funny man, through his lawyer, declares he is wasting away under the yoke of too much alimony—that he just can't pay \$1,500 per month to his divorced wife—and she declares she can't get along with less.

Both Cullen Landis and his sister, Mrs. Margaret Landis Bracken, are now in the divorce courts, as is Art Acord, whose wife has named Louise Lorraine. And Mrs. Elizabeth Foelker has just been granted a divorce from her husband, who is known in the colony as Al Herman, a comedy director. Shortly after Cullen Landis' wife sued him for divorce and he replied with a cross-complaint, his sister, Mrs. Bracken, started action against her husband, Bertram C. Bracken, a director. Pals through life, Cullen and his sister are now standing shoulder to shoulder in their marital difficulties. May the best man win!

REBYE DE REMER who, some years ago, was called by Paul Helleu, the famous etcher, "the most beautiful woman in America," was married in Paris recently to Ben Throop, a millionaire coal man of Scranton, Pennsylvania. The civil ceremony was performed by the mayor of the eighth arrondissement, and the religious ceremony by the Rev. Dr. Burt, of the American church, at the home of Fanny Ward. There was quite a party. The Dolly Sisters did a dance in a private room where the breakfast was held, and Maurice and Leonora Hughes also danced.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]



HE had never seen her before—he hadn't even heard her name—yet he wanted to know her. It wasn't just her slender grace, her masses of hair, nor her sparkling eyes. It was her delicate coloring—her creamy neck and brow, the glowing color of her cheeks, the coral curve of her lips. Any man would want to know her!



Choose powder that matches the tone of your skin

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE foundation of a successful beauty toilette is the correct and effective use of powder. It is of first importance to select the shade of powder for your particular skin-tone.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades, each one carefully compounded to most nearly match each of the four typical shades of the American woman's skin. These shades are called Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and White, and unless you have a very unusual skin-tint you will find among them exactly the shade you should use!

There are four typical shades of skin

Naturelle is the shade that most American women should use. Women with the warm little rose and ivory tones in their skin find this a shade of powder that can be used successfully both day and night.

Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is a slightly darker tone of powder than Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder. It is designed for the Spanish type of beauty, generally the woman with deep brown eyes and dark hair. Yet often women who have not such a definite tint of brunette in their general appearance should use this Rachel shade. It gives a lovely tone of rich beauty to the skin, and I would advise more women to try it.

Flesh Pompeian Beauty Powder is quite a decided pink, like a young baby's flesh. And many "pink and gold" blonde women should wear this shade. If your skin is inclined to flush, you will do well to use this powder. The pink powder over the pink skin tones down the too-high coloring, and forms a natural little finish that takes away the shine.

The most effective way to use your own shade of powder is to use it generously. Then go over the skin with a clean cloth and smooth off all superfluous particles till you attain the desired effect without your powder being obvious. Pompeian Beauty Powder is a rarely fine powder, with a delicate perfume and an exceptional quality of adhering for a long time.

"Don't Envy Beauty—Use Pompeian"

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER, 60c per box
POMPEIAN POWDER COMPACT . \$1.00

Canadian prices slightly higher

GET THE 1924 POMPEIAN PANEL
AND FOUR SAMPLES FOR TEN CENTS
The newest Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. Tear off the coupon and mail today.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada

Pompeian
Beauty Powder



YOUR SKIN DEMANDS PROTECTION

The supreme wisdom in taking care of the body is to supply whatever nature actually demands! A skin that feels "drawn" or "tight" indicates a definite demand to give your skin more oil—more nourishment.

You Must Feed Your Skin

Pompeian Night Cream furnishes the exact nourishment required by a dry skin. As one grows older this oily secretion is lessened, and wise women replace it to a great extent by the frequent use of Pompeian Night Cream. Many women use a little of this cream every time they cleanse their faces during the day.

If your skin already tends toward oiliness, you should counteract this condition by the use of Pompeian Day Cream. Apply it after your morning bath, and use it as a powder base at all times! It is slightly astringent and antiseptic—two essentials in making an oily skin more normal.

Remember—your skin never sleeps!

While your skin may rest at night—it never sleeps! It acts and reacts with the temperature of the room. It absorbs and rejects just as it does when you are awake—and because of this it will be using to good advantage the nourishment in Pompeian Night Cream. Its use at night is beneficial to both types of skin.

Unquestionably all women remove the traces of the day's powder, rouge, and accumulated dust. Whether this is done with cleansing cream, or with warm water and soap, it is still a cleansing process, and cleanliness is essential to good skin. But as a final touch of wisdom, rub a little Pompeian Night Cream into your cleansed skin for the night, to feed it during the hours when you are asleep and your skin is awake and active.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN AND SEND

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2131 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose (or, if you prefer) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

What shade of face powder wanted? _____

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

Studio Directory

For readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal active ones. The first is the business office; (s) indicates studio; in some case both are at one address.

ASSOCIATED EXHIBITORS, INC., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Douglas MacLean, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.
Chas. Ray Productions, 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles, Calif.
Mack Sennett Productions, 1712 Greengate Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

ASSOCIATED FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, 35 Madison Ave., New York City.
Richard Hart Pictures, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York City.
Edwin Carewe Productions, Associated First Nat'l Pictures, 619 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Thomas H. Ince Productions, Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Norma and Constance Talmadge Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Maurice Tourneur Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.
Richard Walton Tully Productions, United Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

DISTINCTIVE PICTURES CORP., 366 Madison Ave., New York City; (s) 807 East 175th St., New York City.

EDUCATIONAL FILMS CORPORATION, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Christie Comedies, Christie Film Co., Inc., Sunset, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hamilton Comedies, Lloyd Hamilton Corp., 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Merna Comedies, Jack White Corp., 5541 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION (PARAMOUNT), 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
(s) Paramount, Pierce Ave. and Sixth St., Long Island City, N. Y.
(s) Lasky, Hollywood, Calif.
British Paramount, (s) Poole St., Islington, N. London, England.
Wm. S. Hart Productions, (s) 1215 Bates Street, Hollywood, Calif.

F. B. O. of AMER., INC., 723 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Corner Gower and Melrose Streets, Hollywood, Calif.

FOX FILM CORPORATION, (s) 10th Ave. and 55th St., New York City. (s) 1401 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) Rome, Italy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City; (s) Culver City, Calif.
King Vidor Productions and Hugo Ballin Productions.
International Films, Inc. (Cosmopolitan Productions), 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City; (s) Second Avenue and 127th St., New York City.

W. W. HODKINSON CORPORATION, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) Romaine and Calhoun Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tiffany Productions, 1540 Broadway, New York City.
Buster Keaton Productions, Keaton Studio, 1205 Lillian Way, Hollywood, Calif.
Jackie Coogan, United Studios, Hollywood.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION, Palmer Bldg., Hollywood, Calif., Producing at Thos. H. Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Pathe Bldg., 35 West 45th Street, New York City.
Harold Lloyd Corporation, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Hal E. Roach Studios, Inc., Culver City, Calif.
Mack Sennett Comedy Productions, Los Angeles, Calif.

PREFERRED PICTURES, 1650 Broadway, New York City; (s) 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. B. P. Schulberg, Victor Schertzinger and Louis J. Gasnier Productions.

PRINCIPAL PICTURES CORPORATION, 1540 Broadway, New York City; (s) 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Baby Peggy Productions.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois; Rothacker-Aller Laboratories, Inc., Hollywood, Calif.

UNITED ARTISTS CORPORATION, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
George Arliss Productions, Distinctive Prod., 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Rex Beach Productions, United Artists Corp., 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.
Charlie Chaplin Studios, 1416 LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, 7100 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Jack Pickford.

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. COMPANY, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Universal City, Calif.
Century Comedies, Circle Blvd., Hollywood.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, (s) East 15th Street and Loest Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; (s) 1708 Talmadge Street, Hollywood, Calif.

WARNER BROTHERS, 1600 Broadway, New York City; (s) Sunset Blvd. at Bronson, Los Angeles.

Studio News and Gossip

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]

THE O. K.—the official sanction—the social confirmation—oh, everything, has been put upon bobbed hair. No longer can any man say that ladies don't cut their hair, or words to that effect. Because Ruth Nagel—wife of Conrad Nagel—has bobbed her lovely brunette tresses. And in Hollywood, at least, Ruthie's reputation for correctness and elegance and conservatism are unimpeachable. She and her chum, Beverly Bayne, went down together one afternoon and were duly shorn.

By the way, Beverly Bayne is looking quite remarkably beautiful these days, slimmer and younger than ever, and the new short locks are very becoming to her. I saw her the other day waiting for an interview with Cecil De Mille—he had sent for her—and there is a possibility that she may do a picture with him soon. Beverly has been off the screen a long time, but she's certainly needed back on it. A fine screen actress, and a beautiful woman, it would be a great idea to see her stage a comeback now, as her husband Francis X. Bushman is doing in "Ben Hur."

ALTHOUGH there has been no definite announcement, it does look rather as though Corinne Griffith might at any moment sever her starring connections with First National. No one seems to know just what is the trouble. But there's a sort of gentle impression around here and there that Corinne is a bit temperamental. The fact is that Corinne

—say those who know her best—is exactly like the rock of Gibraltar. Under that serene and smiling sweetness, that exquisite and gentle manner, she is firmer than the firmest rock. When she believes she is right, she will not be moved. Directors and producers, deceived by her charming manners, pay little attention to her less pleasant decisions about what she will and will not do. They go blithely along, remembering her smile and expecting that when the moment comes all will be well, and Corinne will do their way. To their amazement, they find her as flexible in matters affecting her work and her future as a piece of flint. Then they begin to howl and protest, and Corinne says: "But I told you all the time I wouldn't. I won't play such and such parts. I wouldn't do such and such things. I told you so."

"But we didn't believe you," they wail.

Whereupon Corinne can only shrug her lovely shoulders.

By the way, she insists that she actually means to retire, and have a home and a family, after three more pictures. Oh, Corinne, please don't! You're so beautiful to look at.

ANNA Q. NILSSON was sitting in a cafe in Los Angeles the other evening, looking unusually dazzling in a frock of green sequins, when she heard her name mentioned somewhere behind her left shoulder and turned to listen. A young girl had said to her slightly



Bill Hart's stance is terrible and he handles his driver like an ax, but Mary Garden seems to have both admiration and faith

Interesting news!

Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.

*They are 25 cents
a package*



A new use for an old friend

MANY users of Listerine have never discovered the unusual properties, as a perspiration deodorant, peculiar to this well-known antiseptic.

Many times you don't have access to—or time for—a tub or shower. Yet so often your fastidious inclinations will not permit you to be comfortable in going out without considering these things. Right there Listerine steps in as a friend in need. You simply apply this dependable antiseptic with a towel or wash cloth. Note how delightful and exhilarating the effect really is. Try it some time.

It is an interesting thing that this scientific preparation that has been used for so many years as a surgical dressing should possess these remarkable properties as a deodorant. Test this yourself by rubbing a little onion on your fingers. Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion odor disappears.

Moreover, it is absolutely safe. It will not irritate the most sensitive skin nor injure the most fragile fabric. You will be delighted with this new use.—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

and of course

For
HALITOSIS



use
LISTERINE

The dinner-gong has two messages



ONE is a summons to the table—the other, a warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat at our three meals a day that is bringing an avalanche of troubles to our teeth and our gums.

It's too soft. It doesn't stimulate the circulation of blood in the gums. Under this modern diet of ours, gums are growing soft and logy. They bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears—let your teeth beware.

Take care of your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste

To keep the gums sound and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have told us that a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing is, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, a splendid restorative treatment. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziranol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, has a direct tonic effect on weakened gum tissue.

Send for a trial tube

Ipana is delightful to the taste. It cleans teeth thoroughly. And above all, it is absolutely grit-free. Send the coupon for a trial tube.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.

Dept. 1-6
42 Rector St.
New York,
N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....



In large tubes, at all drug and department stores—50c.

passé escort: "See that beautiful blonde girl in the green sequin dress? Doesn't she look exactly like Anna Q. Nilsson? I just am crazy about Anna Q. Nilsson."

The man gave a bored laugh and said: "Oh, you may think that girl looks like Nilsson, but that's because you've never seen her except on the screen. But off—she don't look much like that. I should say not. I know her well. Why Anna Q. Nilsson is over forty years old and looks every day of it!"

Being a young lady of decision, Miss Nilsson got up and walked over to the girl and said: "My dear, it's very kind of you to like my work. I heard what you said and I am Anna Nilsson. I'm very glad to have met you."

The escort was silent—and shortly afterwards he took his girl friend and left.

"I don't know how I look," said Anna afterwards, "but I never saw that man and I haven't seen forty by a good many years and I just wouldn't let him get away with it. It's terrible the things people say about screen players like that."

ROD LA ROCQUE'S attentions to Gloria Swanson and the fact that he presented her with two rare black pearls have led to romantic suppositions. As a matter of fact they have been friends since the days of poverty with old Essanay. They celebrated their reunion in "A Society Scandal" at the Eastern Paramount studios.

HOLLYWOOD is just a little bit amused—not shocked, because nothing that exquisite and popular young person, May McAvoy, could do would cause so much as a breath of criticism in the film colony—but

we're just a little bit amused over a situation that has all the elements of a French farce. May McAvoy is definitely engaged to Glenn Hunter, star of "Merton of the Movies." There was a number of broken hearts strewn in her path when the announcement was finally made, and among them most prominently displayed was Bobby Agnew's. Bobby has been at May's feet for years—ever since they were kids together. Having resigned all hope of winning May, and hearing of her wedding to Glenn Hunter in the near future, Bobby consoled himself by transferring his adoration to Shirley Mason.

And now, May and her mother—a most circumspect and conventional lady—have taken a big Hollywood house, and Bobby—in capacity of big brother and adopted son—is living with them. It is rumored that as soon as Shirley's year of widowhood—her husband was Bernie Durning, Fox director, who died in New York recently—is up, she and Bobby will be married. Date for the Glenn Hunter-May McAvoy wedding has not been set, but it is understood that it will take place when the young man arrives in Hollywood some time this fall.

MRS. WALLACE REID is starting work upon her new picture. It is to be produced by Thomas H. Ince and directed by John Griffith Wray, the same people who made "Human Wreckage," Mrs. Reid's great anti-narcotic film. The success of her first picture has been so great that Mrs. Reid was anxious to do another at once, using some theme equally as vital as the battle against the drug evil. She wrote letters, therefore, to leading

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]



What would you say if your wife's dressmaker made her fancy dress ball costume with paint? Here is Loretta Joy "stepping out" as the silly wife in "Changing Husbands." Andre Lenoy is the artist, and ZaSu Pitts the maid.



No. 2674—Eveready
3-cell focusing spot-
light with the 500 ft.
range.



EVEREADY UNIT CELLS fit and improve all makes of flashlights. They come in two sizes to fit every tubular flashlight case. Know the Eveready size that fits your case. Then you can buy new Eveready Unit Cells without bothering to take your flashlight along. Eveready Unit Cells mean brighter flashlights and longer battery life.

On your vacation—use your flashlight!

VACATION TIME! . . . The annual respite from routine. . . . Time for fun and frolic, for rest and relaxation. . . . But there will be dark nights and inadequate lights, so be sure to take your Eveready Flashlight along. And be sure it is loaded with fresh, power-packed Eveready Unit Cells.

Eveready strips the mask from dangers that skulk in shadows. It lays a carpet of sunlight before otherwise faltering feet, and gives you the assurance that all's well after dark. It pierces darkness with its cold-white beam, and *makes night safe!*

You will find a thousand-and-one uses for your Eveready Flashlight on your vacation, whether you go to mountain or shore, forest or farm. Put it in the grip for the trip. You'll use it going, while you're there, and on the way back.

The improved line of Eveready Flashlights is better than ever. Newly designed cases. Safety-locking switches. New features that mean new reasons for owning this perfect portable light for every purpose and purse.

Eveready standard features that have kept this first flashlight still *first* are retained, of course. And there is no advance in prices—65c to \$4.50, complete with battery—anywhere in the U. S. A. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, drug, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

Manufactured and guaranteed by

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
New York San Francisco

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited, Toronto, Ontario

EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES

—they last longer

Why You, too, Can Have Beautiful Hair

How famous Movie Stars keep their hair soft and silky, bright and fresh-looking, full of life and lustre.

BEAUTIFUL hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have hair that is charming and attractive.

Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the way you shampoo it.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp

thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be soft and silky in the water. The strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, and finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

* * * * *

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy, and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children
—Fine for Men*

**Mulsified
Coconut Oil Shampoo**



Betty Compson



Wanda Hawley



Lila Lee



Marion Davies



Dorothy Dalton



Bebe Daniels



Ayres



QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

MARGARET OF PENNSYLVANIA.—A healthy imagination is a gift. Don't curb yours. Interested in Richard Dix, eh? In that respect your name is legion. Yes, he lives with his mother, in a fine house he has built in Hollywood. St. Paul, Minn., is the city of his birth. His eyes and hair are brown. An article concerning Mr. Dix, "Why I Have Never Married," was published in the January number of PHOTOPLAY.

A. M. W., THE HAGUE, HOLLAND.—With the utmost pleasure, my friend of Holland. May McAvoy is of the gracious age of twenty-three. She is suspected, despite denials, of being the future Mrs. Glenn Hunter. I believe that if you wrote her, care of the Lasky Studio, she would reply.

M., DETROIT, MICH.—Why hide a name as charming as yours behind a mere initial? Mary Pickford's age is thirty years. Claire Windsor is twenty-six years of age. She is—let us coin a word—"dismarried." For she is divorced. Conway Tearle is forty-three.

X. Y. Z., DENVER, COLO.—The fascinating Pola's height is five feet, four inches; her weight, one hundred and twenty pounds. Not married at present. Has been. You may compute Richard Barthelmess' age. He was born May 9, 1895. Some of his recent pictures are "The Fighting Blade," "Twenty-one," and "The Enchanted Cottage."

BARNEY, SOUTHTON, CONN.—I'm neither a sheik nor an old-fashioned man who stays at home and smokes a pipe. Neither friends nor foes have dared to call me either. I'll forgive you for your bad guessing, and give you the addresses you desire: Richard Dix, Paramount Studio; Kenneth Harlan, Preferred Pictures; Milton Sills, Frank Lloyd Productions; Conway Tearle, Constance Talmadge Productions; Ben Lyon, First National Productions.

LA SALLE, ILL.—Corinne Griffith's height is five feet, three inches. Her age, twenty-three. Her hair—lovely, isn't it?—brown. Her address is First National Productions. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is thirteen.

YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

I knew him when a baby. He was the baby, not I.

TEDDY, CHICAGO, ILL.—Break your heart, Teddy? Not I. No reason for even cracking it. Gloria Swanson would reply to the rumor as Mark Twain did: "The report is grossly exaggerated." She will be with us long, I hope.

HELEN A., NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Your town has yielded the world a highly popular actor, William, alias Bill, Hart. Yes, Richard Barthelmess uses his own name on the screen. His many friends persist in vulgarizing it to Dick. Glenn Hunter has made Highland Mills in New York famous by being born in it.

HELENE, CICERO, ILL.—Your favorite actress, Mae Murray, was born in Portsmouth, Va. Her father was an artist who died while she was a child. She went to New York, where she lived with her aunt. She began her career as a chorus girl and her first conspicuous success was in the chorus as an impersonator of the "Nell Brinkley girl." She has had three careers—as a chorus girl, a dancer, and a motion picture star. She hopes to have a fourth on the legitimate stage. Her husband is her director, Robert Leonard. Bebe Daniels' address is Paramount Studios; Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan Studios; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studio.

SHIRLEY, NORTH VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Your favorite actor, Jackie Coogan, was born October 26, 1914, in Los Angeles. His address is the Metro Studio. He is three feet, six inches tall. A marked contrast to the other object of your interest, Bill Hart, whose height is six feet, one inch, I believe, in his stockings. Mr. Hart is forty-nine. His birthplace is Newburgh, N. Y. The town arranged a gala day for him when last he was in New York, but he had to send his regrets because a picture had to be done in California. Write Metro Studio about the cutting.

STELLA, JACKSON, MISS.—The blush of pride would rise to the cheeks of George O'Hara at reading what you say of him. Mr. O'Hara played opposite Shirley Mason in "Shirley of the Circus." He is not married. Malcolm McGregor and Carmel Myers played the hero and heroine of "The Dancer of the Nile."

C. L., WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am neither a collegiate nor have I whiskers. Guess again. Richard Barthelmess, whose "Twenty-one" so pleased you, is twenty-eight. His type is as striking on the street as on the screen. His coloring is vividly dark. His baby daughter is a year old. Observers differ as to whether she more resembles her father or her dainty mother. Mrs. Barthelmess (Mary Hay) is playing in the musical comedy, "Mary Jane McKane."

IRENE, NORFOLK, VA.—Malcolm McGregor is one of the few native New Yorkers. He is a graduate of Yale. He is about twenty-five; height, five feet, eleven inches; weight, 105 pounds. He is married and has a daughter.

GERTRUDE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—Thanks for the compliments to the magazine. The addresses of the Paramount, Cosmopolitan and Goldwyn studios are elsewhere in this magazine: see the Studio Directory.

A. P. B., CALEN, ILL.—I bow. George Walsh's address is Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Kenneth Harlan's eyes are brown. He is not married, but has been divorced. His age is twenty-eight.

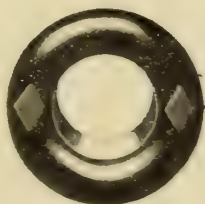
And to me, you and I look like the Irish Americans as a race. It's something my father told me as a young boy, that he and I were the only ones in the community. It was then I was decided as to whether or no I am for the part, but I'm taking no chances. Of course I don't see all that stuff in *Road*.



Fairest of Stars!

*M*ISS NILSSON'S enviable poise and confidence in herself are her most admirable qualities and a real reason for her tremendous popularity and success. The harmony of dress and appearance which she displays are achieved through the absolute correctness and good taste of every article of her attire. Miss Nilsson never buys a pair of shoes unless they are finished with visible eyelets, and she declares that every woman who wishes to be notably well shod should see that the shoes she buys have visible eyelets, tiny details though they are, because they are so essential to the correct appearance, good quality and true style of laced shoes.

The Goodyear Welt two eyelet oxfords worn by Miss Nilsson are instantly identified as shoes of quality by the Diamond Brand (Visible) Fast Color Eyelets. Their genuine celluloid tops never lose their color. They promote easy lacing, retain their original finish indefinitely and actually outwear the shoes.



Visible eyelets are always found on the best of footwear because they are decorative and practical—the manufacturer's assurance of good style, good materials and careful workmanship!

Ask for shoes with visible eyelets!

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY

Manufacturers of

DIAMOND BRAND (VISIBLE) FAST COLOR EYELETS

The Shadow Stage

CONTENTS OF VOLUME I

YANKEE MADNESS—Film Booking
Office

THE story of a hat-headed Yankee who single-handedly won liberty for all the continent after a revolution and was the first individual of the president. The story is funny and convincing, but folks have found attractive as the movie takes history and Walter to produce a colorful picture of the revolution. There is something interesting in the hat and one scene extra takes a spectacular fall from a tree.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN C. C. Burr

A DEFENSE of the modern Paragon and she need it, it all seems to me true. Fagin's Gamin make her an attractive character, and all worth all the trouble he causes. But with the Jew's hells, relentless villains and the like, his picture has all the accretion of up-to-date melodrama. Harrison Ford and David Powell vie with one another as the reptilian hero and villain.

ROUGH RIDIN'—Approved

FULL of action like all good old-time Westerns, although the hero is still the rancher. "There isn't a decent man among you!" All the approved film ethics teach that "Western men is gentlemen." But it's true, it happens to be better than the ordinary even if there isn't a familiar name in the cast.

VIRTUOUS LIARS—Vitagraph

THIS Whitman Bernard production is not very interesting, although the cast boasts David Powell, Dagmar Godecky and the late Ingram Discovery. Edith Mee. All about a Lucy Stoddish young artist who feels that her work will be more easily disposed of if she keeps her marriage a secret. But secrets cause a lot of trouble, and this one is no exception. Not very much of a picture, and

THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER—
Hodgkinson

D"SPITH" is a large and impressive cast recruited in part from the best-known names in the industry to help fully tell the story. The main focus is on the men, with the women as the characters' wives, girlfriends, and mothers. All the men are either actors or writers, and are well known to the audience. With the exception of the two women, the cast is made up of the best of the best.

THE DARKER SELF—Hodkinson

TWENTY, OLIVER HENRY

TABLE 1. Soil temperature and soil moisture content in the pasture and in the forest in 2000. The data are the mean of two measurements taken at 10:00 and 14:00 h. Soil surface temperature was measured 10 cm above the ground surface. Soil moisture content was measured 10 cm below the ground surface. Values are the mean of three replicates. Error values are the standard error of the mean.

THE BLOVER & CABOND P. B. C.

As I will not go into the production of the play, I shall not discuss its merits, story and theme, but only of its charm and whimsicality. Of the Blackwell's, my favorite here, has to be said to be that it should be there.



The family choice

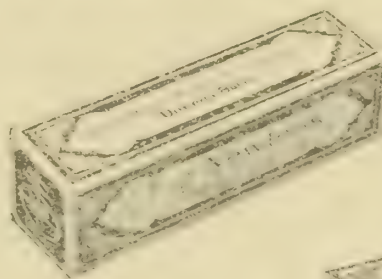
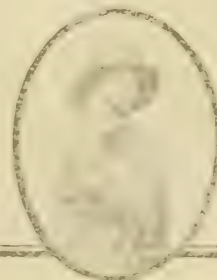


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THE WANTERS—First National

PRETTY good entertainment. One of those sumptuous productions with all the appurtenances of wealth and the Fifth Avenue shops. All sorts of gorgeous clothes and fur coats, but showing the while that though you may get what you want, you don't always want it. Louise Fazenda as an errand girl, and Huntly Gordon, Gertrude Astor and Robert Ellis are in it.

THE GALLOPING FISH—First National

ROUGH slapstick comedy, but funny. Freddy, a trained seal, is the star, and is supported by Louise Fazenda, Sidney Chaplin, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, an entire menagerie, and a flood which turns all the animals loose among the humans. Eugene Pallette, as a taxi driver who loses everything except his taximeter, does a good bit of work.

GALLOPING GALLAGHER—Film Booking Offices

THIS Western seems amateurish—and, somehow, it is never in the least convincing. This is perhaps due to the unskillful attempts at comic relief, perhaps to the rather foolish titles. It is the story of a young sheriff who cleans up a bad little western town and falls in love with the lady preacher—who is also trying to clean up the town in her own way. Fred Thompson, the star, is good.

THE NIGHT MESSAGE—Universal

ONE of those Montague-Capulet feuds transferred to the South where they flourish—with young love unmarred by sleeping potions and tragic death. Melodrama is rampant, though well done and to the point. Gladys Hulette and Margaret Seddon do some good deeds in a naughty film world.

PAGAN PASSIONS—Selznick

A GOOD theme gone wrong. Why can't some producers stick to a good idea? This picture starts out to show the deteriorating influence of the tropics on two married couples. But once set, it ambles into all sorts of sentimentalities, blatant coincidences and inadequate character drawing. And even a cast of favorite scents averts it.

FLAPPER WIVES—Selznick

THE faith-healing process is a topic which bobs up every now and then on the screen elsewhere. Jane Murfin has not contributed any new or enlightening angle, nor is the co-direction with Justin McCloskey anything to write home about. However, "Flapper Wives" succeeds in holding the interest because you are never exactly sure how it is all going to end.

A MAN'S MATE—Fox

THE chief trouble with this is that anyone who pays to see it will long for the attack of amnesia which put the hero out of business. This purports to tell something about artists' life in Paris, but—well, tell us some more jokes. John Gilbert and Renee Adoree do their best, and it isn't their fault that this is barely palatable.

THE DANCING CHEAT—Universal

HERBERT RAWLINSON and Alice Lake divide the stellar honors. This threatens at first to present another aspect of the old confidence game, but Alice renounces her wicked ways for love of the handsome gambling man. Yes, Rawlinson is the gambler (strictly on the level just the same), and Alice Lake is a scheming dancer, but romance is in the ascendancy.

SECOND YOUTH—Goldwyn

TOO awful! It isn't funny though it tries to be; it is ludicrous. Lewis Carroll's *Walrus* could have wept oceans of salt tears over so much perfectly good histrionism gone wrong. We have seen bad pictures, but this caps the climax.

THE ARIZONA EXPRESS—Fox

HSST! A whizzing melodrama! A wealthy young man in love with a woman who is a member of a gang of thieves! And a plot and a counter plot—the inevitable gunplay—the jumping on and off of trains—and the "papers" which have to be carried to the governor to save a life! All so fast and yet so inconsequential.

GAMBLING WIVES—Arrow

ISN'T every wife a bit of a gambler? This one stakes all on winning back her erring husband's affection, but once she starts moving about in a fast set the pace gets her and she finds herself in the clutches of the arch-deceiver, Ward Crane. Marjorie Daw is the girl, and she certainly leads us through an amazing conglomeration of swift house parties, cabarets, and gambling parlors!

STRANGER FROM THE NORTH—Biltmore

CITY fellers are no good, and country boys are real men—ask any scenario writer and then see this to prove it. This is also a Scotchman—a tale of the lumberjacks, entertaining enough and with some capital scenery. This city wastrel makes good and wins the smiling heroine. Conventional.

MILE-A-MINUTE MORGAN—Sanford

IT might have been worse but it doesn't seem possible. This is "just another movie," a little bit worse, with some real lumberjacks cutting down trees providing the one spot of plausibility.

THE SILENT STRANGER—F. B. O.

CURSES! Curses! Mail robbers again. Will the great open spaces never be cleared of these bold, unscrupulous marauders? But wait—we have a handsome stranger—and the plot thickens as he falls in love with the postmaster's daughter. You've heard all this before? Yes, so have we.

AT DEVIL'S GORGE—Arrow

IN which we have a villain who gets the worst of it right from the beginning. The girl doesn't love him, and he never has a chance. But he has the grit that heroes are said to be made of, and never shows a sign of weakening till he meets a none too pretty death at "Devil's Gorge." Just another Western.

THE MORAL SINNER—Paramount

DOROTHY DALTON, in the rôle of *Leah Kleeschna* (how names do change when done into celluloid!) seems to find the gentle art of sinning both dreary and tiresome. The gloom never lifts from her countenance—her steps never cease to drag. Aside from Dorothy—the stage play has been made into a mediocre crook drama, which never rises to any emotional pitch, and leaves the audience rather up in the air.

EXCITEMENT—Universal

LAURA LA PLANTE supplies what little there is as one of those girls who are so full of pep that, after a series of flirtations, she can't even settle down to the excitement of having her own husband to battle with. She has to leave her happy home in search of more diverting fare. It is just the usual sort of thing, which is all very well if you care for it.

THE MARTYR TRAIL—Capital

MEANING the ladies, bless 'em! This is a tear-compeller and proud of it. You never saw two females so put upon as this mother and daughter of the backwoods. A young doctor comes along, just as the girl is about to die, wins her back to health and happiness, and brings the brutal father back to the straight and narrow.



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as a very part of him, if you can. A talent is a precious thing and it should be given first right of way at all times.

"Douglas' father has a theory that the more you do, the more you can do. He believes activity breeds activity, encourages and makes it possible.

"I believe that is true of children. Often it is stimulation and inspiration that they need to make them blossom, not study and application to a continual round of dry duties far away from their real feelings. If a thing is made interesting to them, from the kindergarten up they will do it better and get more from it. That is the secret of all modern educational methods—the stimulation of interest in the child.

"And the opportunity to specialize in such branches of work as really appeal to them for the future is the crown of educational progress.

"Douglas is fourteen years old—unusually strong physically and very active mentally. Since I allowed him to go to work on the screen, everything he does interests him. It has pointed his whole existence. He won't waste time. Where before I had to drive him to his books, now he doesn't allow me to interrupt him.

"He keeps his tutor busy every minute supplying him with new information that interests him.

"WE sha'n't allow him to make enough pictures to do himself harm. He will have periods of complete rest and relaxation between. But when I had convinced myself that his desires to be a screen actor were strong, sincere and unalterable, I was quite willing that he should go on the screen as early as possible.

"Did anyone suggest keeping Mozart or Chopin from the piano when they were young? Or Raphael from his paint brush? I'm not egotistically implying that my son is such an artist as these men.

"But I do mean that where a child shows a deep and passionate desire to follow any art, the sooner he begins to familiarize himself with it, the better.

"Physically, no games at school ever stimulated Douglas as does the desire to "keep fit" for his work. He goes every day to his father's studio and is trained by Mr. Fairbanks' own trainer.

"At first, his father thought I was wrong in allowing Douglas to go into pictures before he had a college education. But since he has seen more of the boy and been with him a great deal since we came to Hollywood, he agrees that I was right.

"And it makes me very happy to have Mr. Fairbanks take so much time to help and advise the boy.

"Every day, Douglas goes to his father's studio and there he is learning every angle of the picture making business from the ground up. He watches his father and Miss Pickford and studies their methods, so he has the invaluable opportunity of close contact with the finest possible examples of the art of motion picture acting always before his eyes.

"Douglas has always understood that his father's separation from me should not in any way affect him. He understands that Miss Pickford is a fine and charming girl. That is the way it should be, for Mr. Fairbanks is a fine man and I want his son to have every opportunity to be with his father.

"I want Douglas to be a fine actor. I want his pictures now and in the future to portray big themes and to show forth fine principles. I feel that he has a big future, but it must be carefully guided and guarded. I want him to grow freely but I want him to know the facts about life as he goes along, so that he will of himself desire the right and decent and fine things.

"And I need all my time for him, if he is to be a motion picture actor, and do and be the things every mother holds in her heart as the ideal for her son."

The Battle of Bobbed Hair

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

I didn't like it, but now I think that the only thing which prevents all women from doing the same thing is lack of moral courage. It's funny, but women who can't arrange their hair are the ones who won't have it cut. A woman who is a freak is usually the one who fears to make a freak of herself by bobbing.

DORIS KENYON—To bob or not to bob depends, I should say, upon one's desire to appear young, *chic*, modern. My reason for not bobbing is that to play a serious or semi-dramatic rôle with bobbed hair is difficult. It makes one appear rather frivolous. But it certainly is youthful, comfortable, and gives a neat appearance. If I were sure it would be becoming to me, would I resist? I wonder?

What the Men Say

DIMITRI BUCHOWETZKI, Director—I think bobbed hair is atrocious. Every woman, of course, is privileged to cut her hair or not, as she pleases. Also, she may tattoo her face and put brass rings in her nose. By 1950 we shall have second and third generations of bobbed-hair women. Unless I miss my guess, women will be fighting baldness by that time. What a charming collection of scarecrows they will be, wearing *toupees* and combing thinning locks over bare places.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—I rather fancy bobbed hair as a charming, youthful fashion, not too short and not too dressy. The marcelled bob is too affected and a net makes bobbed hair look like a hair mattress. I like a girl with straight sleek hair squared off, or the girl with care-free short curls flying.

HAROLD LLOYD—I might say I don't like bobbed hair a darned bit. I might say it is unromantic, and stubbly looking and can never be as beautiful as long hair. But my wife, and a lot of her friends and a lot of my friends have bobbed hair, and if I said things like that, they'd get even with me. I believe all men—secretly, at least—dislike bobbed hair. And I personally surely do hate that shaved place at the back of a woman's neck. Also, remember that Mary Pickford won PHOTOPLAY's recent beauty contest, and she hasn't bobbed her hair yet.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—What do I think of bobbed hair? I think it is beautiful on some but sensible for all. Therefore some women look beautiful with bobbed hair, while others look . . . just sensible.

ERIC VON STROHEIM, Director—I am just old-fashioned enough to prefer long hair. I was reared in an atmosphere where a great deal of attention was paid to women's hairdressing. And I can't get used to the idea that a woman's crowning glory is a shaved neck. Bobbed hair makes women look uniform. They lack individuality. There are millions of styles and manners in which a woman may dress long hair, but there are only few kinds of bobs.

LEW CODY—Bobbed hair? Bah! I'm against it. It's doing more to cause domestic unhappiness than any other single factor in American life today. And what is more, a woman takes unfair advantage in cutting her tresses. How's a man going to sling her around unless he can get a leverage on her?

WILL ROGERS—Bobbed hair may be all right as far as women are concerned—and the barbers—but it has made it tough on us men who sometimes have to get shaved in a hurry. Every time I try to flip into a chair at the studios, some of Hal Roach's female employees



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These results are all-important. Together they are bringing to millions of homes a new dental era. Your people should enjoy it.

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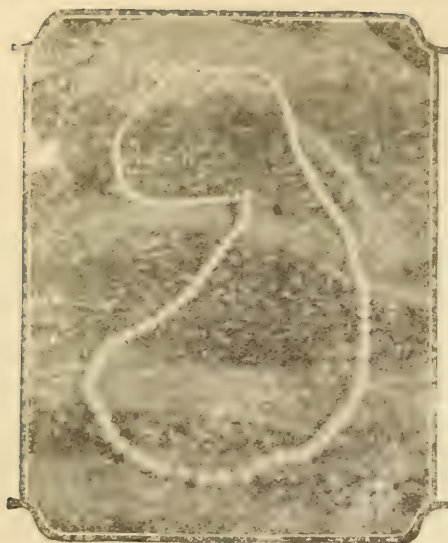
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FRED NINTO—I don't like bobbed hair. I don't like tailed horses. I think bobbed hair takes the last vestige of femininity away from a woman and means the death of real romance. I can't picture a heroine of sweet-temperament and charm discarding her long and beautiful tresses for mannish and ugly lob.

MARSHALL NEULON—I'm for it. My wife's hair is bobbed. Bobbed tresses remove the hazard of that telltale long blonde hair on the shoulder of a man whose wife is a brunette. The other day I dropped into my favorite barber shop. Every chair held a woman and there were three others waiting. Not a man in the place, so I fled and shaved my elf. First they voted the saloons out and then they storm our last retreat.

RAMON NOVARRO—I have a deep feeling against bobbed hair on one side only. It seems to me so hopelessly unromantic. Certainly women have the same right to cut their hair as men have. But I am sorry they have to exercise that right. It is a final and fatal blow to romance. Sonnets, serenades, elopements and long tresses seem all out of date. Bobbed hair but buries them deeper in oblivion.

MILTON SILLS—This bobbed hair controversy certainly puts me in a tight corner with a wife who still wears her hair long and a thirteen-year-old daughter with a bob. Did you ever see a bald-headed woman? No. Well, you will see one. They'll be trying to brush it over their heads and wearing *toupees* just like mere men. There weren't any bald-headed men in the good old days when we wore flowing locks, but there were plenty of them now.

What the Hairdressers Say

THE HAIRDRESSER at Farnum's Players West Coast Studio—Bobbed hair may be a new fashion, but it is the work of the hairdresser. When actresses are cut for long hair, the new style means for the hairdresser something out of nothing. It multiplies the difficulties of styling a woman's hair. I admit to a few "rough" jobs, but it takes ingenuity and hard work to make a woman look like a woman. I have to do it, but not for women, for when I have to do it, I have to do it.

M. RICHMOND, Hairdresser at Franklin Simon's, Fifth Avenue, New York—Bobbed hair will never become unfashionable. It is the visible proof of the freedom that the modern woman enjoys. Since the war, it has steadily increased in popularity. It is comfortable, becoming, and it is the very best thing to do for a woman's hair. In fact, it is the only thing to do for a woman's hair. For there is a style of bob that fits every face, every set of features, every personality. The great secret of the industry is that in this shop, you get at least three new styles every week.

THE HAIRDRESSER at the New York Hairdressing School—I do not believe that bobbed hair will ever become unfashionable. It is a natural, comfortable, and it is the only thing to do for a woman's hair. I am not a fan of the bob, but I am a fan of the hairdresser. The hairdresser is the one who makes the difference between a woman's hair and a woman's face.

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ROD LA ROCQUE—No woman can be beautiful and uncomfortable. Tight corsets, high shoes and long hair all make for discomfort. Discomfort is the stepping stone to ugliness. Women who persist in clinging to trailing long hair, when all the world approves of the lob, risk the same discomfort and its consequences. Short hair is sensible, comfortable and beautiful. With the passing of long hair, there has arrived a new and more beautiful femininity.

REGINALD DENNY—I'm for bobbed hair every time. Women can spend their time to better advantage cultivating what is under the scalp than what is over it. I never knew a husband yet who didn't have to sit around and wait for his wife to get ready whenever they were going out.

WILLIAM CONELL, Casting Director—The bob is getting a strong play from the girls who want to break into pictures. I suppose I see three hundred would-be extras a day, and as per cent of them have short hair. When Herbert Brenon sent me a call for long-haired extras for "The Mountebank," it took me three days to get forty of them.

WILLIAM DE MILLE—Bobbed hair is one of the signs which mark the effort of the human race to get back to the honest thought revealed by the Greeks two thousand years ago, and which reformers have prevented our reaching ever since.

THE HAIRDRESSER at the New York Hairdressing School—The style is simple, clean and unadorned. It is a sign of the modern woman's desire for simplicity. It makes all women alike, all of the same people. With long hair, a woman can show as many moods as she can the styles of hairdressing. With bobbed hair, she is all one thing, and she is more than one mood, she is a woman.

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the tiny *cloche* hats for shingled heads. I predict that, in six months more, the long haired woman will be conspicuous.

ROBERT, of Fifth Avenue, New York.—Women who once thought bobbed hair undignified, have come to believe in it. They have realized the common sense underlying the fashion. It is significant that a great number of the women who come to me for bobs are between thirty-five and fifty. The bob saves time in dressing, and, in this nervous age, that means a lot. Another thing, women with short hair can sleep more deeply and restfully than their long-haired sisters and are, therefore, less nervous.

ANNA RYAN, beauty expert, New York City.—There must be at least four thousand women a day having their hair bobbed. The number would be greatly increased, I feel sure, if it were not for the fact that the beauty parlors and barber shops are already overworked. The art of hair-bobbing has progressed so far that almost any plain woman may acquire distinction by having her hair cut. No matter how old a woman is, she looks younger with her hair bobbed. And, looking younger, she is bound to feel younger.

M. PAUL, hair specialist, New York City.—To my shop come the older women of the city. I specialize in renewing the youth of the hair. And, in the last few years, I have noticed that many of these older women, searching as they are after youth, are going in for the girlish *coiffure*—the bob. Lately I have often followed the renewing of color, by a cutting. I feel that, in so doing, I am making tired scalps healthier—that I am really making the hair younger.

A HOLLYWOOD HAIRDRESSER.—My business was about to fail when bobbed hair came in. Since that time, my patronage has increased five times in volume. We have discontinued massages and manicures almost entirely and now the business consists entirely of marcelling bobbed hair. Our most popular girls have their time filled from two weeks to a month in advance. Nothing can stop the popularity of bobbed hair. When we tried to bring back long hair, we found it impossible.

What the Educators Say

HELEN MATHEWSON LAUGHLIN, Dean of Girls at the University of California, Southern Branch.—We are just about 150 years behind the men. In this human evolution we are growing more and more to realize that we have just got to keep up with the times. Only a few years are needed to separate woman from her long hair and miserable hairpins.

DEAN MARY ROSS POTTER, of Northwestern University.—I must confess I rather like bobbed hair. It rather shocked me at first, but I've come to realize that it is fitting that the girl who keeps stride with the men in science and art, and honestly tries to throw off the handicap that men have given of being the "weaker sex" by seeking a uniform such as modern styles in dress and hairdress give her, is to be commended for her spirit. Besides, I really think it is becoming to a young face.

The Unreasonable Actor

IVAN ABRAHAMSON, the celebrated producer, sent Wilfred Lytell South to make a picture. Wilfred registered a kick because the room given him had no bath. He finally succeeded in getting a room with tub. A few days later Ivan saw him bathing on the beach. "Look at him!" wailed the producer. "When he can bathe free he makes me pay four dollars a day extra for bathing inside!"



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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"A BOY OF FLANDERS"—Marian B. Jackson. Scenario by W. B. Anthony. Directed by Victor Sjöström. The cast: *Nello*, Jackie Coogan; *Tom*, Nigel de Bruiler; *Peets Coen*, Elton Chalmers; *Marie Coen*, Nell Craig; *Miss Coen*, Jean Carpenter; *Joans Krenschadt*, Russ Powell; *Dunpert Schimmelpennick*, Aime Chandlar; *Vrouw Schimmelpennick*, Eugene Tuttle; *Striking Maid*, Lydia Yeamans Titus; *Herr Logarith*, Lawrence Fisher; *Jan Van Dullen*, Josci Swickard; *Herr Brinker*, Sydney Franklin; *Carcliker*, Monte Collins; *Pelrasche* (the dog), "Teddy."

"GIRL SHY"—PATHE.—Story by Sam Taylor. Directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor. Photography by Walter Lundin and Henry N. Kohler. The cast: *The Poor Boy*, Harold Lloyd; *The Rich Girl*, Joh'yna Ralston; *The Poor Man*, Richard Daniel; *The Rich Man*, Carlton Griffin.

"THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE
FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by
Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Scenario by Joephine Lovett. Directed by John S. Robertson.
The cast: *Oliver Bashforth*, Richard Barthelmess; *Mrs. Smallwood*, his mother, Ida Waterman; *Rupert Smallwood*, his step-father, Alfred Hickman; *Eliza Bashforth*, his sister, Florence Short; *Beatrice Vaughan*, Marion Coakley; *Major Millgrave*, Holmes E. Herbert; *Laura Pennington*, May McAvoy; *Mrs. Minnett*, Ethel Wright.

"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW"—PARAMOUNT.—From the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Adapted for the screen by Harvey Thew. Directed by George Melford. Photography by Charles G. Clarke. The cast: Gladys Lapergine; Logan; *Sir Oliver Holt*, David Torrence; *The Dandy*, Raymond Griffith; *Arthur Holt*, Roland Bottomly; *Nod*, Harry Gordon; *Black*, Guy Oliver; *George*, Tommie Piper; *Bet*, Mabel Van Buren; *Madge*, Mary Martin; Clayton; *Polly*, Alma Bennett; *Barney*, Warren Rodden.

"KING OF WILD HORSES" Pathé
Scenario by Carl Himmler. Directed by Fred
Jackman. Photography by Fred Jackman.
The cast: *Dr. Phlox*, Rex; *My Friend*,
Edna Murphy; *Boyd Fiddler*, Charles Pattee.
John H. King, Sidney De Luca; *Tommy*,
Leon Roy; *Harry*, George De La Motte.

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lin; *Green Bay*. A. J. Brown Co. *Mar-
quette*. Hales. *Danville*. *Frank-
lin*. *Green Bay*.

"THE NIGHT HAWK" (L. L. Parsons) —
 1 act. Story by Chas. A. Carter. Right.
 Adapted by Joseph. B. East. Directed by
 Stuart Paton. Photography by William
 Thornley. The cast: "Papa" C. Harry
 Carey; Alf. Allen; Claire Adams; "Milk
 Milton, Joseph. Card; Joe P. L. Ted
 Malton; "Milk" P. L. Nelson; "Milk"
 Nelson; Lee Shumway; "Milk" Adams; "Milk"
 Parritt; "Milk" C. W. King; "Milk" "Milk"
 Nelson; "Milk" M. McCarthy; "Milk" "Milk"
 Fred Kelly; "Milk" "Milk" Douglas Carter.
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"THE STORM DAUGHTER"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Lucie Reed & Brown. Screenplay by Edward J. Mostel, Jr. Directed by George Archainbaud. Photography by Jack Cruse. Cast: *Kate Margaret*, Priscilla Dean, *Beulah Morgan*, Tom Santschi, *Kenneth*, Wm. B. Davidson, *Con Mulvey*, J. Ford, M. Donald; *The Duke*, Cyril Chubb; *Count of Sarrasin*, Bert Roach; *Huskies*, Alfred L. Hart; *Alvin*, George Kuwah; *Tom*, Harry Mann.

"SINGER JIM MCKEE—PARAMOUNT.—
Author, William S. Hart. Adapted for the
screen by J. G. Hawks. Directed by Clifford
S. Smith. Photography by Dwight Warren.
The cast: "Singer Jim McKee," William S.
Hart; *Mary Holden*, Phyllis Haver; *Jim
Holden*, Gordon Russell; *Don Carson*, Bert
Sprotte; *Betty Gleason*, Ruth Miller; *Harold
Gloss, Jr.*, Edward Coxen; *Harold Gloss*,
William Dyer; "Ben," *Benjamin*, George
Siegmund; *Mary Holden*, as a girl, Baby
Turner.

"MILE-A-MINUTE ROMANCE"—Fox.—Story by Max Prell. Screenplay by Robert N. Lee. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Cast: Luck, Bessie, Tom Mix, Dorothy, Keith, Lavinia, J. Gordon Bennett, M. J. Connelley, Marion, Sam, Duke Lee, J. J. Quinn.

[illegible]

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"THE ARIZONA EXPRESS"—FOX.—Story by Lincoln J. Carter. Directed by Thomas Buckingham. The cast: Katherine Keith, Pauline Starke; *Lola Nichols*, Evelyn Brent; *Florence Brown*, Anne Cornwall; *David Keith*, Harold Goodwin; *Steve Butler*, David Butler; *Victor Johnson*, Francis MacDonald; *Judge Ashton*, Frank Beal; *Henry MacFarlane*, William Humphrey.

"GAMBLING WIVES"—ARROW.—Story by Ashley T. Locke. Scenario by Leota Morgan. Directed by Dell Henderson. The cast: *Ann Forest*, Marjorie Daw; *Baby June*, Baby Dorothy Brock; *Vincent Forest*, Edward Earle; *A Friend*, Lee Moran; *Buddy*, *The Wonder Dog*, Himself; *Sylvia Baldwin*, Betty Francisco; *Duke Baldwin*, Joe Girard; *Polly Barker*, Florence Lawrence; *Van Merton*, Ward Crane; *Madam Zoe*, Hedda Hopper.

"HIS DARKER SELF"—HODKINSON.—From the story by Arthur Caesar. Directed by John Noble. The cast: *Claude Sappington*, Lloyd Hamilton; *Bill Jackson*, Tom Wilson; *Uncle Eph*, Tom O'Malley; *Aunt Lucy*, Lucille La Verne; *Darktown's Cleopatra*, Irma Harrison; *Bill Jackson's Sweetheart*, Edna May Sperl; *Claude Sappington's Sweetheart*, Sally Long; *Claude Sappington's mother*, Kate Bruce; *The Governor*, Warren Cook.

"TWENTY DOLLARS A WEEK"—SELZNICK.—Story by Edgar Franklin. Directed by Harmon Weight. Photography by Herry A. Fischbeck. The cast: *John Reeves*, George Arliss; *Muriel Hart*, Edith Roberts; *William Hart*, Taylor Holmes; *Chester Reeves*, Ronald Colman; *James Pettison*, Ivan Simpson; *Little Arthur*, Joseph Donohue; *John Blair*, Redfield Clarke; *John Sloane*, Walter Howe; *Clancy*, restaurant keeper, William Sellery; *Butler at Hart's*, George Henry.

"GALLOPING GALLAGHER"—F. B. O.—Story and Scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Bill Gallagher*, Fred Thompson; *Evelyn Churchill*, Hazel Keener; *Jos. Burke*, Frank Hagney; *Leon I. Berry*, Nelson McDowell; *Tub*, "Shorty" Hendricks; *Slim*, Andy Morris.

"THE NIGHT MESSAGE"—UNIVERSAL.—Story by Perley Poore Sheehan. Scenario by Raymond L. Schrock. Directed by Perley Poore Sheehan. The cast: *"Old Man Lefferts"*, Howard Truesdell; *Elsie Lefferts*, Gladys Hulette; *Lee Longstreet*, Charles Cruz; *Mrs. Longstreet*, Margaret Seddon; *Hurney Lefferts*, Norman N. Rankow; *Hank Lefferts*, Roberts

Gordon; *Lem Beeman*, Edgar Kennedy; *Governor Pringle*, Joseph W. Girard.

"PAGAN PASSIONS"—SELZNICK.—Story by Grace Sander-on Michie. Directed by Colin Campbell. The cast: *John Dangerfield*, Wyndham Standing; *Drecka Langley*, Rosemary Theby; *Dr. Trask*, Tully Marshall; *Frank Langley*, Sam De Grasse; *Billy*, Raymond McKee; *Shirley Dangerfield*, Barbara Bedford; *Mrs. John Dangerfield*, June Elvidge.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND"—F. B. O.—From the novel by William J. Locke. Directed by Fred Leroy Granville. Photography by Walter Blakely. The cast: *Gastone de Nerac*, Carlyle Blackwell; *Berzelius Nibbick*, *dard Paragot*, Carlyle Blackwell; *Joanna Rushworth*, Phyllis Titmuss; *Simon Rushworth* (the father), Alfred Woods; *Mrs. Rushworth* (the mother), Emily Nichols; *Comte de Verneuil*, Owen Roughwood; *Mrs. Smith*, Sydney Fairbrother; *Asticot*, Albert Chase; *Major Walters*, Ernest Hilliard; *Narcisse*, Tio; *Blanchette*, Madge Stuart; *M. Dubosc*, Hubert Carter; *Mme. Dubosc*, Mrs. Hubert Willis; *Mme. Boin*, Irene Tripod.

"FLAPPER WIVES"—SELZNICK.—Author, Jane Murfin. Directed by Jane Murfin and Justin McCloskey. Photography by King David Gray and Connie De Roo. The cast: *Stephen Carey*, Rockliffe Fellowes; *Claudia Bigelow*, May Allison; *Sadie Callahan*, Vera Reynolds; *Charles Bigelow*, Harry Mestayer; *Vincent Platt*, Edward Horton; *Enoch Metcalf*, Wm. V. Mong; *Hulda*, Evelyn Selbie; *Tim Callahan*, Tom O'Brien; *Tony*, Eddie Phillips; *Jimmy*, Stanley Goethals; *Lem*, Robert Dudley; *Dr. Oliver Lee*, J. C. Fowler; *Wolf*, Brawn, Son of Strongheart.

"STRANGER FROM THE NORTH"—BILTMORE.—Written and directed by J. W. Noble. Photography by Ned Van Buren. The cast: *Laddie Ferguson*, Richard Travers; *MacGregor*, Ruth Dwyer; *Donald MacGregor*, Charles Graham; *Ed. Spencer*, P. C. Hartigan; *Elsie*, DeSacia Moores; *Dr. McTavish*, James McDuff; *Tom Connors*, Louis Dean.

"THE SILENT STRANGER"—F. B. O.—Story and scenario by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. Photography by Ross Fisher. The cast: *Jack Taylor*, Fred Thomson; *Lillian Warner*, Hazel Keener; *"Dad"*, Warner (postmaster), George Williams; *Laddie Warner*, Master Richard Headrick; *Dick Blackwell*, Frank Hagney; *Sam Hud* (sheriff), Horace Carpenter; *Late Sleeman* (clerk), Bud Osborne; *"Shorty"*, Turner (deputy).



Lewis Stone, as the hero of "Cytherea," sees in a casually bought doll the lost romances of life. Into a bit of calmly smiling waxen loveliness—gowned in silken finery and tinsel—he has moulded the semblance of a dream. Alma Rubens will create the title rôle of this Hergesheimer story

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The Beauty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

looked extraordinarily contented and happy."

Then she hesitated for a moment as she always did when she mentioned him.

Nancy, her aunt told me, had dozens of admirers. "I can't see why she doesn't marry one of them. I thought that quiet sort of girl always married." She was paying more attention to Nancy now and even fussed a little over her clothes.

I spent the following spring and summer traveling in China. On my way back, stopping for a week at my *pension* in Florence, I had my first definite news of the girls in more than six months. I was having breakfast in the little garden of the *pension*, when the same gossip lady bore down on me, this time bearing a copy of a Sunday newspaper.

"Isn't this a friend of yours?" she asked with the happy gasp of a confirmed news breaker. I took the paper from her and read at the top of the page in glaring capitals the legend: "YOUNG AMERICAN SOCIETY MATRON WINS BEAUTY CONTEST." and underneath, "Mrs. Philip Otis, voted America's most beautiful woman."

There was an enormous photograph of Barbara, taken the year she came out, with all the momentous look of one dedicated to a great cause. Evidently her obsession was in the saddle again. Her "beauty," irrepressible, unconquerable, was beginning to crowd out Phil and matrimony.

THE moment I arrived home I called on Julia, feeling sure that there had been developments of which she would not long leave me in doubt. She was sitting as usual behind the tall silver tea urn dispensing tea to Nancy's admirers (rather fatuous young men, I thought) with quite as much archness as in the old days when the admirers were her own. Nancy sat by with an air of complete detachment. She wore a perfectly plain, close-fitting black satin dress which suited her perfectly. Her hair was done in a new way, drawn down very smooth, close to the head.

"Have you heard the news?" asked Julia, almost before I had time to shake hands with her.

"Barbara has a son," I answered with an extreme lack of imagination. I knew I was guessing wrong, but Julia does so love to surprise people.

"Oh, no! Tony. How banal! Not that she mightn't have," gurgled Julia. "Well, it's no use boring these people who know, with your guessing—she's going on the stage!"

I should have been more astonished if the beauty contest hadn't prepared me already for the fact that Barbara was beginning to demand a larger field for her talents than her own little circle.

Barbara's stage career was undoubtedly one of the most talked-of affairs of her day, not because of the greatness of her genius but because of the notoriety attending her debut. I do not want to seem to misjudge her. Vain she certainly was, but her vanity was of a large, serious nature, a sort of super-vanity. She did not demand adulation so much as she expected it. She reminded me always of the picture I had of her as a child, when she stood solemnly before me and said, "Yes, everyone tells me that some day I shall be a great beauty." So now Barbara was to fulfill her great destiny.

She was plunged at once into a vortex of publicity. The theatrical magazines, the society papers, the Sunday supplements were inundated with her photographs. Articles, notices, interviews were published. Mrs. Otis was continually expressing her views on "Woman's Place in the World," the misdoings of the modern flapper, matters of etiquette, "How to Win a Man" and of course, "How I decided upon a stage career." All sorts of beauty creams were advertised under her recommendation, "How I depend on Cherry

Blossom Cream, etc." One day while reading through the advertisements of books in one of the newspapers my eye lighted on the blurb, "Mrs. Otis says, 'This book interests me deeply.'" Whatever she wrote was in all conscientious seriousness and absolutely without spark or *esprit*. Everywhere the shy Phil encountered her pictures—on newspaper delivery wagons, on the covers of magazines, on the news stands. One enterprising newspaper plastered the upper East Side with advance announcements of articles by Mrs. Philip Otis on "Life in High Society."

There wasn't much time or place for Phil in all these activities. He was mentioned, of course, as "Mrs. Otis's husband," for after a time she dropped the "Mrs." for professional reasons. As her husband, he attended her little intimate gatherings of celebrities—actors, producers, playwrights, journalists, many of them out and out social climbers, admiring her for no other reason. Phil didn't know how to get on with these friends and would spend his time sitting in a corner, a trifle out of place in the noisy hub-bub, watching it with his slow amused smile. He was quieter than ever and had somehow lost his look of buoyant youth. Barbara was very kind to him when she had time.

For a time there was a great deal of talk as to what parts Barbara would take, as to plays written especially for her; but save for one or two amateur performances at benefits and one semi-professional performance at a "Little Theater" out of town, there was no mention of an engagement.

AT length I met her one day on Fifth Avenue walking with a great police dog, looking more beautiful than ever with her eyes shining. "Oh, Tony," she cried, "walk a little way with me. I'm full of news."

We walked down the avenue while she unburdened herself. Passers-by stopped to stare at her and I heard more than one say, "That's Barbara Otis."

She was to spend the summer in a stock company in Washington, "to learn the tricks of the trade, to begin at the very bottom, Tony." But I wasn't to mention this to a soul. She was to open in the autumn as leading woman, or at least second leading woman (the first was an ingenue) "and of course I could never be that. My size, you see."

"I believe a work like mine should be done seriously, thoroughly," she continued. "It was easy to be beautiful, but this is something I have to work for."

After the smoke had lifted a little, I asked her what she intended doing with Phil.

"Oh, Phil. . . Why, you see Nancy is going to have a little flat in town this summer and I've asked her to look after him." Always Nancy!

Barbara's debut in "Molly Flower" was set for early in November so that every moment of the time following her return from Washington was taken up with training and resting, reading, beautifying, meeting professional people, going to professional parties, entertaining, and the entire last month in rehearsing.

Phil used to come to the club every now and then and sit about in that rather lonely way of his. Several times I met him with Nancy at dinner or at the play. Evidently she was still "looking after him."

One thing upon which all the critics agreed on the day after the opening of "Molly Flower" was the "brilliance" of the audience. "Everyone," which of course means everyone worth while, was there—novelists, journalists, actors, producers, demimondaines and society, trailing in in their best or most characteristic costume. I have seldom seen such an array of jewels, fur wraps, exotic Spanish shawls and white shirt fronts, or heard such a babel of voices.

The play was light and rather amusing, the kind that has a moderately successful run. Barbara took the part of "the other woman" from whose wiles the ingenue finally did rescue the hero—a fairly easy part if not a popular one, and her looks when she walked across the stage fairly took your breath away.

After that . . . well, there's no use making any bones about it. Barbara knew her lines and everyone else's lines (she was a great help to the prompter). She knew just where to stand, when to come in, when to go out and she had an excellent voice. Of whatever quality it is that makes an actor, whether it be dramatic inspiration, temperament, *esprit* or mere charm, she possessed not a trace. The terrible thing was that the lack was not negative; it was positive. She had no "flair" and you felt it. Even her beauty couldn't carry her through.

It was during the first *entr'act* that the man with me suddenly exclaimed, "Who is that extraordinarily lovely woman with Phil Otis?"

Two rows behind me were Phil and Nancy. She was in black velvet, absolutely plain, without trimming, her hair done very low on the neck, long crystal earrings in her ears. In her eyes was the light I had seen on that first afternoon when Phil came to the house.

I LOOKED for them in the second *entr'act*, but they had disappeared, presumably to congratulate Barbara. After the play I could find no trace of them, but I caught a glimpse of Barbara hurrying off to supper with a group of admirers. She waved gaily to me.

I do not know what spirit prompted me to call on Barbara the next morning. She received me in her boudoir, dressed in the most exquisite of pink negligees and a marvelous lace cap. On a table beside her *chaise-longue* was a breakfast tray, which her maid had just brought in, piled high with letters and newspapers. I stumbled through my congratulations as best I could. Fortunately she was so eager to read the opinions of the critics that she barely listened to my blundering and insincere protestations.

We clipped the notices. She read them to me. I read them to her. We read them together. I shall never know whether, deep down in her soul, she realized that they were pretty poor provender. If she did, she had made allowances enough by the time we finished to emerge with her usual air of carrying all before her.

"Now let's read the letters," she said and I gave them to her.

On the top was a note from the "Cherry Blossom Beauty Parlor" asking for her "frank opinion" of their creams. She smiled and bade me lay it aside for her secretary to answer. Underneath was a note in Nancy's handwriting addressed hastily in pencil.

Barbara tore the envelope. "How sweet of Nancy to write me," she said, "she's been so wonderful and unselfish, you know." Her eyes began to travel down the page.

The change which came over her face is almost impossible to describe. Have you ever seen the numb, hurt look of a little child whose most cherished toy has been taken away? Well, it was something like that, only more poignant—the look of one who finds the foundations of his whole existence suddenly crumbling.

She handed the letter to me without a word. "Dear Babs:—," I read, "I don't know how to tell you. Phil and I are going away together tonight. I have nothing to say in defense of what I am doing except that I loved Phil long before you ever saw him and have never stopped loving him. Also I once believed that after falling in love with you he could never again come to care for me. But he has. You did have your chance."

"Nancy."

When I looked up Barbara was twisting the little bundle of press notices round and round in her hands until it became a shapeless little ball of paper.



The Road to Home

Though written faithfully, his letters from home seemed to have had a way of arriving at his hotel in one city just after he had left for the next—and of never catching up.

Three weeks passed—business conferences, long night journeyings on sleepers, more conferences—with all too little news from home.

Then he turned eastward. In his hotel room in Chicago he still seemed a long way from that fireside in a New York suburb. He reached for the telephone—asked for his home number.

The bell tinkled cheerfully. His wife's voice greeted him. Its tone and inflection told him all was right with the world. She hardly needed to say, "Yes, they are well—dancing right here by the telephone. . . . Father and mother came yesterday. . . . Oh, we'll be glad to see you!"

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The Autobiography of Harold Lloyd

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

Street I was pretty down, for I'd just heard a rumor that the Morosco company was going to close for a few weeks.

Dad said, "Harold, why don't you see if maybe you can't get some work in these movies? 'Course that isn't the stage, but it's acting, and you might learn to like it. Anyway, it'd keep you busy till you can get back on the stage."

The next day I saw Hollywood for the first time.

There may be some tougher things than trying to break into motion pictures. I suppose there are. But I haven't happened to come across them. Of all the sheer, discouraging, heart-breaking games in the world, that's it. Nobody knows you. Nobody will pay any attention to you. If they do, they give you a cold look as much to say, "Now what could you do?" The walls of their cliques are as hard and smooth as the walls of a bank safe.

I COULDN'T get anybody to listen to me. The few directors I trapped gave me an indifferent glance and told me I wasn't a motion picture type. Everybody who spoke to me at all, told me that. They still do. Only the other day in New York a big critic looked at me and said: "Well, Lloyd, if I were picking a comedian, you're the last man in the world I'd ever pick." But I guess that is because I'm entirely different on the screen and off. It is true that nobody ever recognizes me off the screen.

Well, I stood outside the walls of the Christie studio and heard Al Christie's voice booming within. I once saw D. W. Griffith come out of his studio and get into an automobile. I watched Mack Sennett directing a cop chase around Echo Park. That was all.

When I had reached the end of my string, I got a few days' work down at Balboa with the Edison company. I put on quite a front and said: "I used to be with you folks down in San Diego and I thought you might have something for me." They put me on extra. The worst thing about that was the free lunch they used to serve on location. I can remember it yet. A great big table, spread in a tent, and hot food piled all over it. Gee, nothing before or since ever tasted so good, and I did justice to it.

By that time, I had come to the conclusion that I must concentrate. I looked the field over and selected Universal. The "U" had more companies working and its pictures were the biggest and best. I concentrated. For three weeks my concentration consisted of walking back and forth in front of the gate for eight hours a day.

The gateman was kind but firm. I couldn't get inside any more than I could have broken into Buckingham Palace.

It's easy to tell about that now, but those long hours outside, the endless waiting, the dwindling hopes as afternoon began to fade, the long journey back to our one room only to say, "Nope, I didn't get anything today"—were enough to break your heart.

There was a little cigar stand and soda fountain across the road where most of the extras ate lunch. I hung around there, too, talking to them. Sometimes I had money enough to eat lunch. Sometimes I didn't.

One day, it dawned on me that I could get through that gate. I had my make-up box with me, the black leather one I'd used in the theater. I sneaked out behind the building out on a make-up, turned my hat into a new shape, and when the gang of extras swept Iack through the gates after lunch, I was with them.

My heart beat so when I passed that gateman I thought he'd hear it, and I never breathed once but he went on calmly smoking his pipe. I was inside at last.

But that was all. I didn't seem to be much nearer work. Sooner, however I discovered that



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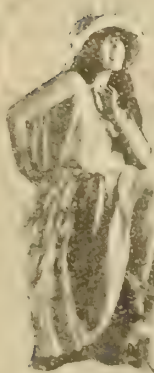
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SPECIAL CLASSES FOR CHILDREN

the fellow for me to hang to was the assistant director. He was the one who gave out the work. Every day I put on my make-up, went through the motions and looked assistant director. At last I was to get rid of me I became the extra to put on extra work. I got three dollars a day.

There I stuck. While on it, I felt the ability to do great things. I knew I could do better than many of the extras. I was playing my part, but I was not really happy. But nobody noticed anything out of the ordinary about me.

While I was working at Universal, I met another extra man named Hal Roach. I liked him right away and he liked me. We got to talking and Roach told me the man who was directing J. Warren Kerrigan. And Kerrigan was the big star man of the Universal lot—or on any other lot. He gave Hal a part in a picture called "Terence O'Brien" with Kerrigan and I played extra. I didn't envy Hal, but I wondered why everyone else seemed to get a chance and I didn't. I talked it over with Hal and together we persuaded the director to give me a small part in the next Kerrigan picture.

Hal and I played a couple of crooks. We had a scene together where we were supposed to snatch a pocketbook. It was dramatic and really humorous. Hal had the business and I was just the feeder.

The funny part of it was that Hal didn't care anything at all about acting. He was never so interested in acting as I was. It was just a means to an end with him. He wanted to be a producer or director. Anyway, the incident about the scene in that picture and I found Hal has since told me that it was what really led him to send for me later.

The director showed him how to do the scene, but somehow Hal didn't seem to be able to get it the way they had in mind. Finally, the director said, "You haven't got the idea. Let this other fellow try it."

It was my first chance and I wasn't backward about it. I happened to do it just the way the director wanted and he was tickled to death. That was my first real break of luck. I got that part.

Right there, Hal Roach decided I was a great actor. I could do that part and he couldn't. I must know a lot about acting. Besides, I hadn't hesitated to tell him how much I knew. Also Kerrigan's leading character man—a fine actor named George Periolat (he played Mary Pickford's father in "Rosita" lately), was very strong for my work. We all had a lot of respect for his judgment and he boosted me like everything. My first rays of encouragement came from him, because he used to say to Roach, "That boy will make a mark for himself yet."

By this time we were working pretty steadily and getting five dollars a day.


BUT a terrible blow fell. The Universal officials decided that no one was worth five dollars a day. They cut all extras to three again.

Whatever else I was or wasn't in those days, I was spunky. Being sort of up against it had taken some of the starch out of me, but not all. I could be pushed just so far and no farther. That was too far. I organized some of the fellows and we struck for our five dollars. We wouldn't work unless we got it.

We didn't work. Right there Universal and I parted company forever. Over that two dollars a day.

Finally Hal Roach and I caught on with the "Coward of O." company. I played in animal comedies, all right. I was the animal. I played things nobody ever heard of—Gilligans and Mauchkins and Kalidias.

One day Hal and I were sitting on a little bench in the sun made up as Hottentots. All we had on was a lot of terrible colored grease paint and some grass skirts. And he said to me, "Some day I'm going to make a picture myself. I'm going to make a comedy. People



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we went together continually and expected to get married when we were old enough. Bebe was awfully young for her age, but she was the sweetest kid that ever lived. We both know now it was only what we call puppy love, but it was mighty important in those days.

I had a little striped Lizzie, which I'd bought on the installment plan, and we went out nearly every night to dance somewhere. We sure liked to dance and we were prouder of the cups we won than anything else we owned. We put newspapers on the floor of the Lizzie because it didn't have any fenders and the dust and mud used to splash up through the cracks so.

There never was a finer, more loyal girl than Bebe. Out of that young romance—I suppose everybody has had one like it at that age—has grown a real and deep friendship.

All that time, while we made fifty or sixty one-reel *Lonesome Luke* comedies, I was trying to find a new character. Even after Pathe started us making two-reelers, I was all wrong on him. I just couldn't stand him any longer. I had an idea for a more natural character—the sort of kid that everybody knows. I wanted to make comedies where people would see themselves and their neighbors. It was then that I hit on the straight make-up with the glasses.

Everybody around the studio liked it. We wired Pathe, but they threw a fit. They said they'd spent thousands of dollars making *Lonesome Luke* well known. Nobody had ever heard of Harold Lloyd. I'd never had my name on the screen. They weren't going to throw *Lonesome Luke* over for an unknown.

I was sunk into gloom. That night Bebe and I went to a theater to see one of our comedies. When I came on, on the screen, a kid sitting next to me said, "Oh, here's that fellow who tries to do like Chaplin."

If I knew where that boy was, I'd send him a medal, because that settled it for me. I went back and told Roach I was going to quit. I wasn't going on forever being a third-rate imitator of anybody, even a genius like Chaplin.

Roach wired Pathe again and they then agreed to let me try my new character. I went back to one-reelers and we made over a hundred and fifty in the next two years. I wrote, directed and starred in the first twenty all by myself, and, believe me, I've always been grateful for these long hard years of training. After that Hal Roach and several different directors helped me.

At last they were going so well, we decided to try some two-reelers. We made four, including "Bumping Into Broadway" and "Captain Kid's Kids." Everybody in the organization went crazy about them. Pathe decided to hold all four until they'd got the one-reelers that were ahead of the shelf and then bring them out with a bang.

Then my accident happened.

They asked me to make some funny publicity pictures, and we thought of one showing me lighting a cigarette from a bomb fuse. I sent one of the boys over to the prop room where there was a box of fake bombs. But someone had thrown three real bombs in with the others. The boy picked out one of the real bombs.

I had that bomb right in my face, where it would have blown my head off, and some providence made me lower it to say something to the cameraman just as it went off. That one little gesture saved my life.

But the nine months that followed were so tough that I can't speak about them even now without turning cold. I hope I played the man outwardly, but inside there were hours when I stared tragedy straight in the face.

Up to that time I'd led a normal, carefree, happy life. I'd known discouragements, poverty, worry, hard work. I'd been down to my last nickel. But nothing mattered, because the future was rosy. I was young and strong and everything was fun.

With that explosion, I knew real suffering for the first time.



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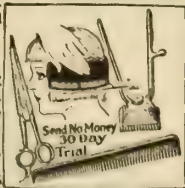
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FRIENDLY ADVICE

From
Carolyn Van Wyck

THIS is the month of brides and roses and sweet girl graduates. It is the month of flowers and fluffy frocks—of trousseaux and gay home furnishings. It is the month of beginnings!

Now it is that the loveliest of summer dress fabrics are being considered prayerfully. Now it is that dainty slippers and sheer silken hose are being purchased. Now it is that the summer stock of creams and powders—of rouges and perfumes are being selected. Now it is that furniture is being joyously bought—the trappings for some little home o' dreams.

The graduate goes mostly in white. In girlish white—usually organdie or voile or embroidered batiste. The bride, unless her wedding is informal, wears white, too. But she usually walks gownned in silks. Crepe de chine or georgette, crepe satin or *chameuse*, or the stately, heavier satin of tradition. The graduate wears a slipper with a moderate heel and a youthful bow or buckle—but the bride revels in French-heeled slippers of the softest white kid, or the sheeniest of satin!

Rugs, chairs, aluminum ware, dishes and an electric iron! They all belong to this wonder month—for they go into the making of the new home. They spell magic and mystery. They stand for excitement and adventure.

New launchings into the world of business. Preparations for school or college in the fall. Plans for the vacation and hopes for the future. They are all a part of the delightful hurry—the vivid pulse beat of June. The month of blossoms and bewildering finery—the month of brides and sweet girl graduates!

SUSIE ANN MARIE, TEXAS.

I think that, for ordinary use, you will find a dry powder more satisfactory than a liquid powder. Rouge—paste, liquid or dry? That must be a matter of individual taste. Frequent shampooing and the use of a good hair tonic, as well as a massage, will keep the hair glossy. I can recommend Stillman's Freckle cream—follow the directions carefully, in using it. Skirts will be a trifle shorter, for spring—and heels a bit higher. And—to answer your last question—screen actresses often bead their lashes. Mascara and many other preparations are better than the heavy beading, for home use.

G. R. L., CHICAGO, ILL.

I can only suggest that you submit your photoplays to the reputable companies that are listed under the heading, "Studio Direc-

tory" in this magazine. Address them in care of the Scenario Editor. Perhaps you would do well to try selling through a reliable agent.

X. Y. Z.

No, indeed, you are not overweight. Don't try, foolishly, to reduce when it is unnecessary. It is possible to remove warts by means of a number of patent wart removers. But it is best, I think, to go to a skin specialist in regard to such a matter. Milk, cream, butter—wheat bread, sugars and starches—they are all fattening. Lettuce, spinach, green vegetables, fruits and fruit juices—they will tend to keep the body slim.

BESSIE, VANCOUVER, B. C.

I think that you would put yourself in a very silly position if you asked the young man in question to send you a ring. He has not made you a definite proposal of marriage—in fact, he has written to you, mostly, in a rather laughing vein. And your acquaintance with each other is very slight. Wait until you have met a second time and let the proposal come from him; if, in fact, it is forthcoming at all! Women should not be the pursuers. They should be sought after.

MISS M. H., APPLETON, MINN.

A good complexion clay will aid you wonderfully in giving your complexion the appearance and texture of youth. Creme Damascus will, I am sure, help to remove the troublesome wrinkles. So will Elizabeth Arden's wrinkle cream. And, to prevent the coming of new wrinkles, I should suggest that you use a good vanishing cream before applying powder or rouge.

JEANNE, OTTAWA, CANADA.

I think that, because your face is inclined to be round, you should wear your hair back from your forehead, or parted in the middle. I should advise wearing your hair straight—the straight line, on either side of your face, will make your cheeks seem less plump. And, anyway, it will be better for your hair to leave it uncurled. Wear straight line frocks, they will make you seem taller and more slim. Avoid ruffles and frills. Do not have your dresses made of stiff fabrics, such as taffeta and organdie. You will be better in clingy crepes and satins. With fair hair, dark eyes and an olive complexion you will look well in midnight blue, dark brown, red, cerise, rose, flesh, gold, green (all shades except olive), violet and deep yellow.

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CAROLYN VAN WYCK is a society matron, well known in New York's smartest and most exclusive inner circle. She is still young enough fully to appreciate the problems of the girl—she is experienced enough to give sound advice to those in need of it; she flatters, business women, or wives and mothers. She invites your confidences—she will respect them—on any subject. Clothes, charm and beauty, love, marriage, the dreams and hopes that come to every one, the heartbreaks and the victories—who has not wished to talk them over with some woman who would be tolerant and just, sympathetic and filled with human understanding? Here is the opportunity to do so.

—The Editor

Close-Ups and Long Shots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

the queen, she refrains from exhibiting one

WHERE there's laughter there's also tears. Amid the gales of laughter at the preview of Harold Lloyd's "Girl Shy," I heard pitious groans from theater exhibitors. "Ach, ach," they sobbed, "we're going to pay high, they're all laughing at it." As I say, behind the smile the tear.

NITANALDI has been hurt to the depths of her artistic soul by indelicate references to her avoirdupois. "I'm not fat. I'm trim," she declaims. "I don't wear any trick harness to hold me in. I'm a woman as God made one. I can walk into any museum and look the classic dames straight in the eyes without blushing."

After meeting Nita I know she speaks the truth. The classic dames would blush before Nita would.

I RECENTLY visited friends in Westchester who said they never went to the movies except when re-issues of old pictures were advertised. "They're not so sexy and self-conscious as the new ones," they said. I went to see a re-issue of a Mack Sennett comedy, "Nick of Time Baby," featuring Gloria Swanson. True, it wasn't self-conscious.

MUCH has been written of the reckless extravagance of movie stars. Directly following the successful premier of "The Thief of Bagdad," Doug Fairbanks went out and bought a fifty-two dollar shaving brush. This certainly seemed the height of recklessness. Yet figure it out for yourself. Doug has to shave twice a day. A shave costs twenty-five cents. If he does the work himself, he owns the brush within four months and can sell it for at least twenty-five dollars to a friend or a valet. Not so reckless!

CHARLIE RAY'S return to Thomas H. Ince is the first wise business move he has made since he left Ince. Ray is a great actor—to my mind the greatest actor of the screen—but a great actor cannot hold his place in pictures without business ability. It's a commercial game. Thomas Meighan says that it's less than fifty per cent acting, the rest is sound business sense, if you want permanent success. And Meighan has proved it. Dick Barthelmess is another. A friend of Dick's said he bet that two hundred years ago Dick was exchanging wampum with the Indians for large tracts of Manhattan. Dick is an excellent actor, a sound merchant. His only mistake was in failing to insist upon better exploitation early in the game. Doug Fairbanks has kept on the crest for years through shrewd showmanship and business acumen. Mary Pickford has had the combined business ability of herself and mother. In contrast with the few we find such fine artists as Henry B. Walthall, Nazimova, Bessie Love and others have failed to hold because they lacked the proper management.

THE motion picture may not be an art but it is performing an office for art. Oddly, it is cultivating a taste for fine music. Exhibitors are realizing more and more that music hath power to charm. It enhances the best picture and, sometimes, redeems the worst. Who can hear the haunting melody of Beethoven's "Minuet" without a vision of the lovers in "Scaramouche"? I heard a girl playing the "Minuet" recently. She told me it was a new piece that a friend had sent her from Los Angeles. Paste up another star for Rex Ingram—the discovery of Beethoven!

On one thing ministers and lawyers agree marriage is a great institution.—*Town Topics*



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At Last! Gouraud's Oriental Cream in compact form. You have never used anything like it. A soft, silky adhering powder, containing all the subtle beautifying properties of Gouraud's Oriental Cream. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00 and in six shades, White, Flesh, Rachel Powders and Light, Medium and Dark Rouges.

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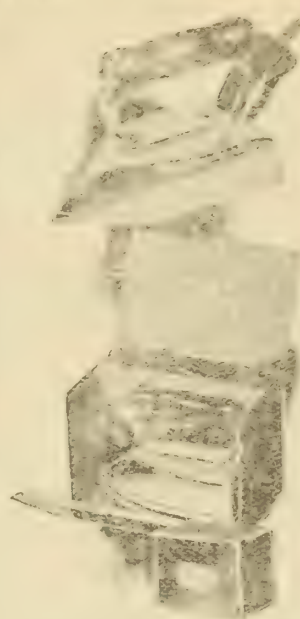
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As fine an iron as the SUNBEAM should be kept in a permanent steel case. It deserves that protection. In the SUNBEAM Set, at \$8.50, you get the very best, kept at its best. Truly—THE IRON OF IRONS.

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THE IRON OF IRONS

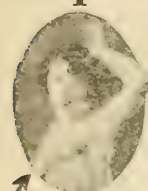
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Best Way To Remove Superfluous Hair



The dainty miniature Everett Decollete Safety Razor with its patented CURVED blade in attractive boudoir container is a safe inexpensive, quick and easy way to remove superfluous hair.

Quick—Safe—Pleasant

No burning discomfort from powerful acids used in many depilatories, no nauseating odors that accompany them. The ordinary safety razor is too wide, incorrectly shaped and dangerous for underarm shaving. The Everett, only 1 1/2 inches wide, with Special Curved blade, fits the armpit perfectly and makes it the only really safe and effective way of removing Superfluous Hair. If your dealer cannot supply you send your order with One Dollar direct (\$1.50 in Canada). Money back if not well pleased. C.O.D. in U.S. if you wish.

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New Imported Perfume Sensation
For Both
Sexes



All The Rage

Solid—No Liquid to Spill
No Bottle to Break—Convenient

Just a touch on the skin and the haunting, romantic fragrance thrills and lingers many days. The scent that lures. Everybody adores it. The most, rarest, most precious oriental perfume. An aroma De Luxe. Beautiful Ruby transparent Case with ring attached for loveliest vest pocket. The rage in the cities. Lasts many months—yes, longer than a liquid \$10 value. **Send no money.** Pay postman only \$1.00 when perfume arrives or if you wish, enclose dollar bill with order. **Sheik doll FREE** with pre-order. Money back if you are not delighted. Order by post or in person NOW.
LURE IMPORTERS West 2263 EVANSTON ILL.

The Romantic History of the Motion Picture

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF THE MOTION PICTURE. By CLAUDE SELIG. The story of the motion picture from its beginnings to the present day. A complete history of the industry, from the first experiments in photography to the modern motion picture. The book is a masterpiece of research and writing, and is a must for every student of the industry. It is a book that should be read by every one who is interested in the motion picture.

The book is a masterpiece of research and writing, and is a must for every student of the industry. It is a book that should be read by every one who is interested in the motion picture.

But Claude Selig really found that the motion picture was not just a passing fancy, but a permanent part of the human mind. He saw that the motion picture was a new art form, and he saw that it was a new way of life. He saw that the motion picture was a new way of thinking, and he saw that it was a new way of feeling. He saw that the motion picture was a new way of living, and he saw that it was a new way of dying. He saw that the motion picture was a new way of everything, and he saw that it was a new way of nothing.

Koenigsberg, when the magazine plan faded, continued at his post with the Chicago Evening American. Destiny was saving him for a career as the impresario of the comic strip heroes, as the head of the Hearst syndicate enterprise which had given the public *Barnum & Goode*, *Ally the Lion* and *Jiggs*, the strongest competition the motion picture had ever known. Incidentally and significantly, the comic strip is the newspaper's nearest approach to the presentation of a motion picture.

But Koenigsberg's part in the motion picture affairs had not ended with the closing of the seed of certain developments ahead, nor was Chicago journalism even yet well begun with its influence on the screen. Only the groundwork of a relation between screen and press had been laid.

The Pathe Weekly Attracts Attention

In the recent few years a series of somewhat sporadic but related events developed to begin the drawing of the two forms of publication together. Edgar B. Harrick was employed by R. A. Farrelly, the head of the Hearst wire news services, to take up the task of organizing the photographic department of the growing string of Hearst newspapers into a world wide photographic service and to begin the syndication of its photographic news pictures. It was the autumn of 1911 when Harrick, studying every available aspect of the business of photographing news, brought the Pathe Weekly distributed by the General Film Company to his observation. He discovered that it contained bits of what a news picture expert would deem pictorial news. Reflecting on the advantages of his organization, he immediately decided to permit an experiment. He purchased a motion picture camera and started shooting news pictures with a view to selling them to the Pathe concern. This was an exceedingly large mistake. The Pathe Weekly did not want to buy news pictures for several reasons. More especially it did not want to

"Norma Goes Into the Movies"

One of the fascinating topics in this most fascinating book

The Talmadge Sisters

An intimate story of the world's most famous screen family

Illustrated by many hitherto unpublished photographs

How can you get into the movies? Achieve screen success? What will be required of you? How does it feel to be for the first time in a motion picture studio?

The mother of the "world's most famous film family," Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, has answered these questions for you, and many more, in her intimate and vitally interesting narrative of the career of the three famous Talmadge Sisters, Constance, Natalie and Norma.

The price of this delightful book is \$1.50 net plus 10c postage. Write to Dept. P.

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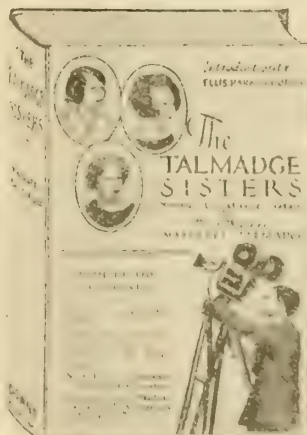


ILLUSTRATION REDUCED

\$1.50

encourage any such possible competition as might evolve out of a well-financed Hearst invasion.

The newsreel of the day was considerably less of a news vehicle than now, and even today actual news is seldom an important component of the so-called newsreel. In 1911, the Pathe Weekly, with a worldwide camera representation of sorts, was easily the best of the newsreels. It was, of course, the first of them. In competition came the Motion Picture Distributing & Sales Company Weekly, which subsided with that concern and was followed by the Gaumont Weekly for Mutual and the Universal Weekly for Universal, the two dominant offshoots of the Sales company. But the vastly important aspect of the newsreel of the day was that it was sold by the makers to the exchange systems for a higher profit than drama, which cost often a great deal more. As long as the newsreel was controlled entirely by the motion picture business as a business, it was sure to do nothing daring and perhaps unprofitable.

No wonder this first tentative step of the aggressive Hearst newspaper organization met with rebuff. The idea went into hibernation for a while. The junction of press and screen was not to come yet.

"What Happened to Mary?"

The first working contact was to come in another quarter. Edward A. McManus and Gardner Wood, in the year of 1912, were engaged in the promotion of circulation and advertising for "The Ladies' World," a McClure monthly. Out of the editorial department came a plan for a continued feature to be built about a mythical girl to be known as Mary, to be introduced with a cover design drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, with an introductory story of the girl and a one hundred dollar prize offer for the best three hundred word answer to "What Happened to Mary?"

To McManus came the inspiration for a motion picture tie-up with a monthly release of a one-reel picture that should tell the Mary story on the screen. In the eyes of the out-ider the name of Edison stood out conspicuously among the makers of motion pictures, so the idea was taken to the Edison studios and presented to Horace Plympton, then in charge of Edison motion-picture affairs. It was received with reluctance and adopted only under the force of strong sale-manship.

Mary Fuller was cast for the title rôle and the project went into production under the direction of J. Searle Dawley, who had succeeded E. S. Porter as the director in chief.

In the June, 1912, number of "The Ladies' World," the publishers neatly paved the way by presenting a pretentious article, entitled "The Photoplay, an Entertainment and Occupation," by Sarah Helen Starr. In this manner the publishers sought to establish the respectability, acceptability and correctness of the art of the motion picture. It was a case of "Mrs. Public meet Miss Film; now you are properly introduced and may speak to each other." In September following an editorial announced that, to the great surprise of the editor of "The Ladies' World," Mr. Horace Plympton of the great Edison concern had called up and simply insisted on making motion pictures of the "What Happened to Mary?" series. "The Ladies' World" was deliciously surprised and flattered. Somewhat previously, however, the entire project had been discussed in detail in The Moving Picture World.

"The Escape from Bondage," chapter one of the series, was released July 26, 1912. The story was by Bannister Merwin. It was followed August 27 by "Alone in New York." It was that kind of a story.

Mary Fuller, who had gone to the Edison company from Vitagraph some years before, was cast for the title rôle of the series. It was mere coincidence that her name and that of the heroine of the stories were the same. But this identity of title and name was of large value to Miss Fuller in building her name within the



Just a little spot may ruin all your loveliness

And you, yourself, may be quite unconscious of it

By Ruth Miller

Do you find it hard to understand why some women, otherwise so lovely and dainty, can be so blissfully unconscious of what neglect of the underarm does to them?

Listen to this letter, an example of many which I receive:

"Dear Ruth Miller:

I have been trying to conceive a way whereby I could suggest to a young woman that she use Odorono, without offending her.

Would it be possible for you to write to her, enclosing possibly a sample bottle of Odorono, and suggest that she use this preparation to remove the odor of perspiration (stating that most people suffer from this annoyance)? Do not indicate in your letter to her that anybody wrote to you, as this would humiliate her."

How embarrassing for this girl if she knew! And yet not one of us can be safe as long as we neglect the underarm. For here the perspiration glands are unusually active, and clothing and the curve of the body prevent normal evaporation.

Nor is soap and water cleanliness enough, for we often find perspiration moisture under the arm shortly after a bath. And sudden excitement or nervous strain may bring it out at any moment.

The one way to be sure is to care for the underarm as regularly as for the teeth and fingernails; protect it, with Odorono, The Underarm Toilette.

Odorono is not merely a deodorant but a true corrective for both the odor and moisture of perspiration. It is a clear, clean antiseptic

liquid. One application gives complete protection from all perspiration for at least three days.

Shouldn't you, in justice to yourself, adopt the underarm toilette too, and get a bottle of Odorono today? 35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottles at all toilet counters, or by mail postpaid.

Creme Odorono — a vanishing cream deodorant

If you simply need a deodorant, use Creme Odorono. It stops all body odors instantly. It is non-greasy and vanishes from the skin at once. Will not spot or stain clothing. Large tube 25c.

Send for samples

For 10c I will send you 3 generous samples—Odorono, Creme Odorono, and Odorono Depilatory, together with information booklet. Or, sample of any one for 5c. Mail the coupon!

RUTH MILLER

The Odorono Company
906 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio



RUTH MILLER
906 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

Enclosed 10c. Send me, please, samples of Odorono, Creme Odorono and Odorono Depilatory. Also booklet.

Name

Address

(Note: For sample of any one of above enclose 5c and enclose those not wanted.)

"What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make!"



—all the difference
between just an ordinary cigarette
and—FATIMA, the most skillful
blend in cigarette history.

END FOOT TROUBLES IN NATURE'S WAY

Makes Feet smaller

Fallen Arches, Bunions, Foot Pains

are caused by misplaced bones. Artificial supports may for a time relieve but cannot correct these ills. You can bring back health to any part of your body only in Nature's own way and not by use of Mechanical devices. Nature does not require artificial support. Don't use rigid devices that not merely as "crutches."

Help Nature and Nature Will Help You.

Discover of a Chinese Scientist, in Nature's way, revitalizes muscles, brings bones back into place. Send 10c. for booklet.

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Double Chin

easily, quickly and surely reduced. Sagging facial muscles and drooping mouth lines restored to their natural position. Years taken off your face. And all done while you sleep. Simply use a little Davis Reducing Cream before you go to bed, then slip over your face the famous

Davis Chin Strap

and in the morning when you take it off, apply a little Davis Astringent. See the improvement after the first night. Money back guarantee. All three articles for \$2.00 or Chin Strap alone for \$1.00. For sale at all drug or department stores or order direct from **Cora M. Davis, Dept. 10, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.**



trade and with the public. The pictures were made at the old Edison studios near the Bronx Park Botanical Gardens. Framed stills of Mary hang about the walls of the long idle establishment, strewn in their own rooms, and the trim color of the elegant furniture says these devoted, fingers yet a'out the star dressing room.

The Exit of "Mary"

The fame that Miss Fuller acquired by the start of the series led to her employment in June, 1912, on similar terms by the Universal chain, she concluded her screen career one day by abrupt departure when Carl Laemmle refused to increase her salary. She had expended her earnings and was independent.

Each installment of the Edison "What Happened to Mary?" series was independent in construction and did not directly connect with the one that had gone ahead or the one that was to follow. It was distinctly a series and not a serial. The motion picture version and the magazine publication did not sync up with any regularity, and the series got little in the way of advertising in the motion picture trade. But in spite of that it was something of a success for both the Edison company and "The Ladies World."

Meanwhile the news pictorial idea was still simmering in the mind of Edgar B. Hatrick. He was driven by the urge toward pictures that told the story better. He had put the still camera to the limit of its capacities. The next step was into the motion picture, the camera with narrative ability. The pressure of a desire to do something important and impressive in the handling of a big story broke out in a project to make a motion picture news record of the inauguration of Woodrow Wilson, March 4, 1913. He went to the Moving Picture World seeking information that would guide him to a motion picture concern sufficiently unbound of the trammels of screen prejudice and trust practice to join in the venture. It resulted in an introduction to Harry Warner, of the old Warners' Features concern, then melding into United Film Service, in a process of disappearing.

The Development of the News Reel

A one-reel picture was made and rushed to the screen, through Warner distribution. It was a sizeable success and brought the Hearst organization a profit of \$2,000. Farrelly began to take notice. Hatrick resumed his argument for a newsreel. They conferred with Horace Plympton of the Edison company and got no encouragement. There were many reasons, including the internal politics of the General Film Company.

At about this time Selig in Chicago released a two-reel picture of "The Burial of the Battleship Maine." The old warship had been raised in Havana harbor and towed out to Davy Jones' locker.

"That Selig company has the idea, let's try them," Hatrick suggested.

Farrelly knew of Koenigsberg's acquaintance with Selig and wired him in Chicago to get in touch with the film man on the project. Koenigsberg, now no longer an editor, was a salesman of the Hearst wire news and syndicate services.

Meanwhile some other important movements had taken place in the Chicago newspaper field. Max Amersberg, who had made an outstanding success of his efforts as circulation manager for the Chicago American in the days of its bitter struggles, was now employed at great price by the Chicago Tribune. The Tribune was of the old line orthodox newspapers, but the new man in Chicago journalism was having its effect, developing competitive moves.

The circulation struggles which arose in Chicago led to the organization of a new camp. It became a complex and sometimes seven-sided conflict, over the placing and publication of newspapers on the stands.

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If your nose is ill-shaped, you can make it perfect with ANITA Nose Adjuster, in a few weeks, in the privacy of your own room and without interfering with your daily occupation. The ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER is the ORIGINAL NASAL SUPPORTER. Absolutely guaranteed. It is completely unattended by physicians for misshapen and fractured noses. No need for costly, painful operations.

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Adjusts all defects quickly, painlessly, permanently and inexpensively. Self-adjustable. No screws. No metal parts. Gentle, firm and perfectly comfortable. Beware of imitations. Write today (just your name and address) for free booklet, "Happy Days Ahead," which explains how you can have a perfect nose, and how to tell out forgeries. No obligation.

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ANITA NOSE ADJUSTER
for its
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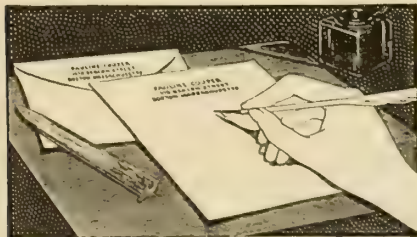
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NEW ENGLAND
PAPER CO.

1066 Pine St.
Barton, Vt.

local stage, subsequently appearing in stock company productions in various parts of the West. The abilities of the comely Miss Williams aroused the enthusiastic interest of Senator Clarke, the Montana copper king, who was instrumental in her taking a course of instruction at the famous Sargent Dramatic School in New York. From the Sargent School, Miss Williams stepped into an important part in the William Morris production of "When We Were Twenty-one." After the New York run she went on the road with the production and, in the course of the Chicago engagement, she was seen and employed by Colonel Selig. She appeared in many Selig pictures prior to "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

Colonel Selig Rides to Power

Things were coming thick and fast for Colonel Selig. He was sitting in the seats of the mighty and holding partnership conferences with the two overlords of Chicago newspaperdom, with ramifications of power that reached from the City Hall on Randolph Street to the big building with a dome overlooking Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. It was a long way back in memory to the little workshop and dark room in Peck Court where he had labored through the nights with his photographic efforts of the middle '90s.

Came the day, as the title writers say, when Colonel Selig went down to New York to close the contract with the Hearst organization for the production of the Hearst-Selig Weekly, with the news negative gathered by the Hearst photographers and the motion-picture production and distributed by the Selig Polyscope Company through the General Film Company, the great combine exchange system.

Moses Koenigsberg and Colonel Selig met to close the contract with a luncheon appointment at the Cafe des Beaux Arts, a few doors down Fortieth Street from the Republican Club where Colonel Selig stopped, and so often the locus of motion picture negotiations deep and obscure.

The papers of the newsreel deal were spread out between them and the table was cleared of everything but the coffee cups, when Colonel Selig interrupted with an intruding idea.

**Selig's Proposal to Hook Up with
Hearst**

"Now, I'm about to hook up with Hearst on this thing, and it reminds me that I have had a deal on with the Tribune about a serial," Selig opened. He described "The Adventures of Kathlyn," plan in detail.

Koenigsberg's face clouded with anger. He was getting set to storm out his rage. Here was the perfectly original idea of the Union Cafe conferences of years ago getting away from him and, worse, being delivered into the camp of the opposition. Selig, oblivious, went on. Koenigsberg twisted his forelock, swallowed his wrath and listened.

"Now," Selig continued, "Annenberg insists that I put up \$20,000 for billboard advertising of the thing in Chicago."

This was the breaking straw of the negotiations in Selig's mind. The proposition was tossed on the table before Koenigsberg. Here was the great chance to seize an opportunity and to deal a blow back, a grand surprise blow, to the old Chicago rivals.

Koenigsberg glanced at his watch.

"Can I have forty-eight hours on this?"

"Yes."

They proceeded to the closing of the Hearst-Selig newsreel contract.

When Koenigsberg laid that executed document before R. A. Farrelly, of the International News Service, he also unfolded the great serial opportunity in Chicago.

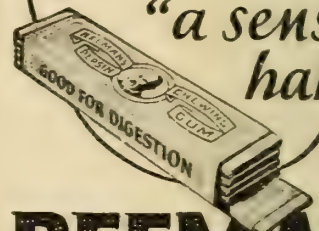
Farrelly was interested, but he had not been a part of the Chicago conflict. He did not have the same fire of interest. Koenigsberg wanted the idea put before William Randolph Hearst right away. Farrelly objected.

"No, not now. Of course he'll like the idea



Let the children
have all the
Beeman's
they want—
it's healthful
and tasty—
its use is

*"a sensible
habit"*



BEEMAN'S
Peppin Gum

AMERICAN CHICLE CO.

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FOR PHOTOPLAY**

will be found on page five below
the table of contents.



*Gray Hair Banished
in fifteen minutes*

The new American Inecto Rapid is guaranteed to color naturally gray faded or streaked hair any desired shade in 15 minutes and to preserve all its beauty and texture. The result is permanent, cannot be detected from Nature's coloring under the closest scrutiny. Inecto Rapid, Notox, comes in 18 shades from radiant blonde to raven black.

Inecto Rapid, Notox, does not affect the hair or its growth. It never rubs off and the color is not affected by shampooing, sunshine, salt water, Russian or Turkish baths. After an application the hair may be permanently waved or given any other hair treatment.

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Just send us your name on the coupon and we will mail you full details and our Beauty Analysis Chart enabling you to find the shade that suits you individually.

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New York, N. Y.

Please send me, gratis, full details of Inecto Rapid and the "Beauty Analysis Chart," form A20.

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Address _____

It was a very hard and long day. The picture was a success. We have been looking for this a long time.

There was a great deal of interest in the picture. The picture was a success. We have been looking for this a long time.

The picture was a success. We have been looking for this a long time. The picture was a success. We have been looking for this a long time.

"The Adventures of Kathlyn"

The picture proved a winner. The picture was a success. We have been looking for this a long time. The picture was a success. We have been looking for this a long time.

New circulation came to the Chicago Tribune in thousands. The Howey-Annenberg idea was vindicated. In a newspaper circulation, it was estimated that the Tribune picked up thirty thousand readers on "The Adventures of Kathlyn," and that it held permanently about thirty-five thousand of them. The significance of this figure must be measured by the terms of circulation in the newspaper industry. It represented, if memory serves, about ten per cent of the total circulation of the paper. It was tremendous. No other circulation device in the history of journalism had worked so well.

Naturally, down in the Hearst building at Madison and Market streets, there were reports, explanations, analyses, charts, conferences and cursings.

Andrew M. Lawrence, then publisher of the Chicago Examiner, the morning Hearst paper and the direct competitor of the Tribune, rushed the leased wires in communicating to Hearst in New York the terrible details of the great motion picture circulation outrage.

Annenberg was too again!

The Era of Screen-Newspaper Serials

Instructions went posthaste to Morrill Goddard, editor of the American Sunday Magazine in New York, the Hearst Sunday color supplement, to get into this serial thing and to get the best man who could be found of serial experience in the motion picture field. Goddard drafted Edward A. M. Manus, who had the credentials of success from "What Happened to Mary?," the Edison-McClure project.

About then the serial idea began to break out like smallpox in an Indian village in mid-winter. Consider the dates.

January 31, 1914, Edison released the first chapter of "Dolly of the Dailies," syndicated to sundry newspapers. The picture starred Mary Fuller. They did not know there was money in the name of "Mary," and lost it to alliteration's artful asininity.

April 4, 1914, the Universal Film Manufacturing Company released the first installment of "Lucile Love," starring Francis Ford and Grace Cunard, with the story syndicated by the Chicago Herald. It is of interest to note that the Chicago Herald was the hopeful successor of the Chicago Record-Herald and the moribund Chicago Inter-Ocean, purchased a few months before by James Keeley in an effort to do again for himself what he had done for the Chicago Tribune.

April 11, 1914, the Eclectic Film Company announced "The Perils of Pauline," with Pearl White in the title role and Paul Panzer and Crane Wilbur in the supporting cast, the story presented in the Hearst newspapers, with the

These Cream Angelus
beautify my
skin in a
jiffy. I am
Violet Dana

Beautiful Women
of Stage and Screen
Use Angelus
Lemon Cream

VIOLA DANA, like many other beautiful women of the stage and screen, entrusts her beauty to Angelus Lemon Cream. The lemon characteristics so soothingly blended in this fragrant, lotion-like Angelus Lemon Cream are the secrets of this wonderful way to whiten the skin and keep it healthy, youthful and radiant.

Send the Coupon Below

Let us send you a guest size tube of Angelus Lemon Cream. Use Angelus at night and then note immediate improvement in your skin next day. Angelus penetrates so quickly into the pores, cleanses them so thoroughly. It gives your skin a chance to breathe naturally. It leaves it so soft, with such a delicate translucent texture—the natural bloom of youth and beauty.

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Distributors
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ROUGE INCARNAT
Practically Indelible
"In the Little Red Box"

Beautiful women of the stage and screen use Angelus Rouge Incarnat (paste) exclusively because it looks so natural, resists heat, moisture and gives a beautiful glow to the cheeks. Four shades—light, dark, medium and extra dark.

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Please send me a trial tube of Angelus Lemon Cream and a trial box of Rouge Incarnat.

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"Your Hair Is Your Fortune"

A woman can have no greater legacy than a wealth of luxuriant hair, but the basis of its beauty lies in the care bestowed upon it.

Whether you shampoo your own hair or have it done, there is nothing that brings out its natural beauty, texture, evenness and lustre like

Canthrox SHAMPOO

Simple to use—a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water is ample. Quickly effective—it dissolves and removes dandruff, dirt and excessive oil, cleanses and invigorates the scalp, dries quickly and never leaves the hair streaky. Costs but a trifle—a Canthrox shampoo may be had for about three cents. You will be charmed with the soft, fluffy appearance of your hair after use.

Ask any druggist to supply you.

Free Trial Offer

To prove that Canthrox is the most delightful shampoo in the world as well as the most beneficial for your hair, we will gladly send one perfect shampoo free to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

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Famous Brun-
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artist whose or-
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You'll be the "life o' the party." The New Gibson Mastertone is hailed as the world's most remarkable banjo. Combines snap, volume, carrying power with truly musical tone. Gibson easy-to-play features insure quick mastery.

Send for Free Book and details of trial offer on mandolin-banjo; tenor-banjo; cello-banjo; guitar-banjo; mandolin; mandola; mando-cello; guitar; mando-bases; harp-guitar.
**GIBSON, Inc., 2608 Parsons St.
Kalamazoo, Mich.**

Gibson

STRINGED INSTRUMENTS
World's Leading Manufacturers

throttle wide open and the safety valve popping.

But now the amazing complication comes. Motion picture patrons will recognize at once the names of Pearl White, Crane Wilbur and Paul Panzer as of the Pathe stock company. They still were of that company.

But war had broken out between the Pathe concern and the General Film Company over the Hearst Selig Weekly, which was proving disastrous competition for the Pathe Weekly. The argument started with telegrams and ended with open letters in the trade press charging discrimination and Pathe withdrawing from the General Film Company to establish its own exchanges. This is significant among other reasons as the first breaking away from the great General. The processes of disintegration were well under way now.

Pathe Secedes from General Film Company

Eclectic was a corporation name that had lain in the dry seasoning in Pathe's safe for some time. It now came into emergency service. If the General had enjoined Pathe, it could not have reached Eclectic.

So it came that in order to fight the Hearst Selig newsreel Pathe seceded from General and built up an exchange system principally on the strength of its newsreel and—this is the whimsy—and on the Hearst-Eclectic serial, "The Perils of Pauline." Thus we discover the institution of Hearst astride two film horses, galloping off in opposite directions at high speed. Gravity to the contrary, the rider stuck to both of them for a long ride.

The Hearst-Selig newsreel was edited by Ray L. Hall, taken from the wire news service in Chicago. He was the first newspaper man brought to the service of screen news.

It was a logical but unpsychological assumption that "The Perils of Pauline" would prove as great a circulation builder for the Hearst newspapers as "The Adventures of Kathlyn" was for the Chicago Tribune. Nothing of the kind occurred. The motion picture spectators of "Kathlyn" went to the Tribune for the story. The readers of "The Perils" went to the theaters for the picture. The difference is clear. Hearst already had that class. The Tribune was just getting it—from the motion picture. Years of comic strips, vivid short word news writing and superior news still photography, presented with the genius of Arthur Brisbane and Foster Coates of the Hearst newspapers, had long since reached that audience. The motion picture could add relatively little to their pulling power.

Newspapers Discover Revenue in Screen Ventures

The motion picture might now easily have been abandoned by these newspapers. But the life of "The Perils of Pauline" carried the earning period well past the fateful August of 1914 and the beginning of the World War. Under normal conditions probably even the very large earnings of this picture venture would not have been held especially important in the vastness of Hearst operations. But the war period, even from the beginning, put extraordinary demands on every newspaper publishing establishment and its finances. The income from "The Perils of Pauline," coming in neat chunks of fifty thousand dollars at a time, was welcome at the offices in William Street. Participation in the motion picture business became worth while on its own account, despite its failure to produce circulation.

Meanwhile the Chicago Tribune was afire with serial enthusiasm. All through the days of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" plans were being made for a follow-up.

Joseph Medill Patterson and Robert R. McCormick, the representatives of the family fortunes controlling the Chicago Tribune, were sitting in, now that Keeley was gone, with an increasingly acute interest in the conduct of affairs of that newspaper, and acquiring from

Instant Popularity



Ingram's American Blush Rouge has won instant popularity because women realize that at last one perfect shade has been discovered. It just naturally blends with any skin, light, medium or dark.

Ingram's American Blush applies so evenly and smoothly its effect can only be a natural, healthy glow. It does not clog the pores and because its coloring matter cannot be absorbed it is recommended particularly for a delicate and sensitive skin.

In this artistic metal vanity box with large mirror and pad—50c.

At your dealers or by mail from us. Or send 2c stamp for ready-to-use purse puff containing Ingram's American Blush.

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Established 1885
Makers of Ingram's Milkweed Cream
Windsor, Ont. 233 10th Street,
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Ingram's American Blush.
The Delicate Rouge
for the Delicate
Skin.

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When you hang pictures you don't want to nail paper or plaster when you use
Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
For heavy pictures, mirrors, photo books, etc., use
Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"
10c pkts. Sold everywhere.
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MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

Many Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit Users Thank Mr. Nestle

They Curled Their Hair At Home Permanently With This Dainty Invention, and Write, "It Came Up to Expectations"



"The Home Outfit is Simple To Use—and The Waving Is Quick, Safe and Comfortable."

Send for Our Free Illustrated Booklet



"I now enjoy all the convenience of naturally curly hair," MISS DALE MARTIN, 125 S. 14th St., Quincy, Ill.



"Waving my hair was interesting,"—MISS ADELINE LIPMAN, 3124 State St., Milwaukee, Wis.

"My LANOIL Wave improved my personal appearance 100%," MRS. G. T. ALCOTT, Main St., Platteville, Wis.

Big Events Turn on a Chance Conversation

Two weeks later, Finn, riding on the Twentieth Century Limited, fell into a smoking car conversation with an interesting stranger. The stranger proved to be full of information about the motion picture. He presently admitted that he was a scenario writer and that his name, Lloyd Lonergan, might be observed on the screen without much difficulty. Lonergan, as the head of the scenario department of the Thanhouser company at New Rochelle, simply exuded motion picture ideas. They erupted like headlines in the Chicago American. A second stranger approached the busily chatting pair and was introduced by Lonergan—Charles Hite, president of the Thanhouser company.

When, presently, Hite discovered that the Chicago Tribune wanted another serial, he held his watch on the progress of the Twentieth Century to Chicago lest it lose one golden, fleeting second.

The Syndicate Film Corporation

Out of this came the Syndicate Film Corporation, financed through John M. Burnham & Company, who sold the stock of the enterprise largely to Chicago investors. The subsequent success of the venture had many far-reaching effects. Twice in after years ambitious projects were planned in LaSalle Street for gigantic financial-film operations which might well have revolutionized the industry. Both aborted, one in part because of a premature newspaper story resulting in staff changes that plunged Madison Street into a new strife.

The Syndicate Film Corporation was merely a financing company. The making of the serial picture devolved on the Thanhouser concern at New Rochelle, where things began to happen rapidly. James M. Sheldon, famous football coach and handsome idol of the gridiron in the days of his glory at the University of Chicago, became president of the Syndicate concern through college association with Burnham.

THERE is nothing that women and girls appreciate more than a useful invention which adds to their daily comfort and beauty. But we doubt if any other invention ever aroused such spontaneous approval in thousands of American women, as has the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit. For this invention gives freedom to slaves.

"What a relief Mr. Nestle has brought me," they write. "I have not had a nightly curler, nor a hot iron in my hair since I used your marvelous Outfit."

"It does the most wonderful thing on earth," others tell us. "Every straight-haired woman should hear about it."

And they are right. Every woman should know of the Nestle invention. No other form of hair curling, whether nightly curlers, curling fluids or hot irons can possibly approach the results of the Nestle PERMANENT Wave by the LANOIL Process. A single waving gives you permanently curly hair. And so simple and fool-proof is the Home Outfit that children can handle it.

On 30 Days' Free Trial

Send for your Outfit with free trial supplies today, and if you are not satisfied with the results, return the Outfit, and every cent of its \$15 cost, deposited with us or with your postman will be refunded to you immediately. Just imagine your hair, naturally curly. Imagine how free you will feel when it looks pretty ALL THE TIME.

and rain, bathing, perspiration and shampoos only make it look prettier.

If you have any doubt as to the Nestle Company's responsibility, write to this magazine, or the Harman National Bank, or the Equitable Trust Company of New York City. Nestle's have been established in Berlin, Paris, and London since 1905, and since 1915 in New York, where in their two establishments, every day, several hundred prominent women of fashion and the stage get their Nestle LANOIL Permanent Waves.

You have every assurance that you will either get satisfactory, naturally curly hair, or your money back promptly, and without question, so send this coupon or a letter or postal for your Home Outfit today.

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Established 1905

12 and 14 East 49th Street, New York City
Just off Fifth Avenue

(From foreign countries, send \$16 check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor St. W., Toronto, Canada, \$20 duty free.)

Fill in, tear off and mail coupon today

NESTLE LANOIL CO., LTD., Dept. Y
12 & 14 East 49th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me the Nestle LANOIL Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within 30 days, and receive back every cent of its cost of \$15.

☐ I enclose \$15 in check, money order, or bank draft as a deposit.

☐ I prefer to deposit the \$15 with my postman when the Outfit arrives.

OR, check HERE..... if only free booklet of further particulars is desired.

(From foreign countries, send \$16 check, money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harper, 416 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, \$20 duty free.)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Then came an inkling of a recollection that something like this had been bandied about in editorial conferences about the new motion picture serial. He put in a phone call for Joseph H. Finn.

Finn, aroused apparently from a profound sleep, could recall nothing that could confirm any suspicion of publicity taint on the story read to him from proof. He was polite, but conspicuously annoyed at being called in the middle of the night.

The Chicago Tribune did not carry the missing heiress story. Nearly every other morning newspaper in the United States did. And they continued to carry it, with developments locally discovered and meager facts wrung from the silent Cairns of the Pepperday Inn.

On the third day Cairns reluctantly parted with "the only photograph in existence" of the missing heiress. It bore a striking similarity to the publicity stills of Florence LaBadie issued by the Thanhouser company, except it did not bear the studio credit stamp on the back. The least pictorial news service got a scoop on this picture. It reproduced perfectly, and often.

The sixth day of the missing mystery the New Rochelle police called Cairns from the Pepperday Inn to receive tidings of immediate importance. They had a wire from John J. Mulpin, the Chicago chief of detectives, announcing the apprehension of the missing heiress. The identification was positive and the girl was held pending shipping instructions.

Cairns was filled with chagrin and shame for Chicago and his friend of reporter days, the detective chief.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

On the seventh day the Finn-Tribune-Serial advertising campaign was launched in neat cohesion with the great missing mystery of the newspapers. The story in the papers proved the realism that had been attained in MacGrath's marvelous detective mystery serial and the screen version of it.

The final realization of the facts did not tend to warm up any newspaper friendships on Madison Street in Chicago.

This was the first of the great film press agent stunts. Now New York has a law against such publicity hoaxes.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" swept through the motion picture theaters with a success without precedent or parallel. It was of course distributed through the Mutual Film Corporation to which the Thanhouser studios contributed their product. The twenty-three chapters of "The Mystery" played in about even thousand motion picture theaters in a period when there were probably about eighteen thousand such houses, not including the scattering of town halls and opera houses presenting occasional shows, which probably brought the total of exhibition places to about twenty-one thousand, the high point of the development of the nickelodeon period.

Production costs of "The Mystery" were in the vicinity of \$125,000, and the gross receipts for the picture were nearly \$1,500,000.

Even tragedy came to add to the golden mood. Charles Hite, the executive in charge of film production of the serial, was insured in favor of the Syndicate Film Corporation for \$100,000. The night of August 22, 1914, driving a new motor car, he plunged through the railing of a Harlem river viaduct to his death.

"The Mystery" Pays 700 Per Cent

The stockholders of the serial concern received 700 per cent on their investment. Promoters have been quoting that record ever since in florid prospectus literature on oil, film and ginseng projects.

A part of the Chicago Tribune promotional campaign in behalf of circulation and the serial included an offer of a prize of \$10,000 for the winning suggestion for a sequel chapter of "The Million Dollar Mystery." This was the most effective of several contemporary contests

Photo by Witzel



See how this side of face denotes the woman's age, 54 years.

Now, fold this side of picture under, along dotted line, and see how facial filming restored youth. Time of treatment 25 minutes.

Is this a Miracle?

[By WILLIAM R. DURGIN]

Faces restored while you wait! Facial tissues revitalized in an hour! To remove all traces of time from the face is now a matter of moments!

A miracle? Yes. The modern miracle of facial filming.

To realize what this discovery means, study the photograph. If you think it cannot cope with age—the lady in the picture is 54 years old! If you doubt that face filming always works, on any human skin—and will work on yours—read of the arrangements for letting you try it.

Facial Film was born in France. Because of the tremendous cost, its use has been restricted until now. Its base is *neoplasma*, worth \$5,000 a pound! The perfecting of this film in solution has brought it to America in affordable form, giving beauty power which forever solves the problem of perfect complexion. A face with telltale lines is now inexcusable. Even deep furrows may now be removed from the countenance; wrinkles succumb to a single application of *neoplasma* film; every minor blemish in skin young or old dissolve almost with the first touch.

When women realize the full significance of this discovery there will be no "old" young faces—no "withered" faces at any age—no old eyes in young heads or "sacks" beneath the eyes in middle age. Lines from the corners of the mouth to nose, and down to chin are dispelled by this regeneration of tissue. So are the fine lines that cause necks to look old before their time. It makes no difference what caused these wrinkles—whether due to the general condition of age, organic trouble, under-nourishment, or just nervous strain—the filming process revitalizes and makes firm the whole skin structure and flesh beneath. It "takes up the slack" and draws sagging tissues as taut and smooth as in early youth. (Filming naturally has the same effect on hands, and on any part of the body.)

In this age of creams and clays, and endless other "beautifiers," it is hoped that *neoplasma* film will not be regarded as a cosmetic. It is gentle, to be sure, but it is a physical reagent accomplishing the same astonishing changes for which women have undergone plastic surgery. The results are the same—without the risk, discomfort or expense. You have read of the remarkable results of "face-filming;" *neoplasma*

is just as effective and being Nature's way is vastly safer and more satisfactory. Facial filming brings a new era of beauty and beauty methods. It dooms the superficial, surface preparations which are of no scientific activity, for this process of rejuvenating the tissues puts a swift—almost instantaneous—end to skin impurities of all kinds. It renders pores clear, clean and pliant.

And now for the proof: *neoplasma* sufficient to supply in solution to as many as respond to this first public announcement will be distributed by mail from the Dr. Egan manufactory in Chicago. The film is used without special knowledge or skill; it is effective in the hands of anybody using the simple instructions issued with each supply. It is a liquid film and comes in a *rescde* which seals the contents against any deterioration even while in use. Your skin may require one adrenalinizing, or several, depending on its condition, your age, etc. But your first filming will bring such youth to your skin as will astound you. It is a fresh wonder of Science that is comparable to radium. It is the true *neoplasma* which in other forms has been found in the practice of medicine to restore the activity of a heart that has ceased beating. All-powerful but harmless. Skin regeneration is a discovery so far reaching that preparations which merely pamper the complexion, even rouge, will soon be abandoned.

Druggists have not been supplied yet. For a full vesicle of *neoplasma* film write to Dr. Egan laboratory. You need not enclose the fee (two dollars) unless you choose; payment may be made on arrival. You don't pay anything unless your gratitude for benefits knows no bounds. Women have voluntarily tendered twenty-five and fifty dollars at the laboratory for the same results guaranteed you. Seeing is believing; use coupon printed here:

The Dr. EGAN Manufactory, Dept. M
220 S. State St., Chicago, U.S.A.

Please send full vesicle of Facial Film for free trial. I will pay postman 42 and postage subject to return unless filming brings the remarkable benefits described. (If handier, enclose two dollars and save the postage; same money-back guarantee applies.)

Name.....

Address.....

FOLD
HERE

FOLD
HERE

it does one thing well



SANI-FLUSH cleans and purifies the toilet bowl and hidden trap—it was made for that particular purpose—and it does that one job better than you can by any other means.

Sani-Flush removes all stains and incrustations. Sanitizes the unhealthful trap, too, without injury to plumbing connections. Destroys all foul odors.

No scrubbing. No hard work. Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush into the bowl—follow directions on the can—and flush. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Tired Eyes Made Young Quinlan Vah-Dah Eye Cream

is a cream that instantly removes all tired eyes and makes them young and beautiful. It is a cream that is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to give you the best results.

Quinlan Eye Treatment
Write for beauty secrets
and a free trial.

"Your Beauty Time
and How To Use It"

Katherine Mary Quinlan

Established 1928
665-D Fifth Ave., New York

BANISH YOUR MOLES with DESINÆVI~

A SAFE, SIMPLE, PAINLESS,
GUARANTEED HOME TREATMENT
Write for booklet of information-free
D.C. ALLEN-BINGHAMPTON ST.
BOX 74 - MEMPHIS, TENN. U.S.A.

...and the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

A reporter was assigned by the Tribune to investigate the young woman, and to find a proper person to be declared winner under the terms of the contest, to interview her, and her photograph, pose her in a motion picture "tag" scene for the ...

This was done, after the Chicago manner, in one afternoon.

Then the motion picture camera man put his film cans with the Damon pictures in them against the radiator steam pipe of a Pullman for the overnight trip to Chicago and the whole thing had to be done again—without letting Miss Damon suspect that she had won. She began to be secretly hopeful after the second visitation.

But the complications of the sequel had only begun. The studio had thoughtfully made the "winning" sequel in New Rochelle, one week before the winning idea was selected in Chicago.

Some uncooperative spirit inspired inquiry into the contest by investigators for the United States Post Office. The Chicago Tribune and the United States of America voiced a unanimous demand that the sequel chapter follow Miss Damon's script. The director of the picture was convinced of the superior dramatic merit of the sequel already made. Besides, Miss Damon had chosen to end the story amid the snows of Siberia and the weather reports indicated that in the current season New Rochelle might expect about one snow a century.

A Snowfall That Saved the Day

The wires between Chicago and New York spit blue fire.

It must be done.

It can not be done.

Do it anyway. Fleeing the pressure of making hourly reports, Jay Cairns went to New York to attend to social interests. When he stepped off an early morning train at New Rochelle station he was overwhelmed with an impression that the entire landscape was white. How wonderful if true and how terrible and cruel if not! He felt of it and tasted it. It seemed to meet all tests. But with the caution of the true reporter he awaited confirmation. A milk wagon on its early rounds rattled by. Cairns overtook the wagon and interviewed the driver. The driver was unequivocal and emphatic in his opinion. It had been snowing for fully asserted, since midnight.

"Are you sure?" Cairns demanded. "This is very important to the world's greatest newspaper, the Chicago Tribune, and the United States Government. To say nothing of my many personal friends."

"Giddap," called the driver.

The sequel was shot at sunrise. It was directed by Jay Cairns and James M. Seligman, whose credit rights have until this session been neglected.

Miss Damon was presented with her ten-thousand-dollar check on the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...
...the ...

But the ten-thousand dollars bought a cozy cottage home and she lived happy ever after. There was an amazing sequel to the sequel—but that is another story to be told in an early chapter, a tale of more millions, some mystery and many stars.

[TO BE CONTINUED]



Miss Damon, "Photoplay Beauty," demonstrates the beauty

You, Too, May Instantly
Beautify Your Eyes With

Maybelline

Just a wee touch of "MAYBELLINE" will make your short, flaxen eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and lustrous. It is the only eye makeup that is safe for the eyes. It is the only eye makeup that is safe for the eyes. It is the only eye makeup that is safe for the eyes.



Maybelline Co., 1750-52 Sheridan Road, Chicago

Genuine
DIAMOND
Mounted in
1/2 Karat
2 Setting \$2 down

**NO RED TAPE
—NO DELAY**
Simply send \$2.00 for this price-smashing diamond ring offer.

TEN MONTHS TO PAY
We take all balances—no cash payment required. Price only \$2.00. All diamonds guaranteed. OTHER NOW.

ROYAL BOOK OF GEMS
Full of 1000 pages of everything in our two million dollar stock. Send for free.

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Clear Your Skin!

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

FREE Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN." I will show you how I cured myself after being afflicted for over 16,000 days and I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E.S. GIVENS, 139 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing back. It is a simple, painless, non-toxic, non-damaging method. It is the only method that is safe for the hair. We teach liberty of choice in your own hair.

D. J. MAHLER,

256-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

The Love Dodger

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10)

loyalty and pain and faith and hope and charity. My God, what more do you want from me?"

So since the first Paula Swayne, her friend, modeled herself and later conformed to one another that "dear Paula was a little different" wasn't he? Living so much abroad of course.

She was difficult and imperious and impatient to the last degree.

And because even the greatest street modeler does not refuse to be painted by Paula Swayne, Cleveland Brown went to her studio at her command, rather timidly and quietly, and entirely sharing the amazement of her friends that she should want to paint him. There was nothing about him to paint. Besides, she was a female and it seemed to him that whenever females invited or commanded or intimated him to appear before them, it meant trouble.

He had trouble enough just then.

He knew nothing about Paula Swayne except her reputation, which was various. If he visualized her at all, it was as an old lady, who looked like a witch and wore a long white robe.

In some ways, Cleveland Brown had a simple and direct mind.

At any rate, he was not prepared for Paula Swayne. Not at all. He had thought she had never been painted and the years had played many tricks upon her square intense face. She had always been quiet and heavy-set, and flesh had gained upon her.

But she was a full of color in a Turner sunset. As full of life as a young station. As dynamically, vividly potent as a draft of rich Burgundian wine.

Nearly every man is caught once by a woman's intellect.

Paula Swayne's brilliance fascinated Cleveland Brown completely.

He had a good mind, a responsive, plastic, emotional mind. But it was untrained and untrained. In all his life, he had never had one conversation which he had to have daily and early with Paula Swayne. He delighted in her talk, of real conversation, one new

thing.

For the great painter, after one look at her big eyes, stalked steadily and took time to herself. She could stir to a command but when she would sit and deliver and her great artistry and knowledge, she would not tell exactly how her hands went round and then—she would paint it. Which was the end of all things.

When her work was concerned, Paula Swayne was as ruthless as a Hun. Nothing was sacred to her. She wanted to use, she would suffer before she would let the canvas become the deepest intelligence of her own master in the world, even in her work. She had learned people life is great, except that she would be the canvas and the color of truth was. Everything in her life, even her greatest love and her greatest shame and her deepest hate, and none into her painting, in some way or another, and been given to the world.

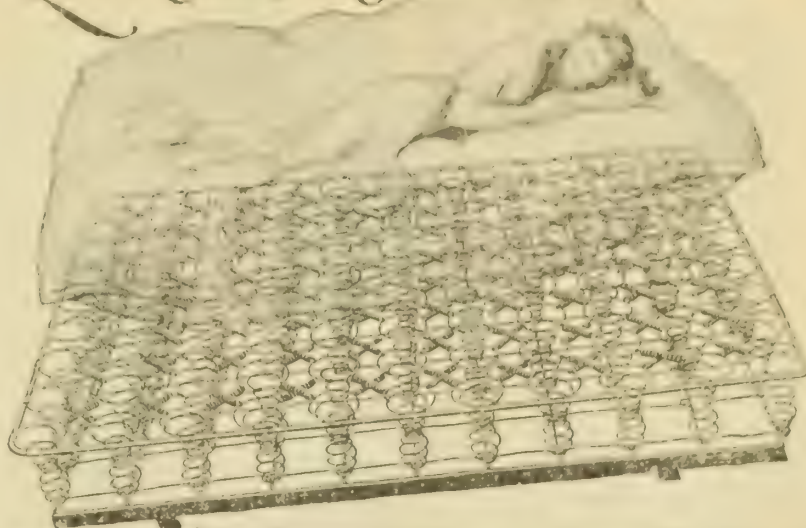
She knew instinctively that Cleveland Brown was waiting for some emotional relief. When she began to softly, and blessed the lucky star of her work which had brought her to Hollywood and Cleveland Brown at this particular moment.

In some ways, she had created a new world for Cleveland Brown.

With infinite wisdom, she showed him the joys of poetry—oh, not the romantic, rhymed stuff of a man's—but poetry of the seven seas and the vast deserts, and she made him utterly drunk with the works of a man named John Masfield, of whom he had never heard.

All Europe listened, when Paula Swayne cared to talk of painting.

"Like sleeping on a pillow"



ENGLANDER COIL SPRINGS

FOR sound, restful sleep that comes with perfect relaxation of muscles and nerves, equip your beds with ENGLANDER Coil Springs. So softly does this resilient spring yield to the form of the body, that to sleep on it is "like sleeping on a pillow." Satisfying. Guaranteed to give years of service. Uncovered—therefore sanitary. Made to fit metal or wood beds. Write for name of nearest dealer.

Sold by leading Furniture and Department Stores

ENGLANDER SPRING BED CO., 100 J.V. West 32nd St., New York, N.Y. Factories: Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston. In Canada: Dominion Bed and Co., Montreal.



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PRODUCTIONS FOR
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Look for the Trade-Mark



Your

FRECKLES ruin your appearance

The Freckles are a common skin blemish, but they are not a disease. They are caused by the action of the sun's rays on the skin.

Stillman's Freckle Cream is a gentle, effective remedy for the removal of freckles. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to remove every freckle.

Guaranteed to remove every freckle. Write for free booklet. Stillman's Freckle Cream is available at all drug stores and beauty parlors.

Stillman's Freckle cream

Double action. Removes Freckles. Whitens the Skin.

Write for "Beauty Pattern Sheet." This sheet contains a full-size illustration of a woman's face, showing the effect of the cream.

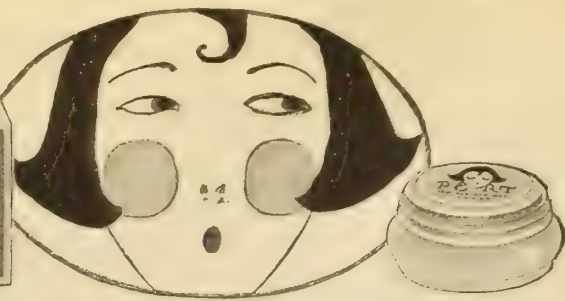
Stillman's Freckle Cream is a gentle, effective remedy for the removal of freckles. It is made of the finest ingredients and is guaranteed to remove every freckle.

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM, 100 J.V. West 32nd St., New York, N.Y.

Price 50c per box. 10 boxes \$4.50. Postage paid.

Name _____

Address _____



Sun, Wind and Water Have no Effect on Pert Rouge

THE outdoor exposures of summer hold no fears for the girl who uses PERT ROUGE. For the delight of PERT is that *it stays on*—even in spite of perspiration and constant powdering. Only cold cream or soap and water will remove it.

Pert may be had in orange—which changes to pink when applied—or in the deeper shade of rose. Its cream base acts as a protection against en-

larged pores. At drug, department stores or by mail, 75c.

Use the Pert Waterproof Lipstick

Like Pert Rouge it changes to a rich natural color as soon as applied. Moreover, it has been designed to harmonize with Pert Rouge, and thus secures an unusual naturalness of effect.

Send a dime today for a generous sample of Pert Rouge. (State shade desired.) For another dime you will receive a sample of Wink, for darkening the lashes.

ROSS COMPANY
241 West 17th Street New York

Pert Rouge

60% of Market Price Hundreds of Diamonds



This 1/2 — 5/32 Ct. sparkling diamond solitaire of fiery radiance at \$32.65. Also hundreds of equally amazing money-saving offers in latest Diamond Bargain Bulletin. This 13 year, oldest, largest Diamond Bargaining firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Must sell NOW.

Why Pay Full Prices

Costs Nothing to See
Investigate this offer: Any diamond sent for absolutely Free Examination at our risk. No obligation. No cost to you.

Loan List Free—Send Now

Latest bulletin includes Unpaid Loans—sent free. Describes Diamond Bargains in detail, gives guaranteed cash loan values. Explains unlimited exchange privilege at price paid. Send today for Bargain Bulletin. No obligation. Edition Limited—Write Now.
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And she took Cleveland Brown by the hand and led him gently through the history of painting, which is the greatest history of the development of the human race. She introduced him to canvases painted long ago by strange people bearing such names as Tintoretto and Velasquez and Leonardo da Vinci. And in spite of his natural shyness, and perhaps because he was an artist and a creator himself, she actually succeeded in making his heart beat faster over them.

He had already sacrificed himself upon the altar of civic pride and social decency and gone to several concerts at the Hollywood Bowl. Once he had gone to sleep and the other times the music had been too noisy for that escape.

But Paula Swayne made a different thing of it entirely. She took him to the topmost seats, where you could reach over and touch the brown breast of the hill-side with your hand. Then she turned her back upon the stage and the orchestra and the audience, and sat facing the moon. It was a new and dainty moon, a moon that danced teasingly among a thousand cloudy ruffles of cream and silver, as a girl dances amid the laces of her bedchamber.

The hills all about them wore a thousand shades of black and blue and gray and brown that he had never seen before, and there was a row of little trees along the crest that stood out against the pale, live sky like delicate etchings. A glorious fragrance of sage and eucalyptus and earth and some mingling of distant flowers pervaded everything—the triple-distilled essence of enchantment.

This hilltop became a fairy-land. The music below, unseen, blended into the night and became part of it, until Cleveland Brown could have wept with the emotions that raced through him.

It was all very splendid. He was a little bewildered. But he felt the stirring of a thousand impulses, a thousand new dreams and desires. His inherent fears of being high-brow or effeminate she swept aside, as a prairie fire sweeps the dried brush in its path.

Sometimes, as they talked together in the evening, she told him of countries she had seen, and places she had loved, and people she had known. She could paint with words, too, could Paula Swayne. And Cleveland Brown began to realize how wide the world was, and to long to see it all, and to conceive of some of the things he might do in the future with that great wealth of his.

"Only you must not go alone the first time," said Paula Swayne. "It takes deep wells within yourself to enjoy things alone. You must take someone to share it."

AND she looked up at him with her eyes narrowed and aflame. For an instant he felt a deep thrill as the thought came to him of what it might be to see them for the first time with her.

But she shook her head at him, maliciously aware of his thought.

"It wouldn't do," she said, half-laughing. "I'm too old. I know too much. I couldn't talk your language. If I loved you a great deal—or if I were ten years younger. So, when you go, pick someone who can enjoy things tremendously. I have no patience with these half-baked women of today. Someone who isn't afraid to experience the greatest possible emotion and who isn't so stupid as to be blasé. Ah, the man I went out to see the world with, for the first time."

And she fell to musing.

The next afternoon he came to the sitting, white and nervous and on edge.

Paula Swayne painted for half an hour, then she threw down her brush and came over to him.

"Come," she said brusquely, "come, my son. Tell me all about it. There's always a way out if one has courage and imagination. Besides, talking eases the brain."

So he told her, beginning with that night when Gertie Morrison had asked him to marry her.

On his way home, he thought very seriously

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stayed awake and cried all night, after you got mixed up with Leda O'Neil. She thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. And when she told me how you saved her from the ice, her face was just radiant, that's all."

Cleveland's heart turned unpleasantly cold. It was all very well for the others. But he didn't want Janice mixed up in any funny business like this. Janice was different from anybody else in the world.

"And Cleve, there just isn't anybody like Janice," said Anabelle, as though she had echoed his thought. "Anyway, her mother wants you to come over to the house when you get through shooting. Janice is going to Pasadena to dinner and Mrs. Reed wants to talk to you alone."

"What does she want to talk to me about?" asked Cleveland Brown.

Not since his own mother's voice had interrupted him and Pinky in their most nefarious schemes had he felt so guilty.

"I don't know, but you'd better go."

"Of course I'll go," said Cleveland Brown with dignity. "Kindly don't be ridiculous, Anabelle."

Nevertheless, he went with much trepidation.

He had never quite been able to like Mrs. Reed.

She was a small, quiet woman of aristocratic face, and rigid, old-fashioned New Englandism. Boston was still evident in her speech and manner. But for some deep-seated bitterness, some dissatisfaction with life which twisted her tongue to caustic comment and her lips to a supercilious smile, she might have been a charming, high-bred lady. As it was, Cleveland was always glad to hear Mrs. Reed's oft-repeated statement that Janice was *exactly* like her father in everything.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Reed was a widow of many years' standing who had always desired to marry again. Her unexplainable failure, and the struggles to which it had condemned her and her only child, had envenomed her opinion of men in particular and the world in general.

Probably she had been a pretty woman once. Now, an expression of discontent and envy veiled her delicate features. A shrewd judge of human nature like Paula Swayne might have seen in her a handmaiden of pleasure deserted and grown old.

CLEVELAND knew, in spite of Janice's loyalty, something of the cross her mother had been to her. In confidential moments, she had poured out a little of her difficulty to him.

"Hello, Mrs. Reed," he said, as he came into the pretty gray and white drawing room.

"How are you? How's Janice?"

"Janice is always well," said Mrs. Reed, smiling a little nervously, "and I never am. How is your mother?"

"Great," said Cleveland, with an air of immense cheerfulness. "All the family's well. We haven't seen much of you lately."

"No. The truth is, I have had something on my mind and under the circumstances I haven't thought it quite fair to see much of you or your family. That is why I sent for you."

Cleveland Brown swallowed his Adam's apple. He knew it was going to be unpleasant and he hated unpleasant things. He never knew how to cope with them. But there didn't seem any way out of this.

He made one last effort to keep everything nice and pleasant. "I don't think I quite get you, Mrs. Reed," he said, "but here I am. If there's anything worrying you, I'm the boy to talk it over with. We're such old friends."

"We have been good friends," said Mrs. Reed and began to cry.

It was the last thing in the world that Cleveland expected. If she had hurled a book at his head, he wouldn't have been so surprised. But she was crying, softly and pitifully, and she looked old and broken and miserable. For the first time in his life, he felt sorry for her.

"Cleveland, I'm not a very good woman,"



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she said brokenly. "I haven't made much of my life. You and Janice are too young to understand some of the things I've suffered. But I do love Janice. I've tried, though I haven't always understood her very well, to do the best I could for her. When I was left without anything, I did the best I could to put on a front. I couldn't give her the position in society in Boston my family had always been accustomed to, so I brought her west—I raised her as well as I could. You know that."

"I trusted you, as if you'd been my own son. In spite of all the experience I'd had with men, and knowing that most of them are rotten to the core, I did trust you. Didn't I? I let you be with Janice, I encouraged it, I allowed her to go about with you without a chaperon. Cleveland, what are you going to do about my little girl?"

"What do you think I ought to do and why ought I to do anything?" asked Cleveland Brown slowly.

"Cleveland, I believe you're a good boy. You just don't know. You may have been brought up with a different standard. But where I come from, your actions couldn't mean but one thing. Perhaps you don't know that you've compromised Janice. That word's out of date, but I don't hold with the new ideas."

"Oh, it was all my fault. That's what makes it so terrible. I haven't been fair to my little girl, I haven't protected her the way I should have, in this business. I always saw just one end. I always thought you loved Janice and meant in time to marry her. You were so devoted to her. It seemed so right and fitting. You never went with any other girl. I—I wanted her to marry you. Any mother would, and I thought in letting you be together so much I was taking the best way to bring it about. Don't you see what a position it puts Janice in?"

THE man opposite looked straight into her eyes, because he desired to be very fair and because he was not thinking of himself nor of her, but of little Janice, dear, little, old Janice, who had always been his pal. Incidentally, Mrs. Reed had impressed him with a sincerity and a real suffering for which he had not been prepared.

"No," he said, "I don't. I thought nowadays it was permissible for a girl and a man to be friends. Janice is my leading woman. We had to be together a lot. I never mentioned marriage to Janice and I never made love to her."

"Maybe not in so many words," said Janice's mother, "but you did in the only way I thought you knew. You took her everywhere. You were always patting her and pulling her hair and putting your arm about her. When the newspapers printed it, you just grinned, and when people kidded you, you just smiled and kidded back. You always acted as if she belonged to you. People took it for granted. They paired you off. You were always here. I knew Janice loved you with all her heart and soul and I thought you loved her. Everyone did. It—it was as good as settled and now—" she broke down and began to weep again.

"Please don't do that," said Cleveland Brown, in great distress. "This can all be straightened out. Janice will only want what's best for everyone."

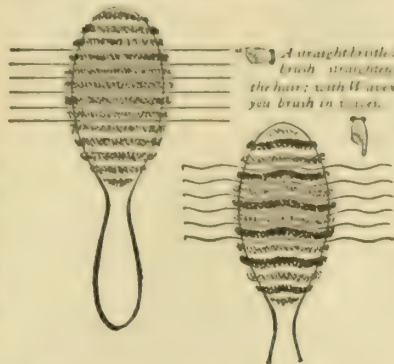
"Oh, Janice. She's such a fool. She'd kill me, I believe, if she knew I talked like this to you. She'd never say a word for herself. She's so proud, like her father. She wouldn't make one move, though I showed her lots of times how she could bring things to a climax. But now that everyone's talking, I know it hurts her. The girls snub her and laugh at her and tease her because you threw her over."

"Oh, no, no," said Cleveland Brown hotly.

"Oh yes, but they do. People smile and say: 'Janice Reed, the girl Cleveland Brown was going to marry.' The girls used to toady to Janice, because she was going to be Mrs. Cleveland Brown. They all want to get mar-

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"Am I a poor, innocent goof?"
"I'm afraid you are. Why, even Ella heard you refer brazenly to our wedding day. Ella has remarkable hearing. Besides, there are no letters."

"Letters?"
"There are men who just ought not to be taught to write. Really, Cleveland, darling, next time you feel you must do something, go out and commit a couple of murders. You may get away with it. So many do. But don't write."

"But I never wrote you any letters that could—"

She wagged a small finger under her nose. Careful. I warn you that everything you say will be used against you. The papers, Dick Dalton. Look 'em over."

HE held them tightly in both small fists, for him to see. Cleveland Brown switched on the headlight in the big limousine and gazed upon them with the same sensation he would have experienced if she had produced a couple of white rabbits from her cigarette case.

One was a check for three thousand dollars, payable to Ray Connable and signed by Cleveland Brown.

The other was a letter of the same date, on his own engraved stationery and it read—

"Dear Ray—Here is the check for the first payment on the bungalow. Please do not thank me because I don't know when anything has given me more pleasure. I feel almost like a family man already—"

"Yours as always,
Cleveland Brown."

As simple as that. He wet his lips. How clever she had been.

"You didn't cash the check," he commented.

"I'm no piker," said Ray Connable.

It didn't seem possible that he had been such an idiot.

His motives had been of the purest. It had all been in fun. They had kidded so much about their fake engagement. It was her favorite joke. And she'd always seemed grateful and sweet and appreciative. How could he have dreamed! Would anyone else have suspected?

That check for the bungalow, the California bungalow to which she was to bring her mother and the two kiddies.

He looked at her sternly. "Why, Ray," he said, "you know what I meant. You couldn't take my—kindness, and use it to injure me."

He saw her wince. Her eyes dropped. And then she flung her head up with a quick, hard bravado.

"Why not," she said, half-impudently, half-passionately. "Why not? It's all I've got to fight with. Oh, I've been watching you. Other girls have mothers, or great names and positions, or homes, or even children. They all do it so innocently, it looks beautiful. But they're playing the same game I am. This is the only chance I've ever had. Money's the only thing that's any good to a girl. The only thing she can protect herself with. Money—for a rich husband. I advise you to marry me, Clevie."

"But—you never—you didn't really want to marry me?"

"Oh, yes, I always meant to. And I'd have done it, too, long ago if Leda O'Neil hadn't come along."

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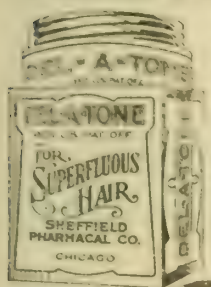




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and not up from Earth. As you and he and they

He could have taken a chance upon that Cleveland Brown to have avoided that moment alone with him in the garden. He had no chance upon him and he had with him and he had with him.

It was rather cold and he had wrapped her all in a long, dark cloak that hid the woman's face, or her low-cut flaring neck. He had only a feeling that she was a woman. The heavy, dark cloak hid her face and body from the pool of light, and he could see only the dark.

He could not look at her yet he saw her so clearly. Oh, the call of her, the terrible, beautiful call of her to him.

She spoke, gently, and her voice was very low and soft. He could scarcely hear her, because of the pounding of blood in his ears. Her voice was distant, muffled. Yet he was awfully conscious of every word.

"Come back to me," he said, passionately.

"Come back to me," she said, "I know what you want."

But you're wrong, you're wrong. It's like you to judge so harshly. I promise you, I will be good. I can be good to you. Yes, I asked me to marry you. I want you, and I want you any more. Marry me, and I will show you how I can change.

HE drew back, mortally afraid, and then she looked up full in his face, her eyes deep pools of desire. In that man might drown his soul and fling away his hopes of immortality. She stood quite still, her head flung back upon the fair column of her throat, her lips pleading feebly. Only her eyes shone.

He took one step toward her. Another. She did not move. And without putting his arms about her, he leaned forward and kissed her lips.

The moment was over. A sound of laughter, a burst of talk, a flare of music. People stirred out from the house.

Cleveland Brown stood there alone, his kiss on his lips and those low, hurried, passionate words in his ears.

And he had thought he had succeeded in forgetting the taste of her lips!

He ended on that and looked up, with white lips and young pleading eyes at the girl Paula Swayne, sitting like some Egyptian idol among her cushions.

"What fun," said Paula Swayne, enviously.

"Fun?" said Cleveland Brown aghast.

"To be living, to be feeling, to be young, and plunging into the bitter-sweet waters of it all for the first time. To gamble with life and love. To dance between a dozen sweet temptations."

Her marvelous voice, the voice of the woman, so full of energy and desire, and Cleveland Brown had a sudden feeling of a new world.

It might be fun, if you looked at it that way. Only, how was he to get out of it?

She said, "I cannot tell you, but that is another story. Now, listen carefully. You must marry me in three months. That is the only way to get out of this."

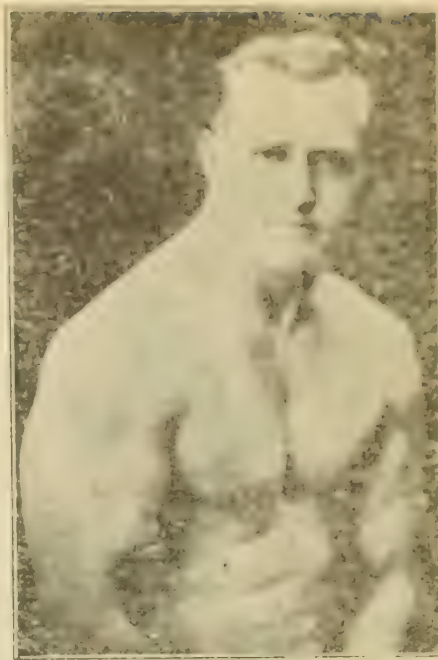
"Oh, no."

"But certainly. You must marry some time, anyway. Marriage is a compromise. It is a compromise, if you do not take it too seriously. It may cost you a little money, but it is worth it, if you are married to one who can be trusted. I will be in that."

"Now, not one of these women has any real claim on me. There is no other woman involved. There is no one I know of. They've trapped you neatly, all of them possibly. If I had not been so foolish, I could have chosen between them. But I have chosen you. It is too late. It is too late. You might as well be them all. The only way to beat them is to make a choice and abide by it. Suppose you put them all to rest and then?"

"Oh, my God," said Cleveland Brown, so earnestly that she had to look at him.

"No. Very well. I shall think of some other way. It is the most interesting situation



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I have seen in—oh, in years. I am delighted. You do not entirely believe Leda's promises?"

"I—don't know. I—want to."

"It is lovely. Each has something—I like this Ray Connable. One would not be bored, at least. I—I was a bit of a Ray Connable in my unregenerate youth, when necessity drove."

She sat meditating, her eyes half-shut, mischief on her brow and a malicious little smile on her lips. Her long, powerful hands turned a magnificent bracelet of sapphires on her wrist, the only jewel Cleveland Brown had ever seen her wear.

"You like my bracelet?" she asked suddenly. "It was given me by the only man I ever loved. He was killed—at Mons. He was a very bad man, but he was a great lover. He gave me—many things."

With that, something flashed into her face and she gave a swift exclamation. "Tell me," she said, "what trait in others pleases you most? Don't talk platitudes. What makes you happiest? The lack of what trait seems to you most unbearable?"

He said slowly: "I think the trait I love most in others is—the ability to be made happy. I don't put it well, because I don't understand very well. It seems to me that the greatest happiness is in giving. I suppose it's purely selfish, in the end. And I adore people who are made very happy when you do things for them and who can show you that happiness."

"But of course. To give pleasure—to give beauty—to give oneself—there is nothing else. Now—I have a great inspiration. We will make a test of these ladies who desire to marry you. And you will choose the one who best passes the test. That is fair, eh?"

"You see the bracelet? He brought it to me the day before he went to France. He was an Englishman. He said: 'Paula, I give you the only gift I bestow before I go away, because of all the women I have known, it is the most pleasure to give to you. So I love you best.' You see?"

Cleveland Brown nodded, fascinated by her face.

"Now—we will go—you and I—and buy four bracelets. Rubies for Leda. Emeralds for that little minx, Ray Connable. Fine white diamonds for Gertie, and sapphires for Janice. Perhaps I will let you buy me one of pearls for my—abstinence. If I were ten years younger—but I am not."

"THEN you will take these and you will present them to the four ladies. And you will know—I tell you, you will know. Watch, and you can judge which has most of that quality, which loves you most, which is most worthy. The one who gives you the most happiness when she receives from you so beautiful a gift—so expensive a gift—who receives it with most joy and graciousness, she is the one. I promise you that, as I know women—and men."

"It's—it's madness," breathed Cleveland Brown, but some recklessness born of sheer desperation exulted and urged him on. He would, of course, never have done it alone. But he was not alone. Paula Swayne was beside him.

When they came out of the jeweler's, hours later, her face still held that look of delighted emotion and there was some reflection of it in his.

"Go," she said. "I know which it will be."

"You know?"

"Of course."

"Tell me."

"No, you must find for yourself. Then you will be sure. I would not rob you of those sensations. Good-by. Bring me back a bride, my son. And remember, you have given me your word of honor you will go through with it."

"I will go through with it," said Cleveland Brown.

[END OF FOURTH INSTALLMENT.]

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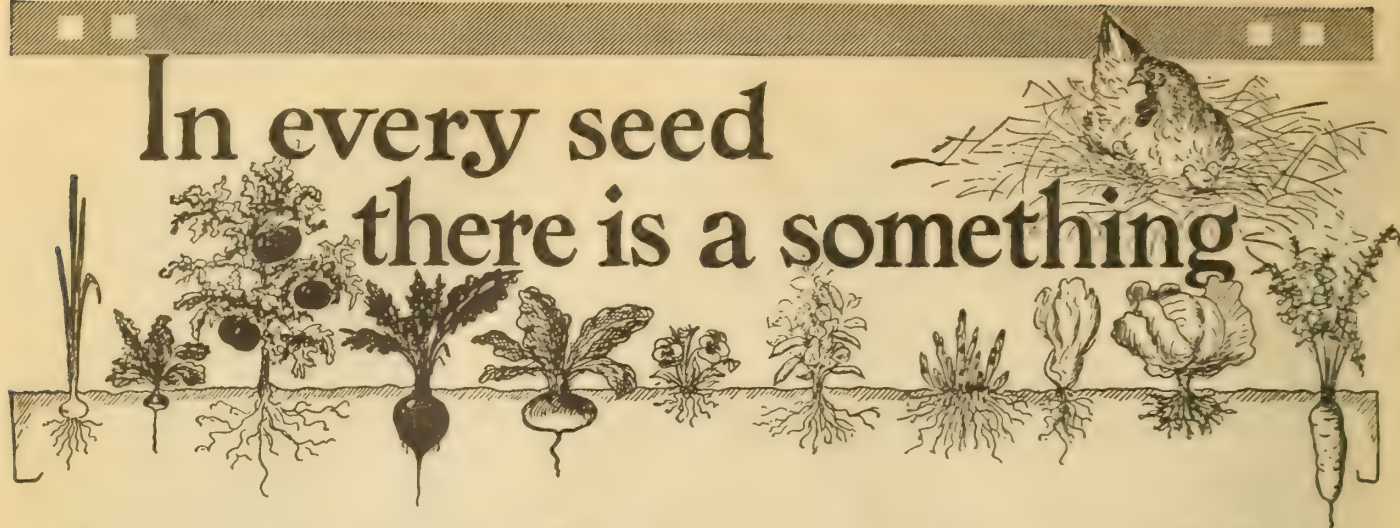
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Within the egg this **something** is wooed to life by the warmth of the brooding mother's breast.

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teaches that this **something** knows the secret of converting food into flesh and blood, and carries on all the processes of life, in the human body, by means of impulses sent over the nerves. It teaches that when a nerve is impaired by a vertebra becoming misaligned, these impulses do not flow over the nerves normally, and the result is what we call dis-ease. To get the dis-eased member to function again it is necessary to adjust the vertebra that is pressing on the nerve, to normal alignment, thereby permitting the normal flow of impulses over the nerve.

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